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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCI.—JUNE, 1875.—Vol. LI.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

CAVE AND ROCK, GRÈVE AU LAUCOU, JERSEY.

THE severest gale that had blown for several winters had lashed the shores of Great Britain. The whole country was covered with unwonted snows, and frozen by cold very unusual there. Many wrecks had occurred, and the Channel had, as usual, been swept by the tempest. A large steamer had foundered in its waters, and the costly breakwaters of Alderney and Jersey had been greatly damaged. Hardly had the waves yet gone down when the royal mail packet *Southampton* steamed down the Solent, past the Isle of Wight, at midnight, for the Channel Islands. But on getting out into the open sea we found the wind piping up again, and a high sea directly in our teeth. Accordingly we put back, and lay till morning in Yarmouth Roads. The wind moderating at daylight, we weighed anchor and made a second attempt. All

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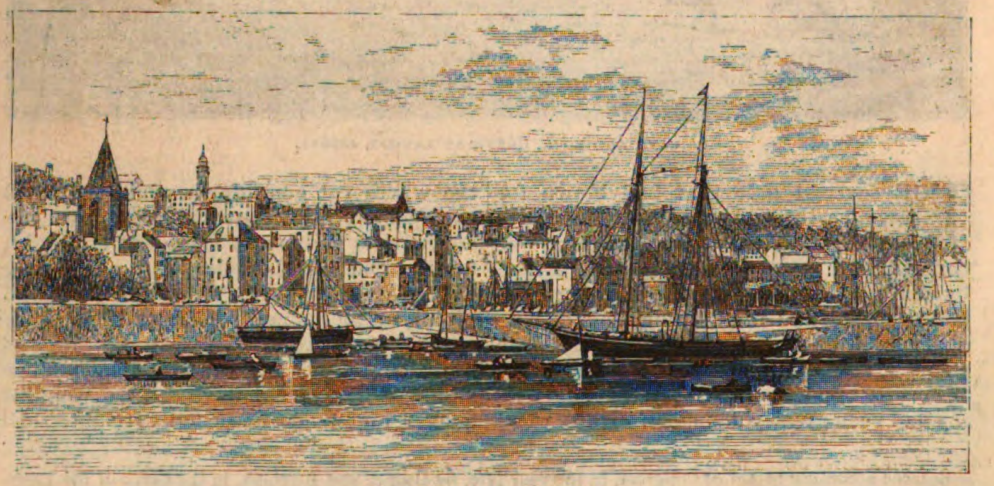
day it blew fresh, with quite "a lump of a sea" on, but toward night Alderney hove in sight, then the three light-houses warning the mariner to give a wide berth to the Caskets, one of the most dangerous and most celebrated reefs in the Atlantic. On these rocks was lost Prince William, the only son of Henry I., after which event it is said the king never smiled again. In later times the wrecks of a Russian line-of-battle ship, and of the English man-of-war *Victory* with 1100 men on board, have, among other wrecks, given a melancholy celebrity to the Caskets. As we neared and passed this reef the waves became greatly larger and more broken, although the wind was less. This was explained as caused by the tides and counter-currents, which, owing to the very irregular character of the adjoining coast of Normandy and the numerous sunken ledges surrounding the channel, combined with the extraordinary rise and fall of the tide to render navigation in this archipelago generally rough, and in the winter season hazardous.

Picking her way carefully between the various pitfalls which line the entrance to St. Peter's Port, the steamer moored alongside the pier after night-fall. As I wound my way up the steep winding streets to my lodgings it seemed as if I had fallen upon some old fortified rock town of the Middle Ages, and the impression was not altogether contradicted by inspection of the place by daylight. St. Peter's Port has a population of 16,000, females being in an excess of nearly a third, as is also the case in Jersey. It is built on a slope of considerable steepness, rising two hundred feet above the sea, and consists of the old and the new town. The former faces the port, and is fronted by a pleasant esplanade, ornamented with trees and protected by a sea-wall. The port itself, originally built by Edward I., is entirely artificial, and has been enlarged in later years with great labor and expense. On a rock at the end of one of the piers stands Castle Cornet, a massive pile without much beauty, but dating back, it is said, to the Romans, and presenting various interesting additions since then. It suffered greatly three hundred years ago by the explosion of its powder-magazine, which was struck by lightning. On the esplanade is a really very fine colossal bronze statue of Prince Albert, and close at hand is a bronze plate stating that the Queen and her consort landed on that spot in 1846. Immediately adjoining stands the parish church, as it is called, one of the oldest buildings in the group, and in some respects the one most worthy of attention for architectural beauty. The style is Flamboyant Gothic, and it is enriched by beautiful stained windows. Wandering about the steep narrow lanes radiating from this choice and venerable relic of antiquity, one is astonished to find such stern massiveness in the buildings, such winding irregularity in the narrow streets, and a steepness that necessitates the most curious succession of long stairways, with cross lanes meeting at the landings leading up other narrower steps, all in the most quaint and unexpected manner.

The new town may be said to begin with St. Paul's Chapel, and extends back of the old town north and south, generally more level, and always pleasing. While in the old town the houses are almost entirely of sombre granite, in the new they are as universally stuccoed, and tinted of a soft cream or brown tint. I think it would be difficult within the same space to find elsewhere so many charming streets and houses as in St. Peter's Port, giving an air of unostentatious competence. On almost every one is painted either the family name or some pleasing title in English or French, as "Merida Villa," or "Bon Repos," while in front are little garden-plots, neatly kept, or rows of



ST. PETER'S PORT, GUERNSEY.

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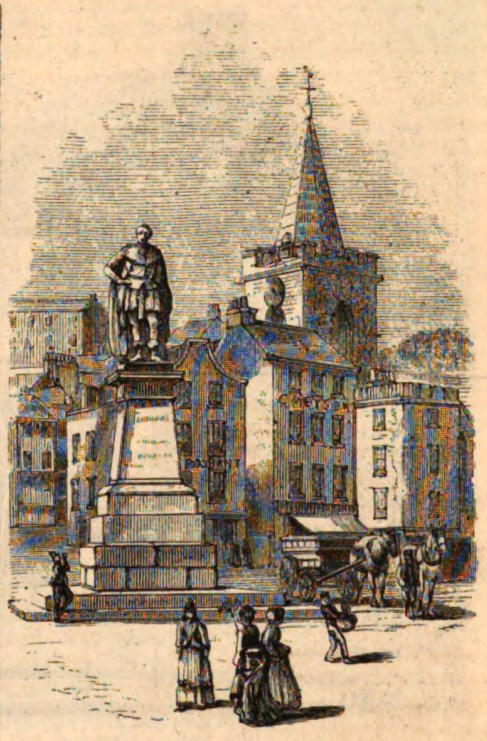
ivied elms; ivy also clings lovingly to the surrounding walls. Every where one comes across these cheerful, home-like streets, leading by easy degrees to pleasant inland views, with a central spire surmounting some time-worn chapel of past ages, where still the villagers meet with undiminished devotion.

Not an unimportant addition to the pleasure a stranger takes in rambling about St. Peter's Port is the physical beauty of those he meets. We find here the pure Norman race, the same as that which conquered Britain, but, unlike that, scarcely mixed with Saxon or any other foreign blood. The men have a fresh, ruddy complexion, an honest, frank, good-humored, but manly expression. The women have a skin remarkably fair, delicate, and clear, and features regular, expressive, and often beautiful. If but their eyes were as brilliant and eloquent as those of their sisters of Greece or America, they would present a nearly perfect type of female beauty. And the children are, of course, charming, and even when they run out of the peasant houses in the remote districts and beg the passer-by for "doubles," there is a witchery about them seldom found in beggars elsewhere. But to speak of beggars in Guernsey is almost absurd, for extreme poverty is nearly unknown, while almost every tiller of the land cultivates a patrimony inherited from his ancestors for many centuries, and it is difficult to find evidences of squalor in the island. Even the houses of the peasantry are neatly kept, and a clean lace or cambric curtain hides the lower windows of the humblest cots, while flowers and vines are trained on the window-seat during the winter season.



MONUMENT TO PRINCE ALBERT, GUERNSEY.

The language is the old Norman French, pure and simple, although the dialect of Guernsey differs slightly from that of Jersey. English is now spoken by the better families, and often understood by those who do not use it among themselves. Services in many of the churches, and all proceedings in the courts and Legislature, are in

MARKET-PLACE AT ST. PETER'S PORT, GUERNSEY.

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CHILDREN BEGGING FOR "DOUBLES."

French. Strange as it may seem to many, the islands are in their government very nearly independent of Great Britain, to which they owe a sort of feudal allegiance. In the transaction of their own affairs they are practically independent; and stranger still, Jersey has a government and laws of its own, while Guernsey, with the dependencies of Sark and Alderney, is ruled by still another code and Legislature. The Legislature consists in each case of a Senate-house, composed of the bailiff, or chief justice, and the jurats, and the Assembly, including a larger number, called the States, and of less influence. The laws still smack of the rough emergencies of the Middle Ages, and are sometimes quite arbitrary. Any one who chooses to set up a claim as creditor has a right, on his bare assertion, to seize either the person or the property of the alleged debtor, whether a native or a stranger, and the debtor has no redress; on the other hand, the sheriff can not enter a house unless the door is opened voluntarily, and, if he desires to arrest a man or woman, must sometimes resort to artifice to decoy the victim into his clutches, as, for example, to send an ally into the house on some errand, who can open the door when the sheriff knocks.

Notwithstanding this semi-independence, and the fact that French is the popular and official language, the Queen boasts no subjects more loyal than these Normans of the Isles. To question their loyalty is to inflict insult almost amounting to injury. Some of England's most distinguished soldiers and sailors have come from these islands, where their names are cherished with patriotic pride. More than this: it is the common opinion here that instead of being a fief of England, England herself owes her allegiance to the lords of the Norman Isles. For why: these islands are a part of Normandy, and were so when William of Normandy reduced Britain to subjection to Norman rule During all the changes that have happened in the succeeding centuries, they alone have survived of the Norman territory, and have preserved a remnant of that race intact and unmixed which laid England at its feet and has kept her subject ever since. This is not so absurd, after all. It is quite as reasonable for these little islands to be lords paramount of England as for the comparatively small England to hold sway, as once she did, over the whole of North America, Hindostan, Australia, etc.; and the apostolic succession of the Church is scarcely as clear as the descent of these Channel Islanders from the fellow-countrymen of William the Conqueror and Richard Cœur de Lion. It may be well to add here that one law exists in Guernsey advantageous to foreigners residing within its limits: they are not subject to the payment of taxes unless holding real estate in the island.

The ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the group was for several centuries under the control of the Bishop of Coutances; but after the

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doctrines of the Reformation were universally accepted by the people, they were transferred to the diocese of the Bishop of Winchester, who is represented in each island by a dean. The islanders are, with few exceptions, good Protestants; churches and chapels abound, and are generally well attended. Puseyism and ritualism have, so far, made little progress here; the Low-Church still continues popular, while the Non-conformists of all the leading sects are in a flourishing condition. Superstition is gradually losing its hold, and much genuine and intelligent piety doubtless exists in some of these islands. But in the hamlets most remote from town, and among the older people, curious superstitions still obtain belief. On Christmas-night there are some even in St. Peter's Port who will on no account go to a well to draw water. Others will not venture into a stable at midnight lest they should surprise the cattle, asses, and sheep on their knees worshiping the infant Saviour. A photographer is sometimes regarded as dealing in the black-art, and some refuse so far to compromise their character as to allow themselves to be photographed. In Guernsey, at St. George, is a well called "Holy Well," still visited by damsels, for on the surface of its waters maidens are said to be able to see the face of their future husbands. In Jersey, near St. Clement's, is the Witches' Rock, where, it is said, the witches hold their Sabbath: the belief in witchcraft is not entirely extinct here. The marks on that rock are confidently asserted to be the foot-prints made by his Satanic majesty during the visits which, it is to be feared, he makes quite too frequently in Jersey as well as elsewhere.

One of the first things the stranger hears of, on coming to these islands, is the exclusiveness of the upper class, their hauteur and pride, and the contempt in which a tradesman is held. It is stated that a gentleman will be on very good terms with a tradesman in his shop, but will not condescend to recognize him in the street, while at balls the line is drawn with painful distinctness. On the other hand, it is said that the distinction between the "sixties" and the "forties," as the two classes are termed, is wearing away. For an exclusiveness so much more pronounced than usual even in an English colony there was doubtless some ground originally, arising from local causes, which is now forgotten.

St. Sampson's is the only other town of any size in Guernsey after St. Peter's Port. It is named after some mythical Irish saint who came here in the sixth century. The place is about two miles from the capital, the road being by the sea, skirted with houses on one side and a sea-wall on the other, with here and there an old martello tower or a bit of an ivied castle to relieve the view. The port of St. Sampson's is a good one of its size. I counted as many as sixteen vessels there, loading with granite for England. The granite trade is the most important business of Guernsey. The church of St. Sampson's was consecrated in 1111. It is the oldest building in the island, but offers no architectural attractions. More interesting are the Vale Castle adjoining and the Druidic remains. Long before Rollo the Norman visited and conquered these islands, long before St. Sampson and Julius Cæsar, the Celt had braved these perilous waters in his rude bark, and had scaled these almost inaccessible shores. Here, in those ages lost in the vague mists of unrecorded antiquity, the Druid practiced his mysterious and bloody rites, and left numerous dolmens and cromlechs to tell the tale of a race that would otherwise have passed away from these isles into the utter silence of oblivion. Many of these remarkable vestiges have unfortunately been destroyed; of those which remain one of the most interesting is at L'Aucresse Common, near St. Sampson's. It is covered by seven blocks, the largest estimated to weigh thirty tons, and is seventeen feet long by ten

CROMLECH, GUERNSEY.

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HAUTEVILLE—VICTOR HUGO'S LATE RESIDENCE IN GUERNSEY.

wide and four and a half feet thick, while the whole cromlech is forty-five feet long by thirteen in width. Under the floor were found one hundred and fifty urns, human bones, amulets, and the like.

St. Sampson's and the adjacent portion of the little island are also interesting, as many of the scenes of Victor Hugo's impossible *Toilers of the Sea* are laid there. There is no foundation for the story, so far as I can learn, but it is very well told, and gives incidentally vivid and often truthful descriptions of the scenery and people, and should be read by every one contemplating a visit to the islands. Passing through the old part of St. Peter's Port, by the markets, well stocked with most excellent fish, beef of a very superior quality, and fine vegetables, and proceeding in the rear of Fort George, one comes to Hauteville, for many years the residence of Victor Hugo. He is now in Paris, but his mansion remains furnished as he left it, in a manner highly characteristic of the distinguished author. Keeping on in a southerly direction, one comes to the south side of the island, to the artist or scientific student searching for studies in geology or crustaceology by far the most interesting part of Guernsey. As Guernsey is triangular in form, and only nine and a half miles on its longest side, much the pleasantest way to see its beauties is on foot. The southern coast is indented with several small but exceedingly beautiful bays, presenting a great variety of granitic forms, often almost volcanic in grotesqueness of shape, the cliffs rising sometimes over three hundred feet, often perpendicularly, from the silvery beaches of soft white sand at their base. Wild caverns are hollowed into the sides of the cliffs, and rivulets, under the sylvan covert of many varieties of vines and shrubs, descend from the plateau above to these bays. Le Moulin Huet Bay, Icart Point, Petit Bot Bay, the Gouffre, Gull Rock, Pleinmont, are in turn the favorites of the enthusiast who visits them; but the stern, precipitous, thun-

GUARD-HOUSE DESCRIBED IN "TOILERS OF THE SEA."

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der-scarred Titanic cliffs of Pleinmont seemed to me the grandest place for a sea-view in Guernsey, and one of the finest to be found any where. Near the brow of these precipices Victor Hugo lays the scene of some of the most striking passages in his book. The small guard-house, which he represents to have been haunted, and makes the rendezvous of smugglers, stands there still, entirely alone on the cliff.

In plain sight from Guernsey in good weather, twenty miles from land to land, in an east-southeast direction, lies the island of Jersey, twelve miles long and seven wide, in area nearly twice the size of Guernsey. St. Helier's, the chief town, contains over 30,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the bay of St. Aubin, a most beautiful sheet of water, skirted by a level sand beach, flanked by high slopes and cliffs, and ornamented on the opposite side by the charming little town of St. Aubin. The approach to St. Helier's from Guernsey is around the southwestern angle of the island, bristling with reefs, showing their teeth to the mariner in a most threatening manner. Of these the most formidable is the Corbière, or "Sailors' Dread," the haunt of innumerable corbières, or sea-crows. A light-house has recently been erected on the highest point, but it is a most formidable foe, as the writer can testify from personal observation, having passed it twice, in a heavy gale of wind from the southeast, much nearer than was agreeable. It must be owned that few spots present a finer opportunity for studying the effect of a raging sea on a rugged shore. The under-tow meeting the waves formed by the wind, and again affected by the diverse currents and tides, which here rise forty feet, produces off the Corbière, as off the Caskets, waves of extraordinary height, grandeur, and fury.

The entrance to the port is very dangerous, owing to the reefs that skirt the channel and extend miles to the eastward. The harbor is almost entirely artificial. On the left, on entering the mole, is a high rock surmounted by the remains of a hermitage many centuries old. St. Helier, Hilary, or Hilarius, was one of those shadowy Irish saints whose apocryphal adventures serve to adorn the saints' calendar with a species of pious *Arabian Nights*' tales. From what is said of the good people of St. Helier's, one might infer that they had made the mistake of spelling his name Hilarious, and suited their lives to the name. To eschew the world, the flesh, and the devil is not enough the custom in this insular Paris. Just northward of the Hermitage, on a rock of some height, stands Elizabeth Castle, a rather picturesque pile, of which a portion once formed an abbey. The town is not very pleasing near the port, the streets being narrow and dark, but it rambles up on higher ground, and gradually assumes a more cheerful and inviting aspect. The shop windows often make a display of wares quite metropolitan. The markets are well worth a visit, and the market-women sometimes dress in a costume slightly peculiar,

THE CORBIÈRE AND LIGHT-HOUSE, JERSEY.

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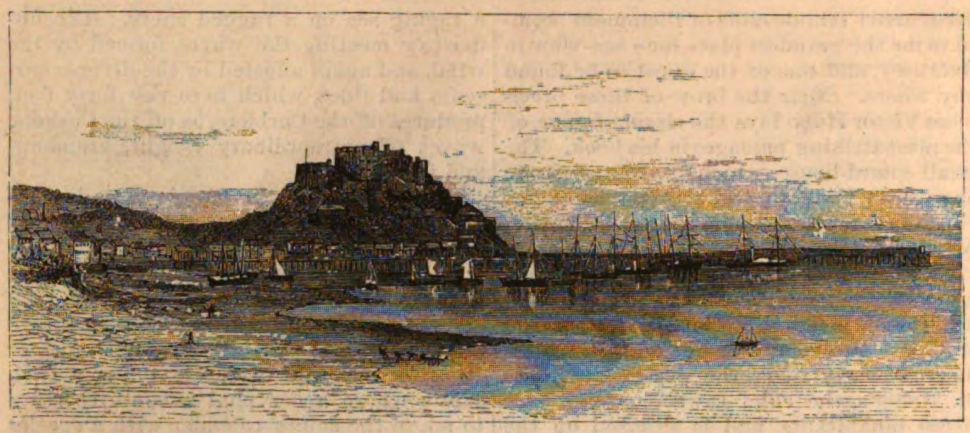

MOUNT ORGUEIL CASTLE, JERSEY.

the only noticeable local costume in the islands. Generally the people of these islands dress and wear their hair with excellent taste, combining the English common-sense ideas of comfort with a certain French gracefulness that one too often fails to see in England.

Odd as it may sound, there are two Lilliputian railroads in Jersey, starting from St. Helier's, one running five miles to Govey, called the Eastern Railway, limited; the other also extending about five miles, to St. Aubin. The latter cost a large amount, and swamped two or three local banks, producing much business prostration, and still further reducing the value of local currency. They seem to have been borrowing lessons from the United States in this island; paper money is issued in the most reckless manner, and much enterprise, in the form of hollow bubbles of speculation, has enriched a few and impoverished many; but the law, mindful of the claims of the sufferers and what it owes to the defense of society, has made an example of some of the leading offenders, from which we, in turn, can take a lesson from the island of Jersey. Considerable shipping is owned at St. Helier's, employed in foreign commerce or in the cod-fisheries.

After St. Helier's, or rather before it in interest among the objects to attract the visitor to Jersey, is Mount Orgueil Castle, at the village of Govey, on the eastern coast. It is now dismantled, and occupied only by a warder, but this makes it all the more attractive. Perched on a rock washed by the waves, the highest parapet of the venerable pile is 270 feet above the sea. Built of stone the same as the rocks on which it is founded, it looks in many parts almost like a portion of the cliff. Setting aside the legends about Julius Cæsar, who is made responsible for the parentage of half the castles in Europe, there is no doubt that Mount Orgueil was occupied, if not built, by Rollo, the grandsire of William the Conqueror, whose escutcheon is still quite distinct over the main entrance to the keep. The crypt under the chapel, with a marble statue of the Virgin and Child, is in good preservation. Also the apartments occupied by Charles II. while seeking an asylum in this island, which remained faithful to the house of Stuart. These apartments have unfortunately been modernized recently for barracks, although untenanted at present. The guard-room where military courts were held is gone, but the adjoining cell where criminals were executed remains, with vestiges of a secret staircase which communicated with the keep and the sally-port. The dungeon is a ghastly place, but the most interesting spot in the castle is the dark, dismal cell, some six feet by four, with but a small loop-hole over the sea, where Prynne, the Puritan, was confined for three years. He had ample time to compose poetry or philosophics in these close quarters, although the scene was not altogether congenial to tranquil meditation. That rheumatism, megrims, and misanthropy did not quite corrode his bones or his intellect is evident from the fact that he did try to write verse, as shown by the following doggerel lines, besides certain moral disquisitions:

"Mount Orgueil Castle is a lofty pile,
Within the eastern part of Jersey Isle,
Seated upon a rock full large and high,
Close by the sea-shore, next to Normandie,
Near to a sandy bay, where boats do ride
Within a peere, safe from both wind and tide," etc.

From the battlements rusty chains still hang, by which criminals in those rough ages were suspended alive.

The view from the top commands the coast of Normandy and Brittany, including the Cathedral of Coutances on clear days, and, besides a prospect of the landscape of Jersey, gives one an idea of the dangers which beset the mariner in these waters. Scylla and Charybdis were very trifling affairs compared with the chevaux-de-frise of rocks

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under and above water which encircle these islands. If the sailor escapes the Caskets, the labyrinthine snares of the Little Russel are ready to trip him, or, if sailing for Jersey or St. Malo, the St. Roquier or the Hanways lie in wait for him, or the Paternosters, so terrible that they are thus called, perhaps, because there is nothing left to him who encounters their savage blows but to say his prayers. Escaping these, he still has the Corbière or La Couchière to avoid, and is not yet past dangers, for by no means the least savage yet lie near his path—the Chausseys, and the terrible Minquières, fronting the coast of France many miles, like a picket-guard; and the most awful and solitary of all, the Douvres, like an advanced post in the ocean, solemn and implacable. The coast of Jersey is also every where dangerous of approach, and rises in many places over three hundred feet on the northern side. Many very bold, striking cliffs are to be seen there, many rocks of remarkable form and size. The Jersey granite is considerably warmer in color than that of Guernsey, which renders its cliffs slightly less stern, and more in harmony with the vivid green of the surges that lash their feet and fill their vast caverns with the dread thunders of the storm. Boulet Bay, Grève de Lecq, Grève au Lançou, Cape Grosnez, the Pinnacle, or La Pule, at L'Etoc, are a few of the many points deserving the investigation and the enthusiasm of the tourist, the naturalist, and the artist. St. Brelade's Church is the oldest building in the island, and quite picturesque.

The interior of the island is altogether belied by its coast scenery, for it is highly rustic and idyllic, intersected every where by winding lanes almost concealed by hedges, and banks abounding in ferns, mosses, and thick-embowering vines and shrubs. So very winding and intricate, in fact, are the rural lanes of Jersey that a cause is assigned for it: the island was in early ages infested by pirates, who carried off the people as well as their goods to that degree that, in order to mislead the freebooters and make it easier to cut them off before they could reach the sea, paths were twisted into a species of labyrinth. These lanes are, however, gradually being replaced by more direct roads, and many of the old avenues of trees are falling before the axe of improvement or necessity.

Twenty miles in a northeasterly direction from Guernsey lies Alderney, called by the Normans Aurigny, in most respects the least interesting of the group, although the abruptness with which its elevated table-land plunges into the ocean presents some very striking scenes. But the table-land itself is generally flat and bare, and the town of St. Anne's offers few points of interest. The island is but three miles and a half long. It claims our attention, however, on two accounts. On its northwestern side is Braye Harbor, celebrated for the breakwater or mole which the English government has

THE PINNACLE, JERSEY.

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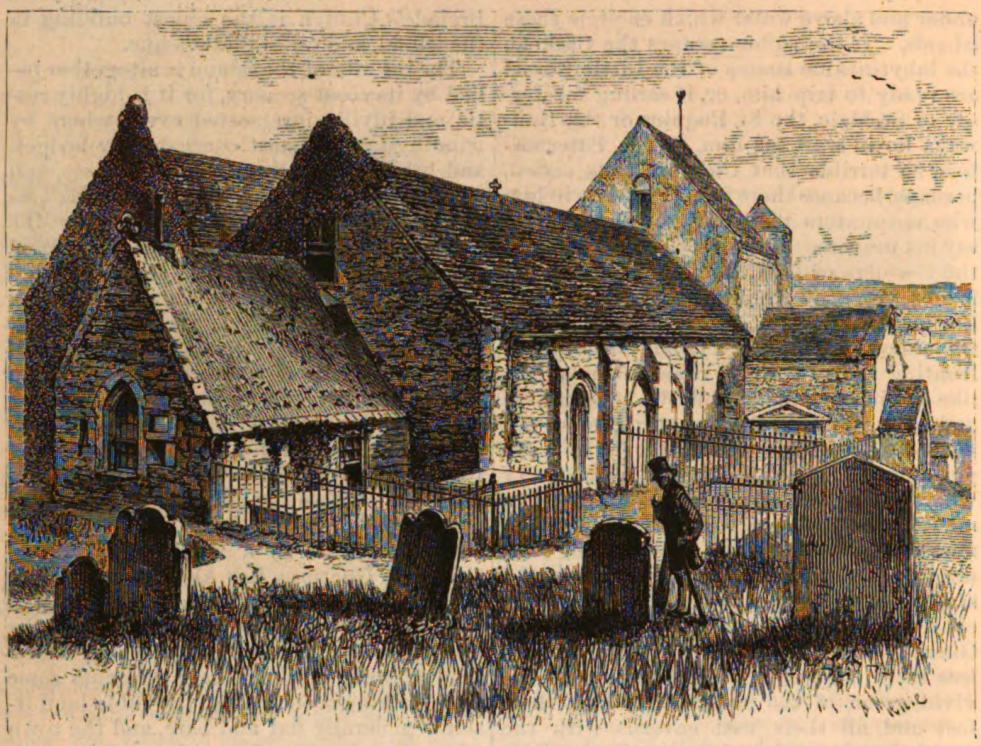

ST. BRELADE'S CHURCH, JERSEY.

been building for many years at an enormous expense as a naval station and harbor of refuge, to offset the corresponding port of Cherbourg in Normandy, and enable the English to command the Channel. This breakwater has, very strangely, been constructed in a most blundering manner, at least in its form, so that it presents itself to the sea in such a way that it often suffers serious damage, and will eventually have to be altered. Alderney is also known for the breed of cows which bears its name. These are so called probably because the first ones exported were from that island, although now very few that are sold as Alderney cows are directly from there. Those of that breed actually exported from these islands are generally from Jersey, where the cattle are much the same as those of Alderney, small, with tapering heads, and of a delicate fawn-color. The Guernsey cow is esteemed by some even more highly than the Alderney; it is rather larger, and more of a red, brindled, in color. The cows are milked three

VRAICKING.

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CREUX HARBOR, SARK.

times daily, and the milk is churned without skimming; one pound of butter a day is by no means an uncommon yield for a good cow. The cow cabbage is made to reach a size so large that the leaves are used to wrap the butter in for market, while the stalks are varnished and armed with ferrules and extensively used at St. Helier's for canes. The cows are very carefully coddled. The grass they feed on is highly enriched by the vraic, a species of sea-weed gathered from the reefs at low tide. There are two vraic harvests appointed by the government, one in the spring, the other in August, although it is gathered at other times in small quantities. All hands turn out in the season with boats and carts, frequently at night, and it is a very lively, picturesque occupation, though often attended with risk and loss of life from the overloading of boats or sudden rising of the tide. The cows are always tethered when feeding; they eat less in this way, really giving more milk than if glutted with food, and while they are cropping the grass on one side of a field, it has time to spring up on the other side. When they have done eating, they are at once removed from the sun into the shade. The breed is preserved from intermixture with other breeds by strong and arbitrary laws very carefully enforced. No cattle are allowed to enter the islands except for slaughter within a certain number of days, with the exception of oxen for draught.

Opposite the eastern coast of Guernsey are the islands Herm and Jethou, about three miles distant from St. Peter's Port. The former is a mile and a half long, high, and in some places very bold, and possesses withal a sand beach abounding to a very unusual degree with shells of great variety and beauty. It is chiefly valuable, however, at present as a resort for sportsmen. Two or three houses are on the island, including a hotel, much resorted to in summer. Jethou is close at hand, but is much smaller, and tenanted chiefly by rabbits. Beyond these islands, a little more to the southward, and only seven miles from Guernsey, is Sark, one of the smallest, most curious, most interesting, most elusive, most desolate, most beautiful, most dangerous, most sublime, of the Atlantic islands. The old legend-makers, who have sung such weird tales of phantom islands, now appearing close at hand, then vanishing like enchantment, must have drawn their inspiration from watching Sark from Guernsey. On some days it is so distinct and looks so near that cliffs and houses and even men can be distinguished with the naked eye, and the soft play of light and shade and color on the rocks. The next day one shall look in the same direction, and he will discern with difficulty the faint hazy outline of what seems an island forty miles away. The approach to the island is almost always hazardous, and except in the best weather no boat can land or leave, owing to the maelstrom-like velocity and turbulence of the tides, which rush raging in all directions around the shore, and fill the hollow caves with melancholy dirges, as for the many wrecked on that merciless coast. The late Seigneur of Sark was lost off Point Nez, and the present Seigneur and his family have had an escape bordering on the miraculous. Sometimes, even in summer, weeks will pass without the possibility of communicating with the island. In winter one must depend entirely on Sark boats, of sev-

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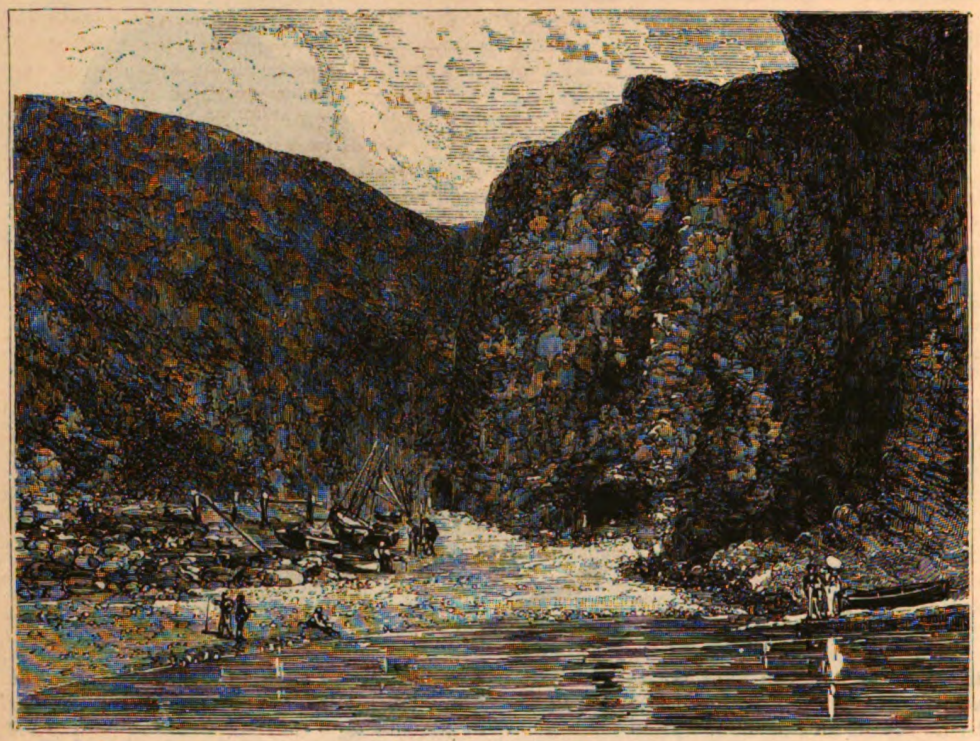
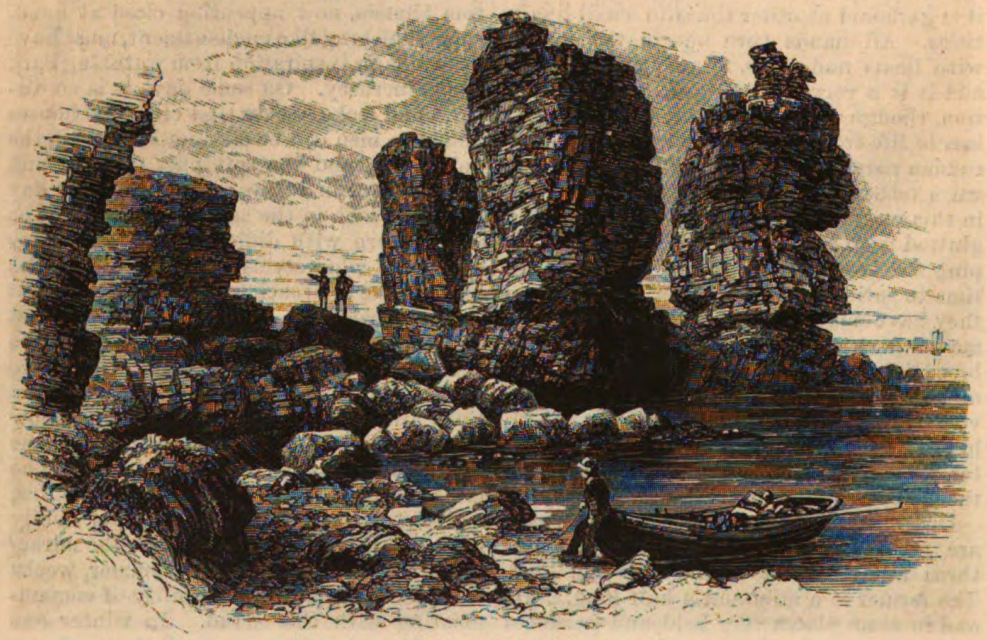


ENTRANCE TO THE CREUX LANDING-PLACE, SARK.

en or eight tons burden, strong and weatherly. In summer a small steamer plies in good weather between Guernsey and Sark, but it can not enter the port, which is doubtless the smallest in Europe. It is formed by a breakwater thrown across a miniature bay called the Creux. A little beach extends around the base of the vertical cliffs, and the interior of the island is only reached by an artificial opening actually pierced through the surrounding wall of granite.

Sark is about three miles and a half long, and is divided into Great and Little Sark, the latter being a small peninsula at the southern end, united to the main portion by a curtain of rock some two hundred yards



THE ANTELETS, SARK.

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long, called the Coupé. It is three hundred feet above the sea, on one side literally vertical, on the other nearly so. The path at the top is not over five feet wide. It is said one person who lived on Little Sark never dared during a lifetime to cross over the Coupé. Another old fellow, who used to like to take his grog of an evening in Great Sark, would, on returning to Little Sark at night, walk several times over a log that lay near the Coupé. If the result was satisfactory to his equilibrium, he would then venture to reel across the Coupé. The cliffs surrounding the island furnish an inexhaustible supply of the grand, the wild, the picturesque. The rocks are clothed with highly colored vines and lichens; the magnificent caves, seemingly the abode of sea-fairies, teem with varied and beautiful submarine vegetation and diverse forms of life, shell-fish, mollusca, algæ, and the like. Our limits forbid more than allusion to such spots as the Antelets, the Creux du Derrible, D'Ixcart Bay, etc.

The interior of the island is devoted to agriculture and pasturage, and although not generally wooded, and destitute of streams, presents many choice bits of rural underwood. The avenue leading to the Seigneurie is exceedingly beautiful, and the building itself is a very pleasing object. The huts of the peasantry are often of the most massive construction, having walls six feet thick.

Those who suppose Monaco, or Andorra, or San Marino to be the smallest state in Europe must awake from their delusion. Sark has, by the last census, only 546 inhabitants, and is practically an independent state, owing only a feudal allegiance to Great Britain by way of Guernsey. Traces of the Druids exist, showing their early occupation of the island. In the Dark Ages it was the haunt of pirates, who from this almost inaccessible eyrie swooped down on ships passing the Channel. After they were exterminated, the French held Sark some time, but in the reign of Elizabeth it was taken by a very ingenious stratagem, of which only a brief recital can be given here. It seems a galley anchored off the island under pretense of being a trader whose captain—of course a good Christian—had died on the voyage. To consign so pious a man to the deep seemed a gratuitous sin, when Sark was so near at hand. Would the garrison allow his comrades to land the coffin and bury him in consecrated ground? They would go ashore unarmed, and would allow themselves to be searched on landing. This was, after due deliberation, granted. The coffin was landed, and in solemn procession borne into the church. The door was then closed suddenly, and before the French could discover the object of this manœuvre, the coffin, which was filled with arms, was broken open, and arming themselves, the sailors rushed out and cut down the French right and left. In their panic some threw themselves from the cliffs, the rest surrendered.

CREUX DU DERRIBLE, SARK.

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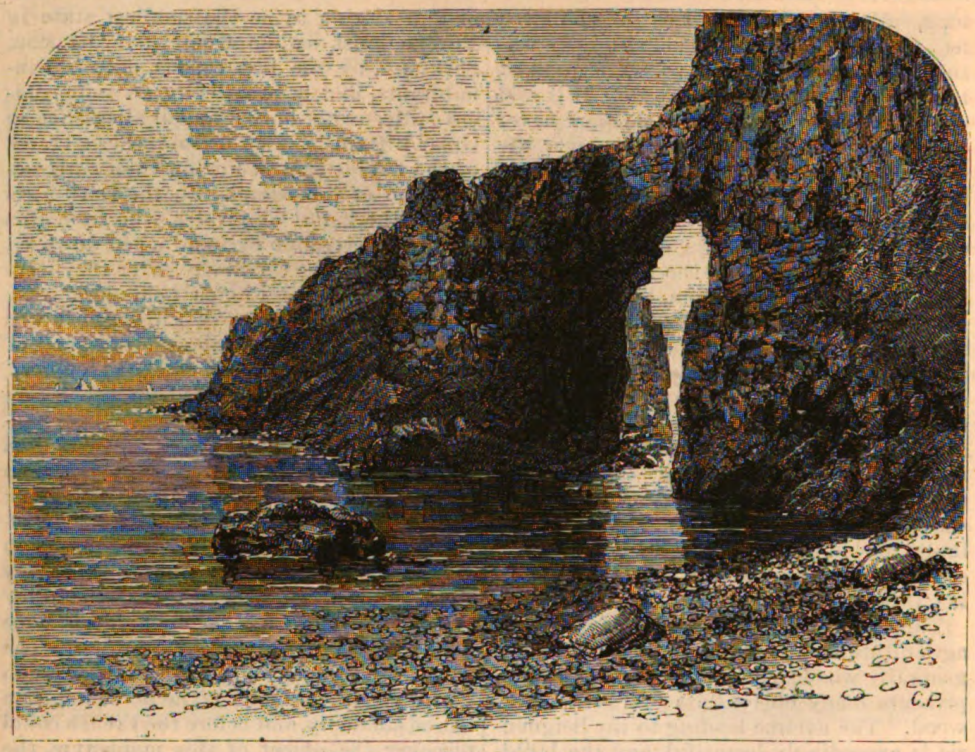
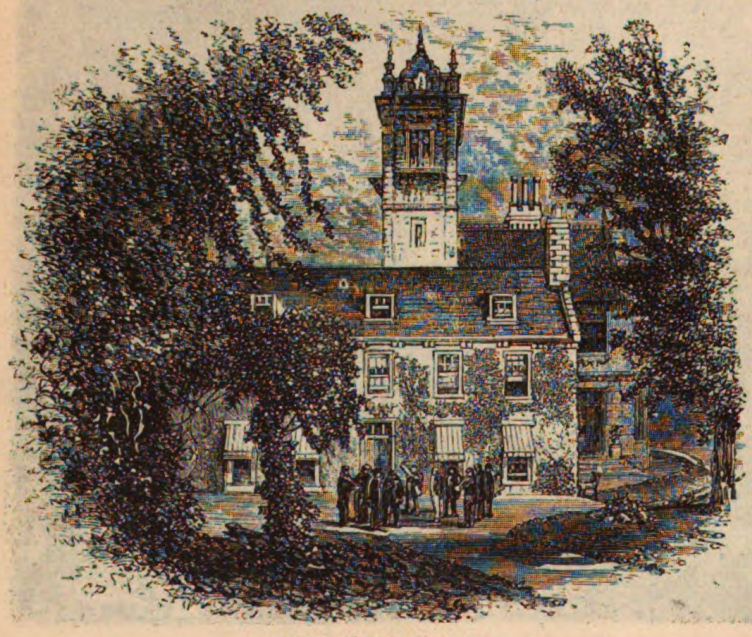


NATURAL BRIDGE, PONT-DU-MOULIN, SARK.

Since that time Sark has continued under the English flag.

The Seigneur is feudal lord of the island, and shares the government with the other land-holders, about forty in all. The worthy pastor, a Swiss, Mr. Cauchmeyer, has not been off the island for thirty-seven years.

As regards the climate of the Channel Islands, it is noticeable that it varies in all. They occupy different positions in the atmospheric current, although so near together. Jersey is, on the whole, warmer than Guernsey, but more damp, consequently more relaxing. Guernsey is more equable, slightly warmer in winter, and cooler in summer. From October to January the most rain falls. Although snow is rare, it occasionally falls to a depth of two or three inches. The climate of Guernsey is said, on good authority, to be the most equable in Europe, and for social reasons is also the most to be recommended for a residence. The saline matter in the air, common to small islands, makes the dampness less relaxing than might be supposed. Alderney and Sark enjoy an air more bracing, more dry, than that of the other islands, and are resorted to from Guernsey and Jersey by those



SEIGNEUR'S HOUSE, SARK.

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whose systems have become enervated by too long residence there. The Channel Islands can be safely recommended to consumptives who need to escape our east winds or sudden summer changes of heat and cold, and are especially favorable from April to September, inclusive. For rheumatic or neuralgic patients their permanent advantages are more doubtful, although good, perhaps, for a short time, by way of change.

Hotels of various grades are found in all the towns and near many of the points of interest on the coast. Several are excellently suited to those who desire good fare well served, with absence of ostentation or the noisy reveling of the bar-room. Bree's Stopford House at St. Helier's, Gardner's Old Government House at St. Peter's Port, Gavey's at Sark, are undoubtedly the best. The expense of living is not as moderate as formerly. The late French war hastened a rise in prices, gradually becoming inevitable, and the cost of good board will average little, if any, less than in England or at most resorts for invalids. Carriage-hire still continues reasonable.

The islands are reached by good boats running from Southampton five times a week, and from Weymouth twice weekly in winter, oftener in summer. Those who desire to shorten the sea journey should go by way of Weymouth; it is the shortest by several hours, although the Southampton line is every where, with inconceivable impudence, advertised as being the most direct. A glance at the chart exposes the lie at once. In the winter season—and at any time, in fact—heavy weather is to be looked for; but the boats are strong, the passage is usually performed in eight to twelve hours, and the possibility of its being a rough one does not deter many from resorting to the islands for health, pleasure, art, or scientific investigation, especially, however, in summer. We can heartily and truthfully recommend the invalid and pleasure-seeker to give them a trial—with a bit of advice on a point not always regarded by persons culpably foolhardy or totally ignorant of boat-sailing, especially in these very dangerous waters: never set out in a boat here, or undertake to go to Sark or any of the islands, if the boatmen are reluctant to try it, or if you are advised by the natives to wait for a change of weather.

ERIC'S FUNERAL.

TIRED? Yes, a little, I believe. I'm not so very strong,
And older than I was, my dear: I'm sure it won't be long
Before *my* turn comes. Life is sweet, but *surely* sweeter far,
Where we will find our faded youth, beyond the morning-star.

I've been to Eric's funeral—my old friend Eric Gray.
To think that he is gone! Ah, well! how peaceful like to-day
He looked as there he lay at rest, in narrow coffined space,
The snow-white lilies on his breast, the death-white on his face!

I mind him years and years ago. A half-remembered dream,
A feather-flake of falling snow that melts upon a stream,
To me has yesterday become. My memory fails with age,
But all that filled my early home is like a pictured page.

I saw him first at father's house. They held the meeting there
On Wednesday evenings, and the church convened for praise and prayer;
The old and young together sat, and lifted up the psalm
In tones that seemed the phrase to fit, with blending cadence calm.

Not men of many words were they; grave-browed and stern and strong;
Yet on Predestination they would argue loud and long,
With keenest blades of logic, and with hammer blows of will,
The while the women listened there, in acquiescence still.

"Society" was what they called the Presbyterian band
Of earnest-hearted folk who tried to keep the Lord's command,
Though hard as iron it might press, and blight their lives with pain,
Who took earth's joy with thankfulness, and patient bore its bane.

Once more I see, through years of gloom, the candles burning bright,
The row of chairs around the room, the table covered white,
The Bible opened at "the place," and father waiting there,
A light upon his reverent face, and on his silver hair.

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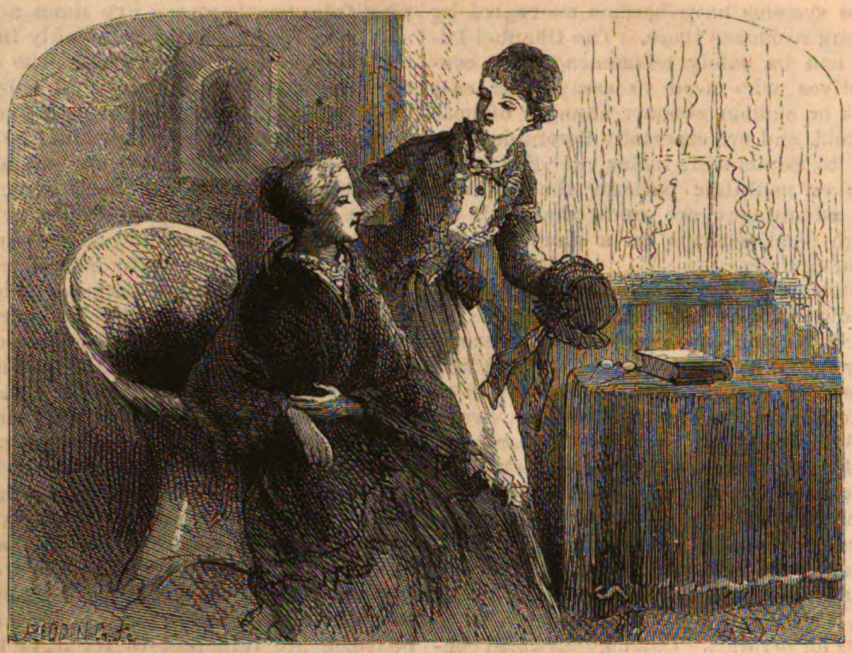

"I'VE BEEN TO ERIC'S FUNERAL—MY OLD FRIEND ERIC GRAY."

By ones and twos the people came, till all the chairs were filled;
Then one upon the Holy Name would call, and, as God willed,
Would bid Him deal with this His flock, yet haply in His love,
Would dare entreat Him smite the rock, and feed them from above.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want, He makes me down to lie,
In pastures green He leadeth me, the quiet waters by:"
The sweet old words, the sweet old tune, they bore our spirits higher
Than all the tortured music of the cultured modern choir.

It was the psalm their lips had learned beside the mother's knee,
Where Scotia's purple heather burned, or dashed the German Sea.
Oh, loud and clear the anthem rolled; I often hear it still,
As, rippling down from streets of gold, its echoes near me thrill.

Slow waned the sacred hour. At last the closing words were said;
Then swift the sparkling moments passed, slipped off a silver thread
Of laughter, innocent and low, while youths and maidens met
And lingered, talking, loath to go, like youths and maidens yet.

You see yourself in yonder glass? Well, I was once like you,
As softly flushed, as dimple-sweet, when all my life was new.
My mother made me braid my hair and keep it smooth and plain;
She feared that curls would be a snare: she would not have me vain.

And often as my brothers told what this or that one said
Of compliment or courtesy, lest it should turn my head,
She gave a flavor of reproof, a dash of bitter-sweet,
To such light words, for beauty's bloom the immortal soul might cheat.

There was but one who never seemed to see that I was fair,
That in my eyes the sunlight dreamed, and danced upon my hair,
And that was Eric. So I set my heart on Eric Gray—
For ever what we can not get, that most we prize alway.

I showed it not by look or sign—that would have been a shame—
But in my heart I made his shrine, and softly named his name
In whispers only God could hear, where, kneeling by my bed
At night and morning, God was near, and heard the prayers I said.

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"AMONG HIS FELLOWS THERE HE STOOD, IN STATURE LIFTED HIGH."

"Let none despise thy youth," was bid to Timothy of old.
None could despise young Eric's truth, his bearing frank and bold.
Among his fellows there he stood, in stature lifted high,
Like some straight pine-tree of the wood that towers to the sky.

The elders listened when he spoke, the minister took heed
(And in those days the minister was some one grand indeed).
I thrilled with pride to hear his praise, and yet perversely tried
To blame him for his rigid ways, and have my blame denied.

The sunlight wooes the forest leaf, the moonlight wooes the sea,
So by attraction's subtle grace was Eric drawn to me.
But all the more I loved him, I was iced in maiden pride,
And shy and cold and silent whene'er he sought my side.

Till came at last my radiant hour of triumph and delight:
"He loved me." By that gracious dower the world for me grew bright;
My heart was like a cradled nest, where through enchanted days
There lived a sweet-voiced singing guest that sang his love always.

"What parted us?" For Eric Gray had wife and children dear,
And I, in Scottish phrase, "have lived my lane" this many a year.
A widowed wife will wear for him the widow's shrouding veil,
Though she was never first whose robes in densest woe will trail.

"Who is that happy girl?" they said who saw me at that time,
When common days went trippingly, like lovely words that rhyme.
But Eric's mother did not smile. She thought that levity
Ill suited one whom he, "my son," had chosen his bride to be.

So when, for very rapture, in the glory of my life,
The color and the perfume, of which its bloom was rife,
I let my gladness overflow, and acted like the child
I was, she talked to Eric, gently and matron-mild,

And bade me read the Proverbs, where the prudent wife is praised.
I listened, little pleased; and more, I felt incensed, amazed.

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My dear, if you would like to make a sinner of a saint,
Just take her to the Bible with an air of vexed complaint.

I had not joined the church. I knew within me, sweet and clear,
A tenderness, as if that One Divinely Good were near;
I loved that Presence, but my heart accepted not the creed
That made me willing to be lost, if thus the Lord had need.

The gentle words that Jesus spoke were bread of life to me;
But, overlaid with doctrines fierce of duty and decree,
I could not say I took them all, as father thought I should,
And as at worship, night and morn, he often prayed I would.

Eric, he often talked to me, and urged me, still in vain,
To go before the elders and to let them make it plain;
And so our lovers' interviews grew into hot debate
Upon electing love, and faith, and mankind's lost estate.

At last one day, with mournful face, he said, "It is a sin
To marry, if not in the Lord. All glorious within
Should be the daughter of the King." I, smiling, set him free.
Heart's love, true love, *is* in the Lord; but that he did not see.

He married Jennie MacIntyre. She'd tried to win him long.
They say his life has not been quite as merry as a song.
He gathered wealth of lands and gold, his vessels crossed the sea,
But his stately home was grim and cold, as what else could it be—

With her? "You're sorry for my life?" Nay, darling, all is best:
I'm surer of it as my sun leans down the golden west.
I was too quick and passionate, perhaps, for Eric Gray,
And I have lived in God's content, safe folded, all my way.

But there at Eric's funeral, the lilies on his breast,
The lilies and the sheaf of wheat, and the aged face at rest,
With something of the look it wore, the young look back again—
It brought the old days here once more, the pleasure and the pain.

And all my heart went forward, past the shadow and the cross,
Even to that home where perfect love hath never thorn or loss,
Where neither do they marry, nor in marriage are they given,
But are like unto the angels in God's house, which is Heaven.

CONCORD BOOKS.

"Books are the monuments of lives."

TO students of books and to lovers of nature, Concord is especially attractive. To the first class it is hallowed ground, the theatre of grand literary achievement, the past and present residence of famous men. Its hills, woods, and river, even its trees and road-sides, are sacred, beloved of genius. No spot in the township, however uncultured, can be ignored. In this dry swamp, it may be, Emerson saw the Rhodora; on that bend of the river, perhaps, Thoreau watched the withered leaves floating down to the Merrimac, or, at this corner of the prosaic Main Street, noted the elms spreading their "yellow parasols" over the houses.

But the lovers of nature would assert the natural beauty of the town independently of its fame. It is true that there is a certain peculiar charm about Concord. Perhaps this consists in the fact that nature's rights are generally and gracefully conceded there. The place has not the roughness of a new town, in which nature is allowed license, nor the artificiality and primness of a more pretentious one, in which nature is tortured and repressed. Nowhere are our old *bourgeois* friends, dandelions and hardhack, golden-rod and white-weed, more respected and respectable than here. In the most aristocratic portions of the village as well as in its by-ways they plant flourishing colonies along sidewalks and beside fences. The town is the El Dorado of common things—an El Dorado from which stone walls and blackberry vines, button-woods and broom-poplars, are not yet banished.

On the walls of his observatory Hawthorne painted a line from Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters*,

"There is no joy but Calm."

Those who disagree with Tennyson and with Hawthorne will probably turn in some im-

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patience from the quiet exterior of Concord, which, until recently, has known few changes in the last century, and seek satisfaction in the thought of its mental activity. The atmosphere of the place is not bracing nor energetic. There is no business, no enterprise. The work is done mostly with brains, not hands. One must either constantly resist the prevailing dreaminess and inertia, or succumb to it, and, gradually becoming transcendental, begin to count riches not by dollars, but by ideas.

Concord is rich in books; indeed, within the last two years it has been made a millionaire among towns by the gift of a library building and by large and valuable additions to its former stock of literature. Neither its immediate nor its remote past disgraces its present. Mr. Hoar, in his remarks on the occasion of the dedication of the new library, spoke of certain "Instructions" given to the selectmen of the town in 1672. The third article of these "Instructions" is as follows:

"That care be taken of the Books of Marters and other bookes that belong to the Towne, that they be kept from abusive usage, and not be lent to persons more than one month at one time."

If the "other bookes" at all resembled the "Books of Marters," surely we of the present day can only wonder at the "dim beginnings" of our public library, and meditate with proper awe upon the literature that our forefathers enjoyed two hundred years ago.

The constitution of the Concord Library —drawn up in 1784 by the Rev. Ezra Ripley, one of the "ancient aristocracy of New England clergymen"—is a most curious manuscript. In fact, it is a manuscript likeness of its good author, whose virtues and whose oddities are so well remembered by the towns-people. The quaint cramped handwriting, the lengthy and careful provisos, the particularity with which all conditions are reiterated, remind one irresistibly of the personal peculiarities shown in the accompanying silhouette. The silhouette betrays that the doctor was old-fashioned—so does the handwriting; the expression shows that the doctor was conscientious and cautious—so do the provisos; the prominency and set of the under-lip establish the fact that the doctor was very firm and rather rigorous—so do the conditions.

According to his rules, the library was never to be kept more than half a mile from the meeting-house, which was the centre of civilization in those days. The library year was divided into quarters, and books were drawn on the first Wednesday of every month, with quarterly preliminaries designed to prevent preference being given to one member above another. Here are some extracts:

"The name of each member, being wrote on separate tickets, shall be put into a box prepared therefor,

Ezra Ripley

and as many numbers as there are members in the Company, beginning with No. One and proceeding on to Two, Three, and so on in that order, being wrote on separate tickets, shall be put in another box, prepared as aforesaid. And the Librarian, with the assistance of the Secretary and Committee, shall, once in every three months, previous to the time affixed for taking out books, draw the tickets for esstablishing the order in which each member shall take out books for the ensuing quarter. And he whose name shall be drawn against No. One, shall have the exclusive right to choose what books he chooses to take out for the three following months....

"And when any member shall have begun to take out any set of volumes of the same book, he shall have the right to proceed through the whole set, in order, any rule herein contained notwithstanding. And no member shall take out more than one volume at one time, except in such cases where any set of volumes

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may be so connected as that real advantage can not be enjoyed without seeing more than one volume; such as the *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, and the like. In such case, any number of volumes, or the whole set, may be taken by one member."

More of the "regulations" might be copied, but these are sufficient to present to the reader's mind a vivid picture of the difficulties with which lovers of literature were beset in 1784, sometimes obliged to carry home the sets of books that fell to their share in wagons, and again waiting years for a desired volume.

According to Shattuck's *History of Concord*, the "Charitable Library Association" succeeded the "Library Company," and was formed in 1795. The catalogue of books belonging to this association has been preserved. It contains seventy volumes, and the only exception to the prevailing "solidity" of the list is *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Some years later—in 1821—new members joined the elder proprietors, and the "Concord Social Library" was founded. A note in *The Yeoman and Gazette*, an old weekly newspaper of Concord, states that it contained in 1828 six hundred volumes. In 1835 the number had increased to nine hundred, and there were fifty share-holders.

In the year 1851 a collection of books called the "Town Library" was joined to the one before mentioned. Parish literature and agricultural literature formed two special departments in the new institution, which continued till 1873, when the "Concord Free Public Library" absorbed into itself alike the chaff and the wheat gathered by past associations and companies, and renewed, re-arranged, and recatalogued all books possessed by the town, in order to make them worthy of better surroundings.

The new library building, presented to the town by one of its citizens, Mr. William Munroe, stands in the centre of the village, the best of monuments to its generous giver, who, although he has added no work of his own to Concord's list of literary achievement, has rendered much of such achievement possible to others, and has laid the foundation for a broader general education. The building is remarkable for originality of design and elaboration of detail; it is, indeed, so odd that at first it did not receive much favor. It has often—perhaps on account of its many angles and colors—been profanely likened to a German toy; and Mrs. Moulton, in a letter to the *Tribune*, observes that "the literature of Concord is, no doubt, its religion; therefore, very appropriately, the library is built like a church."

However, let the criticisms be what they may, in these days of everlasting similarity of architecture, change, oddity of effect, are positive virtues in building. This library, being unique and fanciful enough to content the most fastidious, is a real rest to

WILLIAM MUNROE.

eyes wearied with the sameness of French roofs and square outlines. It is like a line of poetry quoted in a page of prose.

The character of the town rendered Mr. Munroe's gift most appropriate. It would be hard to find a place wherein so large a class would be so much interested in a library and so well able to contribute to it; and the contributions are not only the printed works of individuals, but literary relics and curiosities of the highest value. Each of the collection of busts—which is not yet complete—is the gift of a townsman or townswoman. Those already mounted are of Plato, Agassiz, Emerson, Mann, Hawthorne, and Brown. To these will probably be added busts of Thoreau and Alcott. The bust of Mr. Brown, presented by the "Farmer's Club," is the work of Daniel French, a young Concord artist, who made the model for the statue of the "Minute-Man," which is cast in "historic brass" and set on the Revolutionary battle-ground.

In the reading room of the library hangs a portrait of Columbus—a copy by Raffaelle Mengs of an original painting by Titian. It is a piece of rich coloring, somewhat darkened by time, and is believed to have belonged to the collection of Madame Letitia Bonaparte. Near by hangs a large portrait of Mr. Emerson, painted in Edinburgh in 1848, and opposite is a copy of Stuart's portrait of Washington.

With the portrait of Washington Mr. Munroe gave a manuscript letter written by the "Father of his Country" to General Greene, and dated April 24, 1779. Mr. J. T. Fields has made the library richer by the addition to it of five autographs: the original manuscripts of *Dorothy Q.*, by Holmes; Thoreau's *Walking;* Emerson's *Culture;* Lowell's *Cathedral;* and one of Motley's addresses. Among other treasures of the institution are

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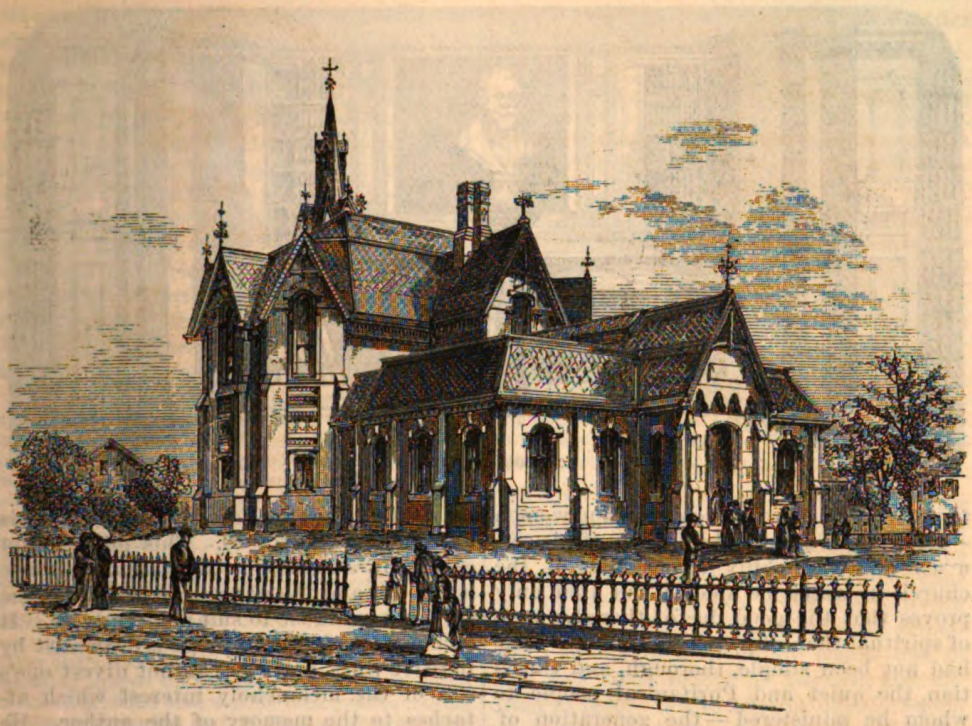

THE CONCORD LIBRARY.

a flora of the township, arranged by Horace Mann, Jun.; a Bible printed in 1599; a collection of coins and medals, ancient and modern; a copy of Luke's Gospel in Chinese; a number of Indian arrow-heads and curiosities, mostly found on a farm in the northwest part of Concord; two portfolios of heliotype impressions; a volume containing engravings of Hogarth's works; and many valuable reference books not usually found on library shelves.

The Concord Alcove, however, is the most unique feature of the library. The bust of Mr. Munroe, cut in marble by Thomas R. Gould, is set in this alcove. And here are collected nearly all the printed works of Concord authors from the time of the settlement on the river Musketaquid to the present year. Here are also files of old yellow newspapers published in the township years ago, when it was more populous, and boasted some business enterprise. And on the shelves above are bound numbers of the *Dial*, edited by Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller.

The literature of Concord dates from 1646, in which year the Rev. Peter Bulkeley published his *Gospel Covenant*, one of the first books ever published in New England, and valuable as defining the position of seceders from the Church of England. It is a series of connected sermons, setting forth the merits of the Covenant of Grace and the Covenant of Works, the decision between which so disturbed the minds of the first settlers on the Musketaquid that discussion bade fair to be endless. Indeed, it is stated in Shattuck's *History of Concord* that the towns-people on their way to attack the Pequot Indians were obliged to pause in the wilderness and decide whether they were under a covenant of grace or a covenant of works before proceeding.

For nearly two hundred years after the appearance of this book the only publications were pamphlet sermons of especial merit or interest. Of the ministerial authors the most prolific was Dr. Ezra Ripley. Twelve sermons of his were printed within a period of thirty-seven years. Only four discourses besides his own are recorded as having been preserved before the year 1841, from which year the "literary period" of Concord dates. He seems to have made a greater impression upon his time than any of his predecessors upon theirs. To-day the mention of Dr. Ripley's name will call an involuntary smile to many a wrinkled face. His sterling worth, his whole-hearted zeal, and his kindly, quaint humor won both the respect and love of his parishioners. He was so conscientious that he returned thanks publicly in prayer for his first pair of spectacles; so zealous that he would start out to attend Sunday service though the snow was higher than his horse's head; but it is a question whether the indifferent and fair-weather Christians of later times can afford to laugh at such conscientiousness and zeal. It is true that the children to whom he used

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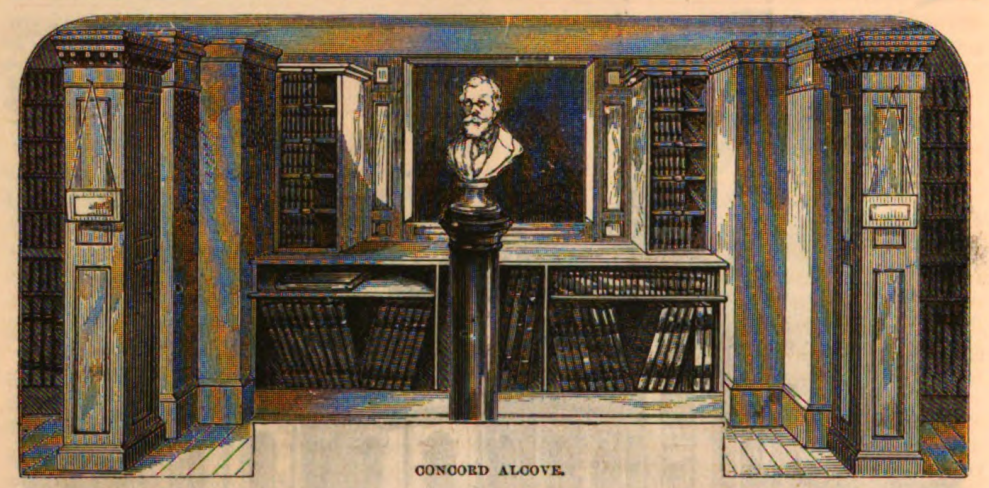

CONCORD ALCOVE.

to preach—who are now old men and women—remember ruefully the length of his sermons and the chilly atmosphere of the church in which he spoke; but that only proves that the good doctor thought more of spiritual than of physical comfort. If he had not been simple, thorough, and Christian, the quiet and Puritanical people to whom he ministered — the generation of hard-working, commonplace Abels and Marthas, Johns and Davids, Ruths and Patiences—would never so have loved and honored him.

Two Masonic discourses, a *History of the Concord Fight* and a *Treatise on Education*, complete the list of his published works. He is said to have written over three thousand sermons in his lifetime—a fact which weighed heavily on Mr. Hawthorne's spirits when, in 1843, he became an inmate of his parsonage.

Oddly enough, the staid and stiff line of literature indicated above was broken in upon about 1828 by a drama. At this time John A. Stone, a resident of Concord, wrote a play entitled *Metamora*, which is still in existence in manuscript form. For it Edwin Forrest paid five hundred dollars, a price considered enormous at that time. This play first made the great actor famous. After Forrest's death the manuscript was sold by his executors to a couple of star actors for one thousand dollars. Forrest also paid a thousand dollars for a second play by the same author, called *The Ancient Briton*. Mr. Stone wrote other dramas, and occasionally himself appeared on the stage in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. His fame is obscured by time. Few of the present denizens of Concord have any accurate knowledge of him or his dramas, but among the files of old Concord newspapers may be found a short poem of his, signed "Metamora," and preceded by a complimentary paragraph by the editor. It was written on the occasion of the opening of a theatre at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and is dated January 24, 1830. This poem is not especially admirable. Although the verse is smooth and the expression felicitous, the style is too diffuse to suit modern taste. It is, however, unfair to judge a dramatist by fugitive lines, and one can not divest one's self of the melancholy interest which attaches to the memory of the author. He was still a young man when he became famous, and his family lived, report says, in an old house that used to stand near the corner of Main and Walden streets. He was only thirty-three when, "in a temporary fit of insanity," he drowned himself in the Schuylkill River. A brief paragraph in an encyclopedia is the only record that remains to us of this unfortunate man of genius—this *rara avis* among sermon-writing authors.

In the year 1832, two years before Mr. Stone ended his life, Hawthorne published his first book. The title is *Fanshawe*, but the book is usually chronicled as an "Anonymous Romance." Hawthorne was living in Boston at the time of its publication. The volume soon passed out of print and out of memory, and in later years Hawthorne never cared to claim its authorship. *Twice-told Tales*, which was issued four years later, bore his name. It is a collection of magazine stories, and its success justified the publication of a second series in 1842. A year after, Hawthorne came to Concord. He was not famous at that time, and his dreamy, reserved habits prevented his forming many friendships, except with his literary kindred. He lived in the old gambrel-roofed parsonage, famous for Revolutionary memories, famous also because Emerson had been a recent resident there. This he christened the "Old Manse," and it is doubly renowned through his occupancy of it.

The place is charming—an El Dorado for a dreamer. How charming, any one can understand who reads the introduction to that collection of magazine stories, written while

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Hawthorne lived in it, and called *Mosses from an Old Manse.* The genius of the place is in his pages, and one hardly needs the picture in order to become familiar with it.

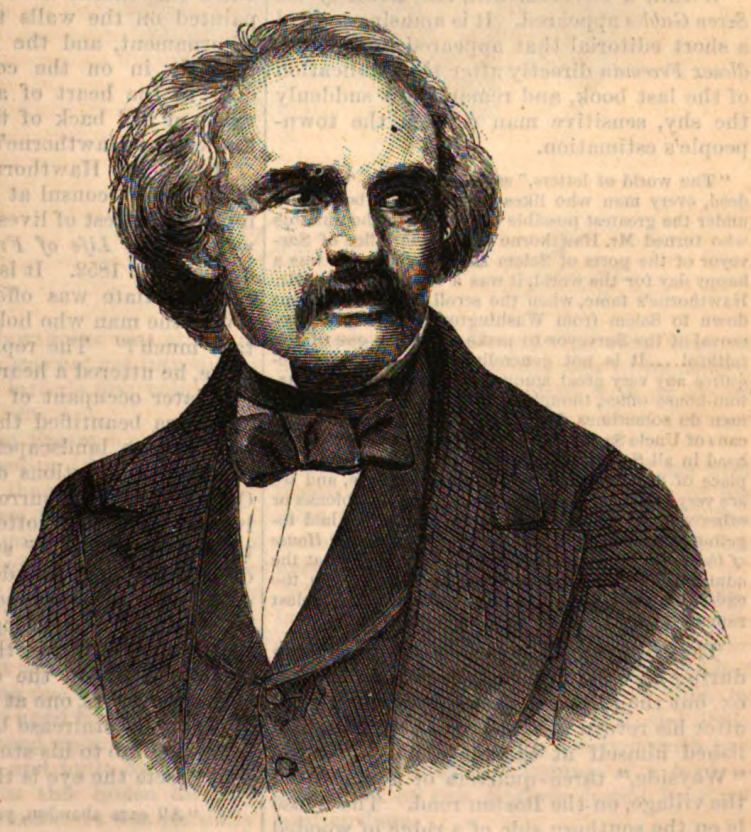
Whatever the critics may say, Hawthorne never loved common things, as Thoreau did. His imagination was more lofty and delicate. He could idealize way-side weeds and garden vegetables, but he could not revel in out-door life and enjoy its unattractive details as did his friend. He never could have written the description of a "river voyage" which enlivens the first pages of Thoreau's *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers,* and which is here transcribed:

"It is worth while to make a voyage up this stream, if you go no farther than Sudbury, only to see how much country there is in the rear of us—great hills and a hundred brooks and farm-houses and barns and hay-stacks you never saw before; and men every where—Sudbury (that is, Southborough) men and Wayland and Nine-acre Corner men, and Bound Rock, where four towns bound on a rock in the river—Lincoln, Wayland, Sudbury, and Concord. Many waves are there agitated by the wind, keeping nature fresh; the spray blowing in your face; reeds and rushes waving; ducks by the hundred, all uneasy in the surf, in the raw wind, just ready to rise, and now going off with a clatter and a whistling, like riggers straight for Labrador, flying against the stiff gale with reefed wings, or else circling round first, with all their paddles moving briskly, just over the surf, to reconnoitre you before they leave these parts; gulls wheeling overhead; musk-rats swimming for dear life, wet and cold, with no fire to warm them by that you know of, their labored homes rising here and there like hay-stacks; and countless mice and moles and winged tit-mice along the sunny, windy shore; cranberries tossed on the waves and heaving up on the beach, their little red skiffs beating about among the alders. Such healthy natural tumult as proves that the last day is not yet at hand. And there stand all around the alders, the birches, the oaks, and maples, full of glee and sap, holding in their buds till the waters subside. You shall perhaps run aground on Cranberry Island (only some spires of last year's pipe-grass above the water to show where the danger is), and get as good a freezing as any where on the Northwest coast. I never voyaged so far in my life."

Hawthorne could never so have delighted in a spring flood on a raw day. His muse is more refined; and he gives dainty and delicate pieces of description that show as great appreciativeness. For instance, what can be prettier than this which he says about apple-trees:

"The trees possess a domestic character, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants. There is so much individuality of character, too, among apple-trees that it gives them an additional claim to be objects of human interest. One is hard and crabbed in its manifestations, and another gives us fruit as mild as charity. One is churlish and illiberal, evidently grudging the few apples it bears; another exhausts itself in free-hearted benevolence. The variety of grotesque shapes into which apple-trees contort themselves has its effect on those who get acquainted with them. They stretch out their crooked branches and take such hold on the imagination that we remember them as humorists and odd fellows. And what is more melancholy than the old apple-trees that linger about a spot where once stood a homestead, but where is now only a ruined chimney rising out of a grassy and weed-grown cellar? They offer their fruit to every wayfarer—apples bitter-sweet with the moral of human vicissitude."

While in Concord, Hawthorne lived an out-of-doors life, his chief companions being Thoreau and Channing. It was perhaps owing to the Sleepy Hollow atmosphere that he did not do his best work while living there. Mr. Hawthorne's democratic principles gained him two public posts—one in 1838, five years before he married, and another in 1846. It was after he left the Salem Custom-house, in a period of great discouragement to himself, that the world was surprised by the publication of the *Scarlet Letter.*



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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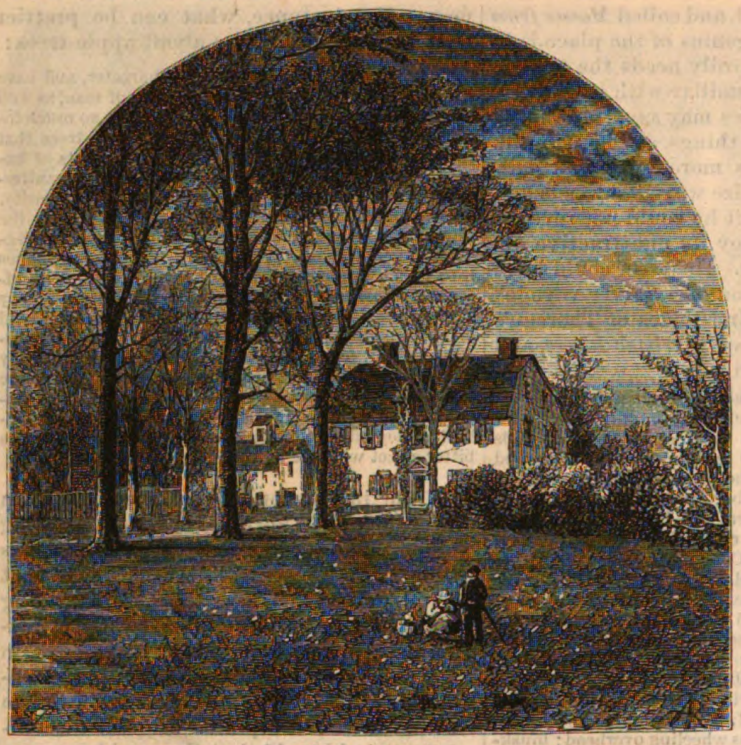

"OLD MANSE."

Within a twelvemonth, the *House of the Seven Gables* appeared. It is amusing to read a short editorial that appeared in the *Middlesex Freeman* directly after the publication of the last book, and remark how suddenly the shy, sensitive man rose in the townpeople's estimation.

"The world of letters," says this article, "and, indeed, every man who likes to read good books, are under the greatest possible obligation to the dullards who turned Mr. Hawthorne out of the office of Surveyor of the ports of Salem and Beverly....It was a happy day for the world, it was a blessed day for Mr. Hawthorne's fame, when the scroll of Fate was sent down to Salem from Washington, ordering the removal of the Surveyor to make room for one of the faithful....It is not generally supposed that it requires any very great amount of genius to fill a Custom-house office, though it is undeniable that clever men do sometimes find their way among the publicans of Uncle Sam. We believe there was not a blockhead in all Salem who was not capable of filling the place of Surveyor as well as Mr. Hawthorne, and we are very certain that all the heads in Salem—blocks or otherwise—could not, even if they had been laid together, have produced the *Scarlet Letter* or the *House of the Seven Gables*....Let us thank the gods that the admirers of stupidity triumphed in 1846, and, in the excess of their love of letters, compelled the ablest romancer in our country to write."

The *House of the Seven Gables* was written during Hawthorne's short residence in Lenox, but the *Blithedale Romance* was produced after his return to Concord, where he established himself at the place he called the "Wayside," three-quarters of a mile from the village, on the Boston road. The house is on the southern side of a ridge of wooded hills, much shut in by shrubbery, and unpleasantly close to the road. It was dilapidated when Hawthorne purchased it, and was altogether an unpleasant change from the "Manse." He repaired the house, however, built additions, and constructed an observatory, which overlooks a wide stretch of level fields and roads. The square room at the top of this observatory became his sanctum. Here he dreamed and wrote his wonderful stories. The house is now used as a boarding-school for young ladies, and the observatory is occupied as a sleeping-room; but one can form some idea of how it looked when Hawthorne used it, with red mottoes painted on the walls that else were bare of ornament, and the sunshine streaming brightly in on the confusion of articles dear to the heart of an author. On the ridge of hill back of the house is a path known as "Hawthorne's Walk."

Before Mr. Hawthorne received the appointment of consul at Liverpool, while living the quietest of lives in Concord, he had written the *Life of Franklin Pierce*. This appeared in 1852. It is recorded that when the consulate was offered him he asked, "Will the man who holds the office have to talk much?" The reply being in the negative, he uttered a hearty "Thank God!"

A later occupant of Hawthorne's "Wayside" has beautified the little observatory by painting landscapes and sea views on the inclined portions of the upper ceiling. Over the mantel, surrounded by a trailing ivy wreath, is the motto, "In memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne," supplemented by the date of his birth and death. In the southeast corner is preserved the shelf at which he wrote in a standing position. His red mottoes are still over the doors of the presses that stand on the opposite side of the room in corners, one at the head of the steep and narrow staircase by which Hawthorne used to climb to his study. The motto that first greets the eye is this:

"All care abandon, ye who enter here."

The "literary period" of Concord com-

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menced in 1841, six years after Mr. Emerson came to reside in it. In 1835 he wrote *Nature* in his study at the "Old Manse." This book, as the critics said, "struck the key-note of his philosophy." Before its appearance, however, he was a marked man. His eloquence as a preacher, and afterward his secession from church beliefs, together with the brilliant course of lectures and addresses delivered in Boston and Cambridge, had attracted much attention, and when in 1841 he published the first series of his *Essays*, his "name was on every one's tongue." At that time Alcott had published his treatise *On Early Education* (1832) and his *Conversations on the Gospels* (1836). Miss Peabody had also written the record of his school. But Alcott had then hardly become identified with Concord. Thoreau, who graduated from Harvard in 1837, was at that time engaged in teaching or trade, Hawthorne was at Brook Farm, and Channing was not yet introduced to the public. The latter's first volume of poems appeared in 1843.

R. W. Emerson

A second volume of Emerson's *Essays* appeared in 1844, succeeding Channing's earliest poems. He had then removed from the "Manse" to the house he now occupies—a large square white mansion set back from the road, and secluded by a growth of pine and chestnut trees. It is not half a mile from Hawthorne's "Wayside." This house was old, and had to be repaired. The trees that now surround it were planted by Thoreau and Alcott during one of Emerson's absences in Europe, and until recently a rustic summer-house has stood upon the grounds, which was designed and built by Thoreau. Mr. Emerson went to this house directly after his marriage in 1835. It was partially burned three years ago, but was rebuilt on the same plan. Despite the rebuilding, it has nothing unpleasantly new in its aspect, but stands among its pines with an air of aristocratic age. It is but a short distance from the village.

In 1846 Mr. Emerson published his first poems. This volume contains some of his most famous verses, viz., "Rhodora," "The Humble Bee," "A Snow-Storm," "Forerunners," and "The Problem."

The essay "Nature," with nine popular lectures, was republished in 1849 under the title of *Miscellanies*. In the same year Thoreau published his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. From that time to this, leaving out the years 1857 and 1861, which were barren, every twelvemonth has been marked by the issuing of a book—sometimes of two or three books, by Concord authors.

Mr. Emerson belongs to no school of phi-

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losophy and to no sect in religion. He is a transcendentalist and an independent thinker, and the fact that he was nominated for the lord-rectorship of Glasgow University testifies to the increase of liberal opinions. He is an exemplification of the best definition of transcendentalist, viz., "one who has transferred his faith in forms to faith in practice." In Mr. Alcott's *Concord Days* is given a fine sketch of his character:

"Only a traveler at times, professionally, he prefers home-keeping; is a student of the landscape, of mankind, of rugged strength wherever found; likes plain people, plain ways, plain clothes; prefers earnest persons; shuns egotists, publicity; loves solitude, and knows its uses."

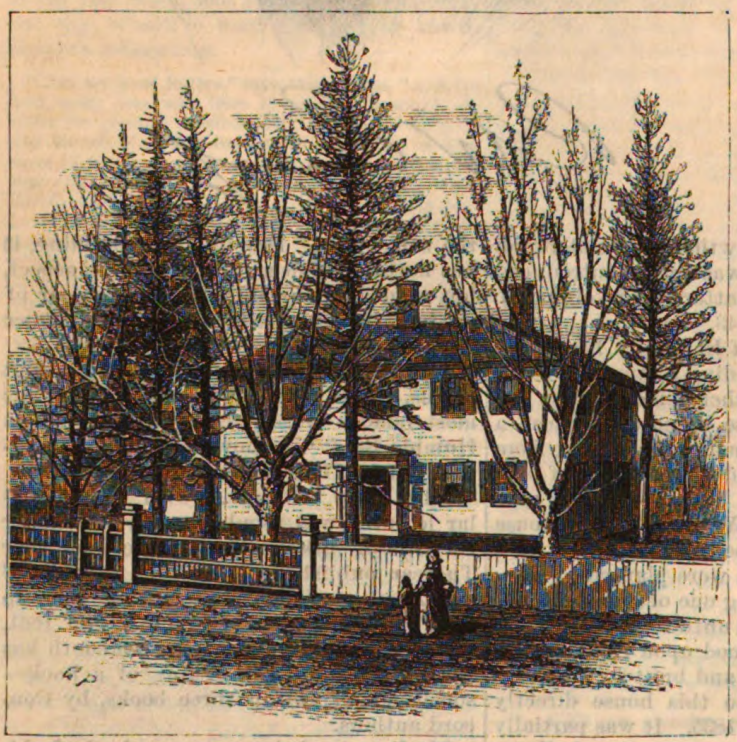
It has been said of Mr. Emerson that he is "as perfect in manners as in mind." To his perfection in the first respect his townspeople can surely testify without exception. To the tradesman and to the scholar alike he shows the same invariable kindly interest and courtesy. Every one, the lowest as well as the highest, is allowed to have, or at any rate to establish, a claim on his time, attention, and good-will. He has the "power of idealizing other people," or rather, perhaps, he has learned,

"without labor,
Without reserve as well, to love his neighbor."

The "study under the pines" is a shrine to which many "pilgrims of high and low degree" journey, and toward which the eyes of bashful and curious sojourners in Concord look wistfully. Sometimes these sojourners, during a woodland ramble, are fortunate enough to meet Mr. Emerson taking one of his frequent walks in Walden Woods. That is indeed a favor, for they see Concord's greatest man in the most beautiful spot in the township.

Mr. Alcott is Mr. Emerson's brother transcendentalist and friend, and is now in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His fame as a teacher rivals his repute as an author. He has long been known as an ideal reformer, and is eminently the advocate of the grand and pure in religion and society.

His renowned school in Boston was opened in September, 1834, at the Masonic Temple. Miss Margaret Fuller and Miss Elizabeth Peabody were assistant teachers in this school, and the public owes to the latter the account of it (*Record of a School*, 1874). This was not Mr. Alcott's first attempt at teaching in Boston, for he had formerly taught a school on Tremont Street, near St. Paul's Church, for more than a year. He continued his second school in that city for three years, teaching it, as his biographer, Mr. Sanborn, says, "on Pestalozzian and on Christian principles." Some views on the New Testament which he held and advanced then gave offense to the parents of his pupils, and his advocacy of Grahamism, and inviting Dr. Graham to lecture in his school, were also disliked. The publication of his *Conversations on the Gospels*, in 1837, was followed by severe criticism from many journals. In consequence of these newspaper attacks the school dwindled rapidly, and when, in 1839, Mr. Alcott insisted on admitting a colored child among his scholars, most of the other children were immediately withdrawn by the aggrieved parents. Only five were left, and the school was closed.



HOME OF EMERSON.

Mr. Alcott's manner of teaching is nearly identical with the so-called "object-teaching" now in use in Boston and in many other cities. He had been married eight years when his Temple school was closed, and with it ended a career of teaching which had lasted fifteen years.

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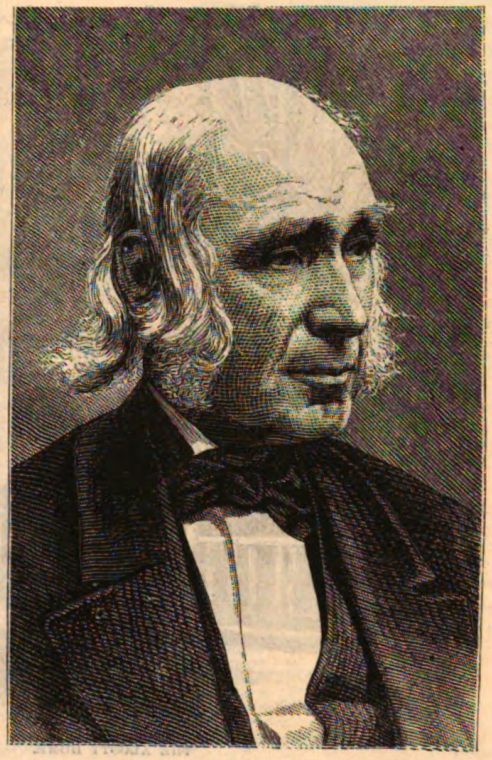
Mr. Alcott was early identified with the transcendental movement, and in 1835, in accordance with his Grahamistic belief, gave up the use of animal food. After closing his school he was invited to join the Brook Farm Association, and afterward the Hopedale Community. He refused both, for what scruple is not known; and, "faithful," says Mr. Sanborn in his biographical sketch, "to his idea of true living," chopped wood and gardened in Concord.

He had, however, his own idea of a "community," which, after a visit to England in 1843, he began to try to realize. He founded a society on the Wyman Farm, in Harvard. This consisted of ninety acres of land. An old house was upon the farm, and in this Mr. Alcott with his family and associates lived. The place was christened "Fruitlands." The associate founders were few, and the experiment proved a failure either practically or morally. In 1845 Mr. Alcott returned to Concord and bought a farm there. The old house which stood on this farm, and which was rebuilt by him and christened "Hillside," is identical with Hawthorne's "Wayside."



A. Bronson Alcott.

In 1857 Mr. Alcott purchased his present residence, which stands next the "Wayside," and remodeled it very tastefully. At the time of purchase it was one of the most forlorn of square farm-houses, owing all its attractiveness to the wooded hills back of it, and the wide sunny prospect before. It is now the most delightful and unique of houses, nestled brownly under elms, with an apple orchard on its right, and shut off from the traveled way by a rustic fence made by Mr. Alcott himself. Within, it is full of prettinesses and surprises artistically contrived, for the Alcott family can boast an artist. The house is low, wide, and roomy, full of nooks that can be peopled effectively with statues and pictures or stored richly with books.

On this spot Mr. Alcott has since lived. Even now in his later years he is more hale and vigorous than many a man of fifty. His two charming books of essays and the many "Conversations" and lectures given East and West testify to his continual activity of mind, as his health testifies to his activity of body. He has interested himself in promoting the welfare of Concord schools, and for some years held the office of superintendent, giving the children occasional hour-long conversations.

"One of Mr. Alcott's best contributions to literature," say some of his friends, "is his daughter Louisa." This lady took the public heart by storm six years ago by the publication of *Little Women*, and has since been established as a prime favorite with old and young. Miss Alcott has caused much dissension in families: witness the fact of five or six persons wanting the same book at once. She has also wrought endless mischief in young ladies' hearts by causing a whole generation of misses to fall in love with her Laurie, who after all has no original in life, but *is* original with Miss Alcott. But for all this she has been fully forgiven. Not Miss Burney, not Mrs. Stowe, not Bret Harte after the appearance of the *Heathen Chinee*, ever received the adulation that has been poured out at Miss Alcott's feet by a host of enthusiastic juveniles. And the seniors are not much more moderate. The American public is usually phlegmatic enough, but for once it forgot itself and laughed and cried at the will of a story-teller.

One very amusing instance of tender-heartedness occurred in the city of New York. A gentleman riding on a horse-car was reading the *Old-fashioned Girl*, and was much affected by the mishaps and make-ups of Polly and Tom. Suddenly becoming conscious of a moisture about the eyes, he glanced around suspiciously to see if any one had observed him, and noticed that a young lady on his right was also reading

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THE ALCOTT HOME.

eagerly, and undisguisedly crying as she read. Glancing at the book, the gentleman was astonished to find that it was the second volume of *Little Women*.

Tragedy is very well, but comedy is better; so says the general voice. The mass of readers having duly cried over *Hospital Sketches* and *Moods*, forgot their emotion, perhaps, but the hearty laughs they enjoyed at the expense of the March family are not forgettable, and make the book immortal.

The Plumfield school, described in *Little Men*, is from the model of Mr. Alcott's school in Boston, in which Miss Louisa was a pupil. Apropos of this, let me say that perhaps the reality of much of Miss Alcott's so-called fiction is what gives it vividness; or, perhaps, the charm of the story is in the telling. It is hard to define the attraction of her books—an attraction so great that the sale of all has amounted to more than a quarter of a million copies.

In 1873 was published the biography of Thoreau, the poet-naturalist. This book was written by his brother naturalist Channing, and through it have been made known almost all the facts of interest concerning the author of *Walden*. Thoreau has left his record upon Concord, and one is reminded of him at every turn. There is probably not a foot of it that he did not visit; there is not a plant, not a lichen, not a bird, he did not know. His love for every thing in nature, his "intimacy with out-doors," his fancies for and about little things that most people never notice, such as river rushes, shrub oaks, haze, dust, and smoke, are as pretty and odd as any thing in literature. It seems, when one reads his books, as if Mr. Thoreau had been a child, and Concord his toy-house. He made friends with all sorts of inanimate things, hailed them after an absence, and wrote about them lovingly. He speculated about trees, grasses, flowers, birds, and weeds continually, and imagined all manner of wonderful things about them. The pieces of drift-wood floating down the Assabet River are argosies in his eyes; oak leaves have the shape of continents; he voyages to Sudbury Meadows as to unknown lands, and thinks being stranded on Cranberry Island as exciting as being

Very truly yours
L. M. Alcott.

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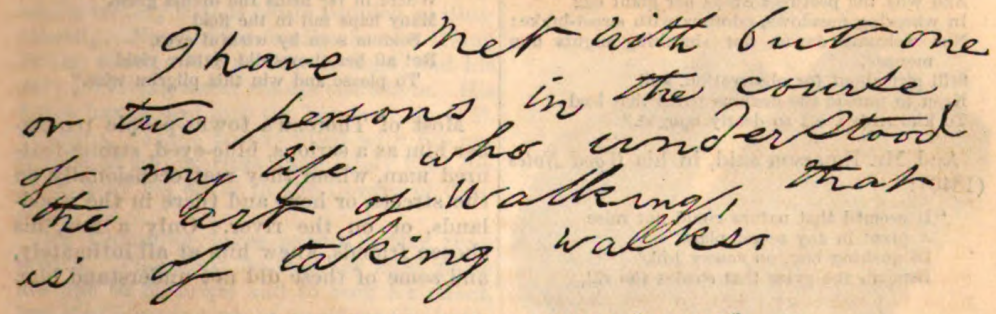
wrecked on the Northwest coast. He might have said, with Whittier,

"On life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest, lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud-minarets hears the sunset call to prayer."

And amidst all his enthusiasm and fancifulness he managed to be so persistently and unexpectedly practical that his readers can not steer clear of facts if they try. He was that rare character which is half poetical, half mathematical. He was always amassing facts, and always falling in love with fancies. He idealized and calculated at once. He wrote something remarkably pretty about water-lilies, and in the next few lines informed the reader that there are seven varieties of lily pads to be found in the Concord River. He delighted in statistics, and between his driest paragraphs would sandwich a thoroughly poetical phrase or sentence and think it quite in place.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.



FAC-SIMILE OF THOREAU'S WRITING, FROM "WALKING."

Mr. Thoreau was "a college-bred man, with an aptitude for many pursuits of the brain and the hands." Those things he attempted he did almost perfectly. His remark about "having made a pencil, and having no need to make another," has almost passed into a proverb. Like Mr. Alcott, he rebelled against the customs and requirements of social life, and thought men's occupations poor and their rewards petty. His hermit life was an active protestation against social forms. He commenced his life at Walden in 1845, and lived there two years and two months. Walden is a small and beautiful pond a half mile from the village of Concord. Why it is called "Walden," no one knows. Thoreau states that if the name was not derived from some English locality (Saffron Walden, for instance), one might suppose that it was called originally "Walled-in Pond." It seems more probable, however, that the pond received its name from Richard Walden, a famous man in the early history of Massachusetts Bay. He was Speaker of the General Court of Massachusetts from 1666 to 1679, a magistrate, a major, a colonel, and President of the Province of New Hampshire when it was set apart from Massachusetts. He had been an active trader among the Indians along the banks of the Merrimac and vicinity as early as 1635, and he had been a friend, and also an associate in the General Court, of Major Simon Willard, one of the pioneers of Concord.

On one occasion this Richard Walden was deemed so great an authority that his oath was necessary to fix the name of the Merrimac River, into which the Concord River flows. He affirmed that it was called by the Indians "Merremake," and sometimes "Merremack." His name, in the historical records of New Hampshire, is spelled in various ways—Waldern, Walderne, Waldron, and Walden. He signed his name Waldern. He was killed by the Indians at Cocheco in 1680.

Many word-tributes were paid Mr. Tho-

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WALDEN.

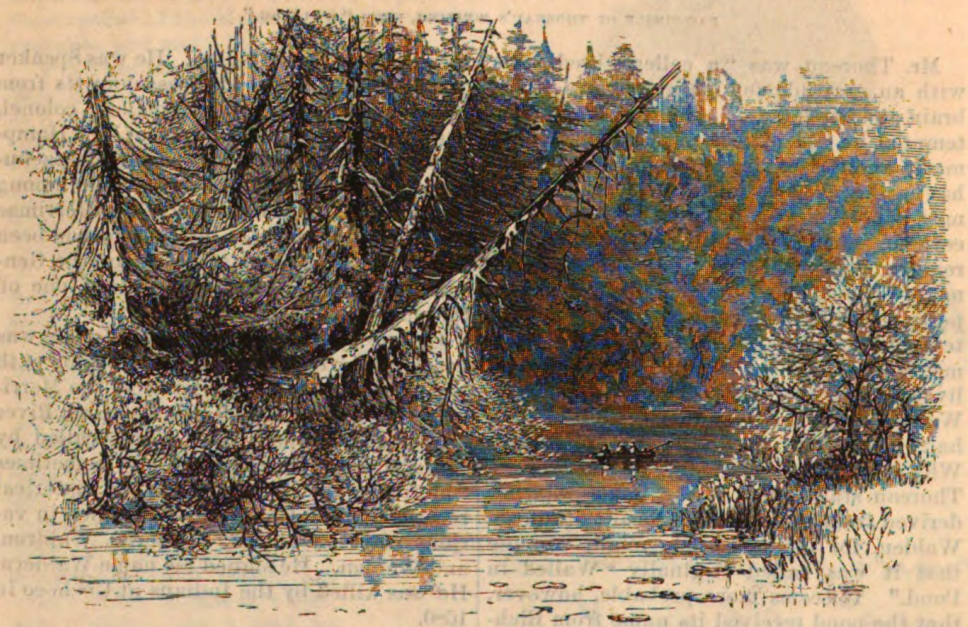
reau before his star had fairly risen. Channing says, in his *Near Home:*

"I see Rudolpho cross our honest fields,
Collapsed in thought, cool as a Stagirite
At intellectual problems; mastering,
Day after day, part of the world's concern;
Still adding to his list beetle and bee—
Of what the vireo builds a pensile nest,
And why the peetweet drops her giant egg
In wheezing meadows, odorous with sweet-brake:
Nor welcome dawns nor shrinking nights him menace,
Still girt about for observation, still
Keen to pursue the devious paths that lead
To knowledge, oft so dearly bought."

And Mr. Emerson said, in his *Wood Notes* (1846):

"It seemed that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if, by secret sight, he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.
Many haps fall in the field
Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise."

Most of Thoreau's towns-people remember him as a serious, blue-eyed, strong-featured man, whom they met occasionally on the streets, or here and there in the woodlands, or on the river. Only a few, his chosen friends, knew him at all intimately, and some of these did not understand him.



VIEW ON THE ASSABET.

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He was so different from other men that it was difficult to comprehend his character, and he was possibly a little brusque in manner and language. There is something irresistibly attractive about his life and himself. The little white house on Main Street in which he used to live is not much associated with him. His home was really out-of-doors, and it is in the woodlands or on the top of some breezy hill that he is best remembered. I fancy, however, that many Concordians remember his "powerful mathematics" more vividly than his finest chapters, and knew him more favorably as a surveyor than as an author.

His life was just as consistently devoted to Nature after he ceased to live with her as a hermit. She was the only lady of his love. He could not live away from her. There is nothing more pathetic than the biographer's account of his longing for his old freedom in the last year of his life, when entirely broken down by disease—of his trying in vain to scrape the frost from the pane nearest him on a sharp winter's morning, and saying, with utter sadness, as he failed, "I can not even *see* out-doors."

He lies near Hawthorne, in the little Concord cemetery that is being peopled so illustriously. None of his family are now living in the town. His mother is dead, and his only surviving sister resides elsewhere. His house has passed into the hands of Mr. F. B. Sanborn. Three trunks filled with his unpublished manuscripts have lately been deposited by his sister in the library at Concord.

Mr. Channing loves nature better than poetry. This must be true, for most poets are apt to be fickle and to seek for effect, but Mr. Channing never sacrifices the beauty of details to the whole, and is minutely faithful to every part. His descriptive poems, therefore, resemble a succession of small and very perfect pictures.

Mr. Emerson says, in his preface to the *Wanderer* (1871):

> "This author has one essential talent in his art—surprise. In the 'Poet's Corner' of the newspaper we read a line or two, and perceiving that we can guess the rest, turn to the telegraphic news. But the reader of the 'Mountain' must proceed to the end of the canto. We like the poet whose thought we can not predict, and whose mind is so full of genuine knowledge that we are sure to be enriched by every verse."

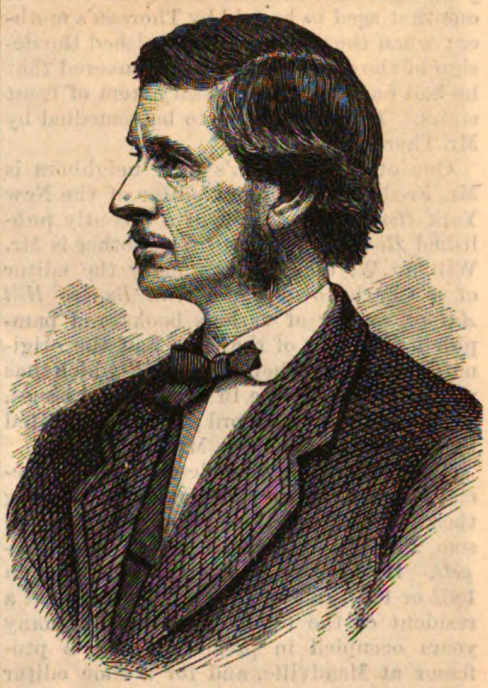
In Mr. Channing's first poems (1843) we find some remarkable ones, viz., "The Earth Spirit," "Reverence," "Death," and "The Poet's Hope." At the close of the latter are written those two lines that have been so widely quoted,

> "Hope hath happy place with me:
> If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

As his critic says, Mr. Channing's poetry "points to new art." Unlike other writers of rhymes, he thinks more of the subject than of the manner of treating it, and thoroughly disdains effect. He is like that modern writer of whom it is said, "D—— is more heartily loyal to nature than to himself."

Mr. Channing is a reserved, self-contained man, who lives his life in his own way, quite independently of others. He has his own circle of friends, his goddess Nature, and his books, and like his friend, Mr. Thoreau, is satisfied with these.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn deserves prominent mention among Concord authors. He is well known to the public as the friend, and almost the brother martyr, of John Brown. He taught a successful private school in Concord for several years, and in 1860 had



F. B. SANBORN.

two daughters of John Brown among his pupils. On the evening of April 3, 1860, was made the memorable attempt to kidnap and convey him to Washington. He had previously been summoned to appear before a select committee of members of the Senate to answer concerning the charge of complicity with John Brown. As is well known, the highest legal authority of Massachusetts opined that the Senate had no authority so to summon him. The attempt to kidnap him, which aroused such general indignation, was the consequence of his refusal to obey the summons to the capital. There was a conflict, which resulted in the delivery of Mr. Sanborn by force, and the pursuit of the officers for a long distance over the Boston road.

After the attempt on his liberty, Mr. Sanborn went to Canada, and waited there the

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settlement of the disputed question of the Senate's authority. He at length returned to Concord, and went on with his school more than two years longer. He subsequently held the office of Secretary of the Board of State Charities, and at the same time was literary editor of the *Commonwealth*, a Boston weekly. He afterward removed to Springfield, having resigned his secretaryship and entirely discontinued teaching, and became one of the editors of the Springfield *Republican*, of which paper he is now the Boston correspondent or reporter. He resides, as has been previously mentioned, in the Thoreau house, which is not at all changed in exterior from what it was twelve years ago. An odd fact about this house is one that used to be told by Thoreau's mother: when the architect had finished the design of the dwelling, it was discovered that he had omitted the necessary item of front stairs. This defect had to be remedied by Mr. Thoreau himself.

One of Mr. Sanborn's near neighbors is Mr. Frederic Hudson, ex-editor of the New York *Herald* and author of a recently published *History of Journalism;* another is Mr. William W. Wheildon, formerly the editor of a Charlestown paper, the *Bunker Hill Aurora*, author of various books and pamphlets on topics of the time, and the originator of the "Wheildon pear," which has received much notice in agricultural issues, as has also the "Concord grape," originated by his fellow-townsman, Mr. E. W. Bull.

There are many who deserve more especial notice than we can give here. Among these may be mentioned the Rev. Mr. Folsom, author of *Translations of the Four Gospels*. He went to Concord as a teacher in 1862 or 1863, and until recently continued a resident of the town. He was for many years occupied in preaching, was a professor at Meadville, and for a time editor of the *Christian Register*. His translations and Scriptural criticisms are of much value. The late Mr. Simon Brown, editor of the *New England Farmer*, was a prominent and much-beloved citizen of Concord. Mr. George and Mr. Ripley Bartlett (of whom both are poets, and one an excellent comedian, author of a book on *Parlor Theatricals*, which has just been given to the public) are also sons of the place.

There are a number of authors whose names are so associated with Concord that it is hard to realize that the town has no claim on them. Margaret Fuller, afterward Countess d'Ossoli, is one of these, as is also Mr. George William Curtis, who, amidst his brilliant career, seems still to retain a kindly remembrance of the "town of his adoption." Mr. Curtis's connection with Concord is a very slight one. In 1843, after leaving Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, he and his brother went to Concord, where they remained eighteen months, living with a farmer, and both taking part in the ordinary work of the farm. They were engaged partly in agriculture and partly in study, and for six months tilled a small piece of land on their own account. The farm upon which they lived is in the northeast part of the town, and commands a beautiful view of the village. It is now owned by a gentleman named Tileston. Mr. Curtis allows the town to assert its partial claim upon him, and has presented copies of his books to its library. Mrs. Austin, the authoress of several popular works, until recently resided in Concord.

There are not as many devotees of art as of literature in Concord, yet the town boasts some worth boasting of. There is Miss May Alcott, a sister of the authoress, of whom Mr. Ruskin, the prince of critics, has deigned to say that no one else is competent to copy his favorite Turner; who has almost perfectly reproduced effects which have caused despair in the case of more pretentious artists; who has, so to speak, "seized the spirit of Turner's paintings," and guessed his secrets.

Mr. Daniel French is an artist who, in spite of his youth, has accomplished a great deal of wonderfully good work. His first design gave evidence of genius, and his busts and bass-reliefs are excellent in execution, and most faithful as likenesses. His "Owls" and the "Cow that set Chicago on Fire" introduced him to the public, and his "Dolly Varden," and the model for the "Minute-Man," which is set on the American side of the Revolutionary battle-ground, have gained him much fame. Mr. French is now in Italy, working in Powers's studio.

Some of Concord's "true lovers" are now seriously afraid that it is losing character, and fast becoming like a city suburb. They are distressed to see trees cut away, corners religiously squared, picturesque streets straightened, and railroads crossing quiet and formerly inviolate fields and woods. They are outraged at the idea of picnickers daily reveling in Thoreau's haunts at Walden, and bitterly complain that presently there will not be an angle left to hang a fancy on. "Why not leave Concord, with its rural quiet and its memories, alone?"

A graver question is concerning the literary future of the little village for which the past has done so much. Perhaps its grand "epoch" has really passed by. Perhaps it is true that it is really losing individuality, and sinking to the common level; or perhaps it is destined to reap higher honors: who can help speculating as to its fate?

But in the future, whatever happen, the town can not be robbed of its patrimony of fame. Let its continued record be rich or bare, it shall still be an aristocrat among towns—a place "dowered with the gentility that comes of able thinking."

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IN AN ATELIER.

By T. B. ALDRICH.

I PRAY you, do not turn your head;
And let your hands lie folded, so.
It was a dress like this, blood-red,
That Dante liked so, long ago.
You don't know Dante? Never mind.
He loved a lady wondrous fair—
His model? Something of the kind.
I wonder if she had your hair!

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I wonder if she looked so meek,
And was not meek at all (my dear,
I want that side light on your cheek).
He loved her, it is very clear,
And painted her, as I paint you,
But rather better, on the whole
(Depress your chin; yes, that will do):
He was a painter of the soul!

(And painted portraits too, I think,
In the INFERNO—devilish good!
I'd make some certain critics blink
If I'd his method and his mood.)
Her name was (Jenny, let your glance
Rest there, by that majolica tray)—
Was Beatrice; they met by chance—
They met by chance, the usual way.

(As you and I met, months ago,
Do you remember? How your feet
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow
Adown the long gas-lighted street!
An instant in the drug store's glare
You stood as in a golden frame,
And then I swore it, then and there,
To hand your sweetness down to fame.)

They met, and loved, and never wed
(All this was long before our time),
And though they died, they are not dead—
Such endless youth gives mortal rhyme!
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien,
Great Dante, in his soul's distress;
And still the lovely Florentine
Goes lovely in her blood-red dress.

You do not understand at all?
He was a poet; on his page
He drew her; and, though kingdoms fall,
This lady lives from age to age:
A poet—that means painter too,
For words are colors, rightly laid;
And they outlast our brightest hue,
For ochres crack and crimsons fade.

The poets—they are lucky ones!
When *we* are thrust upon the shelves,
Our works turn into skeletons
Almost as quickly as ourselves;
For our poor canvas peels at length,
At length is prized—when all is bare:
"What grace!" the critics cry, "what strength!"
When neither strength nor grace is there.

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Ah, Jenny, I am sick at heart,
It is so little one can do;
We talk our jargon—live for Art!
I'd much prefer to live for you.
How dull and lifeless colors are!
You smile, and all my picture lies:
I wish that I could crush a star
To make a pigment for your eyes.

Yes, child, I know I'm out of tune;
The light is bad; the sky is gray:
I'll work no more this afternoon,
So lay your royal robes away.
Besides, you're dreamy—hand on chin—
I know not what—not in the vein:
While I would paint Anne Bolèyn,
You sit there looking like Elaine.

Not like the youthful, radiant Queen,
Unconscious of the coming woe,
But rather as she might have been,
Preparing for the headsman's blow.
I see! I've put you in a miff—
Sitting bolt-upright, wrist on wrist.
How *should* you look? Why, dear, as if—
Somehow—as if you'd just been kissed!

CARICATURE IN THE HOGARTHIAN PERIOD.

IT was the bubble mania of 1719 and 1720, brought upon Europe by John Law, which completed the "secularization" of caricature. Art, as well as literature, learning, and science, was subservient to religion during the Middle Ages, and drew its chief nourishment from Mother Church. Since the Reformation they have all been obliged to pass through a painful process of weaning, and each in turn to try for an independent existence. The bubble frenzy, besides giving an impulse to the caricaturist's art such as it had never before received, withdrew attention from ecclesiastical subjects, and supplied abundant material drawn from sources purely mundane.

Above all, the pictures which that mania called forth assisted to form the great satiric artist of his time and country, William Hogarth. He was a London apprentice carving coats of arms on silver plate when the early symptoms of the mania appeared; and he was still a very young man, an engraver, feeling his way to the career that awaited him, when the broadsheets satirizing John Law began to be "adapted" from Dutch originals, and shown in the shop windows of London. Doubtless he inspected the picture of the "Night Share-Crier," copied on the next page, and noticed the cock's feather in his hat (indicating the French origin of the delusion), and the windmill upon the top of his staff. The Dutch pictures were full of that detail and by-play of which Hogarth was such a master in later years.

Visitors to New York who saw tumultuous Wall Street during the worst of our inflation period, and, following the crowd up town, entered the Gold-Room, where the wild speculation of the day was continued till midnight, may have flattered themselves that they were looking upon scenes never before exhibited in this world. What a strange intensity of excitement there was in those surging masses of young men! What fierce outcries! What a melancholy waste of youthful energies, so much needed elsewhere! But there was nothing new in all this, except that we passed the crisis with *less* loss and *less* demoralization than any community ever before experienced in circumstances at all similar.

When Louis XIV. died in 1715, after his reign of seventy-two years, he left the finances of France in a condition of inconceivable disorder. For fourteen years there had been an average annual deficit of more

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"SHARES! SHARES! SHARES!"

The night share-crier and his magic lantern. A caricature of John Law and his bubble schemes.—Amsterdam, 1720.

than fourteen millions of francs, to meet which the king had raised money by every paper device that had then been discovered. Having previously sold all the offices for which any pretext could be invented, he next sold annuities of all kinds, for one life, for two lives, for three lives, and in perpetuity. Then he issued all known varieties of promises to pay, from *rentes perpétuelles* to treasury notes of a few francs, payable on demand. But there was one thing he did not do—reduce the expenditure of his enormous and extravagant court. In the midst of that deficit, when his ministers were at their wits' end to carry on the government from day to day, and half the lackeys of Paris held the depreciated royal paper, the old king ordered one more of those magnificent fêtes at Fontainebleau which had, as he thought, shed such lustre on his reign. The fête would cost four millions, the treasury was empty, and treasury notes had fallen to thirty-five. While an anxious minister was meditating the situation, he chanced to see in his inner office two valets slyly scanning the papers on his desk, for the purpose, as he instantly conjectured, of getting news for the speculators. He conceived an idea. The next time those enterprising valets found themselves alone in the same cabinet, they were so happy as to discover on the desk the outlines of a royal lottery scheme for the purpose of paying off a certain class of treasury notes. The news was soon felt in the street. Those notes mysteriously rose in a few days from thirty-five to eighty-five; and while they were at that point the minister, anticipating the Fiskian era, slipped upon the market thirty millions of the same notes. The king had his fête; and when next he borrowed money of his subjects, for every twenty-five francs of coin that he received he was obliged to give a hundred-franc note.*

Two years after, the foolish old king died, leaving, besides a consolidated debt of bewildering magnitude, a floating debt, then due and overdue, of seven hundred and eighty-nine millions, equivalent, as M. Cochut computes, to about twice the amount in money of to-day. Coin had vanished; the royal paper was at twenty-five; the treasury was void; prices were distressingly high; some provinces refused to pay taxes; trade languished; there were vast numbers of workmen unemployed; and during the winter after the king's death a considerable number of persons died in Paris of cold and hunger. The only prosperous people were government contractors, farmers of the revenue, brokers, and speculators in the king's paper; and these classes mocked the misery of their fellow-citizens by an ostentatious and tasteless profusion.

The natural successor of a king bigoted is a prince dissolute. The regent, who had to face this state of things on behalf of his nephew, Louis XV., a child of five, had at least the virtue and good sense to reject with indignant scorn the proposition made in his council by one member to declare France bankrupt and begin a new reign by opening a clean set of books. We, too, had our single repudiator, who fared no better than his French predecessor. But the regent's next measures were worthy of a prodigal. He called in the various kinds of public paper, and offered in exchange a new variety, called *billets d'état*, bearing interest at four per cent. But the public not responding to the call, the new bills fell to

* *Law, son Système et son Époque.* Par P. A. Cochut. Paris: 1853. Page 2.

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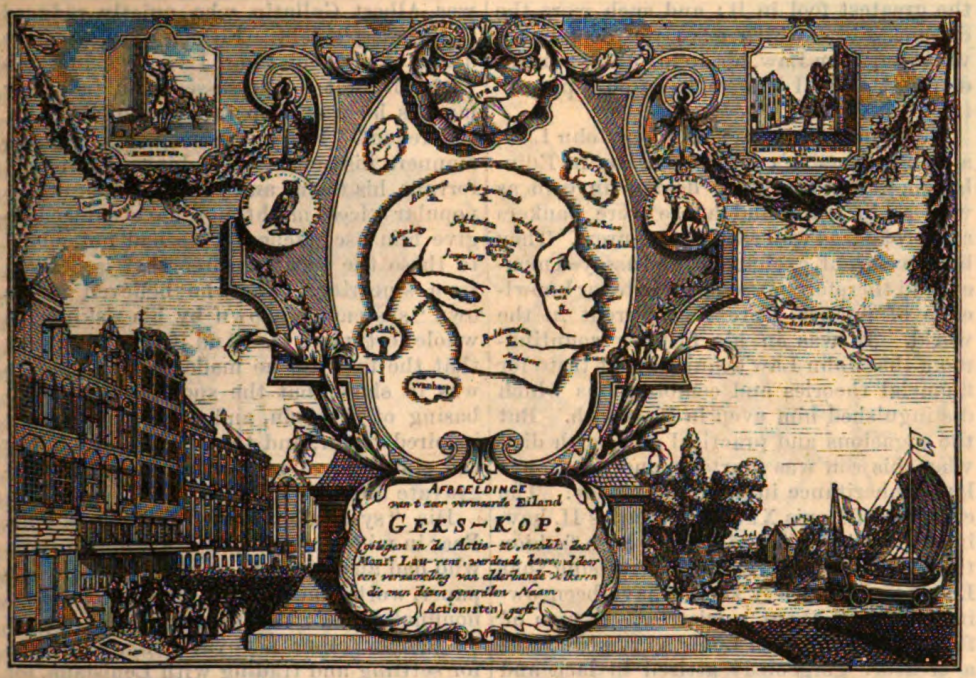

ISLAND OF MADHEAD.

"Picture of the very famous Island of Madhead. Situated in Share Sea, and inhabited by a multitude of all kinds of people, to which are given the general name of Shareholders."—Amsterdam, 1720.

forty in twenty-four hours, and drew down all other public paper, until in a few days the royal promise to pay one hundred francs was worth twenty francs. The regent's coffers did not fill. That scarred veterans could not get their pensions paid was an evil which could be borne; but the regent had mistresses to appease!

Then he tried a system of *squeezing* the rich contractors and others of the vermin class who batten on a sick body-politic. As informers were to have half the product of the squeeze, an offended lackey had only to denounce his master, to get him tried on a charge of having made too much money. Woe to the plebeian who was convicted of this crime! Besides being despoiled of his property, Paris saw him, naked to the shirt, a rope round his neck, a penitential candle in his handcuffed hands, tied to a dirty cart and dragged to the pillory, carrying on his back a large label, "PLUNDERER OF THE PEOPLE." The French pillory was a revolving platform, so that all the crowd had an equal chance to hurl mud and execration at the fixed and pallid face. Judge if there was not a making haste to compound with a government capable of such squeezing! There was also a mounting in hot haste to get out of such a France. One lucky merchant crossed the frontier, dressed as a peasant, driving a cart-load of straw, under which was a chest of gold. A train of fourteen carts loaded with barrels of wine was stopped, and in each barrel a keg of gold was found, which was emptied into the royal treasury.

The universal consternation and the utter paralysis of business which resulted from these violent spoliations may be imagined. Six thousand persons were tried, who confessed to the possession of twelve hundred millions of francs. The number of the condemned was four thousand four hundred and ten, and the sum extorted from them was, nominally, nearly four hundred millions, of which, however, less than one hundred millions reached the treasury. It was easy for a rich man to compound. A person condemned to disgorge twelve hundred thousand francs was visited by a "great lord." "Give me three hundred thousand francs," said the great lord, "and you won't be troubled for the rest." To which the merchant replied, "Really, my lord, you come too late, for I have already made a bargain with madame, your wife, for a hundred and fifty thousand." Thus the business of busy and frugal France was brought to a stand without relieving the government. The royal coffers would not fill; the deficit widened; the royal paper still declined; the poor were hungry; and, oh, horror! the regent's mistresses pouted. The government debased the coin. But that, too, proved an aggravation of the evil.

Such was that *ancien régime* which still has its admirers; such are the consequences of placing a great nation under the rule of

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the greatest fool in it; and such were the circumstances which gave the Scotch adventurer, John Law, his opportunity to madden and despoil France, so often a prey to the alien.

Two hundred years ago, when John Law, a rich goldsmith's son, was a boy in Edinburgh, goldsmiths were dealers in coin as well as in plate, and hence were bankers and brokers as well as manufacturers. They borrowed, lent, exchanged, and assayed money, and therefore possessed whatever knowledge of finance there was current in the world. It was in his father's counting-room that John Law acquired that taste for financial theories and combinations which distinguished him even in his youth. But the sagacious and practical goldsmith died when his son was fourteen, and left him a large inheritance in land and money. The example of Louis XIV. and Charles II. having brought the low vices into high fashion throughout Europe, it is not surprising that Law's first notoriety should have been owing to a duel about a mistress. A man of fashion in Europe in Louis XIV.'s time was a creature gorgeously attired in lace and velvet, and hung about with ringlets made of horse-hair, who passed his days in showing the world how much there was in him of the goat, the monkey, and the pig. Law had the impudence to establish his mistress in a respectable lodging-house, which led to his being challenged by a gentleman who had a sister living there. Law killed his man on the field—"not fairly," as John Evelyn records—and he was convicted of murder. The king pardoned but detained him in prison, from which he escaped, went to the Continent, and resumed his career, being at once a man of fashion, a gambler, and a connoisseur in finance. He used to attend card-parties, followed by a footman carrying two bags, each containing two thousand louis-d'ors, and once during the lifetime of the old king he was ordered out of Paris on the ground that he "understood the games he had introduced into the capital *too well*."

Twenty years elapsed from the time of his flight from a London prison. He was forty-four years of age, possessed nearly a million and three-quarters of francs in cash, producible on the green cloth at a day's notice, and was the most plausible talker on finance in Europe. This last was a bad symptom, indeed, for it is well known that men who remain victors in finance, who really do extricate estates and countries from financial difficulties, are not apt to talk very effectively on the subject. Successful finance is little more than paying your debts and living within your income, neither of which affords material for striking rhetoric. Alexander Hamilton, for example, talked finance in a taking manner; but it was Albert Gallatin who quietly reduced the country's debt. Fifteen days after the death of the old king, Law was in Paris with all that he possessed, and in a few months he was deep in the confidence of the regent. His fine person, his winning manners, his great wealth, his constant good fortune, his fluent and plausible tongue, his popular vices, might not have sufficed to give him ascendency, if he had not added to these the peculiar force that is derived from sincerity. That he believed in his own "system" is shown by his risking his whole fortune in it. And it is to his credit that the first use he made of his influence was to show that the spoliations, the debasing of the coin, and all measures that inspired terror, and thus tightened unduly the clutch upon capital, could not but aggravate financial distress.

His "system" was delightfully simple. Bear in mind that almost every one in Paris who had any property at all held the king's paper, worth one-quarter or one-fifth of its nominal value. Whatever project Law set on foot, whether a royal bank, a scheme for settling and trading with Louisiana, for commerce with the East Indies, or farming the revenues, any one could buy shares in it on terms like these: one-quarter of the price in coin, and three-quarters in paper at its nominal value.

The system was not immediately successful, and it was only in the teeth of powerful opposition that he could get his first venture, the bank, so much as authorized. Mark how clearly one of the council, the Duc de Saint-Simon, comprehended the weakness of a despotism to which he owed his personal importance. "An establishment," said he, "of the kind proposed may be in itself good; but it is so only in a republic, or in such a monarchy as England, where *the finances are controlled absolutely by those who furnish the money*, and who furnish only as much of it as they choose, and in the way they choose. But in a light and changing government like that of France, solidity would be necessarily wanting, since a king or, in his name, a mistress, a minister, favorites, and, still more, an extreme necessity, could overturn the bank, which would present a temptation at once too great and too easy." Law, therefore, was obliged to alter his plan, and give his bank at first a board of directors not connected with the government.

Gradually the "system" made its way. The royal paper beginning to rise in value, the holders were in good humor, and disposed to buy into other projects on similar terms. The Louisiana scheme may serve as an example of Law's method. Six years before, a great merchant of Paris, Antoine Crozat, had bought from the old king the exclusive right to trade with a vast unknown region in North America called Lou-

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isiana; but after five years of effort and loss he became discouraged, and offered to sell his right to the creator of the bank. Law, accepting the offer, speedily launched a magnificent scheme: capital one hundred millions of francs, in shares of five hundred francs, purchasable *wholly* in those new treasury notes bearing four per cent. interest, then at a discount of seventy per cent. Maps of this illimitable virgin land were published. Pictures were exhibited, in which crowds of interesting naked savages, male and female, were seen running up to welcome arriving Frenchmen; and under the engraving a gaping Paris crowd could read, "In this land are seen mountains filled with gold, silver, copper, lead, quicksilver; and the savages, not knowing their value, gladly exchange pieces of gold and silver for knives, iron pots, a small looking-glass, or even a little brandy." One picture was addressed to pious souls; for even at that early day, as at present, there was occasionally observed a curious alliance between persons engaged in the promotion of piety and those employed in the pushing of shares. This work exhibited a group of Indians kneeling before some reverend fathers of the Society of Jesus. Under it was written, "Indian Idolaters imploring Baptism."

The excitement, once kindled, was stimulated by lying announcements of the sailing of great fleets for Louisiana laden with merchandise and colonists; of the arrival of vessels with freights worth "millions;" of the establishment of a silk factory, wherein twelve thousand women of the Natchez tribe were employed; of the bringing of Louisiana ingots to the Mint to be assayed; of the discovery in Arkansas of a great rock of emerald, and the dispatch of Captain Laharpe with a file of twenty-two men to take possession of the same. In 1718 Law sent engineers to Louisiana, who did something toward laying out its future capital, which he named New Orleans, in honor of his patron, the regent.

The royal paper rose rapidly under this new demand. Other schemes followed, until John Law, through his various companies, seemed about to "run" the kingdom of France by contract, farming all its revenues, transacting all its commerce, and, best of all, paying all its debts! Madness ruled the hour. The depreciated paper rose, rose, and still rose; reached par; went beyond par, until gold and silver were at a discount of ten per cent. The street named Quincampoix, the centre and vortex of this whirl of business, a mere lane twenty feet wide and a quarter of a mile long, was crowded with excited people from morning till night, and far into the night, so that the inhabitants of the quarter sent to the police a formal complaint that they could get no sleep. Nobles, lackeys, bishops, monks, merchants, soldiers, women, pickpockets, foreigners, all resorted to *La Rue*, "panting, yelling, operating, snatching papers, counting crowns," making up a scene of noisy confusion unexampled. One man hired all the vacant houses in the street, and made a fortune by subletting offices and desk-room, even placing sentry-boxes on some of the roofs, and letting them at a good price. The excitement spread over France, reached Holland, and drew to Paris, as was estimated at the time, five hundred thousand strangers, places in the

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public vehicles being engaged "two months in advance," and commanding a high premium.

There were the most extraordinary acquisitions of fortune. People suddenly enriched were called *Mississippiens*, and they behaved as the victims of sudden wealth, unearned, usually do. Men who were lackeys one week kept lackeys the next. A *garçon* of a wine shop gained twenty millions. A cobbler, who had a stall in the Rue Quincampoix made of four planks, cleared away his traps and let his boards to ladies as seats, and sold pens, paper, and ink to operators, making two hundred francs a day by both trades. Men gained money by hiring out their backs as writing-desks, bending over while operators wrote out their contracts and calculations. One little hunchback made a hundred and fifty thousand francs by thus serving as a *pupitre ambulant* (strolling desk), and a broad-shouldered soldier gained money enough in the same way to buy his discharge and retire to the country upon a pretty farm. The general trade of the city was stimulated to such a degree that for a while the novel spectacle was presented of a community almost every member of which was prosperous beyond his hopes; for even in the Rue Quincampoix itself, although some men gained more money than others, no one appeared to lose any thing. And all this seemed the work of one man, the great, the incomparable "Jean Lass," as he was then called in Paris. It was a social distinction to be able to say, "I have seen him!" His carriage could with difficulty force its way through the rapturous, admiring crowd. Princes and nobles thronged his antechamber, a duchess publicly kissed his hand, and the regent made him controller-general of the finances.

This madness lasted eight months. No one needs to be told what followed it—how a chill first came over the feverish street, a vague apprehension, not confessed, but inspiring a certain wish to "realize." Dread word, REALIZE! The tendency to realize was adroitly checked by Law, aided by operators who desired to "unload;" but the unloading, once suspected, converted the realizing tendency into a wild, ungovernable rush, which speedily brought ruin to thousands and long prostration upon France. John Law, who in December, 1719, was the idol of Paris, ready to perish of his celebrity, escaped with difficulty from the kingdom in December, 1720, hated, despised, impoverished, to resume his career as elegant gambler in the drawing-rooms of Germany and Italy.

As the "system" collapsed in France, it acquired vogue in England, where, also, it originated in the desire to get rid of the public debt by brilliant finance instead of the homely and troublesome method of paying it. In London, besides the original South Sea Company which began the frenzy, there were started in the course of a few months about two hundred joint-stock schemes, many of which, as given in Anderson's *History of Commerce*, are of almost incredible absurdity. The sum called for by these projects was three hundred millions of pounds sterling, which was more than the value of all the land in Great Britain. Shares in Sir Richard Steele's "fish pool for bringing fresh fish to London" brought one hundred and sixty pounds a share! Men paid seventy pounds each for "permits," which gave them merely the *privilege* of subscribing to a sail-cloth manufacturing company not yet formed. There was, indeed, a great trade in "permits" to subscribe to companies only planned. Here are a few of the schemes: for raising hemp in Pennsylvania; "Puckle's machine gun;" settling the Bahamas; "wrecks to be fished for on the Irish coast;" horse and cattle insurance; "insurance and improvement of children's fortunes;" "insurance of losses by servants;" "insurance against theft and robbery;" insuring remittances; "to make salt-water fresh;" importing walnut-trees from Virginia; improving the breed of horses; purchasing forfeited estates; making oil from sunflowers; planting mulberry-trees and raising silk-worms; extracting silver from lead; making quicksilver malleable; capturing pirates; "for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain in order to propagate a larger kind of mules;" trading in human hair; "for fatting of hogs;" "for the encouragement of the industrious;" perpetual motion; making pasteboard; furnishing funerals.

There was even a company formed and shares sold for carrying out an "undertaking which shall in due time be revealed." The word "puts," now so familiar in Wall Street, appears in these transactions of 1720. "Puts and refusals" were sold in vast amounts. The prices paid for shares during the half year of this mania were as remarkable as the schemes themselves. South Sea shares of a hundred pounds par value reached a thousand pounds. It was a poor share that did not sell at five times its original price. As in France, so in England, the long heads, like Sir Robert Walpole and Alexander Pope, began to think of "realizing" when they had gained a thousand per cent. or so upon their ventures; and, in a very few days, realizing, in its turn, became a mania; and all those paper fortunes shrank and crumpled into nothingness.

So many caricatures of these events appeared in Amsterdam and London during the year 1720 that the collection in the British Museum, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty-five years, contains more than a hundred specimens. I have myself eighty,

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several of which include from six to twenty-four distinct designs. Like most of the caricatures of that period, they are of great size, and crowded with figures, each bearing its label of words, with a long explanation in verse or prose at the bottom of the sheet. As a rule, they are destitute of the point that can make a satirical picture interesting after the occasion is past. In one we see the interior of an exchange filled with merchants running wildly about, each uttering words appropriate to the situation: "To-day I have gained ten thousand!" "Who has money to lend at two per cent.?" "A strait-jacket is what I shall want;" "Damned is this wind business." This picture, which originated in Amsterdam, is called "The Wind-buyers paid in Wind," and it contains at the bottom three columns of explanatory verse in Dutch, of which the following is the purport:

JOHN LAW, WIND MONOPOLIST.—AMSTERDAM, 1720.

"*Law loquitur.* The wind is my treasure, cushion, and foundation. Master of the wind, I am master of life, and my wind monopoly becomes straightway the object of idolatry. Less rapidly turn the sails of the windmill on my head than the price of shares in my foolish enterprises."

"Come, gentlemen, weavers, peasants, tailors! Whoever has relied on wind for his profit, can find his picture here. They rave like madmen. See the French, the English, the Hebrew, and Jack of Bremen! Hear what a scream the absurd Dutch are making on the exchange of Europe! There is Fortune throwing down some charming wishes to silly mortals, while virtue, art, and intellect are despised and impoverished in the land; shops and counting-houses are empty; trade is ruined. All this is QUINCAMPOIX!"

The Dutch caricaturists recurred very often to the *windy* character of the share business. In several of their works we see a puffy wind god blowing up pockets to a great size, inflating share bags, and wafting swiftly along vehicles with spacious sails. The bellows play a conspicuous and not always decorous part. Jean Law is exhibited as a "wind monopolist." In one picture he appears assisting Atlas and others to bear up great globes of wind. Kites are flying and windmills revolving in several pictures. Pigeons fly away with shares in their bills. The hunchback who served as a walking desk is repeated many times. The Tower of Babel, the mad-house, the hospital, the whirligig, a garden maze, the lottery wheel, the drum, the magic lantern, the soap-bubble, the bladder, dice, the swing—whatever typifies pretense, uncertainty, or confusion was brought into the service. One Dutch broadsheet (sixteen inches by twenty), now before me, contains fifty-four finely executed designs, each of which burlesques a scene in Law's career or a device of his finance, the whole making a pack of "wind cards for playing a game of wind."

Most of the Dutch pictures were "adapted" into English, and the adapters added verses which, in some instances, were better than the caricatures. A few of the shorter specimens may be worth the space they occupy, and give the reader a feeling of the situation not otherwise attainable. Of the pictures scarcely one would either bear or reward reduction, so large are they, so

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crowded with objects, and their style uninterestingly obsolete or boorishly indecent.

On Puckle's Machine Gun:

"A rare invention to destroy the crowd
Of fools at home instead of foes abroad.
Fear not, my friends, this terrible machine—
They're only wounded that have shares therein."

On the Saltpetre Company (two and sixpence a share):

"Buy petre stock, let me be your adviser;
'Twill make you, though not richer, much the wiser."

On the German Timber Company:

"You that are rich and hasty to be poor,
Buy timber export from the German shore;
For gallowses built up of foreign wood,
If rightly used, will do Change Alley good."

On the Pennsylvania Company:

"Come all ye saints that would for little buy
Great tracts of land, and care not where they lie;
Deal with your Quaking Friends; they're men of light;
Their spirit hates deceit and scorns to bite."

On the Ship-building Company:

"To raise fresh barks must surely be amusing,
When hundreds rot in docks for want of using."

On Settling the Bahamas:

"Rare, fruitful isles, where not an ass can find
A verdant tuft or thistle to his mind.
How, then, must those poor silly asses fare
That leave their native land to settle there?"

On a South Sea Speculator imploring Alms through his Prison Bars:

"Behold a poor dejected wretch,
Who kept a S—— Sea coach of late,
But now is glad to humbly catch
A penny at the prison grate.

"What ruined numbers daily mourn
Their groundless hopes and follies past,
Yet see not how the tables turn,
Or where their money flies at last!

"Fools lost when the directors won,
But now the poor directors lose;
And where the S—— Sea stock will run,
Old Nick, the first projector, knows."

On a Picture of Change Alley:

"Five hundred millions, notes and bonds,
Our stocks are worth in value;
But neither lie in goods, or lands,
Or money, let me tell ye.
Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
Of mighty wealth we vapor,
When all the riches that we boast
Consist in scraps of paper."

On a "Permit:"

"You that have money and have lost your wits,
If you'd be poor, buy National Permits;
Their stock's in fish, the fish are still in water,
And for your coin you may go fish hereafter."

On a Roomful of Ladies buying Stocks of a Jew and a Gentile:

"With Jews and Gentiles, undismayed,
Young tender virgins mix;
Of whiskers nor of beards afraid,
Nor all their cozening tricks.

"Bright jewels, polished once to deck
The fair one's rising breast,
Or sparkle round her ivory neck,
Lie pawned in iron chest.

"The gentle passions of the mind
How avarice controls!
E'en love does now no longer find
A place in female souls."

On a Picture of a Man laughing at an Ass browsing:

"A wise man laughed to see an ass
Eat thistles and neglect good grass.
But had the sage beheld the folly
Of late transacted in Change Alley,
He might have seen worse asses there
Give solid gold for empty air,
And sell estates in hopes to double
Their fortunes by some worthless bubble,
Till of a sudden all was lost
That had so many millions cost.
Yet ruined fools are highly pleased
To see the knaves that bit 'em squeezed,
Forgetting where the money flies
That cost so many tears and sighs."

On the Silk Stocking Company:

"Deal not in stocking shares, because, I doubt,
Those that buy most will ere long go without."

These Dutch-English pictures William Hogarth, we may be sure, often inspected as they successively courted public notice in the shops of London, as we see in his early works a character evidently derived from them. During the bubble period of 1720 he was an ambitious young engraver and sign-painter (at least willing to paint signs if a job offered),* much given to penciling likenesses and strange attitudes upon his thumb nail, to be transferred, on reaching home, to paper, and stored away for future use. He was one of those quick draughtsmen who will sketch you upon the spot a rough caricature of any odd person, group, or event that may have excited the mirth of the company; a young fellow somewhat undersized, with an alert, vigorous frame, a bright, speaking eye, a too quick tongue and temper, self-confident, but honest, sturdy, and downright in all his words and ways. "But I was a good paymaster even *then*," he once said, with just pride, after speaking of the days when he sometimes walked London streets without a shilling in his pocket.

Hogherd was the original name of the family, which was first humanized into Hogert and Hogart, and then softened into its present form. In Westmoreland, where Hogarth's grandfather cultivated a farm—small, but his own—the first syllable of the name was pronounced like that of the domestic animals which his remote ancestors may have herded. There was a vein of talent in the family, an uncle of Hogarth's having been the song-writer and satirist of his village, and his own father emerging from remote and most rustic Westmoreland to settle in London as a poor school-master and laborious, ill-requited compiler of school-books and proof-reader. A Latin dictionary of his making existed in manuscript after the death of the artist, and a Latin letter written by him is one of the curiosities in the British Museum. But he remained al-

* *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum.* Division 1, vol. II., page 566.

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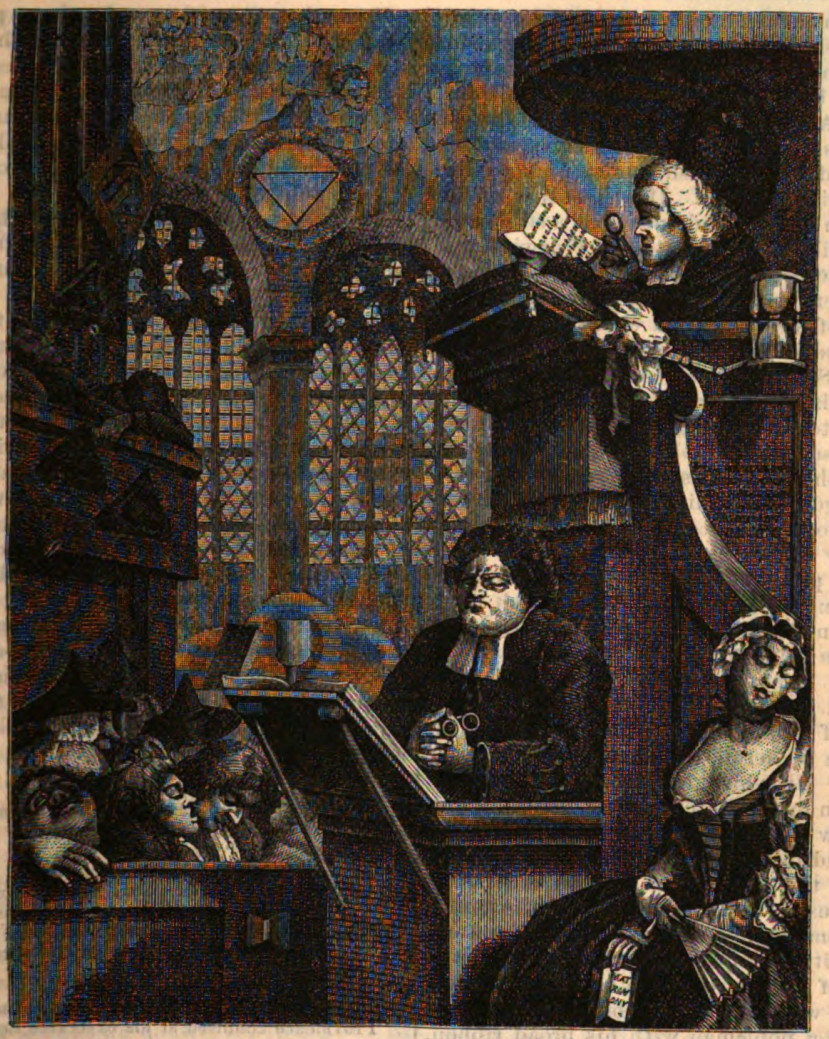

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.—HOGARTH.

ways a poor man, and could apprentice his boy only to an engraver of the lowest grade known to the art. But this sufficed for a lad who could scarcely touch paper with a pencil without betraying his gift, who drew capital burlesques upon his nail when he was fifteen, and entertained Addison's coffee-house with a caricature of its landlord when he was twenty-two.

The earliest work by this greatest of English artists in his century, which has been preserved in the British Museum (1720), shows the bent of his genius as plainly as the first sketch by Boz betrays the quality of Dickens. It is called "Design for a Shop-Bill," and was probably Hogarth's own shop-bill, his advertisement to the public that he was able and willing to paint signs. In those days, the school-master not having yet gone "abroad," signs were usually pictorial, and sometimes consisted of the popular representation of the saint having special charge of the business to be recommended. In Hogarth's shop-bill we see a tall man holding up a newly painted sign of St. Luke with his ox and book, at which a group of persons are looking, while Hogarth himself appears to be showing the sign to them as possible customers. Along the bottom of the sign is engraved W. HOGARTH, PAINTER. In the background is seen an artist painting at an easel and a boy grinding colors. He could not even in this first homely essay avoid giving his work something of a narrative character. He must exhibit a story with humorous details. So in his caricature of Daniel Button, drawn to ridicule the Tory frequenters of Button's coffee-house, he relates an incident as well as burlesques individuals. There stands Master Button in his professional apron, with powdered wig and frilled shirt, and opposite to him a tall, seedy, stooping scholar or poet is storming at the landlord with clinched fists because he will not let him have a cup of coffee without the money. There is also the truly Ho-

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garthian incident of a dog smelling suspiciously the poet's coat tail. Standing about the room are persons whom tradition reports to have been intended as portraits of Pope, Steele, Addison, Arbuthnot, and others of Button's famous customers. This drawing, executed with a brush, is also preserved in the British Museum. Daniel Button, as Dr. Johnson reports, had once been a servant in the family of the Countess of Warwick, and was placed in the coffee-house by Addison. A writer in the *Spectator* alludes to this haunt of the Tories: "I was a Tory at Button's and a Whig at Child's."

The South Sea delusion drew from Hogarth his first engraved caricature. Among the Dutch engravings of 1720, called forth by the schemes of John Law, there was one in which the victims were represented in a merry-go-round, riding in revolving cars or upon wooden horses, the whole kept in motion by a horse ridden by the devil. The picture presents also the usual multitude of confusing details, such as the Dutch madhouse in the distance, with a long train of vehicles going toward it. In availing himself of this device the young Londoner showed much of that skill in the arrangement of groups and that fertility in the invention of details which marked his later works. His whirligig revolves higher in the air than in the Dutch picture, enabling him to show his figures clear of the crowd below, and instead of the devil on horseback giving the motion, he assigns that work more justly to the directors of the South Sea Company. Thus he has room and opportunity to impart a distinct character to most of his figures. We see perched aloft on the wooden horses about to be whirled around a nobleman with his broad ribbon, a shoe-black, an old woman, a wigged clergyman, and a woman of the town. With his usual uncompromising humor, Hogarth places these last two characters next to one another, and while the clergyman ogles the woman, she chucks him under the chin. There is a world of accessories: a devil exhaling fire, standing behind a counter and cutting pieces of flesh from the body of Fortune and casting them to a hustling crowd of Catholic, Puritan, and Jew; Self-Interest breaking Honesty upon a wheel; a crowd of women rushing pell-mell into an edifice gabled with horns, and bearing the words, "Raffling for Husbands with Lottery Fortunes in here;" Honor in the pillory flogged by Villainy; an ape wearing a sword and cap. The scene chosen by the artist for these remarkable events is the open space in which the monument stands, then fresh and new, which commemorates the Great Fire; but he slyly changes the inscription thus: "This Monument was erected in Memory of the Destruction of this City by the South Sea in 1720."

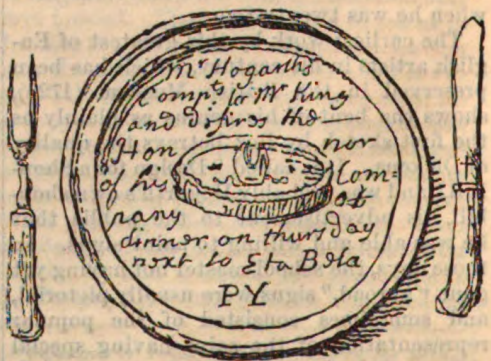
Hogarth, engraver and sign-painter though he may have been, was all himself in this amusing and effective piece. If the Dutch picture and Hogarth's could be placed here side by side, the reader would have before him an interesting example of the honest plagiarism of genius, which does not borrow gold and merely alter the stamp, but converts a piece of crude ore into a Toledo blade. Unfortunately, both pictures are too large and crowded to admit of effective reduction.

In this, his first published work, the audacious artist availed himself of an expedient which heightened the effect of most of his later pictures. He introduced portraits of living persons. Conspicuous in the foreground of the South Sea caricature, among other personages now unknown, is the diminutive figure of Alexander Pope, who was one of the few lucky speculators of the year 1720. At least he withdrew in time to save half the sum which he once thought he had made. The gloating rake in the first picture of the "Harlot's Progress" is that typical reprobate of eighteenth-century romances, Colonel Francis Charteris, upon whom Arbuthnot wrote the celebrated epitaph, which, it is to be hoped, is itself a caricature:

Here continueth to rot
the body of FRANCIS CHARTERIS,
who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
in spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
in the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY.
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first;
his matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Oh, indignant reader!
think not his life useless to mankind;
Providence connived at his execrable designs
to give to after-ages a conspicuous
proof and example
of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the sight of GOD, by His bestowing it on
the most UNWORTHY OF ALL MORTALS.

Hogarth was as much a humorist in his life as he was in his works. The invitation to Mr. King to *eta beta py*, given below, was one of many similar sportive efforts of his pencil. He once boasted that he could draw



HOGARTH'S INVITATION CARD.

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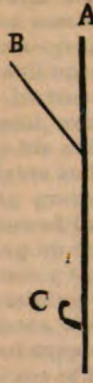
a sergeant carrying his pike, entering an ale-house, followed by his dog, all in three strokes. He produced the following:



He explained the drawing thus: A is the perspective line of the door; B, the end of the sergeant's pike, who has gone in; C, the end of the dog's tail.

Nor was he too nice in his choice of subjects for way-side treatment. One of his fellow-apprentices used to relate an anecdote of the time when they were accustomed to make the usual Sunday excursion into the country, Hogarth being fifteen years of age. In a tap-room row a man received a severe cut upon the forehead with a quart beer pot, which brought blood, and caused him to "distort his features into a most hideous grin." Hogarth produced his pencil and instantly drew a caricature of the scene, including a most ludicrous and striking likeness of the wounded man. There was of necessity a good deal of *tap-room* in all humorous art and literature of that century, and he was perfectly at home in scenes of a beery cast.

The "Five Days' Peregrination" of Hogarth and his friends, of which Thackeray discoursed to us so agreeably in one of his lectures, occurred when the artist was thirty-four years of age. But it shows us the same jovial Londoner, whose manners and pleasures, as Mr. Thackeray remarked, though honest and innocent, were "not very refined." Five friends set out on foot early in the morning from their tavern haunt in Covent Garden, gayly singing the old song, "Why should we quarrel for riches?" Billingsgate was their first halting-place, where, as the appointed historian of the jaunt records, "Hogarth made the caricature of a porter, who called himself the Duke of Puddle Dock," which "drawing was by his grace pasted on the cellar door." At Rochester, "Hogarth and Scott stopped and played at hop-scotch in the colonnade under the Town-hall." The Nag's Head at the village of Stock sheltered them one night, when, after supper, "we adjourned to the door, drank punch, stood and sat for our pictures drawn by Hogarth." In another village the merry blades "got a wooden chair, and placed Hogarth in it in the street, where he made the drawing, and gathered a great many men, women, and children about him to see his performance." The same evening, over their flip, they were entertaining the tap-room with their best songs, when some Harwich lobster-men came in and sang several sea-songs so agreeably that the Londoners were "quite put out of countenance." "Our *St. John*," records the scribe of the adventure, "would not come in competition, nor could *Pishoken* save us from disgrace." Here, too, is a Hogarthian incident: "Hogarth called me up and told me the good-woman insisted on being paid for her bed, or having Scott before the mayor, *which last we did all in our power to promote.*" And so they merrily tramped the country round, singing, drawing, copying comic epitaphs, and pelting one another with dirt, returning to London at the end of the five days, having expended just six guineas — five shillings a day each man.

His sense of humor appears in his serious writings. One illustration which he gives in his *Analysis of Beauty*, to show the essential and exhaustless charm of the waving line, is in the highest degree comic: "I once heard an eminent dancing-master say that the minuet had been the study of his whole life, and that he had been indefatigable in the pursuit of its beauties, yet at last could only say, with Socrates, *he knew nothing*, adding that I was happy in my profession as a painter, in that some bounds might be set to the study of it."

In his long warfare with the picture dealers, who starved living art in England by the manufacture of "old masters," he employed ridicule and caricature with powerful effect. His masterly caricature of "Time smoking a Picture" was well seconded by humorous letters to the press, and by many a passing hit in his more elaborate writings. He maintained that a painting is never so good as at the moment it leaves the artist's hands, time having no possible effect upon it except to impair its beauty and diminish its truth. There was penned at this period a burlesque "Bill of Monsieur Varnish to Benjamin Bister," which is certainly Hogarthian, if it is not Hogarth's, and might well serve as a companion piece to the engraving. Among the items are these:

	£	s.	d.
To painting and canvas for a naked Mary Magdalen, in the undoubted style of Paul Veronese	2	2	0
To brimstone, for smoking ditto	0	2	6
Paid Mrs. W—— for a live model to sit for Diana bathing, by Tintoretto	0	16	8
Paid for the hire of a layman, to copy the robes of a Cardinal, for a Vandyck	0	5	0
Paid the female figure for sitting thirty minutes in a wet sheet, that I might give the dry manner of that master	0	10	6
The Tribute-money Rendered, with all the exactness of Quintin Metsius, the famed blacksmith of Antwerp	2	12	6
The Martyrdom of St. Winifred, with a view of Holywell Bath, by old Frank	1	11	6
To a large allegorical altarpiece, consisting of men and angels, horses and river gods; 'tis thought most happily hit off for a Rubens	5	5	0
Paid for admission into the House of Peers, to take a sketch of a great character, for a picture of Moses breaking the Tables of the Law, in the darkest manner of Rembrandt, not yet finished	0	2	6

The idea of a wet sheet imparting the effect of dryness was taken from a treatise on painting, which stated that "some of the

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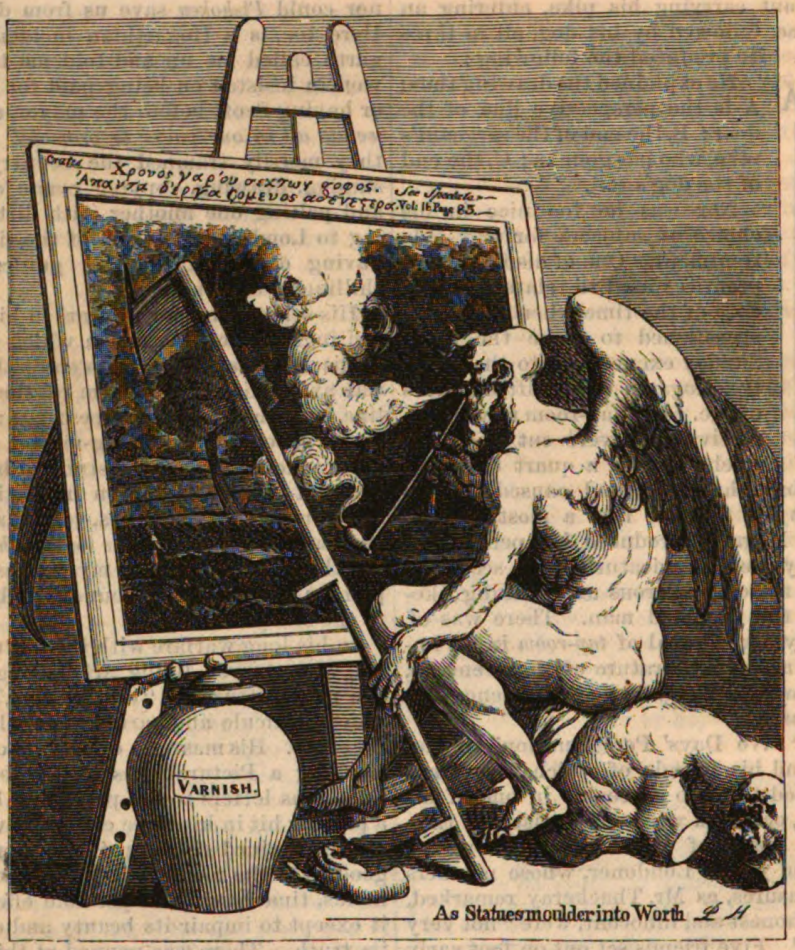

TIME SMOKING A PICTURE.

ancient masters acquired a dry manner of painting from studying after wet drapery."

This robust and downright Briton, strong in the consciousness of original and native genius, did not object merely to the manufacture of old masters, but also to the excessive value placed upon the genuine productions of the great men of old. He could not feel it to be just or favorable to the progress of art that works representing a state of feeling long ago outgrown in England should take precedence of paintings instinct with the life of the present hour. In other words, he did not enjoy seeing one of his own paintings sell at auction for fourteen guineas, and an Old Master bring a thousand. He grew warm when he denounced "the picture jobbers from abroad," who imported continually "ship-loads of dead Christs, Holy Families, Madonnas, and other dismal, dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental, on which they scrawl the terrible cramp names of some Italian masters, and fix upon us Englishmen the name of universal dupes." He imagines a scene between one of those old-master mongers and his customer. The victim says:

"'Mr. Bubbleman, that grand Venus, as you are pleased to call it, has not beauty enough for the character of an English cook-maid.' Upon which the quack answers, with a confident air: 'Sir, I find that you are no *connoisseur;* the picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Baldminetto's second and best manner, boldly painted, and truly sublime: the contour gracious; the air of the head in high Greek taste; and a most divine idea it is.' Then spitting in an obscure place, and rubbing it with a dirty handkerchief, takes a skip to t'other end of the room, and screams out in raptures, 'There's an amazing touch! A man should have this picture a twelvemonth in his collection before he can discover half its beauties!' The gentleman (though naturally a judge of what is beautiful, yet ashamed to be out of the fashion by judging for himself) with this cant is struck dumb, gives a vast sum for the picture, very modestly confesses he is indeed quite ignorant of painting, and bestows a frame worth fifty pounds

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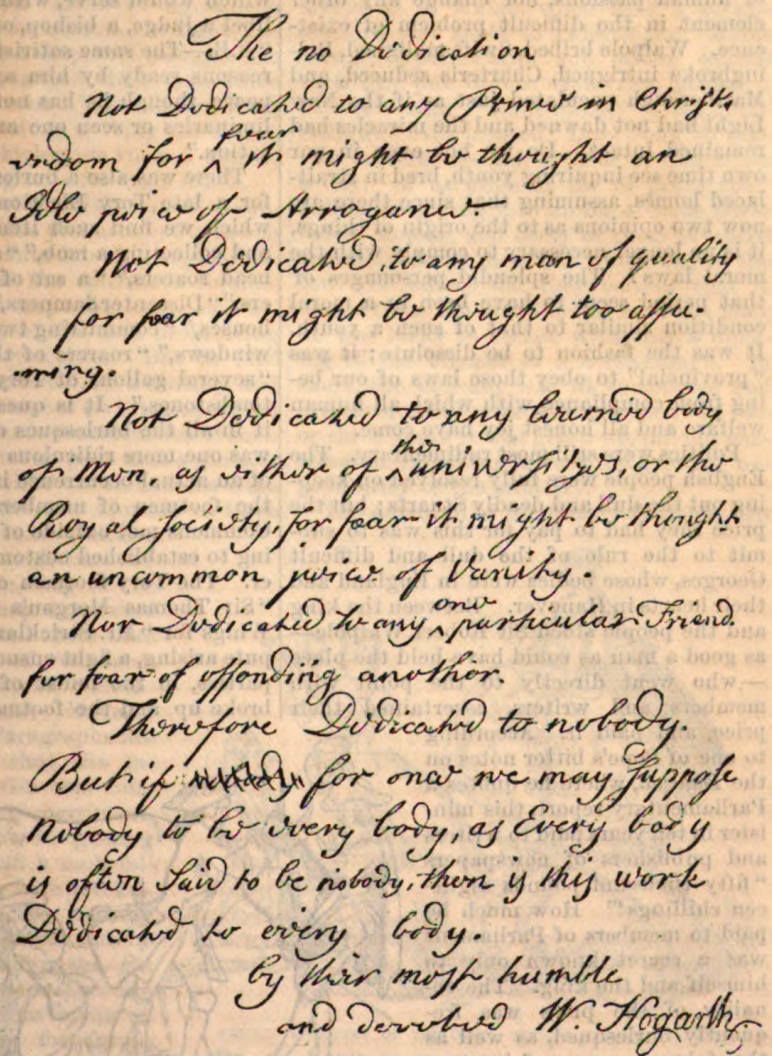
on a frightful thing, which, without the hard name, is not worth so many farthings."

He gives picture buyers a piece of advice which many of them have since taken, to the sore distress of their guests: Use your own eyes, and buy the pictures which *they* dwell upon with delight.

In the heat of controversy Hogarth, as usual, went too far; but he stood manfully by his order, and defended resolutely their rights and his own. Artists owe him undying gratitude for two great services: he showed them a way to independence by setting up in business on his own account, becoming his own engraver and publisher, and retaining always the ownership of his own plates, which, indeed, constituted his estate, and supported creditably his family as long as any of them lived. He served all artists, too, by defending himself against the pirates who flooded the market with meanly executed copies of his own engravings. It was William Hogarth who obtained from Parliament the first act which secured to artists the sole right to multiply and sell copies of their works; and this right is the very corner-stone of a great national painter's independence. That act made genuine art a possible profession in England.

Such was Hogarth, the original artist of his country, an honest, valiant citizen, who stood his ground, paid his way, cheered and admonished his generation. He had the faults which belong to a positive character, trod on many toes, was often misunderstood, and had his ample share of trouble, and contention. All that is now forgotten; and he was never so much valued, so frequently reproduced, so generally possessed, or so carefully studied as at the present time.

The generation that forms great satirists shines in the history of literature, but not in that of morals; for to supply with objects of satire such masters of the satiric arts as Hogarth, Swift, Pope, Gay, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Foote there must be deep corruption in the state and radical folly in conspicuous persons. The process which has since been named "secularization" had then fairly set in. The brilliant men of the time had learned to deride the faith which had been a restraining force upon the propensities of man for fifteen centuries, but were very far from having learned to be continent, temperate, and just without its aid. "Four treatises against the miracles" Voltaire boasted of having seen during his residence in England in 1727 and 1728; but these treatises did not moderate the warmth


The no Dedication

Not Dedicated to any Prince in Christs
dom for fear it might be thought an
Affair of Arrogance.

Not Dedicated to any man of quality
for fear it might be thought too assu-
ming.

Not Dedicated to any learned body
of Men, as either of the universities, or the
Royal Society, for fear it might be thought
an uncommon piece of Vanity.

Nor Dedicated to any one particular Friend
for fear of offending another.

Therefore Dedicated to nobody.

But if nobody for once we may suppose
Nobody to be every body, as Every body
is often said to be nobody, then is this work
Dedicated to every body.

by their most humble
and devoted W. Hogarth

DEDICATION OF A PROPOSED HISTORY OF THE ARTS.—FROM HOGARTH'S MANUSCRIPT.*

* *Hogarth's Works*, by Ireland and Nichols. Vol. III. Frontispiece.

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SIR ROBERT WALPOLE PARING THE NAILS OF THE BRITISH LION.

of human passions, nor change any other element in the difficult problem of existence. Walpole bribed, Swift maligned, Bolingbroke intrigued, Charteris seduced, and Marlborough peculated just as if the New Light had not dawned and the miracles had remained intact. Do we not even in our own time see inquiring youth, bred in strait-laced homes, assuming that since there are now two opinions as to the origin of things, it is no longer necessary to comply with the moral laws? The splendid personages of that period seem to have been in a moral condition similar to that of such a youth. It was the fashion to be dissolute; it was "provincial" to obey those laws of our being from compliance with which all human welfare and all honest joy have come.

Politics were still most rudimentary. The English people were fully resolved on keeping out the dull and deadly Stuarts; but the price they had to pay for this was to submit to the rule of the dull and difficult Georges, whose bodies were in England and their hearts in Hanover. Between the king and the people stood Sir Robert Walpole—as good a man as could have held the place—who went directly to the point with members and writers, ascertained their price, and paid it. According to one of Pope's bitter notes on the *Dunciad*, where he quotes a Parliamentary report, this minister in ten years paid to writers and publishers of newspapers "fifty thousand pounds eighteen shillings!" How much he paid to members of Parliament was a secret known only to himself and the king. The venality of the press was frequently burlesqued, as well as the fulsome pomp of its purchased eulogies. A very good specimen is that which appeared in 1735, during a ministerial crisis, when the opposition had high hopes of ousting the tenacious Walpoles. An "Advertisement" was published, in which was offered for sale a "neat and curious collection of well-chosen similes, allusions, metaphors, and allegories from the best plays and romances, modern and ancient, proper to adorn a panegyric on the glorious patriots designed to succeed the present ministry." The author gave notice that "all sublunary metaphors of a new minister being a Rock, a Pillar, a Bulwark, a Strong Tower, or a Spire Steeple will be allowed very cheap;" but celestial ones, being brought from the other world at a great expense, must be held at a higher rate. The author announced that he had prepared a collection of state satires, which would serve, with little variation, to libel a judge, a bishop, or a prime minister. "N.B.—The same satirist has collections of reasons ready by him against the ensuing peace, though he has not yet read the preliminaries or seen one article of the pacification."

There was also a burlesque "Bill of Costs for a late Tory Election in the West," in which we find such items as "bespeaking and collecting a mob," "a set of No-Roundhead roarers," "a set of coffee-house praters," "Dissenter damners," "demolishing two houses," "committing two riots," "breaking windows," "roarers of the word CHURCH," "several gallons of Tory punch on church tombstones." It is questionable, however, if in all the burlesques of the period there was one more ridiculous than the narrative of an actual occurrence in April, 1715, when the footmen of members of the House of Commons met outside of the House, according to established custom, to elect a Speaker. The Tory footmen cast their votes for "Sir Thomas Morgan's servant," and the Whigs for "Mr. Strickland's man." A dispute arising, a fight ensued between the two parties, in the midst of which the House broke up, and the footmen were obliged to

DUTCH NEUTRALITY.—1745.

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THE MOTION (FOR THE REMOVAL OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE).

attend their masters. The next day, as soon as the House was in session, the fight was renewed, and after a desperate struggle the victorious Whigs carried their man three times in triumph round Westminster Hall, and then adjourned to a Whig ale-house, the landlord of which gave them a dinner, the footmen paying only for their drink.

The caricatures of the Walpole period preserve the record of the first attempt to lessen by law the intemperate drinking of gin—the most pernicious of the spirituous liquors. A law was passed imposing upon this article a very heavy excise, and prohibiting its sale in small quantities. But in 1736 England had not reached, by a century and a half, the development of civilization which admits of the adequate consideration of such a measure: nor can the poor man's gin *ever* be limited by law while the rich man's wine flows free. This gin law appears to have been killed by ridicule. Ballads lamenting the near decease of "Mother Gin" were sung in the streets; the gin-shop signs were hung with black, and there were mock ceremonies of "Madame Geneva's Lying in State," "Mother Gin's Wake," and "Madame Gin's Funeral." Paragraphs notified the public that the funeral of Madame Gin was celebrated with great merriment, many of both sexes "getting soundly drunk," and a mob following her remains with torches. The night before the measure went into operation was one of universal revel among the gin drinkers, and every one, we are assured, carried off as much of the popular liquor, for future consumption, as he could pay for. The law was evaded by the expedients long afterward employed in Maine, when first a serious attempt was made to enforce the "Maine Law." Apothecaries and others colored their gin, put it into vials, and labeled it "Colic Water," "Make Shift," "The Ladies' Delight," with printed "Directions" to take two or three spoonfuls three or four times a day, "or as often as the fit takes you." Informers sprang into an importance never before known, and many of them invented snares to decoy men into violations of the law. So odious did they become that if one of them fell into the hands of the mob, he was lucky to escape with only a ducking in the Thames or a horse-trough. In short, the attempt was ill considered and premature, and after an experiment of two or three years it was given up, having contributed something toward the growing unpopularity of the ministry.

The downfall of Sir Robert Walpole, aft-

BRITISH IDOLATRY OF THE OPERA SINGER MINGOTTI.—1756.

"Ra, ra, ra, rot ye,
My name is Mingotti.
If you worship me notti,
You shall all go to potti."

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ANTIQUARIES PUZZLED.—LONDON, 1756.

er holding office for twenty years, was preceded by an animated fire of caricature, in which the adherents of Walpole held their own. The specimen given on page 49, entitled "The Motion," was reduced from one of the most famous caricatures of the reign of George II., and one of the most finely wrought of the century.* Horace Walpole, son of the great minister, wrote from Florence that the picture had "diverted him extremely," and that the likenesses were "admirable." To us the picture says nothing until it is explained; but every London apprentice of the period recognized Whitehall and the Treasury, toward which the Opposition was driving with such furious haste, and could distinguish most of the personages exhibited. A few days before this caricature appeared, Sandys, who was styled the motion-maker, from the frequency of his attempts to array the House of Commons against the Walpole ministry, moved once more an address to the king, that he would be pleased to remove Sir Robert Walpole from his presence and councils forever. The debate upon this motion was long and most vehement, and though the ministry triumphed, it was one of those bloody victories which presage overthrow. On the same day a similar "motion" was made in the House of Lords by Lord Carteret, where an equally violent discussion was followed by a vote sustaining the ministry. The exultation of the Walpole party inspired this famous caricature, in which we see the Opposition peers trying to reach office in a lordly coach and six, and the Commons trudging toward the same goal on foot, their leader, Pulteney, wheeling a load of Opposition newspapers, and leading his followers by the nose. Every politician of note on the side of the Opposition is in the picture: Lord Chesterfield is the postilion; the Duke of Argyle the coachman; Lord Carteret the gentleman inside the coach, who, becoming conscious of the breakdown, cries, "Let me get out!" Bubb Dodington is the spaniel between the coachman's legs; the footman behind the coach is Lord Cobham, and the outrider Lord Littelton. On the side of the Commons there is Sandys, dropping in despair his favorite, often-defeated "Place Bill," and exclaiming, "I thought what would come of putting *him* on the box!" Much of the humor and point of the picture is lost to us, because the peculiar relations of the persons portrayed to the public, to their party, and to one another can not now be perfectly recalled.

Edition after edition of "The Motion" appeared, one of which was so arranged that it could be fitted to the frame of a lady's fan, a common device at the time. The Opposition retorted with a parody of the picture, which they styled "The Reason," in which Walpole figures as the coachman, driving the coach of state to destruction. Another parody was called "The Motive," in which the king was the passenger and Walpole the driver. Then followed "A Consequence of the Motion," "Motion upon Motion," "The Grounds," and others. The Walpole party surpassed their opponents in caricature, but caricature is powerless to turn back a genuine tide of public feeling, and a

* *Caricature History of the Georges.* THOMAS WRIGHT. Page 128.

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year later Sir Robert was honorably shelved in the House of Lords.

From this time forward the history of Europe is recorded or burlesqued in the comic pictures of the shop window; not merely the conspicuous part played in it by ministers and kings, but the foibles, the fashions, the passions, the vices, the credulities, the whims, of each generation. The British rage for the Italian opera, the enormous sums paid to the singers, the bearish manners of Handel, the mania for gaming, the audacity of highwaymen, and the impositions upon popular credulity no more escape the satirist's pencil than Braddock's defeat, the Queen of Hungary's loss of Silesia, or William Pitt's timely, and also his ill-timed, fits of the gout. Nor were the abuses of the Church overlooked. One picture, entitled "The fat Pluralist and his lean Curates," published in 1733, exhibited a corpulent dignitary of the Church in a chariot drawn by six meagre and wretched curates. The portly priest carries under one arm a large church, and a cathedral under the other, while at his feet are two sucking pigs, a hen, and a goose, which he has taken as tithe from a farm-yard in the distance. "The Church," says the pluralist, "was made for me, not I for the Church;" and under the wheels of the coach is a book marked "The Thirty-nine Articles." One starving curate cries, piteously, "Lord, be merciful to us poor curates!" to which another responds, "And send us more comfortable livings!" It required a century of satire and remonstrance to get that one monstrous abuse of the Church Ring reduced to proportions approaching decency. Corruption in the city of New York in the darkest days of Tweed was less universal, less systematic, less remote from remedy, than that of the government of Great Britain under the least incapable of its four Georges. It was merely more decorous.

A specimen of the harmless, good-humored satire aimed at the zealous antiquaries of the last century is given on the preceding page. This picture may have suggested to Mr. Dickens the familiar scene in *Pickwick* where the roving members of the Pickwick Club discover the stone commemorative of Bill Stumps. The mysterious inscription in the picture is, "Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane."

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

(NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS.)

At night-fall, coming through the wood,
We reached a hill-top's gloomy brow,
Where one unpainted cottage stood,
Neglected, dark, and low.

No lamp announced a living soul;
The chimney's blue, reluctant thread
Alone betrayed a burning coal
Of life where all seemed dead.

Until, observing curiously,
And gazing back as on we went,
One little pale face we could see
Close to the window bent.

When late we reached the village street,
Cheerful and twinkling here and there,
The house-dog ran to lick our feet—
Sweet was the household air!

Yet in my mind I saw all night
That child's face watching by the pane,
And passed once more that weary way,
And lingered there again.

At dawn I rose, and walking forth,
Met one who toiled upon the road,
Morning or evening nothing loath
With talk to ease time's load.

He knew the young man once, he said,
Who brought his wife home to that farm;
Now all his decency is dead,
And devils round him swarm.

For he would drink when morning came,
And drink before the noon was past,
And afternoons were all the same,
Long as his means would last.

Master of numerous herds was he;
All gone, his endless thirst to feed.
His wife—ah! weary days had she,
And bitter grew her need.

Now she will have no trouble more;
Her griefs have all been laid to sleep;
But devils round his chamber floor
Their endless dances keep.

He hardly lifts his heavy head;
He lies in wretchedness all day;
And when the night comes, it is said,
Begins the devils' play.

"Were there no children?" I inquired,
And shuddered as I spoke the words,
While two young maidens, health-inspired,
Went singing by like birds.

Ah, yes! Alas! one little girl.
I wonder where the child is now?
He, drowned in such a dreadful whirl,
Can not much further go.

The morning sun was brave and gay,
And birds were filling earth with song.
While still my heart repassed that way,
That rocky hill of wrong.

Still sits the child beside the pane,
And gazes on the clouded sky;
Her solitude is mine again,
And mine her agony. A. F.

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CAPE COD, NANTUCKET, AND THE VINEYARD.

"THE Provincetown girls are so light-footed they can walk to church without getting sand in their shoes." It is an old saying, which, if you carefully consider it, tells a story of Provincetown as well as of its maidens; but they add that the latter used to carry their shoes to meeting under their arms.

To confess the plain truth, there *is* more sand in Provincetown than they can use there for building purposes. As you sweep around the Race, and past Wood End, and finally turn into the land-locked harbor—wondering, probably, how in the world you got into so snug a place—you see certainly a large number of comfortable houses, not to speak of the Town-hall perched on top of a tremendous sand dune; you see fishing vessels and fish-flakes and drying cod-fish, and sou'westers and pea-jackets, and pretty girls, and lots of boys who are not so pretty; but mainly you see sand. The beach is sand, of course. The roads are so sandy that the wagons have broad-tired wheels to make the draught easier; in the door-yards of the houses are roses and other flowers struggling with sand; and when you climb up to the Town-house, for the fine view, and the inscription which records the first landing of the Pilgrims, you will also, like the flowers, struggle with the sand. If it should be a breezy day on which you ramble about the narrow streets, you will see sand flying about as it is supposed to do in the great desert; and you will appreciate the care with which, in the suburbs, owners of vacant lots and the United States government cultivate beach-grass, a tough-rooted plant which Providence has provided to keep Provincetown and some other parts of the Cape from being blown away into the bay by a succession of easterly gales.

Besides the sand, the most striking thing in Provincetown to a stranger is an all-pervading odor of fish. It is not, as you might innocently expect, a simple odor, but a very remarkable combination of smells, in which, if you attentively give your whole nose to it, you may distinguish every imaginable offense which a fish can commit against the sense of smell from the time he is first split open and washed in a bucket of water, through all the stages of frying, boiling, broiling, salting, pickling, washing out, drying in the sun, packing away in a storehouse, transporting to a schooner's hold, getting dropped on the way, and trodden under foot, rotting on the beach, or hanging up in a shop door.

Provincetown is in many ways peculiar. In the first place, it is the terminus of a railroad. Consider for a moment how few places remain on this planet, having railroad communications at all, at which, when you arrive, you *must* get out, because you can go no farther in any direction. Then it consists mainly of one long, not very straight, but singularly narrow, street. There is another street back of this one, but it is hardly to be counted in. You come upon it unexpectedly; it is like the appendix in a book, which you are not bound to read unless you want to. The main street skirts the bay, and the backs of the houses on the water side project over the flats; and if you choose to smoke your cigar on the veranda at low water, you may see a good many articles of last year's wear and use, and smell the seemingly immortal odors of some of last year's fish, revealed by the departing tide.

Before your cigar, of course, you dined, or breakfasted, or supped, and in either case you ate cod-fish.

The cod-fish is a noble animal. He is served to you here fresh from his native lair, and fried in company of a thin slice of fat salt pork; and this is the orthodox, or, as a

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HAULING A DORY OVER THE DOWNS.

German might say, the *allein selig machende* way of preparing it. A mackerel may be boiled or broiled, he may be pickled or smoked; but a cod-fish should be first caught, then disemboweled and washed, then gently salted for the space of half a dozen hours, and then, the brine being washed away, fried over a brisk fire with salt pork. If this process has been performed by a skilled hand (by a nine-year-old Cape boy, for instance), your fish will be firm, flaky, crisp, juicy, tender—in short, delicious—and you will send your plate back for a second portion. N.B.—A cod-fish which has been transported to New York in a fishing smack, and kept for a week in a fish car at the end of a sewer in the North or East River, is a different animal. Fat pork will not save him.

Provincetown has public spirit. For about a mile and a half it has made a street almost as solid as a New Jersey country road in September, and this way the town arduously keeps in repair. To make it, a certain depth of sand was carted away; sods were then brought from Heaven knows where, and laid down as they lay large stones for a road-bed in the Central Park. On top of this foundation is spread clay. The clay is an imported article. It is brought in as ballast from the main-land of Massachusetts, and sold to the town at so much a ton. "Dirt cheap" is not a good proverb in Provincetown.

To get a proper idea of the queer snail-shell-shaped curl of sand spit which makes Provincetown Harbor you must ascend to the hill on which stands the Town-hall, and here you will read the tablet over the door:

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE
"MAYFLOWER" IN CAPE COD HARBOR,
AND OF THE
FIRST LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS
IN AMERICA, AT THIS PLACE, NOV. 11, 1620,
THIS TABLET
IS PRESENTED BY THE CAPE COD ASSOCIATION, NOV. 11, 1853.

It was not a "stern and rock-bound coast" on which they landed here, but a thickly wooded country, inhabited by Indians, whose little granaries of corn the reluctant and starving Pilgrims presently plundered. The bay was full of whales; and it must make a Cape Cod man blush nowadays to read in the ancient chronicle that the Pilgrim Fathers regretted they were not prepared to capture these whales, because they might have made at least four thousand pounds from the oil in a few months.

At present whales are scarce in Cape Cod Harbor; and it is an extra-hazardous thing for even a porpoise to show his black nose over the water in sight of the town. Only a few weeks before I last saw the place eight hundred foolish porpoises entered the harbor, and four hundred were captured in an afternoon, and not only in the legitimate way, so to speak, by men with harpoons in boats, but a part of the school was driven into shoal water, where men waded out up

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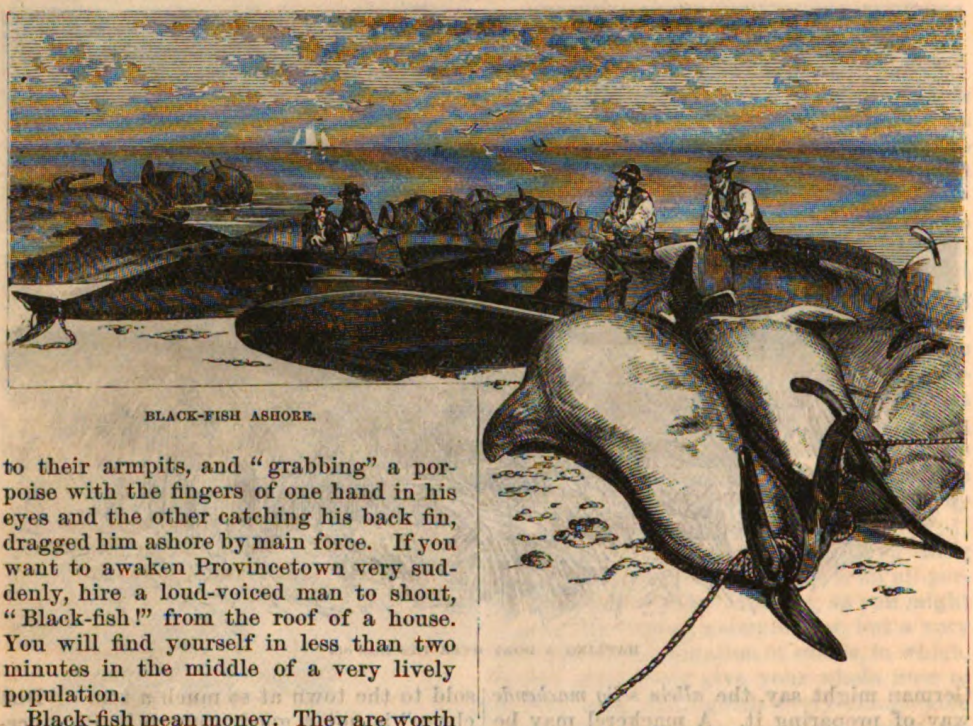

BLACK-FISH ASHORE.

to their armpits, and "grabbing" a porpoise with the fingers of one hand in his eyes and the other catching his back fin, dragged him ashore by main force. If you want to awaken Provincetown very suddenly, hire a loud-voiced man to shout, "Black-fish!" from the roof of a house. You will find yourself in less than two minutes in the middle of a very lively population.

Black-fish mean money. They are worth about ten dollars apiece, and a capture of four hundred fish is a handsome day's work, which adds to the wealth as well as to the fragrance of the town. Besides the blubber oil which these animals and porpoises yield, there is a product of which few people, I imagine, think much, but which is yet of considerable importance to all of us. This is the peculiarly limpid oil which is drawn from the jaw-bones of these fish, and which is used by watch-makers all over the world to oil the works of watches. A drop of it goes a long way; and in fact the civilized world uses at present in all its hundred millions of watches only about two hundred gallons yearly, most of which is produced, or, more correctly, saved on Cape Cod. An old man who had been thirty-five years in the business of preparing this jaw oil told me that when a school of fish was caught he bought the heads, which he then tried out carefully, refined the oil by boiling it, and finally submitted it to a freezing test. Two or three men furnish the world's supply of this product; they have established their reputations and control the market; and this old man remarked that the stock on hand was now sufficiently great, and he would not save any more this year. The oil is sold by the producers for from four to eight dollars a gallon. I remarked to the old fellow that if he could sell two hundred gallons a year at five dollars a gallon he would do a comfortable business; and he replied, "Yes, indeed; I'd be happy with that, and throw off half."

Nor was he exaggerating. On this frugal Cape Cod a fisherman is not unhappy nor unfortunate if he makes five hundred dollars by his year's work. His wife will lay by some of it, and he will subscribe liberally to church and foreign missions, and think himself a comfortable man. He owns his house and little garden patch; he is not afraid of the tax-gatherer; he and his wife know how to make money go far, and they are not at all conscious that they are pinched by poverty.

From Provincetown curious visitors drive over to the Highland Light, seven miles distant, which stands on a steep bluff fronting the ocean. This is one of the most important lights on our coast, as it guides ships into Boston Bay. The tower had to be moved back, or inland, about twenty years ago, because the ocean threatened to undermine its foundations. I was told that at that time the shore here lost about ten feet per year; now the loss is less than four feet: it is still loss, however. The land is now a great barren waste, on some hundreds of acres of which are growing stumpy and scraggy pines, planted many years ago. It is curious to read that when the Pilgrims landed it was covered with large oak and walnut trees, which were used for ship timber and lumber, and pine-trees, which were tapped for turpentine. It was nearly a century after the landing before the destruction of the woods was interfered with; and from the name, Wood End, borne by the long and now barren sand spit which makes Provincetown Harbor, it appears that this was once a forest. So late as 1714 the first or-

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dinance "for preserving the harbor at Cape Cod" was adopted, and this declares that "whereas the harbor at Cape Cod, being very useful and commodious for fishing, and the safety of shipping both inward and outward bound is in danger of being damnified, if not made wholly unserviceable, by destroying the trees standing on the said Cape (if not timely prevented), the trees and bushes being of great service to keep the sand from being driven into the harbor by the wind—*Be it enacted*, by his Excellency the Governor, Council, and Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after the publication of this act no person or persons may presume to bark or box any pine tree or trees standing upon any of the Province lands on the said Cape for the drawing of turpentine"—under penalty of a fine and confiscation of the turpentine.

Another provision of the same act constitutes the Province lands a precinct, and "the inhabitants are obliged to procure and support a learned orthodox minister of good conversation to dispense the Word of God among them, and to allow him sixty pounds a year maintenance."

The earliest description of the harbor speaks of it as "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood;" and a century later the land about the bay appears to have been thought valuable for pasture, for in 1740, as Frederick Freeman, the historian of the Cape, records, complaint was made to the General Court that "many persons, not inhabitants of the town, are in the habit of driving down great numbers of neat cattle and horses to feed upon the lands, whereby the beaches are much broken and damaged, occasioning the moving of the sands into the harbor, to the great damage thereof." By an act of 1745 the inhabitants themselves were restricted in the quantity of stock they might keep, being thenceforth allowed "to keep and suffer to feed on the lands one bull and three yoke of oxen for the inhabitants in general, and one horse and one cow for each family in particular; also such persons as shall have license to keep a house of entertainment are to have liberty to keep two cows." In the same act it was forbidden to cut down trees "growing within 160 poles from high-water mark."

The Cape, indeed, was for some years a granary and fat land of Egypt for the settlers of the Plymouth Colony; the Indians raised corn enough to keep the Pilgrim Fathers alive; and these traded knives and beads for corn and beaver-skins, and quarreled with their neighbors, the Massachusetts people, because these too began to buy corn on the Cape.

Even when the Pilgrims landed, Cape Cod was already a great grave-yard; one of the first acts of the newly arrived English was to dig up several graves they found. "We brought away with us sundry of the prettiest things, and covered up the corpse again. After this we digged in sundry like places [the Vandals!], but found no more corn, nor any thing else but graves."

The Indian inhabitants appear to have been a gentle race, who treated the Pilgrims with great forbearance and kindness, but were treated in return with suspicion and cruelty, so that, as Mr. Freeman points out, the Rev. Mr. Robinson felt himself compelled to write from Leyden to the church at Plymouth, begging them "to consider the disposition of their captain, who was a man of warm temper," and suggesting that it would have been better, in dealing with the Indians, if they had "converted some before they had killed any." Some of the earlier police regulations read oddly in these days, as, for instance, one in 1638, by the General Court, that "whosoever shall shoot off a gun on any unnecessary occasion, or at any

PROVINCETOWN.

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HIGHLAND LIGHT, CAPE COD.

game except at an Indian or a wolf, shall forfeit five shillings for every shot." A later amendment added, to satisfy the more ardent hunters, perhaps, "until further liberty be given." In 1638 three white men were hanged for assassinating an Indian, and the circumstance appears to have caused much bitter feeling. "Some have thought it a great severity to hang three English for one Indian," writes a contemporary quoted by Mr. Freeman, "but the more considerate will easily satisfy themselves for the legality of it."

Wolves, by-the-way, appear to have been troublesome on the Cape, which they visited from the adjoining region. So late as 1717 it was proposed to build "a high fence of palisades or of boards" across the neck of land near which, in these days, it has been proposed to cut a ship-canal, "to keep wolves from coming into the country."

Peregrine White, the first child born to the Pilgrims, came into the world in Provincetown, shortly after the arrival of the *Mayflower*. He lived to near eighty-four years of age—evidence that he did not suffer overmuch in the famine which several times threatened the Plymouth people, when, crops failing, they had to depend much for their living upon the products of the sea. On one of these occasions of short commons, Mr. Freeman relates, a good man who had asked his neighbor to a dish of clams, after dinner piously returned "thanks to God who had given them to suck of the abundance of the seas and of the treasure hid in the sands."

Provincetown has become a wealthy place in the last fifteen years. It has five churches, several hotels, and a plank sidewalk on one side of the main street. It has a considerable population of Portuguese, who follow the water for a living, and give a foreign air to the town. When the spacious harbor is full of vessels, as it often is when the mackerel fishing fleet seeks refuge here from a storm, this makes one of the prettiest sights imaginable. It has happened before now that a thousand sail of fishermen dropped anchor in the harbor at once, and at such times the shop-keepers have a lively trade. And thus the Cape levies in its turn a tribute upon the fishermen of other ports, and repays itself what two centuries ago it was made to yield to Plymouth and Boston; for the Cape was for many years a sort of dependency of the Plymouth Colony. In 1661 the four towns of Sandwich, Yarmouth, Barnstable, and Eastham were required to deliver, free of charge, at Boston "one hogshead of oil for every whale that shall come." In 1670 an act which begins, "Whereas, the Providence of God hath made Cape Cod commodious to us for fishing with seines," etc., commanded a duty of twelvepence per barrel upon all fish caught; and the revenue from this source was devoted to the maintenance of a free school at Plymouth. Next year it was again "ordered that the charges of the free school, £33 per annum, shall be defrayed by the treasurer out of the profits arising from the fishing at the Cape," etc. This reminds one a little of Artemus Ward's patriotic offer to send all his wife's relations to the war. But it should be said that the Cape had then so few inhabitants that these were allowed to vote by proxy, instead of having to go to Plymouth in person on election-day.

The Cape longer than any other part of New England retained the ancient habits and customs. It lay so far outside of the regularly traveled routes that until within the last dozen years it was but seldom visited by strangers. Thoreau was thought to have accomplished a notable feat in his exploration of it, and until the railroad and the growing fondness for the sea-side drew people to its pleasant sandy beaches, the Cape man was a person of marked charac-

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teristics. Nor yet are all the old landmarks removed. Cape thrift and enterprise remain; the simple frugal habits of the people, at least in the remoter parts, have not changed; and when, this last fall, at Harwichport I found a pretty young schoolmarm superintending the picking of a cranberry patch, of which she, her sister, and a brother were the owners, which they had bought of their father with money they had earned, and from which they expected to make not less than three hundred dollars to each share this year, I saw that the old spirit of independence, of patient thrift, of small but vigorous enterprises, the capacity to make the best use of the few natural gifts of their land, and the union of intelligence with labor, have not yet departed from the dear old Cape, of which not only its own "home folks," but all who have for even a short time lived among them, are fond.

It happened to me some years ago to drive in a carriage from Hyannis to near Provincetown with a lady who had never seen the Cape before. Our route carried us along the back or south shore, remote from the railroad, and as we passed hamlet after hamlet, composed of real comfortable-looking, well-kept houses, each with its garden and corn patch, where the corn grew scarcely breast-high, my companion asked, curiously, "Well, where do the poor people live?"

"I guess they'm all pooty poor round here," replied the driver, with a twinkle in his eye.

"But they all look comfortable; I have not seen a poor house in three hours' drive."

"Of course they'm comfortable," said the puzzled driver. "Why shouldn't they be? They all work."

"But are there no poor here on the Cape?"

"Yes," said the driver, still puzzled, "there's poor, of course. Every body's got poor. Here in the town there's four or five old folks thet's got nobody belongin' to 'em, and too old to stir round for themselves. The town boards 'em out. They'm happy enough, don't fear."

MAP OF CAPE COD AND VICINITY.

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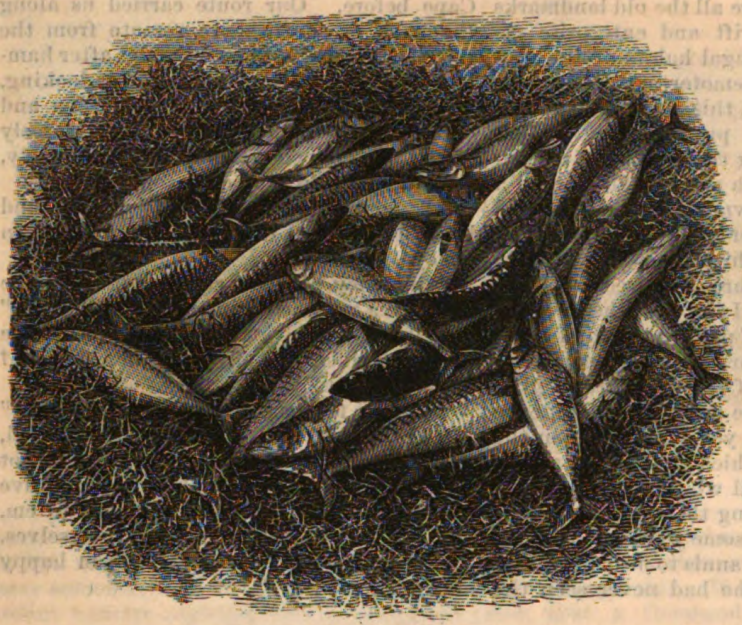

GROUP OF CAPE MACKEREL.

"But I don't mean paupers," exclaimed the lady, more puzzled than the driver. "Where do the *poor people* live? All these houses look like the homes of well-to-do families."

"They've all got enough, and none of 'em's got much to spare; thet's the truth, ma'am," said the driver. And that is the happy truth still for the greater part of the Cape. Consider what it means, to have no poor in a community, except a few aged and helpless people, who are "boarded out by the town!" what an ideal condition it is where every family lives in humble but sufficient comfort, where it is a disgrace to a man not to own the house he lives in, where the free school is attended by all the children of the community, where a simple and frugal life makes hospitality easy, where servants are almost unknown, where an income of five hundred dollars a year is thought a satisfactory competence for a household, and where brain and hand work together to make the sea and the sand and the bog yield the means of a sufficient support! The Cape boy begins life with a determination to achieve independence. He does not look forward to idleness; he means

WASHING FISH.

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A VILLAGE ON THE CAPE.

to work all his life; but he means to own the house into which by-and-by he shall carry his wife; he expects to be master of a schooner, or, perhaps, if his ambition soars high, of a "square rigger;" he foresees, at the age of nine, that in due course of time he will want to court a pretty Cape girl, and that she will refuse him if he is not "forehanded;" and he will not willingly work for hire.

As for the Cape girls, it's a pretty sight to see them picking cranberries. With rosy cheeks and rippling laughter and bursts of song; with a shout for the baby girl who proudly carries up her tiny cupful to be measured and written down to her credit; with pleasant jokes over the sorting and barreling; with kindly emulation and neighborly helpfulness—the picking goes on. I wonder if it will ever be discovered by womankind that a sun-bonnet and a calico dress are as dangerous to the male heart as the costliest satin and diamonds?

The cranberry is one of the most important products of the Cape. It is grown, as every body knows, on bogs that have been drained and redeemed; and thus the cranberry patch lies usually in a kind of bowl,

PICKING AND SORTING CRANBERRIES.

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COHASSET NARROWS—HEAD OF BUZZARD'S BAY.

and you look down upon it from the road. The crimson fruit is concealed beneath a tangled mass of russet vine; and the "patch" looks sufficiently commonplace until it is enlivened by the gay colors of a little army of pickers. Harwich is the principal seat of the cranberry culture on the Cape, and the importance of this industry may be seen from the fact that this little town, of about three thousand inhabitants, exported in 1873 over eighty thousand dollars' worth of cranberries—nearly twenty-seven dollars a head for every man, woman, and child in the town. This is the product of brains applied to agriculture. The Cape has a great many fresh-water ponds, and much swamp and bog land. Twenty-five years ago these bogs were worthless; now they form the most valuable land on the Cape. Patient labor, intelligently directed, makes a redeemed swamp bear from two to four hundred dollars per acre per annum; and the cranberry culture has done much to enrich the people of Cape Cod, and to afford pleasant and profitable employment to women and girls during the picking season.

Looking at the Cape, and examining the character of its people, one wonders how much the thin and unfruitful soil, the harsh climate, and the isolation from the world had to do with forming the habits and peculiarities of the inhabitants, and how much is due to their almost unmixed Puritan descent and the characteristics transmitted from the Pilgrim settlers: whether, that is to say, another and different race or tribe would have grown naturally into the Cape Cod man of to-day, or, more correctly, of fifteen or twenty years ago. The early settlers were, as all in the Plymouth Colony, governed by "the moral law of Moses and the New Testament," with annual elections and majority rule annexed, church-membership being an indispensable requisite to becoming a freeman or voter. The Governor and ten assistants were a court of justice, who were "to try and to do as God shall direct." The laws were strict, and were intended to force men to a moral life. Thus it was forbidden, under a penalty of five pounds or corporal punishment, to court a man's daughter or his maid-servant without first getting leave of him. To "drink tobacco," as smoking was then called, was forbidden on the highway under penalty of twelve shillings. In 1639 "a pair of stocks and a pound" were erected in Yarmouth. In 1640 not only was profane swearing punished, but "for telling lies" a man was set in the stocks three hours and fined ten shillings. "Excess of apparel, strange new fashions, naked breasts and arms, superfluous ribbons on hair or apparel," subjected offenders to a fine and public prosecution. In 1660 the court, "noticing that many do not appear at elections," ordered absentees to be fined. Even the Indians were commanded to keep the Sabbath, and from their head-men justices of the peace were appointed to try and punish minor offenses among their own people. It is related that one of these justices issued his writ of arrest after this style: "You big constable, quick you catch um, Jeremy Offscow, strong you hold um, safe you bring um afore me, Wabau, Justice of Peace."

Every town was obliged by law to support a minister, and if it failed, the General Court assessed the town for the minister's salary. "If any lazy, slothful, or profane persons in any of the towns neglect to attend public worship, they shall pay for each offense ten shillings or be publicly whipped." "No public meetings but such as the government shall approve shall be set up." In 1670 a prominent citizen was "ordered to be publicly whipped for reviling" a minister. The sermon was expected to last an hour; the sexton set the hour-glass when the text was announced, and when he turn-

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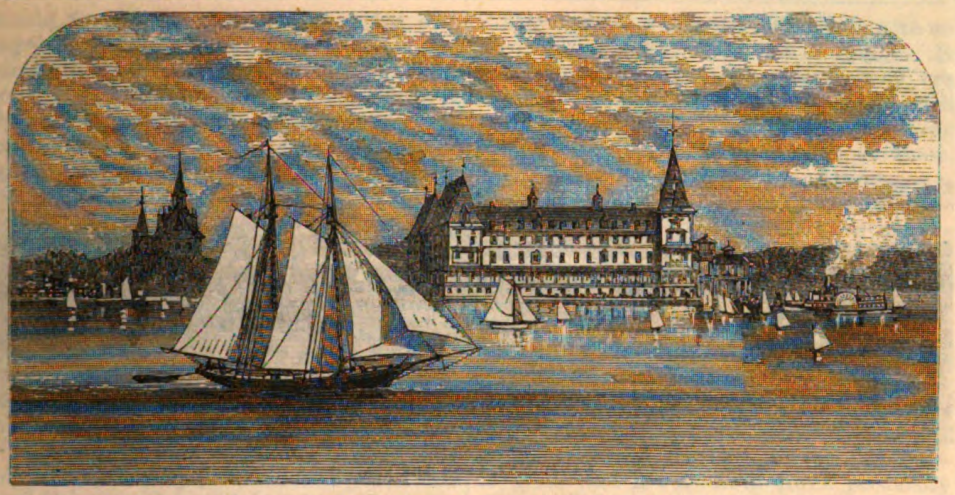

OAK BLUFF, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

ed it again the preacher was at the end of "Finally, and to conclude." It is a little odd to read in Mr. Freeman's history that even in the early days, and in spite of such stringent laws, ministers had trouble with their congregations. The sect of "Come-outers," who are still abundant on the Cape, seem to have existed at that time.

Not only were men fined for not voting, but so early as 1631 it was enacted that "if any person chosen to the office of a councilor or magistrate refuse, he shall be fined ten pounds;" and Mr. Freeman quotes a letter from a citizen of Cape Cod, James Cudworth, who actually refused to be made a general, a case which would have seemed incredible to poor Mr. Lincoln. The letter gives so curious a picture of the life of the early days that it is worth quoting here:

"The place is not below me, as some deem theirs to be, but is above me, and far above any desert of mine; and had the court been well acquainted with my insufficiency for such an undertaking, doubtless I should not have been put in nomination. Besides, it is evident to me, upon other considerations, I am not called of God unto this work at this time. The estate and condition of my family is such as will not admit of any such thing. My wife, as is well known to the whole town, is not only a weak woman, and has been so all along, but now, by reason of age, being sixty-seven years and upward, and nature decaying, so her illness grows more strongly upon her. Never a day passes but she is forced to rise at break of day or before. She can not lie for want of breath. And when she is up she can not light a pipe of tobacco, but it must be lighted for her. And she has never a maid. That day your letter came to my hands, my maid's year being out, she went away, and I can not get or hear of another. And then in regard to my occasions abroad, for the tending and looking after my creatures, the fetching home my hay that is yet at the place where it grew, getting of wood, going to mill, and for the performance of all other family occasions, I have now but a small Indian boy, about thirteen years of age, to help me. Sir, I can truly say that I do not in the least waive the business out of an effeminate or dastardly spirit, but am as freely willing to serve my king and my country as any man whatsoever, in what I am capable and fitted for; but do not understand that a man is called upon to serve his country with the inevitable ruin and destruction of his family."

The austere training of the Pilgrims doubtless bore fruit on the isolated Cape men and women; but their lives were also affected by the peculiar character of the industries which their situation forced upon them. They got their living out of the sea, and this taught them enterprise. Their habit of sharing the risks and results of a fishing venture bred them to independence. The Cape boy served his father until he came of age; after that he rarely served any one. For even though he was a poor man, entirely without means, he did not labor for wages; he fished "on shares," receiving a certain portion of his own catch, whether cod-fish or mackerel, and thus profiting directly and constantly by his own skill and industry. This peculiarity of the Cape man's sea life affected very powerfully his whole character and career, and made him from a boy more self-helpful, fuller of resources, than a man differently trained.

A directory of Cape names, if there were such a book, would show that a large part of the present population, except in the more populous places, like Provincetown, Barnstable, or Sandwich, is descended from but a few families. In the remoter parts of the Cape the country is filled with Doanes, Nickersons, Burgesses, Chases, Snows, Crowells, and Smalls. Mr. Freeman notices that some names have been greatly altered by differences in spelling. Burgess was originally Burge; Nickerson was spelled Nicarson; Noyes, Nye, and Ney are the same; Sayre became in some instances Sears, and Hoxie comes, it seems, from Hawkseye. The early settlers appear to have been a substantial stock, for their names have not died out in the land which they occupied, and their descendants are found all over the world as well as on the Cape. But the railroad, as it is likely to change the old customs and break in on the simple life of the Cape, will also bring in new names and

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NANTUCKET, FROM THE SEA.

new people. The decaying windmill, and the summer hotel—with its back to the sea usually, so as to shut out the best view—already tell the story of change. But the sea-side lounger at Oak Grove, on the Vineyard, may yet spend some interesting days in a ramble over the old Cape, keeping, if he is wise, as far away from the railroad as possible. This means that he should skirt the south shore, or back of the Cape, as it is called. Harwichport, which has a neat summer hotel, Chatham, and Nauset are all points of interest for a pleasure-seeker who likes to get off the beaten paths, and has an eye for a quaint country and a peculiarly American people.

If the fashion of sea-side summer resorts continue, it will not be long before the shores of Buzzard's Bay will be dotted with finely built towns, crowded during the hot months, and deserted in winter. Very few places on any coast present so many favorable and beautiful locations for such summer towns as the region which is washed by Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay. There are dozens of town sites on this variously indented shore-line, all picturesque and easily accessible; and the rapid growth and popularity of Oak Bluff make it probable that in turn other villages like it will dot the shore for many miles around. Martha's Vineyard has already a little railroad—who shall say that the Elizabeth Islands will not some day have a ferry-boat running to Penikese, Cuttyhunk, or even to No Man's Land?

Even in Nantucket they are laying out sea-side resorts, and that island may yet, with the help of summer visitors, regain somewhat of its former wealth.

Nantucket has had singular vicissitudes. Before the Revolution its inhabitants were prosperous. During that struggle they sometimes suffered for the want of food. When peace was restored they began life anew, and were once more prosperous and rapidly becoming wealthy, when the war of 1812 came and inflicted ruinous losses upon them, besides almost bringing them to starvation point. After the second peace they largely extended their whale-fishery, and became very wealthy, but the gradual extinction of the whaling business brought ruin to many pleasant homes, and inflicted a fatal blow on the prosperity of the island, which has not now a single whale-ship afloat.

Nantucket was bought from the agent of the Earl of Stirling, together with Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands, in 1641, by Thomas Mayhew and his son. Mayhew in 1659 sold the island of Nantucket, except a part reserved to himself, to nine men, for thirty pounds and two beaver hats, one for himself and one for his wife. He styled himself then "of Marther's Vineyard." The purchasers united to buy also the Indian title, which they accomplished in 1664. The ten proprietors in the mean time found it expedient to encourage immigration from the main-land, and agreed that each should take a partner, and in course of time seven others came over, and were assigned shares, so that the island was eventually divided among twenty-seven share-holders, who occupied in common all such land as they did not choose to sell off. Among these was Peter Folger, the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, who received a half share of land in consideration of serving as miller, weaver, and interpreter, as well as land-surveyor. He came to Nantucket about 1663. Obed Macy, who wrote his *History of Nantucket* in 1834, remarks, "These twenty-seven shares include the whole island, except the place called Quaise, which Thomas Mayhew reserved to himself;" and he gives the following as the plan of the proprietors for improving their island: "It was agreed that the privilege of stocking to each share should be limited to the amount of land cleared, and that each proprietor stock his own [he means

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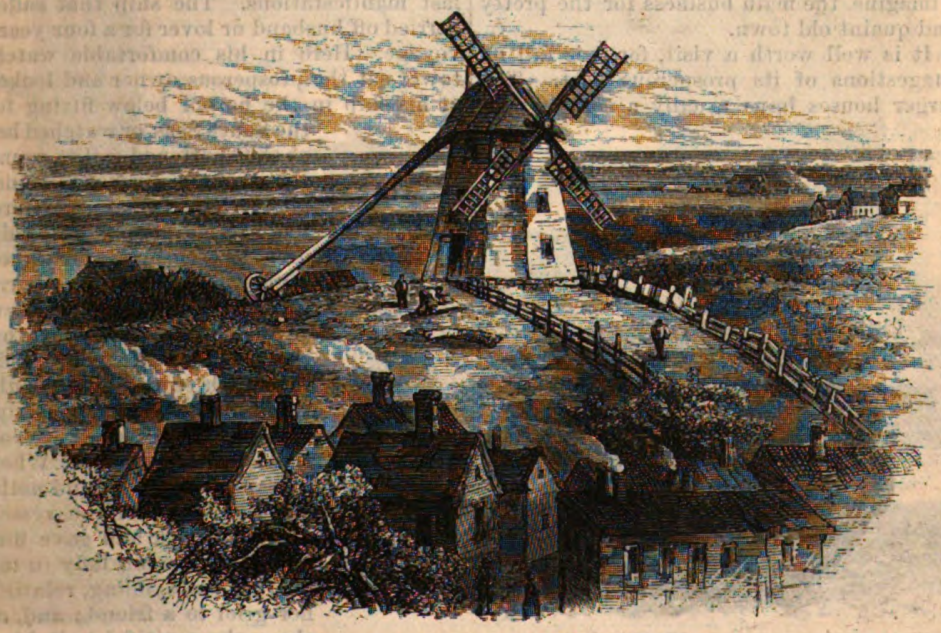
should furnish his own stock] at his own election, allowing eight sheep to be equal to one neat beast, and two neat beasts to one horse. As the land became more cleared, the privilege of stocking was extended to each share until it amounted to 720 sheep, or other stock in the proportion above stated. Thus the stocking privilege of the proprietors collectively amounts to twenty-seven times 720, or 19,440 sheep, or 2430 neat beasts, or 1215 horses, or to a part of each, according to the interest or convenience of each proprietor. At the same time, and from year to year, a certain tract was fenced off from the stock and appropriated to a general corn field, which was laid out into twenty-seven shares."

This singular plan of "improvement" was followed for nearly two hundred years, and until the general corn field, which it was to no particular person's interest to manure, ceased to yield a crop, and most of the soil blew into the ocean. As to the common pasture, fortunately for the proprietors and the sheep, it finally included only about eleven thousand acres, on which, when Macy wrote, eight or ten thousand sheep subsisted, with little care and probably small profit to their associated owners. Macy relates, with a quaint gravity: "The island being owned and improved in common, the sheep have not had that attention in the winter which it is the general practice of farmers in the country to give to them. They are suffered to run at large throughout the year, exposed in winter to the bleak winds and cold storms, with no place of shelter provided for them. The forest has disappeared, and the greatest part of the island is left a naked plain, where the gale meets with no obstruction and animals find no refuge. It sometimes happens that many sheep are covered in heavy falls of snow, and perish before relief can be afforded, though a large number of men are employed to release them. This mode of keeping sheep may to some appear wrong and even cruel; but it may be observed that the proprietors have always been in that practice, and by long custom have become so reconciled to the measure that the thought of doing wrong has almost become extinct."

After Macy wrote, the sheep, constantly becoming more numerous, invaded the town and seized upon the gardens and grass-plots of the citizens, and one still sees in Nantucket very high fences, built to guard flower-plots and lawns from these predatory sheep. This nuisance became so intolerable that after much argument the "proprietors" finally, in 1848, decided that no more stock should be allowed to run at large on the unenclosed grounds. The "sheep question," as it was called, raised bitter dissensions among the people before it was finally settled. Unfortunately, overstocking the land destroyed the timber with which it was originally covered; and though some attempts at planting have been made, here, as on Cape Cod, they do not succeed well. Consequently fuel has now to be imported into Nantucket as they bring clay to Provincetown.

Nantucket town is well laid out, and gives evidences of former wealth in a large number of fine and some stately residences. It is even yet a very well kept place; but the inhabitants will tell you that its glory has departed. The island contained about 9000



VIEW ON SOUTH SHORE OF NANTUCKET.

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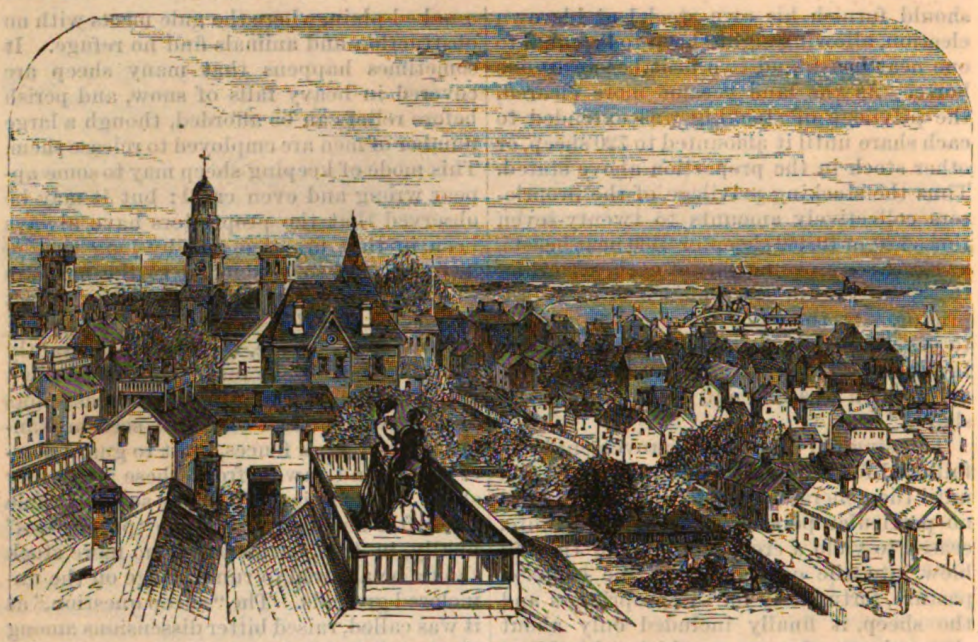
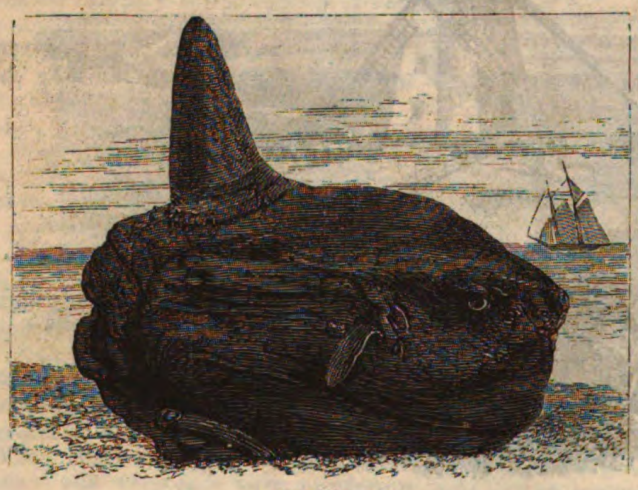


A BIT OF NANTUCKET.

people in 1840, 6000 in 1860, and only 4123 in 1870. There are still a number of families who live quietly on the fortunes, large or small, accumulated in former days, but a great many have removed, and sometimes they have taken their houses with them. One house was thus carried from the island, and now stands in a village on the Hudson River. The young people are forced to go to the main-land to earn a living; the soil is not very productive; even the cod-fish are scarce now, a cheery old fisherman at Siasconset told me; and summer visitors make, I imagine, the main business for the pretty and quaint old town.

It is well worth a visit, for it is full of suggestions of its prosperous past. The larger houses have usually a sort of convenient crow's-nest on their roofs, where chairs and comfortable benches are placed, and sometimes stanchions to support a summer awning, and from which the owners no doubt formerly watched the departure or welcomed the return of the whale-ships. They are empty now, and there is something pathetic about this relic of an old custom. For one can not help thinking, as he looks up at these deserted places which greet you in every street, of the joy of return and the too quickly succeeding agony of the parting, which here had their first and last manifestations. The ship that sailed carried off husband or lover for a four years' voyage. Here in his comfortable watch-tower sat the prosperous owner and looked at his ship in the harbor below fitting for the South Seas, or watched her as she shortened sail to round the Point homeward-bound, and perhaps full of oil. Here, too, sat mothers, wives, children, sweethearts, and waved eager welcome to the returning ship; and here, after a few joyous but anxious months, they assembled again, this time with tears, and I should think a dolor beyond description, to get the last glimpse of those dearest to them. "When a year had gone by and nothing was heard of the vessel, I put on black and gave him up," said a young lady in my hearing one evening, relating her grief to a friend; and, as she spoke, a pitiful twitching



SUN-FISH.

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of her face showed that the bitterness of her sorrow had not yet passed away. It was her brother she had lost—it might have been her lover; but in either case how torturing and wearing the long-drawn anxiety, the hoping against reason, the contending with the saddest certainty!

It was in the autumn that I saw Nantucket, and I can not tell what it was that gave the town, to me, a tropical air. Perhaps it was the summery out-door possibilities of the crow's-nests; but it was to me as though the old South Sea men had brought back with them along with their oil something of the atmosphere of the Pacific isles: not their luxuriance, but their loveliness, that quality which Charles Warren Stoddard has so well brought out in his fine verses on the cocoa-tree:

"Cast on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me;
Onward I drifted, till a coral tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

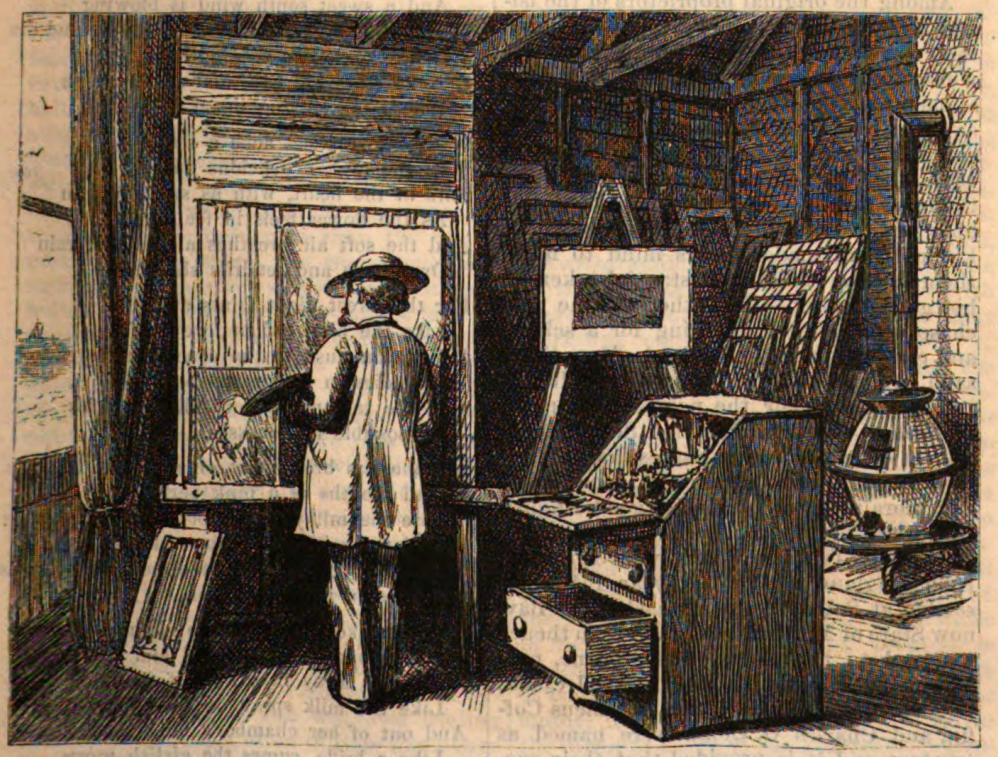
"The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case.
Widowed within this solitary place,
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit:
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

"No more I heed the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibres stiffen and grow dumb,
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come."

"Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come"—that is the meaning of the crow's-nests which so pathetically surmount the roofs at Nantucket, and with a mute eloquence tell of departed prosperity. It was a Cape Cod man, Ichabod Paddock, who in 1690 was engaged by "the proprietors" to come over and teach the people how to kill whales and try them out; and it seems a pity that another Cape man could not show them some new way to wealth.

Boating, fishing, and comfortable living among a pleasant population and in a very pleasant old town are the amusements of Nantucket. There are also some drives: to Siasconset, which is a fishing village; to Sancaty Head, where stands a light-house; or to the south shore, where the surf runs high—none of the three overlong or tedious. Of late auctions have furnished recreation also to summer visitors, where they purchased curious old furniture, old china, old table gear; and I was even offered a magnificent brass warming-pan. There is also a public library, an interesting museum, and very pleasant, intelligent society. Eastman Johnson, the artist, has a studio here.

The islanders have always been remarkably peaceful. No doubt the Quaker influence has helped toward this. Even the Indians felt and submitted to this power. At present Nantucket has not a lawyer in its population. If a case is to be tried before the court, lawyers are brought over from



EASTMAN JOHNSON'S STUDIO, NANTUCKET.

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HOMES OF FISHERMEN, SIASCONSET.

the main-land. Whether there is a jail or not, I forgot to ask; there was one some years ago, and there is an old story that in the days when stock still roamed at large, a poor fellow in this lock-up complained bitterly that he could not sleep of nights, because the sheep came into his cell and trampled on him.

Among the original proprietors of the island were Tristram and Peter Coffin; and their descendants became a numerous race, whose fame as expert whalemen and good seamen rests on other grounds besides Cooper's fine character of Long Tom Coffin. A singular circumstance befell the island in 1826, when the British Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin visited it. He found that a considerable part of the population were his remote kindred, and made up his mind to leave them and the island a substantial token of his good feeling. He authorized the purchase of a suitable building for a school, and endowed this with a fund of two thousand five hundred pounds sterling. It was incorporated under the name of "Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin's Lancastrian School," and the act of incorporation recites that its purpose is to "promote decency, good order, and morality, and to give a good English education to youth who are descendants of the late Tristram Coffin (who emigrated from England about the year 1641, first settled at Salisbury, in Massachusetts Bay, now State of Massachusetts, and from thence removed to the town of Sherburne, now Nantucket)." William Coffin, Ariel Coffin, Gorham Coffin, Jared Coffin, Thaddeus Coffin, and Charles G. Coffin were named as trustees, and it is provided that their successors must always be descendants of Tristram Coffin. The school still flourishes, and is one of the notabilities of the town.

A FLORIDA DAWN.

By WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

The moon is low in the sky,
And a sweet south wind is blowing
Where the bergamot blossoms breathe and die
In the orchard's scented snowing;
But the stars are few, and scattered lie
Where the sinking moon is going.

With a love-sweet ache a strain
Of the night's delicious fluting
Stirs in the heart, with as sweet a pain
As the flower feels in fruiting,
And the soft air breathes a breath of rain
Over buds and tendrils shooting.

For the sweet night faints and dies,
Like the blush when love confesses
Its passion dusk to the cheeks and eyes
And dies in its sweet distresses,
And the radiant mystery fills the skies
Of possible happinesses,

Till the sun breaks out on sheaves
And mouths of a pink perfume,
Where the milky bergamot slakes its leaves;
And the rainbow's ribbon bloom,
Of the soft gray mist of the morning, weaves
A rose in the rose's loom.

The fog, like a great white cloth,
Draws out of the orchard and corn,
And melts away in a film of froth
Like the milk spray on the thorn;
And out of her chamber's blush and loath,
Like a bride, comes the girlish morn.

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THE STONE AGE IN EUROPE.

By CHARLES RAU.

REPRESENTATION OF A MAMMOTH ON A PLATE OF IVORY (REDUCED).—FROM LA MADELAINE.

III.—THE TROGLODYTES.

THERE are two valleys in France which have become localities of particular interest—we might almost say classical ground—to the student of prehistoric archæology. One of them, the Somme Valley, has been brought to the reader's notice in a previous paper; and we now invite him to follow us to the valley of the Vézère, an affluent of the river Dordogne, which drains a portion of Southwestern France known under the name of Aquitania in ancient times. The valley of the Vézère is very rich in caves, which occur in the picturesque formations of cretaceous limestone bordering the meandrous river, and form a peculiar feature in its beautiful scenery. These caves, however, are not always such large halls and galleries as we have described in a former article, but in some cases mere hollows, or "rock-shelters" (*abris* in French), owing their origin to the disintegration of soft strata which offered less resistance to atmospheric influences than the harder rocks covering them. In times long past rude tribes of hunters and fishers used these hollowed rocks as dwelling-places, leaving there abundant tokens of their occupancy, which enable us to gain a pretty distinct view of their mode of life. Indeed, though their very existence was unknown to us not many years ago, we are now in some respects better acquainted with them than with certain nations of antiquity whose names are inscribed on the pages of history. Yet it was not prehistoric man alone who sought the shelter of these caves. "As civilization advanced," says Sir John Lubbock, "man, no longer content with the natural but inconvenient abode thus offered to him, excavated chambers for himself, and in places the whole face of the rock is honeycombed with doors and windows leading into suits of rooms, often in tiers one above another, so as to suggest the idea of a French Petra. In the troublous times of the Middle Ages many of these no doubt served as very efficient fortifications, and even now some of them are still in use as store-houses and for other purposes. At Brantôme I saw an old chapel which had been cut in the solid rock, and resembled the descriptions given of the celebrated rock-cut temples in India."

The archæological celebrity of the valley of the Vézère is owing to a group of caves and hollows situated on both sides of the river, at short distances from each other, and all embraced in the Department of the Dordogne. They were conjointly explored by M. Edward Lartet, the distinguished French archæologist mentioned in a previous article, and Mr. Henry Christy, an English gentleman of wealth and great scientific acquirements. This remarkable partnership of French and English intelligence and industry resulted in the publication of the *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*, a comprehensive and richly illustrated work, which, notwithstanding its Latin title, is written in the English language. We state with regret that both authors died before their work was completed.

The caves and rock-shelters forming the group chiefly treated in the work just mentioned are *Le Moustier*, *La Madelaine*, *Laugerie Haute*, *Laugerie Basse*, *Gorge d'Enfer*, *Les Eyzies*, and *Cro-Magnon*. In prehistoric times those localities, or "stations," as they are called, undoubtedly were inhabited by man for a very long period, during which the fauna underwent noticeable changes, at least in regard to the numerical proportion of the then existing species of animals, while in the same epoch a decided progress is traceable in the mechanical acquirements of man. So much can be inferred from the animal remains and works of art found in the different caves of the Vézère. Develop-

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ments of such character are not the result of a few centuries, and hence a far greater length of time must be allowed for their realization. The people of whom we are about to treat have been called *cave-men*, or *troglodytes*, because they selected caves as their abodes whenever they could avail themselves of such natural retreats. Yet it must not be inferred that the population of a whole district was lodged in this manner, considering that caves afforded room only to a limited number of persons, while others not thus favored doubtless lived in rude dwellings of their own construction, the traces of which, of course, have now totally disappeared. The rock-shelters, perhaps, formed in some cases the roofs under which huts were built. Generally speaking, the deposits in the caves under notice consist of broken bones, pebbles, and articles of flint, horn, and bone, intermingled with charcoal in fragments and dust, the whole often being cemented together, and forming a kind of tufa. These accumulations sometimes extend to a depth of eight or ten feet and a length of sixty or seventy feet. The cave-people of the Vézère district were more advanced and lived at a later period than the men whose implements are found in the gravel beds of the Somme. These conclusions have been drawn from the fauna of the caves, and from the greater skill displayed by the cave-dwellers in the manufacture of their implements of war and peace. At the time when these caves served as the abodes of hunting tribes the mammoth, cave-hyena, cave-lion, cave-bear, gigantic Irish deer, and others had not yet become extinct, but had apparently much decreased in number, while the reindeer, which inhabits in our time the northernmost portions of Europe, was prevailing, for which reason this epoch has been styled the *Reindeer Period* by archæologists.* Together with the reindeer, as common in the time of its preponderance, must be mentioned the horse, aurochs, ibex, and chamois, the last two of which have now left the lowlands and sought refuge in the more congenial temperature of Alpine heights. Remains of the mammoth and of the other extinct quadrupeds, with which the reader has been made acquainted in the preceding articles, are of very rare occurrence in these caves. Plates of the molar teeth of the mammoth were found at various stations, and worked ivory at Les Eyzies and La Madelaine. A portion of a mammoth's pelvis was discovered at Laugerie Basse, and the stump of a tusk of this huge quadruped in the cave of Cro-Magnon. As paleontological peculiarities special to a single locality, Lartet and Christy mention: in the Moustier cave, the half of a lower jaw of a hyena; at Les Eyzies, a metacarpal of a large feline (probably *Felis spelæa*), bearing the marks of scraping, such as are found on the bones of the herbivores eaten by the cave-people; at Laugerie Haute, two molars of the gigantic Irish deer; and at Laugerie Basse, the phalanges of a great bear, marked with notches made by a cutting instrument. The scarcity of remains of extinct animals would render it doubtful, indeed, whether the cave-dwellers of the Vézère co-existed with them, if there were no other evidences, yet to be brought forward, which settle that point in a conclusive manner.

The animals most frequently hunted by the troglodytes, and furnishing their principal food, were the reindeer and the horse, the first-named quadruped being of additional value to them on account of its antlers, which they worked very skillfully into implements of various descriptions. It appears, however, that they fed on every kind of animal they could obtain by force or cunning, not excepting carnivores, such as wolves and foxes. Remains of the stag are said to be rare, and still rarer those of the wild boar. Bones of birds and fishes, more especially of the salmon species, occur abundantly at some stations. It does not appear that these people kept any domesticated animals: neither the reindeer nor the horse seems to have been tamed by them, though there is some difference of opinion on that point. They had no sheep, goats, or cattle, and there were no dogs to protect the cave-men's rude dwellings, or to share with them the excitement of the chase. The absence of the dog, in particular, may be inferred from the appearance of the bones occurring in the cave refuse; for this animal, according to the experiences of Professor Steenstrup, eats only the soft, spongy parts of bones, especially of bird bones, leaving the remainder uninjured. No bones mutilated in this manner have been found in the caves under notice, which fact furnishes additional evidence that the cave-people kept no tamed dogs. To Professor Vogt the absence of the dog is suggestive of the non-domestication of the reindeer, which, he thinks, can not be subdued by man and properly guarded without the assistance of that animal.

The caves were the banqueting halls of their inhabitants, and here the refuse of the meals accumulated, which now affords us the means of studying the bill of fare. The backbones of large quadrupeds, such as the horse and the ox, are not found in the caves, probably because these animals, being too heavy for transportation, were dismembered on the spot where they had been slain for the purpose of carrying the extremities with their fleshy parts, together with the heads, separately to the rock-dwellings. This pro-

* This term is not generally adopted, but we retain it for the sake of classification.

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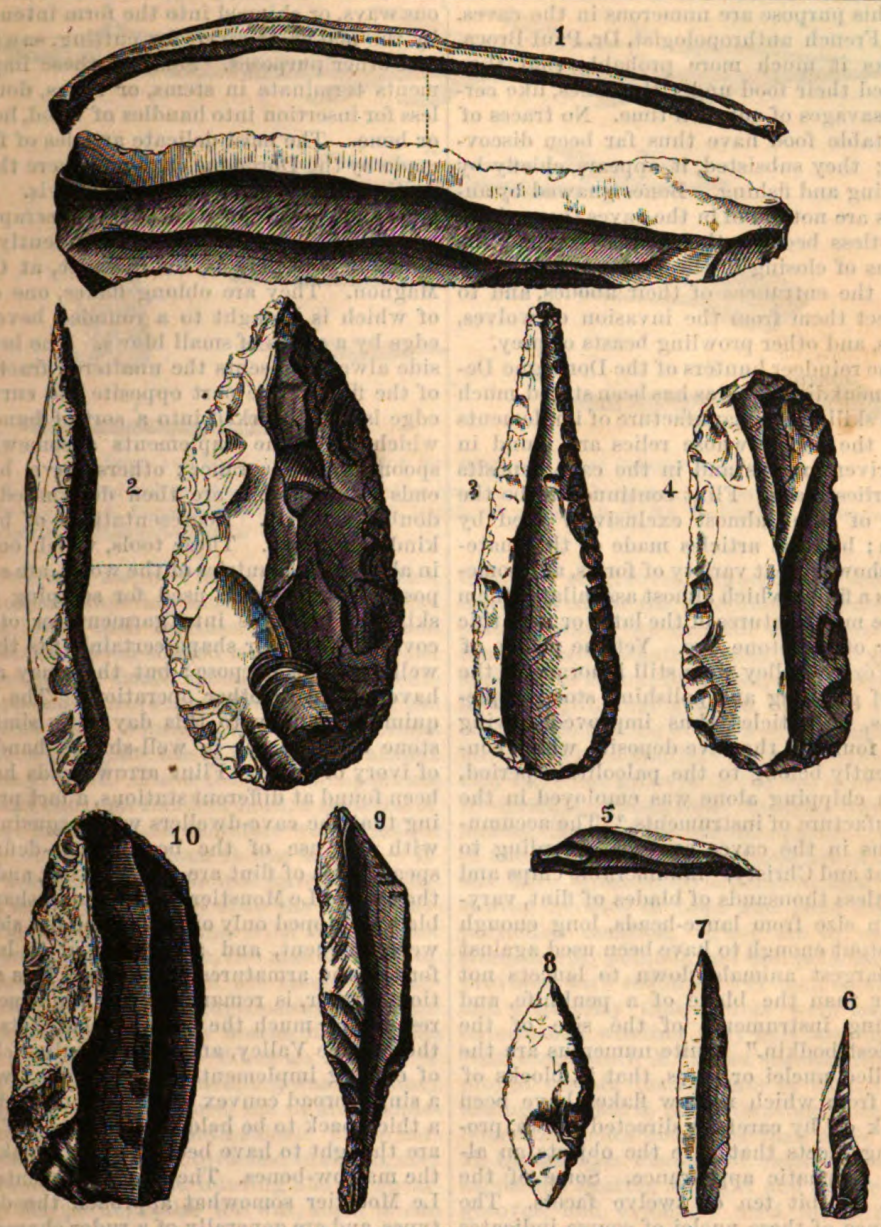

FLINT IMPLEMENTS FROM THE DORDOGNE CAVES (HALF SIZE).

1. Flake (Gorge d'Enfer). 2. Almond-shaped blade (Le Moustier). 3, 4. Scrapers (Cro-Magnon). 5, 9. Knife-shaped implements (Laugerie Basse and Les Eyzies). 6, 7. Piercing implements (Laugerie Basse). 8. Arrow-head (Laugerie Haute). 10. Nucleus, or core (Les Eyzies).

cedure was dispensed with when the game consisted of a reindeer or other less bulky quadruped. Such animals were brought home entire, as shown by the frequent occurrence of their complete skeletons in the refuse of the caves. Like other savages, the troglodytes used to break the bones and heads of the animals they had killed, in order to obtain the marrow and brain.* Though charcoal abounds in the caves, as we have stated, the bones generally show no marks of roasting—a circumstance rather puzzling to those who have speculated on the cavemen's method of cooking. Having no vessels of clay, it has been thought, they used to cook their meat in wooden troughs filled with water, which they brought to the boiling-point by means of heated stones thrown into it.* Pebbles that might have served

* The Prairie Indians, after a buffalo hunt, skillfully open the large bones of these animals and extract the marrow, which they deem a great delicacy. They use the brain of the buffalo, elk, deer, etc., as a softening material in the preparation of skins.

* This practice prevailed among several North American tribes who were unacquainted with the manufacture of pottery. The Assiniboins, for instance, cooked their game in its own hide. Having taken off the skin,

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for this purpose are numerous in the caves. The French anthropologist, Dr. Paul Broca, thinks it much more probable that they cooked their food under the ashes, like certain savages of our own time. No traces of vegetable food have thus far been discovered; they subsisted, it appears, chiefly by hunting and fishing. Bones gnawed by animals are not found in the caves themselves, doubtless because the troglodytes had the means of closing in the night, or while absent, the entrances of their abodes, and to protect them from the invasion of wolves, foxes, and other prowling beasts of prey.

The reindeer hunters of the Dordogne Department displayed, as has been stated, much more skill in the manufacture of implements than the people whose relics are found in the river gravels and in the cave deposits of earliest date. Flint continued to be the kind of stone almost exclusively used by them; but the articles made of this material show a great variety of forms, and sometimes a finish which almost assimilates them to the manufactures of the later or neolithic phase of the Stone Age. Yet the people of the Vézère Valley were still ignorant of the art of grinding and polishing stone implements, no articles thus improved having been found in the cave deposits, which consequently belong to the paleolithic period, when chipping alone was employed in the manufacture of instruments.* The accumulations in the caves contain, according to Lartet and Christy, "innumerable chips and countless thousands of blades of flint, varying in size from lance-heads, long enough and stout enough to have been used against the largest animals, down to lancets not larger than the blade of a penknife, and piercing instruments of the size of the smallest bodkin." Quite numerous are the so-called nuclei or cores, that is, blocks of flint from which narrow flakes have been struck off by carefully directed blows, producing facets that give the objects an almost prismatic appearance. Some of the cores exhibit ten or twelve facets. The presence of these nuclei of course indicates that flint implements were made in the caves. The flakes detached from these blocks are usually somewhat curved, owing to the peculiar fracture of flint, and sharp on both sides. They were either left in their original state, and employed in various ways, or chipped into the form intended by the maker, to serve for cutting, sawing, and other purposes. Some of these implements terminate in stems, or tangs, doubtless for insertion into handles of wood, horn, or bone. The most delicate articles of flint made by the Dordogne cave-men were those destined to serve as piercers or awls. We must not omit to mention the scrapers, which have occurred quite frequently at different stations; as, for instance, at Cro-Magnon. They are oblong flakes, one end of which is brought to a rounded beveled edge by a series of small blows. The lower side always presents the unaltered fracture of the flint. The part opposite the curved edge is often worked into a sort of handle, which gives the implements a somewhat spoon-like appearance; others have both ends rounded, and are then designated as double scrapers. Representations of both kinds are given. These tools, which occur in almost all countries of the world, are supposed to have been used for scraping the skins to be made into garments or other coverings. Their shape certainly fits them well for that purpose; but they may also have served in other operations. The Esquimaux employ to this day quite similar stone scrapers, set in well-shaped handles of ivory or wood. Flint arrow-heads have been found at different stations, a fact proving that the cave-dwellers were acquainted with the use of the bow. Well-defined spear-heads of flint are not wanting, and at the cave of Le Moustier large almond-shaped blades, chipped only on one of the flat sides, were frequent, and are supposed to have formed the armatures of spears. This station, further, is remarkable for implements resembling much the so-called hatchets of the Somme Valley, and for a peculiar class of cutting implements or "choppers," with a single broad convex edge, and adapted by a thick back to be held in the hand. They are thought to have been used for breaking the marrow-bones. The flint implements of Le Moustier somewhat approach the drift types, and are generally of a ruder character than the chipped articles found at the other stations, which fact, in connection with various other circumstances, renders it almost certain that this cave was inhabited by man at a much earlier epoch than any other of the group under notice. Round stones, much battered, are frequent in the rock-dwellings, and represent the hammers of the troglodytes. A pebble of suitable size and weight was the primitive hammer of man in all parts of the world.

The implements of horn and bone, which evince still greater skill and patient labor than the flint tools just described, were likewise manufactured in the caves, many unfinished articles of this class having been discovered in the rubbish. Among such rel-

they pressed it down into a hole dug for the purpose, thus forming a receptacle that would hold water. In this most primitive kettle they boiled the meat by immersing red-hot stones. Among the Scotch Highlanders, even in the time of Bruce, the raw hide of an animal, stretched on four sticks, was used to form the bag in which the flesh was seethed. They employed also wooden vessels, hollowed by the dirk, for the purpose of heating water by means of hot pebbles thrown into it.

* In some caves, however, pebbles with shallow cavities produced by grinding have been found. They will be described hereafter.

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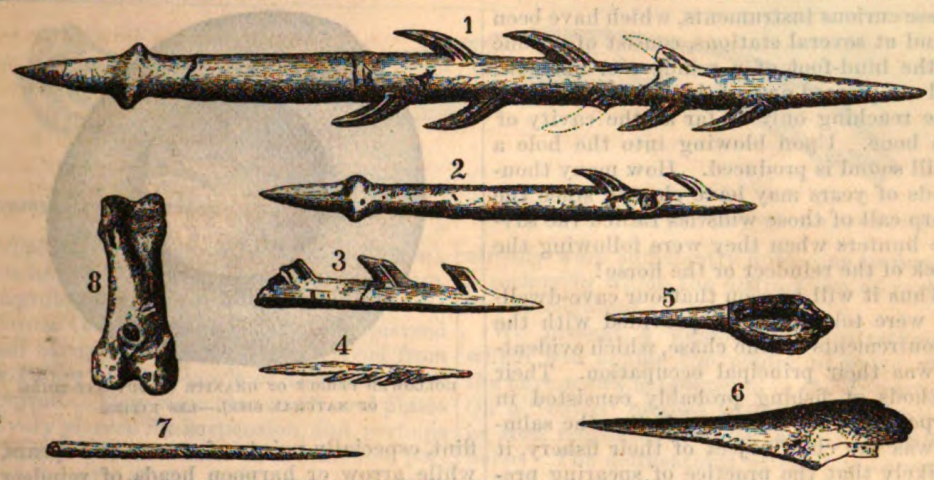

HORN AND BONE IMPLEMENTS FROM THE DORDOGNE CAVES (NEARLY HALF SIZE).

1, 2, 3, 4. Barbed points of reindeer horn, used as heads of lances, harpoons, and perhaps of arrows (La Madelaine). 5, 6. Bone awls (Cro-Magnon). 7. Needle of reindeer horn (La Madelaine). 8. Whistle of reindeer bone (Laugerie Basse).

ics we will mention chisels, awls, needles, round and tapering lance-heads (with beveled lower ends for insertion into wooden shafts), harpoon-shaped lance-heads, barbed arrow-heads, small spoon-like instruments (supposed to have served for extracting the marrow from bones), whistles, and various other objects, the use of which is not always quite evident. These tools and weapons are mostly cut from reindeer horn, a material of great hardness, and therefore well fitted for the purposes to which it was applied. Illustrations of the principal forms are given. We would particularly draw the reader's attention to the armatures with barbs either on one side or on both, the manufacture of which must have been the result of long-continued painful labor, considering the inadequate flint tools by means of which the work was executed. What an amount of sawing, cutting, and scraping was necessary to produce, for instance, the figured implement with barbs on both sides! These harpoon-like armatures, attached to shafts, may have served both for hunting and for spearing fish, perhaps also for war, since it can not be supposed that the troglodytes lived always in harmony. Near the tapering lower end of the barbed weapons will be noticed little eminences or knobs, perhaps to aid in fixing the implement in the shaft; it appears probable, too, that the knobs served for the attachment of a line which was connected with the shaft, the whole forming a harpoon with a loosely fastened head. When the fish was struck, the head became detached from the pole, which, being connected with the head by the line, served now as a float to indicate where the fish went. Harpoons of this description are still in use among the Esquimaux and several fishing tribes of our Northwest Coast. The barbs, it will further be seen, are provided with incisions or grooves, supposed by some to have served for the reception of poison, an opinion which we can not share, knowing that the arrow-shafts of many Indian tribes, such as the Sioux, Blackfeet, and others, exhibit longitudinal grooves, intended to facilitate the flowing of the wounded animal's blood. With a similar view the troglodytes may have cut grooves in the barbs of their weapons, if, indeed, these incisions were not merely designed for ornamentation. Some of the barbed armatures which are of small size have been classed as arrow-heads. The sewing needles of horn and bone deserve particular mention. They are of various sizes, sharply pointed, and well polished, and provided with round eyes of such smallness and regularity that doubts were at first entertained whether they had been drilled with stone, until M. Lartet successfully employed certain instruments of flint, found among the *débris*, in perforating horn and bone with holes not larger than those eyes. M. Lartet also discovered small pieces of sandstone bearing straight and rather deep grooves, and evidently used for grinding those needles into shape. Needles of bone or walrus ivory, almost identical with those under notice, were formerly in common use among the Esquimaux, who made their thread from the tendons of the wild reindeer. The discovery of these needles in the cave deposits is in so far of interest as the fact is thereby established that the troglodytes were sufficiently advanced to practice the simple art of sewing, and perhaps that of dressing the skins employed in the manufacture of garments which they had to wear on account of the then still reigning low temperature.

Characteristic relics of these hunters are the whistles with which they gave each other signals when in the pursuit of the chase.

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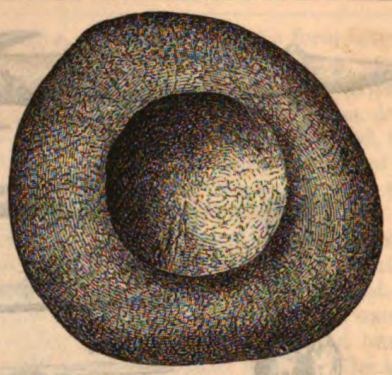
These curious instruments, which have been found at several stations, consist of a bone of the hind-foot of a reindeer or chamois, and are pierced on one side with an oblique hole reaching only as far as the cavity of the bone. Upon blowing into the hole a shrill sound is produced. How many thousands of years may have elapsed since the sharp call of those whistles rallied the savage hunters when they were following the track of the reindeer or the horse!

Thus it will be seen that our cave-dwellers were tolerably well provided with the accoutrements for the chase, which evidently was their principal occupation. Their methods of fishing probably consisted in harpooning and shooting; but as the salmon was the chief object of their fishery, it is likely that the practice of spearing prevailed. At the time of the troglodytes the salmon came up from the sea as far as the Vézère, where it is now no longer to be found, owing to obstructions in the Dordogne below the confluence of the two rivers. Fishing with nets is not believed to have been in use among the ancient people of this district, and it is doubtful whether they had boats. The river, says Dr. Broca, was then sufficiently narrow to allow the use of the harpoon from its banks.

The contents of the rock-dwellings, it must be understood, exhibit no uniformity in the products of human industry, having been inhabited by the hunters for a very long period, during which they improved perceptibly in the mechanical arts. In the Moustier cave, the first that served as an abode of man, as we have stated, somewhat rude flint implements abounded, while articles of bone or reindeer horn were totally wanting. Remains of the reindeer were less numerous in this cave than those of the horse and the aurochs. The reindeer consequently was not yet as frequent during its occupation as it afterward became in the valley of the Vézère. The station of Laugerie Haute has yielded superior articles of



HOLLOWED PEBBLE OF GRANITE (ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF NATURAL SIZE).—LES EYZIES.

flint, especially points of arrows and spears, while arrow or harpoon heads of reindeer horn were exceedingly scarce. The latter, again, have abundantly occurred at Laugerie Basse, La Madelaine, and Les Eyzies, supplanting to a great extent the articles of flint.

But we must return to the cave-dwellers. There is evidence that they were not insensible to the charms of personal decoration. They probably painted themselves, in the fashion of still existing savage tribes, with red color which they scraped off from pieces of soft red hematite. Such pieces, with the marks of scraping, have been found in the caves; also pebbles of granite and other stone, more or less hollowed on one side by grinding, which may have served for rubbing paint. It has been suggested that these hollowed stones were mortars, in which the cave-men bruised grain, but they are almost too small to have been designed for that use. It remains doubtful whether the cave-men, as has been suggested, practiced tattooing. Some of their engravings on reindeer horn, of which more will be said presently, represent the human hand and fore-arm, the latter being marked with regular designs, which have been thought to indicate tattooing, though they may be just as well referable to a part of the dress, or, what appears to us most probable, to some covering for guarding the left wrist and fore-arm against the severe rebound of the bowstring, similar contrivances being in vogue among the aboriginal archers of this country.

ORNAMENTS FROM THE DORDOGNE CAVES (NEARLY HALF SIZE).

1. Oval plate of ivory, with holes for suspension (Cro-Magnon). 2. Perforated tooth of a wolf (La Madelaine). 3. Pierced recent marine shells (Cro-Magnon). 4. Pierced fossil marine shell (La Madelaine).

The troglodytes employed for ornamental purposes shells, which they pierced with holes, in order to string them together. In the cave of Cro-Magnon were found about three hun-

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REPRESENTATIONS OF FISHES AND A HORSE ON A BATON OF REINDEER HORN (LENGTH, ONE FOOT).—LA MADELAINE.

dred pierced shells (mostly *Littorina littorea*), all belonging to still existing marine species, and probably obtained from the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. At other stations pierced fossil marine shells, doubtless derived from the *Faluns* or shell-marls of Touraine, have occurred. They wore also small oval plates of ivory pierced for suspension, and, perhaps as trophies of the chase or as amulets, perforated teeth of the wolf, urus, ibex, reindeer, horse, and other animals.

Having given a brief account of the cavemen's industrial acquirements, we will now proceed to say something concerning their progress in *art;* for, strange as it appears, these people evinced, notwithstanding their otherwise low condition, a decided taste for drawing and even for carving. Their delineations, traced with a pointed flint on horn, bone, ivory, or slate, consist occasionally in geometrical figures composed of parallel lines, rows of dots, lozenges, etc., but mostly in outlines of fishes or of quadrupeds, such as the horse, reindeer, stag, ibex, aurochs, mammoth, and others. These animals appear either single or in groups, and often exhibit their characteristic features in a degree to render them recognizable almost at the first glance. Sometimes, however, the drawings resemble the first awkward attempts of children at representing animals, in which cases, of course, it remains doubtful what creature the primitive artist intended to delineate, whether an ox, a horse, a reindeer, or some other quadruped. Such representations have chiefly been found at the stations of Les Eyzies, Laugerie Basse, and La Madelaine. The figures of animals are often traced on the stems or beams of reindeer antlers, which are in such cases carefully worked, and pierced at the broader extremity with round holes, varying in number from one to four. These remarkable objects can not have served as weapons, being too light for such an application; yet their frequent occurrence and uniformity of type show that they possessed a conventional significance, and therefore have been regarded as badges of authority or distinction worn by the chiefs or prominent men of the tribe, like the batons which in our day indicate the dignity of a marshal. The number of holes in these decorated reindeer horns is thought to have been proportionate to the position occupied by the wearer. Supposing the given interpretation to be correct, it would follow that the troglodytes already were sufficiently numerous to form a society in which the distinctions of rank were recognized.

We present a number of illustrations which will enable the reader to judge of the cave-men's attainments in the fine arts. On a "baton" pierced with two holes will be seen representations of two fishes and a horse. The delineations of the last-named animal are very numerous, and indicate a stout, large-headed, and short-necked race, similar to that still living in Northern Europe. "Whoever," says Professor Carl Vogt, "has seen Icelandic horses running at large in the island recognizes here instantly their prototype;" and the authors of the *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ* mention the horse as being so frequently represented at the Dordogne stations "as almost to lead one to suppose that the figure of this animal had been adopted as a social or national emblem by the people of this region." We further draw attention to the figure of a squatting (perhaps dying) stag, traced on stag horn, a material very rarely found in the caves, but in this instance significantly selected by the ancient artist. This stag can be distinguished from the reindeer by the shape of its antlers. Another piece of reindeer horn shows on one side two heads of the aurochs, very buffalo-like, and on the other two heads of horses, and a man dragging, as it appears, a large eel behind him. The man's figure is rudely drawn, and not above an inch in length. He is in a state of perfect nudity, and carries a stick on his shoulder. A drawing on reindeer horn from Laugerie Basse (not among our illustrations) represents a tolerably well executed human figure, likewise nude, and in the act of throwing a dart at an aurochs.

Among the carved articles, which are much rarer than the drawings, and generally inferior to the latter, may be mentioned a small dagger of reindeer horn, with a handle carved in the shape of a leaping reindeer, its fore-legs bent along the belly, and the antlers thrown backward and resting on the neck.

But none of the representations afford as much interest as those of the mammoth, of which several were discovered, engraved as well as carved. The most remarkable of them, traced on a plate of ivory, was found among the *débris* of La Madelaine, in presence of M. Lartet, Dr. Falconer, and M. De Verneuil. The drawing in this speci-

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DELINEATIONS ON PIECES OF ANTLER.—LA MADELAINE.

1. Drawing of a fish on reindeer horn (natural size). 2. Representation of a squatting stag on stag horn (natural size). 3. Running reindeer on reindeer horn (about three-fourths of natural size). 4. Piece of reindeer horn, showing on one side two heads of the aurochs, and on the other a human figure, an eel (?), two horse heads, and three rows of marks. The portions which would not be visible, owing to the roundness of the piece of horn, have been drawn beyond its contour. (About three-fourths of natural size.)

men* is natural and bold, and the peculiarities of the mammoth are faithfully depicted. We see here the characteristic frontal formation, the long curved tusks, the pendent trunk, and, above all, the long mane of the neck, which is distinctly indicated by many lines. Such a mane, it will be remembered, still adhered to the carcass of a mammoth found imbedded in ice at the mouth of the river Lena, in Siberia. All doubts must cease in view of such tangible evidence: none but a contemporary of the mammoth was able to trace the animal's likeness on ivory. "If the representation had been merely that of an elephant," says Sir Charles Lyell, "we might have conjectured that some African tribe migrating to the south of France had brought with them a drawing of the animal as it still survives in that country. But the characteristic wavy lines of the long hair of the mammoth allow of no escape from the conclusion that the cave-men saw this animal in life, and that they were sufficiently advanced to make

* See illustration at the beginning of this paper.

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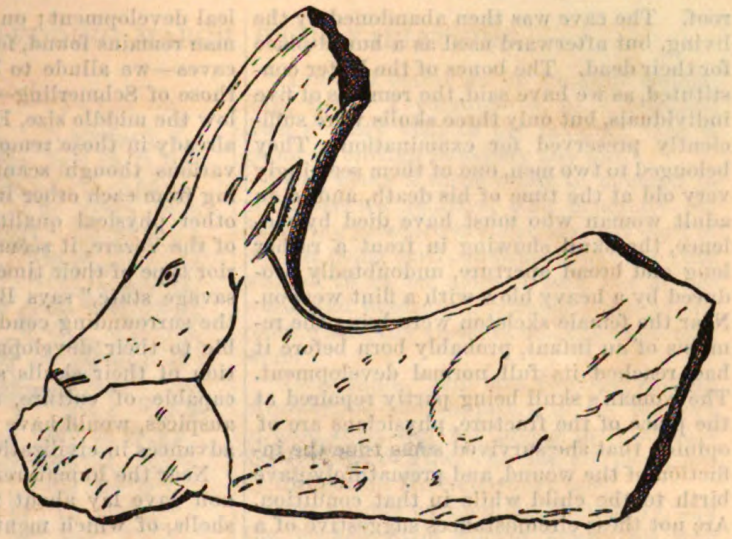
a tolerably faithful sketch of it."

This artistic tendency among a people that occupied in other respects a very low position, and had not even discovered, as it appears, the art of forming vessels of clay, presents, indeed, a perfect anomaly, considering that man in Europe at a much later period of the Stone Age, when he already devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, produced nothing in the line of art that can be compared with the drawings and carvings of those prehistoric people in the south of France. Yet, however praiseworthy their success in primitive industry and art may appear, they certainly can not be commended for their sense of cleanliness. Like the Esquimaux, whom they resembled in many respects, they allowed the offal of animals to accumulate in and near their dwellings—a habit which certainly would have proved injurious to their health if the temperature of Middle Europe had not then been colder than at the present time. They chose, moreover, the sunniest positions for their habitations, and that they were not in the habit of exchanging them for cooler ones in summer is proved by the occurrence of reindeer horns and bones belonging to animals of every age, which consequently were brought to the caves at all seasons of the year. In fact, the mere presence of the reindeer, musk-ox, glutton, chamois, ibex, marmot, and other animals which now either inhabit Northern regions or the cold heights of mountains points to a rigid climate. In one word, Europe was during the reindeer period still affected by those glacial influences to which we have alluded in a former article.



DRAWING OF THE ALPINE IBEX ON REINDEER ANTLER (NATURAL SIZE).—LAUGERIE BASSE.

The cave-dwellers of the Vézère were free from cannibalism—a praise that can not indiscriminately be bestowed upon other savage European tribes belonging to that period, or even to later times. Indeed, human bones split apparently for the extraction of marrow, or roasted, have been discovered in various parts of Europe under circumstances which, to say the least, render it probable that the primitive inhabitants of certain districts indulged in that most repugnant practice. We merely mention the fact, not wishing to swell these pages with details of such unpleasant nature. Yet, according to the statements of Herodotus, Strabo, and other ancient authors, anthropophagy was still practiced in Europe during historical times, and this loathsome habit yet survives among many modern tribes, some of which doubtless enjoy a state of culture superior to that attained by the European of the Stone Age. As for this continent, we will remind the reader of the comparatively civilized Mexicans, among whom human sacrifices and cannibalism were prevailing to a horrible extent at the time when the Spaniards invaded and overthrew their empire. The early works on North America, too, give many instances of cannibalism as practiced by the aborigines of the present United States; yet, strange enough, these facts are either not mentioned at all, or smoothed over by some of the modern authors treating of the former history and the ethnology of this country.

The cave of Cro-Magnon, situated near the village of Les Eyzies, and discovered in 1868 in the course of railroad labors, deserves particular mention, for here were found the remains of four adult human individuals and of a child, undoubtedly referable to the cave-people. This locality has been carefully explored by M. Louis Lartet, son of the distinguished paleontologist, and described by him in the *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*. The contents of the cave formed various layers, containing charcoal, broken and burned bones, worked flint, flint cores, and implements of bone and horn. The layers were separated by accumulations of limestone rubbish and earth. From the character and succession of the deposits it has been argued that the cave was at first merely resorted to at different times by hunters, but afterward used as a habitation, until the accumulated refuse and *débris* gradually raised the floor so as to leave but little room between it and the

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roof. The cave was then abandoned by the living, but afterward used as a burial-place for their dead. The bones of the latter constituted, as we have said, the remains of five individuals, but only three skulls were sufficiently preserved for examination. They belonged to two men, one of them seemingly very old at the time of his death, and to an adult woman who must have died by violence, the skull showing in front a rather long and broad aperture, undoubtedly produced by a heavy blow with a flint weapon. Near the female skeleton were lying the remains of an infant, probably born before it had reached its full normal development. The woman's skull being partly repaired at the place of the fracture, physicians are of opinion that she survived some time the infliction of the wound, and prematurely gave birth to the child while in that condition. Are not these circumstances suggestive of a tragedy that was enacted, with all its ingredients of jealousy and revenge, ages ago among the cave-dwellers of the Dordogne? The fractured female skull is not the only token of a rude mode of life observable on the human remains of Cro-Magnon, one of the thigh-bones of the old man being marked with a hollow, evidently the result of an old wound which he may have received in the chase or in war.

Dr. Paul Broca, of Paris, an authority of the highest order, has minutely examined these human remains, and established the physical characteristics of the cave-people as far as the rather scanty material permitted. The troglodytes of the Vézère were a tall race, surpassing in height the average Frenchmen of our time. The old man measured nearly six feet, and the woman was tall in proportion. These people possessed heavy frames and strong muscles, which have left their traces in the hollows and ridges of the bones. Their elongated skulls, though exhibiting some features characteristic of men who lead the life of savages, were well formed and large, exceeding in capacity the mean of those of existing European nations. The cave-men had broad faces, and, to judge from the development of the maxillary bones, they must have been endowed with extraordinary powers of mastication. Their *tibiæ*, or shin-bones, instead of being triangular in the section, like those of the present Europeans, are flattened, thus approaching the formation of the same bones in the gorilla. The like feature, the reader will remember, was noticed in the first human skeleton discovered by M. Rivière in one of the caves of Mentone, and this peculiarity may ultimately be found to be characteristic of the primeval European in general. Although the men of the Vézère Valley were a tall race, it must not be inferred that all Europeans of that period showed a similar physical development; on the contrary, the human remains found, for instance, in Belgian caves—we allude to later discoveries than those of Schmerling—indicate a people below the middle size, Europe probably being already in those remote times inhabited by various though scanty populations, differing from each other in stature as well as in other physical qualities. The troglodytes of the Vézère, it seems, represented a superior type of their time. "If they were in a savage state," says Broca, "it was because the surrounding conditions were unfavorable to their development. The conformation of their skulls shows that they were capable of culture, and, under favorable auspices, would have made great and rapid advances in civilization."

Near the human remains in the Cro-Magnon cave lay about three hundred marine shells, of which mention was made, a few oval plates of ivory, perforated for suspension, several drilled teeth of animals, worked antlers of the reindeer, chipped flints, and a large block of gneiss, split and presenting a smooth surface. Among the animal remains of the cave may be mentioned those of a huge bear, of the mammoth (stump of a tusk only), cave-lion, wolf, fox, hare, spermophile or pouched marmot, wild boar, reindeer, aurochs, and horse, the last-named animal being more numerous than either the reindeer or the aurochs. The cave of Cro-Magnon, therefore, may be considered as having been resorted to at an earlier period than other stations of the Vézère Valley where the reindeer predominates.

We must now dismiss the troglodytes who once dwelt in the valley of the Vézère; but before doing so we will review their condition of existence in a few words, in order to show in what respects they differed from later and more advanced men of the European Stone Age, of whom we shall speak in succeeding articles.

They subsisted by fishing and hunting, adding, as may be assumed, to their animal food such fruits as were spontaneously offered by nature. They had made no steps toward an agricultural state, and domesticated animals probably were entirely wanting. As dwellings they used caves, overhanging rocks, and doubtless rude huts constructed of boughs, skins, or other materials. Their tools and weapons were made, sometimes very skillfully, of stone, horn, and bone. They employed only *chipped* stone implements, and were, as it appears, unacquainted with the art of making vessels of clay. Their dress consisted of skins sewed together with sinews. An artistic tendency which manifested itself in primitive attempts at drawing and carving must be regarded as a feature distinguishing them from the populations of the later Stone Age.

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A WEDDING MARCH, WITH VARIATIONS.

THE wedding had gone off beautifully—bride and groom and guests included, except the clergyman and his dear little wife, who had promised to take tea with us—and Aunt Seddleford was roaming restlessly about, half crying and half scolding, until at last, to our relief, she concluded to retire with a sick headache and leave us in peace.

Aunt Seddleford was always at war with the existing state of things, whatever it might be, and having for some years past worried and scolded over the probability that her eldest daughter would join the sisterhood of single women, and made Cousin Tillie's life not very sunshiny in consequence, she now seemed disposed to resent her marriage and departure as a personal injury. But Tillie had known her mother intimately for thirty years or so, and she regarded it as a very nice thing to be married. Every body was of the same opinion, in her case, and no one but Aunt Seddleford looked mournful in the least.

"I think weddings are delightful," said little Mrs. Grayson, as she hovered in bird-like fashion over the wedding presents; "I fairly dote on them."

Mrs. Grayson was the pet of the whole parish, the sweetest combination of tact and guilelessness it has ever been my fortune to encounter.

"*Of course* you 'dote' on them, you avaricious little woman," said some one: "don't you get all the fees?"

Mr. Grayson had gone to attend some pressing call, and there were only three or four women of us to loll in the easy-chairs, and have a good time after the excitement.

"Oh, but I love plum-cake," replied our rectoress, nibbling a bit, "and I'm just like a Southern darky—I want to be where things are going on."

"You had better go up to Aunt Seddleford, then," I volunteered, as I returned from a hasty visit to the invalid; "she is going on enough to satisfy any one."

I had made a futile effort to minister to my respected relative, who generally endured my presence because she was used to it; but being tartly informed that she only wanted to be let alone, I took her at her word, and descended, nothing loath, to the room where the presents and cake and talk were.

"Only think," said Mrs. Grayson, smiling brightly, as she slipped a lovely bracelet of gold rope over her pretty little hand—"only think of Tillie's having all these pretty things and Mr. Nettlebury too!"

Now no one coveted Mr. Nettlebury, and the wicked little woman knew this well enough; but Tillie's choice was between Mr. Nettlebury and Aunt Seddleford, and most of us would have decided as she did.

"I often feel that I was born too early," continued the speaker. "When *I* was married, no one thought of giving me any thing like this. But then, you see, I had Mr. Grayson, and he can't be duplicated."

He *was* nice, to be sure; and if he had wedding fees every week, existence with him might be tolerated quite easily.

"You must be quite a veteran in weddings, Mrs. Grayson," said Cousin Sue, a matron of three years' standing. "Haven't you had funny experiences in that way sometimes? A friend of mine wrote to me lately about a visit she made at a clergyman's house, where she had to act as witness to such a queer couple."

Mrs. Grayson laughed merrily.

"Why, I could write a book on the subject," she replied, "and perhaps I shall yet."

"Give us a few chapters now," we pleaded. "Could any thing be more apropos than for such an ancient mariner on the sea of life to entertain the wedding guests?"

Our very youthful-looking pastoress assumed a venerable air, as she stood gazing apparently into the past.

"*Such* a procession of comicalities," she laughed, "all out of Dickens! I really think that people act more insanely at weddings than on any other occasion, and a clergyman's list of experiences in this way would be very entertaining reading. But the funniest are what I call itinerant weddings—couples who come to the house, who do the thing hastily and as though they were ashamed of it, and so make no preparation at home, and those who have no homes, poor things, to prepare in.

"One day last winter a couple presented themselves at the rectory in their working clothes, the man young and sheepish, the

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"THE WOMAN NUDGED THE MAN, WHO LOOKED OBSTINATE."

woman at least ten years older; and interrupting Mr. Grayson in the middle of a sermon, they stood staring at the carpet for some time without uttering a word. Then a little pantomime ensued, the woman nudged the man, who looked obstinate, and twitched away from her.

"'Did you come to be married?' asked Mr. Grayson, when this state of things had become tiresome.

"The woman looked reproachfully at her companion, and replied, 'Yes, Sir.'

"While the clergyman was putting on his surplice the bride administered a private scolding, as follows:

"'To think of your shaming me in this way, Jimmy, and me as good as a mother to you! Can't you hold up your head and speak like a man?'

"'Well, I axes your pardon,' replied Jimmy, a little sulkily; 'but I'm no hand for talkin'; and blamed if I ain't frightened, with the parson and all.'

"A warning 'sh' from the bride here directed his attention to me, and he looked still more as though he wished himself well out of it.

"When the ceremony was ended, the groom, without any preliminaries of kissing or leave-taking, shot out of the door, with the concise remark, 'Well, old girl, I'll be along to tea,' and disappeared, leaving the bride to gather up the loose ends.

"She looked radiant, however, smoothing down her dress in a conscious sort of way, as she said, by way of autobiography,

"'Well, you see, I own half a house about here, and take boarders, and James Damp he's been with me now a matter of a year or so. He owed me a good bit for board, but he's at work again now. We come just as we were to get it done kind of sudden, or, Jimmy's that bashful, he wouldn't have come at all. There is no harm in the boy.'

"'Nor good either,' I felt like saying; but Ann, as she announced herself to be in taking him for her wedded husband, cheerfully paid Mr. Grayson five dollars for her bargain, saying that she guessed that was as much as he was worth.

"*We* thought it more, and pitied Mrs. Damp as she smilingly departed, with her bridal honors fresh upon her, 'to see to the boarders' tea.'

"Another time there came such a fresh-looking, nice young couple,—probably a mechanic and a shop-girl—accompanied by a perfect dragon of a woman, who gave no account of herself whatever, and to this day it is an unsolved mystery as to what relation she bore to bride or groom. She marshaled them into the room; she did all the talking; and acted as though they were children whom she had come to place at school.

"They glanced shyly at each other, and the young man got hold of the girl's hand in a surreptitious sort of way, as though it had been an impropriety; but they said never a word unless spoken to. There was real, honest love there, however, that was very pretty to see, and our hearts quite yearned over them, as though they had been a couple of babes in the wood.

"But that gaunt, severe-looking woman was a perfect character, and evidently meant it to be understood that this was *her* wedding, and things would be arranged in accordance with her ideas. She twisted and turned the couple until she had them placed to her satisfaction, and then solemnly waving her hand to Mr. Grayson as a signal for him to begin the ceremony, she planted herself beside him, and fastened her eyes on her prayer-book.

"My face had been rebellious from the beginning, and I did not dare to glance at Arthur, for I knew that, with his keen sense of the ludicrous, he must be suffering.

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You can imagine our feelings, then, when the woman burst into the service with the words, 'I require and charge you both,' etc., and read the exhortation sternly through to the end.

"The clergyman was then allowed to proceed without further interruption; but at the inquiry, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' the mistress of ceremonies loudly replied, '*I* do!' as though she would like to see the person who would dare to challenge her right. Finally, however, this remarkable hymeneal service was safely concluded, and I thought that the newspaper announcement should have read, 'Married, by the Rev. Arthur Grayson, *assisted* by Mrs.' or 'Miss ——.'

"One evening I misbehaved outright, and Arthur sternly threatened to banish me from the room on the advent of another bridal couple.

"*Such* a couple as they were that time! The bride was a perfect absurdity, regarded in that light—a giantess of a woman, who had seen at least forty-five summers (with winters, autumns, and springs to match), very thin and sallow, with all sorts of queer little bows and ornaments on her head-dress, and a half-blown rose in her bosom. Her silk dress was of a deep lavender hue, one of the most trying of colors, and made so as to show her angular figure to the greatest disadvantage. This vision of beauty glanced at herself in the mirror continually, and once, when she thought herself unobserved, she wet her finger and arranged her front hair.

"The small-featured, insignificant-looking man who accompanied her was voluble to the last degree, and gave us his personal history and hers with the most confiding frankness. He was a 'dry-goods merchant' (a small retail shop-keeper), and the *third* husband of the charming being beside him, who had 'lectured' to admiring audiences in some unknown region of the West. He worshiped, he said, the very ground that woman trod on, and had loved her before her first marriage; so their union, he informed Mr. Grayson, had all the interest of romance.

"I tried to call myself to order by remembering that Cleopatra was no chicken when Antony for her

'His vows forgot, his faith forswore,'

and that Helen of Troy lighted the match to a ten years' war when she was a very full-blown rose indeed, so that youth was not always indispensable in a love drama. But this woman appeared to have no counterbalancing charm, and the riddle of the little man's infatuation would have been nuts to the Sphinx.

"Finally, Arthur got a chance to marry them, and Dick, the canary, started from his evening slumbers and piped his shrillest notes as an accompaniment. As soon as the two had been made one, the enraptured bridegroom playfully chucked his charmer under the chin (he must have stretched up on tiptoe to do it), and murmured, in honeyed accents, 'You're *my* birdie, ain't you?'

"This was 'the point,' etc., and I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

"I saw this couple afterward, when I went into the bridegroom's store one day to make a small purchase. It was a warm afternoon, and the little man was flying about in a linen coat, trying to wait on two or three customers at once. When he recognized me he insisted on my seeing his wife, and throwing open a door on one side, which led through an entry to a cool shaded parlor, displayed the lady lolling comfortably in an arm-chair, with a novel in her hand. Her attire was of the best the store afforded, and she had a 'girl' to do her house-work. She was condescending, but I declined her invitation to be seated.

"As I returned through the store the husband said, effusively, 'I can never be grateful enough to that woman for marrying me.'

"I wish I knew how she did it. There are hundreds of charming, only half-appreciated women to whom I should like to give the receipt.

"There was another wedding that seemed likely to come off with only a groom—one of the most absurd experiences we ever had in that line.

"The bride elect was a dress-maker, an old parishioner of Mr. Grayson's, and a person who was subject to fits both of indecision and of hysteria. Her name was Emmeline Gilbert, and she had a 'follower' in the shape of a market-gardener, one Israel Munter, who was particularly devoted, and impatient to lead her to the hymeneal altar. But Emmeline considered the matter for some years, and fell sick a number of times whenever the desired climax seemed likely to be reached, and the marriage was so often postponed that a less persevering suitor than Israel would have given up long ago and consoled himself with some one else.

"Emmeline made dresses for me, and I really enjoyed an occasional visit to the one room in which she had set up housekeeping. An old friend, who was now a well-to-do widow in her class of life, gladly rented her the second-story front-room of her neat little brick house in a quiet street, and Emmeline's neatness and management were my constant admiration. A nice sofa-bedstead took away the look of a bedroom, and a wonderful closet and one or two curtain screens hid all sorts of cunning contrivances for economizing space.

"Emmeline was not particularly young—I do not think she ever had been—but she was nice-looking and quite lady-

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"I'LL GIVE YOU THREE."

like. 'You're seeing your happiest days,' her friend would remark, with a sigh, after one of Israel's visits, and the knight of the spade was somewhat in the predicament of the man in the well, who climbed up in the daytime and fell back at night.

"Once Israel came to the rectory radiant and sheepish—could Mr. Grayson marry them that day week? Mr. Grayson knew of nothing to prevent, and the hour was fixed at which he was to repair to Mrs. Slears's and make the two one.

"When the evening came, his reverence was promptly on hand; but there were no signs of revelry by night about the domicile, and Mrs. Slears, with a rather surprised face, conducted him into her sitting-room.

"'There's no fire in the parlor, Sir,' she apologized.

"Considerably puzzled by this state of things, Mr. Grayson glanced at the supposed bridegroom, who sat by the stove with his face buried in his hands.

"'What does this mean, Israel?' asked the clergyman. 'I see no preparations for a wedding.'

"'*Wedding!*' exclaimed the hostess, sharply, for she did not approve of Israel's pretensions; 'there'll be no wedding *here* to-night. If it's Emmeline you mean, she's safe in her bed with a screeching headache, and I've just taken her a bottle of hot water for her feet this blessed minute.'

"'You see, Sir,' said Israel, in a mournful way, 'I thought I'd persuade Emmeline into it by the time it came round, but my heart got into my mouth every time I tried to say a word, and the days went on, and so—'

"'And so you gave me the trouble of coming here for nothing,' said Mr. Grayson, sternly. 'I hope you will excuse my intrusion, Mrs. Slears—and if you should really need me at any time, Israel, you will have to come to *me*.'

"'That ninny,' said Mrs. Slears, contemptuously, as she lighted the clergyman out, 'couldn't say "boo!" to a goose.'

"Probably the goose would not have appreciated it if he could; but the idea of Emmeline's being 'safe in bed with a screeching headache' quite set me off (for of course Arthur told me his adventures), and we both laughed most heartily over Israel's misfortunes.

"After a while the faithful lover came to make an appointment for the wedding at the rectory; but the evening before the day fixed he appeared again, with a very long face, to say that Emmeline was 'off the notion.' Then I talked to him plainly. I told him that he was not half a man, to put up with such conduct, and that unless he made Emmeline understand at once that she must either take him or leave him, she would give him no peace all the days of his life.

"The poor fellow looked troubled—he was evidently afraid of losing her altogether by such extreme measures; and yet he longed, too, to be put out of his misery. He walked away in deep thought, and I wondered if the leaven would work.

"We never knew how it was brought about, but in six months' time Israel came again, perfectly ecstatic.

"'I've got her now,' he said; 'she's been to see the house and all, and we're as good as married.'

"Israel's faith in his uncertain sweetheart was quite beautiful, for he had actually bought a neat little house on the strength of her last promise, and furnished it from top to bottom. This proved irresistible, and Emmeline had solemnly declared that unless she was taken with a fit she would marry him in a fortnight.

"The day arrived, and so did Emmeline, much to my relief, for I had been very skep-

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tical on the subject of her appearance. Mrs. Slears, wearing a most disgusted expression of countenance, was present, and so were two or three other friends, who seemed desirous of seeing the knot properly tied. The bride was quite tastefully dressed in a light silk, with some natural flowers in her hair, but appeared very much agitated, while the groom was one genial smile, and in such a delirium of happiness that he seemed ready to embrace every body and every thing.

"The ceremony proceeded most decorously and harmoniously, without one jarring note, and we were congratulating ourselves that it was well over, when, at the very close, Emmeline fainted dead away! I really believe Israel's first thought was, what a blessed thing it did not happen sooner! as I am sure it was mine; and Mrs. Slears looked almost triumphant, as though confident that the bride would never be able to get along without her and her bottles of hot water. But Emmeline was married, and so was Israel, and the former could now faint and have fits at her leisure.

"'She's overworked,' said the bewildered groom, as he bustled about with restoratives, and got in every one's way; 'she's been a day or two at the house putting things in order; and she ain't used, you know, to standing on her feet.'

"This was a somewhat startling revelation, but who could expect him to weigh his words under such circumstances?

"The bride was recovered, and put into the vehicle which Israel had provided—a sort of carry-all, into which he piled the people who had 'assisted' on the happy occasion, until there was no room left for him; and the last we saw of the triumphant bridegroom he was perched *beside the driver*, and whirling off in a roseate cloud of happiness.

"Once I was deplorably cheated out of my wedding dues. Quite a nervous, interesting couple called in great haste to know if Mr. Grayson was at home; but unfortunately he had gone out, and they could not wait. They seemed to fear that somebody would let slip the dogs of war and pursue them, and pitying their distressed aspect, I sent them over the way to Mr. Zanes.

"Now Mr. Zanes was the Methodist minister, and a very nice man, and he had laughingly told me that any cases I sent to him should be scrupulously divided between Mrs. Zanes and myself. But, alas for us! when the ceremony was concluded, the bridegroom told the minister gratefully that he should never forget the service he had done him, and just as soon as he made some money, which he hoped to do, he would send him a substantial token of his gratitude.

"Judging from results, that man never made any money.

"At another wedding the happy groom tendered the clergyman a five-dollar note, saying, 'I'll give you three.'

"Not understanding the remark, Mr. Grayson bowed and turned away; but presently the man tapped him on the shoulder, repeating, 'I'll give you *three*.'

"'Oh,' said Arthur, as light began to dawn upon him, 'you want change, then?'

"'*If* you please, Sir,' replied the groom, gravely; and placing the two dollars in his pocket-book, he carefully buttoned his coat over it, tucked his bride under his arm, and went on his winding way.

"But what a Scheherezade I have been!" exclaimed the little woman. "And I could tell you fifty more stories, but I won't. I should think you would all be nodding by this time."

"Nodding," indeed! We had fairly shouted over some of these pictures; and even Aunt Seddleford, roused by the noise, had glided down unperceived, and laughed as heartily as any of us.

It cured her headache, and the day of the wedding ended merrily after all.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

From my upper window, at the close of day,
Sadly watching passers on their homeward way,
Sadly, sweetly thinking of the joy and glee
When one came, my babies, home to you and me!

In the dusk, with faces close against the pane,
Peered we through the starlight, snow, or summer rain,
Happy hearts and faces watching through the gloom
For the blessed footstep that was sure to come.

Hark! I hear its echo, babies mine, once more!
Hear the latch-key turning in the opening door!
From my knee you're springing fearless in the gloom,
While I flood with radiance all the darkened room.

Swift you fly to meet him, open wide the door,
Closely are we gathered to his heart once more.
Tender kiss and blessing greet your childish glee,
But the warmest, babies, always was for me!

Fast my tears are falling o'er the memory sweet,
While I catch the echo still of passing feet;
But through summer starlight or through wintry rain
Never, O my babies, will he come again!

We are now the wanderers in the dusk and gloom,
He the one that's waiting in the happy home.
From his upper window, though we may not see,
He's watching, O my babies, to welcome you and me.

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THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Eighth Paper.]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR MINERAL RESOURCES.

TO write the story of the development of the mineral resources of the United States during the last century would demand a volume. The whole history of the new States and Territories beyond the valley of the Mississippi is little else than that of the opening and the working of their rich mines of gold and silver since 1849. But this region was not a part of the national territory at the time when our survey commences. While the Spaniards, greedy for that wealth which proved their ruin, planted their colonies from Mexico to Chili along the western portion of the continent, rich in precious metals, our English ancestors fixed their homes in a portion which, though not destitute of mineral resources, offered no tempting prizes to the miners of that early day. The records of our colonial period have little to tell beyond the working of some iron ores along the sea-board, and attempts on a small scale to mine ores of copper and of lead. The first half century of our national existence does not add much to this record, and the history of the marvelous developments in the working of the coal, petroleum, iron, and copper in our Eastern regions, and in the mining of gold and silver in the West, belongs to the present generation.

It will be found convenient in our inquiry to follow, with a few exceptions, the geographical division just indicated, and to point out for each of these regions separately the general results already obtained in the development of its mineral wealth, considering in the first place the territory which stretches from the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. It is in this division of our territory that are found the great stores of coal and iron, besides vast supplies of petroleum, salt, copper, and other minerals of less importance. Geologically described, this eastern half of the United Sates is essentially a great basin of paleozoic strata nearly encircled with azoic crystalline rocks, and has been aptly described as a great bowl filled with mineral treasure, the outer rim of which is formed by the mountains of Northern New York, the hills of New England, the Highlands of the Hudson, and their southward continuation in the Blue Ridge nearly to the Gulf of Mexico. Thence, passing to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, it extends northward, and by the Great Lakes around the northern rim of the bowl to the point of departure. Within the area thus inclosed lies the vast Appalachian coal-field, with its dependent areas of anthracite and semi-bituminous coal, the lesser coal-fields of Michigan and Illinois, and the still more western one to which the coals of Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas belong. It includes, moreover, formations containing petroleum, salt, and lead, besides much iron, though not less abundant stores of the latter metal are found in the surrounding crystalline rocks.

The coal deposits of the great paleozoic basin furnish the mainspring of our principal mechanical and commercial enterprises, the great source of motive power, and the chief means of reducing and manufacturing our iron. If to this we add that the value of the coal now mined in the United States is equal to that of all the iron, gold, and silver produced in the country, we have said enough to justify us in assigning it the first place in a survey of our mineral resources. The forest growth supplied the demands for fuel of the early English colonists, to whom the treasures of the great basin were little known, and the first attempts at mining mineral fuel were in the coal basin of Richmond, Virginia, one of several small areas which lie over its eastern rim, or between the Blue Ridge and the sea. The coal of Richmond occurs in what are known to geologists as mesozoic rocks, and belongs to a later age than the bituminous coal of Pennsylvania, which, however, it resembles in quality. It was probably first mined as early as 1750, and after the war of the Revolution was exported to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, until within the last thirty years. Other coals have since replaced it in these markets, and it is now mined chiefly for local use.

The anthracite of Eastern Pennsylvania was first discovered, it is said, in 1770. In 1775, just a century since, a boat-load was taken down to the armory at Carlisle, and in 1791 the great open quarry of this fuel near Mauch Chunk was made known. From its unlikeness to the Virginia coal, and the difficulty of igniting it, the Pennsylvania anthracite encountered much opposition. Tradition tells us that a boat-load taken to Philadelphia in 1803 was broken up and used to mend the roads. But it slowly found its way into use; and from a pamphlet published in 1815 we learn that the coal from the Lehigh had been several years on trial in Philadelphia, where it had been compared with the Virginia bituminous coal, and, from the testimony of iron-workers, distillers, and others, was to be preferred to it for durability and economy. Oliver Evans had, moreover, at this time tried the anthracite with success under the

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boilers of his steam-engine, and also insisted upon its advantages for domestic purposes. Notwithstanding these results, the new fuel found its way very slowly into use, and in 1822 the total production of the anthracite mines was estimated at 3720 tons, against 48,000 tons of the coal from Richmond, Virginia, then its only rival. Fifty years later, or in 1872, the official returns give for the exportation of coal from the anthracite region not less than 19,000,000 tons, besides about 2,500,000 tons for local consumption, while that of the Virginia coal-field for the same year is estimated at 62,000 tons. The late Professor Silliman, who visited the anthracite region in 1825, and published his report of it in the following year, was the first to appreciate the real value and importance of this deposit of fossil fuel, which he then spoke of as a great national trust.

The small detached basins of the anthracite region have together an area of only 472 miles; but the immense aggregate thickness of the seams of coal, varying in different parts from fifty to one hundred feet, and estimated at an average of seventy feet for the whole, makes this wonderful region of greater value than Western coal-fields whose extent is measured by many thousands of square miles. Mr. P. W. Shaeffer, who has calculated the cubic content of these anthracite beds, estimates it to have been at the time when mining was commenced equal to 26,361,070,000 tons, from which one-half may be deducted for waste in mining and breaking for market, and for losses from faults and irregularities in the beds, giving of merchantable coal 13,180,538,000 tons. If from this we subtract the amount produced by the mines from 1820 to 1870, estimated at 206,666,325 tons, we had still in store at the latter date a supply of 25,000,000 tons a year, or more than the present rate of consumption, for 525 years. The large waste in mining this precious fuel is due in part to the difficulty in working seams of unusual thickness, often in highly inclined positions. Moreover, the loss in breaking and dressing for the market, which demands the anthracite in regularly assorted sizes, is very great, and the waste from these two causes amounts to about one-third the entire contents of the veins, while in Great Britain the average loss in mining and marketing ordinary coals is not over one-fifth. The great value of our American anthracite is due in part to its peculiar qualities, its hardness, density, purity, and smokelessness, which render it pre-eminently fit for domestic purposes and for iron smelting; but in part also to its geographical position. Its proximity to the Atlantic sea-board, which is almost destitute of coal, to our great cities and wealthy and populous districts, and, moreover, to some of the most important deposits of iron ore in the country, has already led to an immense development of mining in the anthracite region. The New England States, Eastern New York, New Jersey, and Eastern Pennsylvania look to it for their chief supplies of fuel; great systems of railways and canals have been called into existence by it; and a vast iron-producing industry has grown up, dependent upon the anthracite fields, which now furnish nearly one-half of all the coal mined in the United States. It results from the course of trade that large quantities of anthracite find their way westward by railways, canal-boats, and lake steamers, freights in that direction being very low at certain seasons of the year. Thus there were brought to Buffalo in 1873 about three-quarters of a million of tons of anthracite, the greater part by railway, of which Chicago received over half a million, or nearly one-third of its entire coal supply. Smaller quantities of anthracite find their way down the Ohio River to Cincinnati and beyond.

The chief coal supply of the regions to the west of the meridian of Washington comes, however, from the great Appalachian basin, which, underlying much of the western half of Pennsylvania and of the eastern third of Ohio, West Virginia, and a part of Eastern Kentucky, stretches through Eastern Tennessee as far as Alabama, embracing an area of coal-bearing rocks estimated at nearly 58,000 square miles. Along the eastern border of this vast field of bituminous coal there are in Pennsylvania and in Maryland several small areas which furnish a semi-bituminous coal, intermediate in composition, as in position, between it and the anthracite of the East, and now very largely mined. The best known of these outlying basins are the Blossburg, on the north, and the Cumberland, in Maryland, on the south; but there are between these other similar areas of considerable importance, such as the Broad Top, Johnstown, Towanda, and Ralston, the production of the whole being about 5,000,000 tons of coal annually, of which nearly one-half comes from the Cumberland and about one-fifth from the Blossburg. This latter was first opened by a railway in 1840, while an outlet from the Cumberland field to the sea-board was established by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1842, thus bringing for the first time the bituminous coal of the interior to tide-water, and displacing in Eastern markets the coal of Virginia. These semi-bituminous coals, very rich in carbon, and yet possessing the property of coking in the fire, are much esteemed for iron-working and for generating steam, for which they are largely used on our railways and ocean steamers, besides which great quantities are converted into coke for iron smelting. These valu-

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able coals, like the anthracite, are confined to small areas, and will be exhausted in a few years, or at most a few generations. The Cumberland basin, at its present rate of working, will not last thirty years, and the time is not far distant when both the anthracite and the semi-bituminous coals of Pennsylvania will become augmented in price from their rarity. Its geographical position has led us to mine and consume first the most valuable portion of our coal, which, under different circumstances, it would have been wise to have replaced in part by other and more abundant varieties.

In this connection it should be mentioned that on the southeastern border of the Appalachian coal-field, in Montgomery County, Virginia, are found small deposits of semi-bituminous and anthracite coals, both of good quality, which were mined to a considerable extent during the late civil war. Another area of anthracite demands our notice, which, like the coal of Richmond, Virginia, is outside of the great basin. It is situated in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, where it occupies an area estimated at not less than 500 square miles, and includes, in various parts already explored, beds of anthracite from ten to twenty feet in thickness. This coal-field was discovered in 1760, and attempts at working it were made as early as 1808. The geological peculiarities of the region, the somewhat broken condition of the coal, and, above all, the competition of the anthracite of Pennsylvania have retarded its development, so that the total production was estimated in 1872 at 14,000 tons, the production of a single mine at Portsmouth, Rhode Island, where this coal is employed for copper smelting. There is no doubt that this important field of anthracite will one day be found of great value to New England.

The supplies of true bituminous coal which are found in the great Appalachian field are practically inexhaustible, and the mining of it is rapidly assuming proportions second only to those of the regions along its eastern border, which it is destined before long to surpass in its production. The bituminous coals may be divided into three classes, close-burning or coking coals, free-burning splint or block coals, and cannel. Of these the former are the most abundant, and for the greater number of purposes are used in their raw state. Unlike the anthracite, however, they are not fitted for iron smelting and for many other metallurgical operations unless previously converted into coke, for the production of which they are not all equally fitted. While some are too sulphurous, others contain too much ash, are too poor in fixed carbon, or yield a coke deficient in weight and in solidity. In view of all these circumstances, the value of a superior coking coal is very great, and a striking example of this appears in the Pittsburg seam, as it is called, of Western Pennsylvania. This remarkable coal seam, to the south of the city whose name it bears, attains near Connelsville an unusual thickness, and yields a coke of unsurpassed quality, which is not only the foundation of the iron-smelting industry of the western part of the State, but finds its way in large quantities to Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and even as far as Utah, where it is used to smelt the silver-lead ores of that region.

Pittsburg is at present the great centre of the Western coal trade, and in addition to the large amount consumed in its own manufactures, distributes coal in various directions by railway and river, sending vast quantities down the Ohio to supply the cities on its banks, and even the Lower Mississippi. The amount of coal received at Pittsburg in 1872, in great part by the Monongahela, was over 115,000,000 bushels, which, at twenty-eight bushels to the ton, is considerably over 4,000,000 tons, and the annual increase for three years up to that time was at the rate of thirty-five per cent. To this we must add the amount of coke received, which doubled annually for the same three years, and equaled in 1872 nearly 44,000,000 bushels, the product from coking about 2,600,000 tons of coal. The total estimated production of bituminous coal for Pennsylvania in 1872 (including about 3,000,000 tons of semi-bituminous) was 10,442,000 tons, and if to this we add the 21,500,000 tons of anthracite, we shall find that this State alone furnished in that year more than two-thirds of all the coal mined in the United States. The figures from official sources fail to give the full amount of coal used for local consumption, but the entire production of the United States for 1873 Macfarlane estimates at not less than 50,000,000 tons. The check which all our industries, and especially the working of coal and iron, sustained throughout the year 1874 has produced a temporary falling off in production, so that the figures for 1872 and 1873 are really a fairer index of our progress than those of a later date.

Next in importance to that of Pennsylvania is the coal production of Ohio, which was estimated in 1872 at 4,400,000 tons. Owing to the want of proper railway communications the coal deposits of this State have as yet been but little worked. It is in Ohio that the free-burning splint or block coal (which appears to a limited extent in the Chenango Valley, on the western frontier of Pennsylvania) finds its greatest development. This coal, which is extensively mined in the adjacent parts of Ohio, chiefly in the valley of the Mahoning, is prized not only on account of its freedom from ash and sulphur, but from the fact that it can be di-

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rectly used in the blast-furnace for smelting iron ores without previous coking, and it has given rise to an important iron industry in its vicinity. The supply in Northern Ohio is, however, limited, and it is rapidly becoming exhausted. A much more abundant deposit of a similar coal, under very favorable conditions for mining, has lately been made known farther southward in the State, in the Hocking Valley, where it is, moreover, accompanied by large beds of coking coal. The coal of Ohio is destined from its geographical position to become of great importance: lying on the northwest border of the Appalachian field, as the anthracite and semi-bituminous coals of Pennsylvania do upon its northeast border, it has to the north and west of it a vast wealthy and populous region, with growing industries, and demanding large and increasing supplies of coal.

The extension southward of the Appalachian coal-field through West Virginia and parts of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama is known to abound in valuable beds of bituminous coal, which have lately attracted considerable attention. Since the opening of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad the coals from the valley of the Kanawha are finding their way, to some extent, to the seaboard and into Eastern markets, but with this exception the vast coal deposits of this great Southern region are as yet mined only to supply the limited local demands.

Among the important uses of bituminous coal is the manufacture of illuminating gas, for which purpose immense quantities of coal are distilled. The annual consumption for this purpose in the cities of New York and Brooklyn is estimated at about 400,000 tons. Those coals which yield large quantities of pure gas of high illuminating power are greatly prized. The Eastern cities are in part furnished with gas coal from Cape Breton, but the greater part of the coals for this purpose is got from Western Pennsylvania. Excellent gas coals are, however, obtained in Ohio and in West Virginia.

The State of Michigan includes a coal basin with an area of not less than 6700 square miles, but the beds of coal which it contains are few, thin, and of inferior quality. For this reason, and from the fact that the State is cheaply supplied with superior coals from Pennsylvania and Ohio, the coal of Michigan is worked only to a small extent for local consumption, the estimated production for 1872 being but 30,000 tons. The Illinois coal basin, which underlies the greater part of that State, and extends into the western parts of Indiana and Kentucky, has an area of not less than 47,000 square miles. Along its eastern and western borders in Clay County, Indiana, and near St. Louis, are found deposits of an excellent block coal like that of Ohio, adapted for iron smelting, but with this exception the coals of this great basin are generally sulphurous and inferior in quality, and command in the market of Chicago a price much below those of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Chicago received in 1873 over 1,600,000 tons of coal, of which about two-fifths only were from the adjacent coal-field, the remainder being brought from the two States just named. The first working of coal in Illinois dates from 1810, and the production of the State for 1872 was equal to 3,000,000 tons, while Indiana furnished 800,000, and that portion of the coal-field which lies in Western Kentucky 300,000 tons.

The coals of the great field west of the Mississippi, which extends through Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas, are mostly of inferior quality and in thin beds, but are of great local importance in these sparsely wooded regions. In the State of Arkansas, moreover, there are found beds of a superior semi-bituminous coal, approaching to anthracite in its character. Further westward, in the Rocky Mountains and thence to the Pacific coast, from the confines of Mexico to Canada, are extensive deposits of tertiary coals or lignites, which, though inferior in quality to the coals of the Appalachian basin, are, in the absence of better fuel, employed for generating steam and for domestic purposes. They are, however, very variable in quality, and some beds have of late been found which are fit for the manufacture of illuminating gas, and are even capable of yielding a coke suitable for metallurgical processes. These coals are mined in Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming, and again on the Pacific coast in California, Oregon, and Washington Territory. Of the coal supply of San Francisco in 1873, which equaled 441,000 tons, about sixty per cent. came from these deposits along the western coast, the remainder being from Australia, England, and the Eastern States.

The petroleum industry of the United States was in its beginning closely connected with coal, since it was the production of oils from bituminous coals which led the way to the utilization of the native mineral oils. It had long been known that tar and oily matters could be extracted from coal and from shales impregnated with coaly matter by subjecting them to a high temperature, these substances, although not existing ready-formed in the coals, being generated by the decomposing action of heat. A product thus obtained was known to apothecaries more than a century ago by the name of British oil; and in 1834 experiments on a large scale were made in France by Selligue to manufacture illuminating oils by the distillation of shales, and with partial success. In 1846 similar results were obtained by Gesner in New Brunswick; and in 1850 Atwood, of Boston, prepared a lubri-

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cating oil from coal-tar. At the same time Young, of Glasgow, was experimenting, and in 1850 introduced into the market, under the name of paraffine oil, a product from cannel-coal. The first works for this manufacture in the United States were established on Long Island in 1854, under Young's patents for manufacturing oils from the Boghead coal brought from Scotland, or from American coals. From this point the industry spread rapidly, and in 1855 and 1856 works for the distillation of oils from coals were erected in Kentucky, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, as well as along the Atlantic sea-board, where the principal material employed was the mineral from Scotland just named. In January, 1860, there were in the United States not less than forty factories, the total daily production of which was about five hundred barrels, chiefly of burning oil. This was sold in the market with the trade name of kerosene, or simply as coal oil; and lamps suitable for burning it having been devised, it became widely used. But this industry of the distillation of coal was destined to have a very short duration, for the oil wells of Pennsylvania, opened in 1859, furnished in 1860 not less than 500,000 barrels of petroleum—a production far exceeding that of the coal distilleries. It was soon found that from this mineral oil products could be extracted in all respects similar to those from coal, and the result was that from this time the manufacture of coal oil was abandoned, and the works which had been erected for this purpose were changed to petroleum refineries.

The early history of petroleum is curious. Known and employed for burning from remote antiquity in the Old World, no process for its purification had been devised, and it was therefore at best but an indifferent and cheaper substitute for animal and vegetable oils. The first attempts to refine it for commercial purposes are believed to have been made by Young, of Glasgow, in 1847, on petroleum got from Derbyshire, in England, from which he prepared a lubricating oil, and it was the exhaustion of this supply which led him to improve the methods for the extraction of oils from coal.

Meanwhile, in the United States, the existence of sources of mineral oil had been known to the Indians of New York and Pennsylvania, who prized it as a medicine, for which purpose it became familiar to the early European colonists under the name of Seneca-oil. It appears to have been an object of research to the aborigines ages ago, since in the oil regions of Western Pennsylvania are found pits or wells apparently dug for the purpose of collecting the oil, carefully timbered, and affording from the growth of the forest upon the site evidences of an antiquity of from 500 to 1000 years. As early as 1819, in boring for brine on the Muskingum River, in Ohio, from a depth of 400 feet were obtained large quantities of mineral oil, which was a source of great annoyance to the salt-makers. At this time attempts were made to use the oil for illumination, but, from the want of proper lamps, it was not found to be adapted to the purpose. In 1854 the successful manufacture of oils from coal caused attention to be drawn to the possibility of utilizing these native oils, and the Pennsylvania Oil Company was formed for the purpose of manufacturing the petroleum found at Oil Creek, in Venango County, Pennsylvania. The chemical investigation of the material was committed to Professor B. Silliman, Jun., and his report to the company, which appeared in April, 1855, has been the point of departure for the immense industry of petroleum which has grown up within the last twenty years. In this report was described the conversion of the crude petroleum by fractional distillation into products differing in density and in volatility, the manufacture from it of a burning oil of great illuminating power, of an oil capable of supporting a low temperature and fitted for lubrication, and also of paraffine. He farther showed the importance of distillation in a current of highly heated steam, and noticed the breaking up of heavier into lighter oils by continued heat —processes which have since assumed a great importance in the manufacture of petroleum.

Notwithstanding these remarkable results, little was effected for some years; the supply of petroleum was limited to that which could be gathered from the surface of the water in the locality, and from its cost it could not compete with the product of the distillation of coal. At length an attempt was made to repeat the early experiment of the Muskingum salt-works, and a well was bored by Drake, the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Oil Company, from which, at a depth of seventy-two feet, a supply of oil amounting to ten barrels or 400 gallons a day was obtained, which was sold for fifty-five cents a gallon. This was in August, 1859, and the successful trial was soon followed by many others not less so. The history of the wild excitement and speculation which followed this discovery, and the great accession of wealth to the region, is familiar to all. Wells were soon sunk which yielded from 100 to as much as 2000 barrels of oil daily, often without the labor of pumping. Of one well it is recorded that it afforded 450,000 barrels of oil in a little over two years, while another is said to have given not less than 500,000 barrels in a twelvemonth. Petroleum was soon discovered not only over a wide district in Pennsylvania, but in Eastern Ohio and in parts of West Virginia and Kentucky, and even in Indiana, as well as in Western Can-

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ada. In 1860 the production rose to 500,000 barrels of forty gallons each, and for the decade ending with 1870 it amounted to not less than 35,273,000 barrels of crude oil. Of this by far the greater part came from Pennsylvania, for of the 6,500,000 barrels produced in 1870, not less than 5,569,000 were from that State, the production of about 3000 wells, which is an average of only about five barrels daily for each well.

The wells in Venango County, where this industry began, were generally from 600 to 800 feet in depth, but with the partial exhaustion of these the scene of operations has been removed to more southern districts, where the oil supplies are found at greater depths; and the wells in Butler County, now the great seat of production, are from 1200 to 1500 feet deep. The crude oil is carried from the wells to the points of refining or of shipment through iron pipes. Some of these lines are fifteen and twenty miles in length, and one is in process of construction from Butler County to Pittsburg, a distance of about forty miles. It has even been proposed to convey the oil by a series of conduits and reservoirs across the mountains to Philadelphia.

The processes for refining the crude petroleum and preparing from it various commercial products have been perfected by much chemical skill. The loss in refining amounts to about ten per cent., and the average product of illuminating oil from the crude petroleum of Pennsylvania is about sixty-five per cent. The other products are dense lubricating oils, light naphthas, and paraffine or mineral wax, of which a barrel of crude oil yields about five pounds.

The abundance of the Pennsylvania petroleum and the skillful manner in which it is refined have led to a general exportation of these products to every part of the civilized world. Already in 1861 we find the shipments of petroleum from the United States to foreign ports equal to nearly 28,000 barrels of forty gallons each, and for the ten years ending with 1870 the exportation was 14,465,000 barrels. By far the greater part of this was shipped in the refined state, and its average price for the term of ten years was estimated at twenty-five cents a gallon, thus representing an aggregate value of over $144,000,000. The increase in the amount exported has been regular and constant. That for the calendar year 1870 was 3,495,800 barrels; for 1872, 3,754,060; for 1873, 5,937,041; and for 1874, 5,878,578 barrels, of which about nine-tenths is refined oil.

This large increase in the exports of the last two years shows the very considerable augmentation in production which has followed late discoveries of new and productive oil districts in Pennsylvania. These have been attended by a great reduction in price. From fifty-five cents the gallon, at which the first crude oil from the wells was sold, it soon fell to twenty cents, and to sixty or seventy cents for the refined oil. In 1872 its price in New York had fallen below twenty-four cents, in 1873 to below nineteen, and in 1874 to a small fraction over thirteen cents, the crude oil in New York having fallen in the same three years from about thirteen to less than six cents the gallon. Of crude oil forty-three and a half gallons are counted to a barrel, yet its price in Western Pennsylvania in 1874 was from sixty to seventy-five cents a barrel at the wells, and from eighty cents to a dollar at the delivery pipes. Even at the present reduced prices the annual value of the petroleum product of the country is very great. The export for 1874, chiefly of refined oil, at the mean price of 13.09 cents the gallon, equals $30,825,268. The present annual consumption of the United States is estimated at 1,500,000 barrels of refined petroleum, which, added to the export for 1874, gives a total of 7,378,000 barrels of refined oil. The estimated production of crude oil for 1874 is not less than 10,687,930 barrels, or 29,282 daily. Already in 1870, when the production was considerably less than at present, it was said that the petroleum wells of the United States yielded in a week an amount of oil greater than the entire annual production of the whale-fisheries of New England at the time of their greatest prosperity. American petroleum has now almost entirely replaced the products of these fisheries, and furnished to the whole world a cheap and admirable means of illumination. Petroleum abounds in many parts of the Old World, but attempts to compete with the product of Pennsylvania have not been successful. The same remark will apply to the petroleum found in Santa Barbara County, California, which is refined there to a limited extent for domestic use, and yields, besides a good burning oil, one peculiarly fitted for lubricating purposes.

We now proceed to notice the history of the iron industry of the United States, which is as yet confined to the region east of the Rocky Mountains, and must be considered in connection with the coal upon which it is to a great extent dependent. The great supplies of iron ores to the east of the Appalachian coal-field are, first, from the beds, chiefly of the magnetic species, but occasionally of red hematite, which abound in the Adirondack region of New York, extending northward into Canada (which furnishes a considerable quantity of ore to the American market); while southward, in the mountain belt from the Highlands of the Hudson to South Carolina, are great deposits of similar ores, extensively mined in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Within the eastern rim of the basin and parallel with

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it is, in the second place, a belt of iron ores, chiefly brown hematite, which is traced from Vermont along the western border of New England, and assumes a great development in parts of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama. Further westward, within the great basin, are found the red fossiliferous ores, which lie near the summit of the Silurian series, and are traced from Wisconsin eastward through Ontario and Central New York, and thence southward, parallel with the Alleghanies and in proximity to the coal, through Pennsylvania, as far as Alabama. Besides these are to be considered the great deposits of iron ores belonging to the coal measures, including those of the lower carboniferous. These ores, which are carbonates and limonites, occasionally with red hematite, abound in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia. They are wanting or rare in the middle and western coal-fields of the great basin; but between these, in Missouri and Arkansas, there rise from the thinly spread out paleozoic strata mountains of crystalline rocks, which include immense deposits of red hematite and magnetic ores of great value. Farther northward these crystalline rocks, with their metallic treasures, are concealed beneath newer strata, but they re-appear, charged with great quantities of these same species of iron ore, in the northern peninsula of Michigan, whence, sweeping eastward through Canada, the chain of crystalline rocks bearing these ores is continued to the Adirondack region of New York.

In the colonial period, and even during the first years of the republic, the smelting of iron ores was confined to the eastern rim of the great basin, and indeed the first furnaces erected were for the reduction of the limonite ores which occur in small deposits along the Atlantic border and outside of the limits above defined. We find an attempt to make iron at Jamestown, in Virginia, as early as 1619, and a little later a furnace was erected at Lynn, Massachusetts. As early as 1717 pig-iron was exported from the colonies to England, and the increase of the iron industry excited the jealousy of the British iron manufacturers, so that in 1750 an act of Parliament forbade the erection of rolling or slitting mills in the colonies. Before the time of the Revolution we find numerous blast-furnaces from Virginia as far as Western Massachusetts smelting the limonites, and in New Jersey and Pennsylvania the magnetic ores of these regions.

A considerable portion of the iron of this early time was, however, made in bloomary furnaces, by means of which malleable iron is obtained directly from the ore, a method of no little interest in the history of our manufacture. A similar process belongs to the infancy of the metallurgic art, and is still practiced among barbarous nations, where the mode of making pig-iron in the blast-furnace is unknown. A modification of this direct method survives in the Catalan forge of Western Europe, and in the last century another form was known in Germany, where it is now forgotten. The German bloomary furnace found its way to America, and was employed in New Jersey and Pennsylvania at least as early as 1725. This furnace had the great advantage that its construction required but little skill and little outlay. A small water-fall for the blast and the hammer, a rude hearth with a chimney, and a supply of charcoal and ore, enabled the iron-worker to obtain, as occasion required, a few hundred pounds of iron in a day's time in a condition fitted for the use of the blacksmith, after which his primitive forge remained idle until there was a farther demand. To this day such furnaces are found in the mountains of North Carolina, and furnish the bar-iron required for the wants of the rural population.

An interesting episode in the history of the American iron manufacture is afforded by the attempts of the early explorers to utilize the black iron sand which is found at many points along our sea-board, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Capes of the Chesapeake, and early in the last century, under the name of the Virginia sand iron, was the subject of unsuccessful attempts to treat it for the extraction of iron. At length the Rev. Jared Elliot, of Killingworth, Connecticut, grandson of John Elliot, the apostle of the Indians, after many experiments on the iron sand, which is found in considerable quantities on the south coast of that State, succeeded by the aid of the German bloomary in resolving the problem, and made blooms of malleable iron of fifty pounds weight, for which discovery he was in 1761 awarded a medal by the Society of Arts, of London. He informs us that his son had, moreover, been able to convert this iron into steel of superior quality, and would have established a manufactory of it but for the act of Parliament passed at that time prohibiting the production of steel in the colonies. It is curious to see this forgotten discovery brought up again in our day, and applied to these sands on the southern shore of Long Island, and more successfully at Moisie, in the Lower St. Lawrence. Still more worthy of note is it that this primitive bloomary furnace, discarded in Europe, has been improved by American ingenuity, enlarged, fitted with a hot blast, water *tuyères*, and other modern appliances, so that in the hands of skilled workmen in Northern New York it affords for certain ores an economical mode of making a superior malleable iron, of which about 50,000 tons are thus produced yearly. A large part

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of this product is consumed at Pittsburg for the manufacture of cutlery steel of excellent quality.

The first half century of the republic saw but little progress in the manufacture of iron, and the total amount produced in 1810 is estimated at only 54,000 tons, which is not equal to the present annual yield of four or five of our modern blast-furnaces. During this period charcoal was the only fuel employed, and the first great step in our iron manufacture was the use of anthracite. Attempts were made to employ a mixture of this fuel with charcoal at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, in 1820, and at Kingston, Massachusetts, with the anthracite of Rhode Island, in 1827, but the way to the solution of the problem was finally prepared by the introduction of the hot blast in 1831, and in 1833 a patent was granted in the United States for the smelting of iron with anthracite by the aid of a blast of heated air. The first successful attempt to use anthracite alone in this country seems to have been in 1838, near Mauch Chunk, with a furnace twenty-one and a half feet high, producing two tons of iron daily. From this the industry spread, and in 1840 there were six furnaces employing this fuel, and making each from thirty to fifty tons weekly of pig-iron. To-day our anthracite furnaces are many of them sixty and even eighty feet in height, producing from 250 to 300 tons of iron in a week. Of 680 furnaces in the United States in 1873, 226 consumed anthracite, and produced nearly one-half of all the pig-iron made.

From its purity, hardness, and power of resisting the weight of the charge, this fuel is unrivaled for the purpose of iron smelting. This coal supplies the furnaces of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and to a great extent those of Eastern New York and of Maryland; but as we approach the central region of Pennsylvania its use is gradually replaced by that of charcoal and of coke from the semi-bituminous coals, while further westward the coke of the true bituminous coals, of which that of Connelsville is the type, is the principal fuel, until we reach the western border of the great Appalachian field, where, in Ohio, are found the free-burning splint or block coals, which can be used in the smelting furnace in the raw state either alone or with an admixture of coke. The ores of the coal measures of Southern Ohio, known as the Hanging Rock district, have hitherto been smelted with charcoal, which is now being replaced by the block coal of the region. Similar coals on the eastern and western borders of the Illinois coal-field are also used for iron smelting.

The relations of the ore to the fuel are of great importance to the development of the iron industry. Thus of the ores of Lake Superior a small portion only is smelted with charcoal in the region, and by far the greater part is brought southward by the lakes—some to Chicago to be smelted with the coal of Indiana, and much more to Cleveland, where it is met by the block coal of Ohio, and in still larger quantities is carried southward to the mines of this coal, chiefly in the Chenango and Mahoning valleys, or as far as Pittsburg, to be smelted with the coke of that region. In like manner the rich ores of Missouri find their way to the block coals of Indiana, to Southeastern Ohio, and even to Pittsburg, filling the returning vessels which have gone down the Ohio River laden with coal. In the East the iron furnaces consuming anthracite are not directly in the coal region, but scattered through the eastern part of Pennsylvania, and the adjacent portions of Maryland, New Jersey, and New York, sometimes, moreover, at points more or less remote from the ore beds which supply them. In the valley of the Hudson the anthracite comes half-way to meet the rich ores of Lake Champlain, and even on the shores of this lake may be seen large blast-furnaces smelting the ores of the vicinity with the help of the anthracite brought as back freight by the vessels carrying the supplies of ore southward. The ores from the crystalline rocks, on account of their greater richness, can support the cost of a longer freight than the poorer ores found within the paleozoic basin, and they have, moreover, the advantage in many cases of yielding a purer iron. The early manufacturers of Bessemer steel in this country were under the necessity of bringing their supplies of pig-iron from Cumberland, in England, and ores have even been brought from Spain and Algeria to be smelted with anthracite for the manufacture of Bessemer pig metal. Recently, however, it has been found that by careful selection the crystalline ores from our Eastern regions may be made to yield a pig-iron suitable for this purpose, while the region beyond the Alleghanies gets its supply of Bessemer metal from the ores of Lake Superior or of Missouri.

The history of the growth of the iron manufacture in the United States within the last fifty years exhibits a remarkable progress. From a production of 54,000 tons in 1810, it had become 165,000 tons in 1830, 347,000 tons in 1840, and 600,000 tons in 1850, as near as can be estimated. In 1860, it had reached 919,870; in 1870, 1,865,000; and in 1872, 2,880,070 tons; while the diminished production of 1873, 2,695,434 tons, shows already the effect of the depression under which the iron interest of the country still suffers. Of the production of 1873, very nearly one-half was made in Pennsylvania, and not less than 1,249,673 tons with anthracite, while the total amount of charcoal-

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made pig-iron was only 524,127 tons, to which is to be added 50,000 tons of malleable iron made by the direct process in bloomaries. The importation of foreign iron and steel for 1872 was 795,655 tons; for 1873, 371,164 tons; and for 1874, less than 200,000 tons. From the figures for 1872 and 1873 we may conclude that the consumption in the United States was then equal to about 3,500,000 tons of iron yearly.

The great demand for iron in this country for the purposes of railway construction, together with the high prices in Great Britain in 1872 and 1873, led to a large increase in the number of blast-furnaces. In the two years just named eighty-three furnaces, some of them among the largest in the country, were finished and put into blast, and the whole number in operation in the autumn of 1873 was estimated at 636, having a capacity of producing not less than 4,371,277 tons of pig-iron, while a later estimate from the same source, the American Iron and Steel Association, gives in July, 1874, a capacity of 4,500,000 tons, or about 1,000,000 more than the greatest consumption yet reached. Even at the previous rate of increase, many years must elapse before the country can consume such an amount of iron, and with the general prostration of business, and especially of the iron trade, in 1874, we are not surprised to find that a very large proportion of these furnaces is now out of blast, and that the selling price of pig-iron at the beginning of 1875 is below that at which it can be made at some of the furnaces. For the future the iron manufacturers of our country must strive for progress not only in the selection of ores and fuels, but in improvements in the construction and the management of furnaces, in all of which directions great economies remain to be effected, as the results obtained in late years by the skill and high science of British iron-masters abundantly show. In this way we may hope before long to rival not only in quality but in cheapness the iron products of other countries. With the boundless resources of coal and iron which our country affords, it is only a question of how soon we can successfully contend with Great Britain in foreign markets. The entire iron production of the world was in 1856 about 7,000,000 tons, and in 1874 it was estimated at 15,000,000 tons, of which, at both of these periods, about one-half was furnished by Great Britain. It is supposed by Mr. A. S. Hewitt that at the end of the century the demand will amount to not less than 25,000,000 tons. The present immense production is already taxing heavily the resources of England, which obtains a large proportion of its purer ores from foreign countries, and a period will soon be reached when she can no longer meet the world's increasing demand, for the supply of which no other country offers advantages comparable with the United States. The day is therefore not far distant when, in the words of Mr. Hewitt, all rivalry between the two nations in iron production must pass away.

So long as the business of iron smelting was prosperous, and the profits were, as has been the case for the past few years in most parts of the country, very large, considerations of economy in the production of iron were too much neglected, but for the future all this must be changed. It is probable that before long we shall see some of the old furnaces and furnace sites abandoned, and a transfer of capital and skilled labor from many of the present centres of production to points where iron can be made at lower rates. Questions of freight of the raw materials will be closely considered, and new fields will be sought where the associations of ores of iron with coal suitable for smelting them will enable pig-iron to be produced more cheaply than where both the ore and the fuel are brought from afar. In districts like Fayette County and the Johnstown and Broad Top coal-fields in Pennsylvania, and along the western outcrop of the great Appalachian coal-field in Eastern Ohio, where the characteristic iron ores of the coal measures are more abundant than farther eastward, and are accompanied with coals suitable for their reduction, these conditions for the cheap production of iron exist. While the ores thus found in proximity to the coal are adapted for the production of all the ordinary qualities of iron, the increasing export of coal from this western border to the regions northward and westward permits the bringing back at low rates of freight of the rich ores of Missouri and Michigan, which are adapted to the making of Bessemer steel. The southward extension of this great coal-field into West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, and Northern Alabama also offers great facilities for the cheap manufacture of iron from native ores, which will at no distant day be utilized.

The copper mines of the United States next claim our attention. Throughout the crystalline rocks which form the eastern border of the paleozoic basin ores of this metal are pretty abundantly distributed, and are now mined and treated for the extraction of the copper in Vermont, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Eastern Tennessee, besides which ores from other localities along this belt, and from various regions to the westward of the great basin, are brought to Baltimore and to the vicinity of Boston for reduction. The total production from all these sources, which has never been greater than at present, is, however, estimated at less than 2500 tons—an amount inconsiderable when compared with the production of the mines of Lake Superior. In these, unlike the mines just mentioned, and, in-

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deed, unlike most others in the world, the copper, instead of being in the condition of an ore—that is to say, mineralized and disguised by combination with sulphur or with oxygen and other bodies, from which it must be separated by long and costly chemical processes—is found in the state of pure metal, and needs only to be mechanically separated from the accompanying rocky matters previous to melting into ingot copper. The history of the copper region on the south shore of Lake Superior is famous in the annals of American mining. The metal, which in many cases is found in masses of all sizes up to many tons in weight, was known and used by the aboriginal races, and the traces of their rude mining operations are still met with. The first modern attempts at extracting this native copper, in 1771, were unsuccessful, and it was not until 1843 that the attention of mining adventurers was again turned toward this region. Numerous mines were opened, and a period of reckless speculation followed, which ended, in 1847, in the failure and abandonment of nearly all the enterprises which had been begun. They were, however, soon resumed under wiser management, and have been followed up with remarkable success. At first the operations were chiefly directed to the extraction of the great masses of native copper which were found distributed in an irregular manner in veins or fissures in the rocks, and yielded in some cases large profits; but with the exhaustion of these a more abundant and regular source of supply has been found in layers of a soft earthy material, known as ash beds, containing metallic copper finely disseminated, or in beds of a conglomerate of which pure copper forms the cementing material. The successful working of these two kinds of deposits has been arrived at only by well-directed skill in management, and by mechanical appliances which diminish the costs of mining, crushing, and washing the rock, and reduce to a minimum the inevitable loss of copper in the waste material. No mining industry illustrates more strikingly than this the importance of such economies. A rock which may be made to yield one part in a hundred of metallic copper can, under favorable conditions, be treated with profit, and the residue in such a case may still contain one-half as much more copper, which is lost. A mine in this region a few years since yielded annually, from the treatment of 1,200,000 tons of rock, 800 tons of metallic copper, being at the rate of two-thirds of one per cent., and this amount, at the price of copper then prevailing, was just sufficient to pay all the costs of extraction. The residues showed by assay the presence, in a finely divided state, of as much more copper, and it is evident that a greater perfection in the process of extraction, by which one-half of the copper thus lost could have been saved, would have yielded 400 tons additional, which, inasmuch as the costs of mining, crushing, and washing were already paid by the first 800 tons, would have been clear profit. One of the best-known mines in the region, which has been worked with continued success since its opening, in 1849, produced, in 1872, 1138 tons of fine copper, to obtain which over 100,000 tons of rock were mined, and over 60,000 tons of this selected for stamping and washing, so that the copper yielded was only 1.12 per cent., yet the profits of the year's working were $200,000. It would be foreign to our plan to describe modes of treatment, but statements of results like this serve to show what may be obtained by the application of skill and science to mining industry. At the Calumet and Hecla mine, the most remarkable one of the Lake Superior region, from 700 to 800 tons of rock are now treated daily, and yield about four per cent. of metallic copper, which, when converted into ingots, costs about thirteen cents the pound—a price far below that at which it can be extracted from the less rich deposits of the region or from the ores of the metal by the ordinary process of smelting. This mine produced of ingot copper, in 1872, 9717 tons, and in 1874, 9918 tons, of 2000 pounds. The crude copper from these mines, as delivered to the refiners, who melt it into ingots, yields on an average about eighty per cent. of metal—a fact to be borne in mind in consulting the statements of production, which are generally given for the unrefined product. The amount of copper yielded by the Lake Superior region from its opening, in 1845, to 1858 is estimated at 18,000 tons. From about 4100 tons in the latter year the production has shown a progressive increase, with some slight fluctuations, to the present time. It equaled, for 1873, 18,514 tons, and for 1874 not less than 22,235 tons, making an aggregate for the past thirty years of 217,134 tons, which at eighty per cent. equals 173,704 tons of ingot copper. The total yield of ingot copper for the lake region in 1874 is estimated by Caswell at 17,327 tons, to which he adds for the production from the ores of the metal 2375 tons, making a total production for the United States of 19,702 tons of copper. This exceeds considerably the domestic consumption, and accordingly we find that there were exported in 1874 not less than 4500 tons of copper. The supply of native copper from the mines of the lake region will probably continue to increase, and in years to come the working of the great deposits of copper ores which abound both in the Eastern and Western portions of our country will add largely to the production, so that henceforth the United States is destined to furnish considerable quantities of copper to foreign markets. The price

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of this metal is subject to remarkable fluctuations. Thus from fifty-five cents the pound in 1864 it gradually fell to nineteen in 1870, rising again to forty-five cents in 1872, and, falling once more to nineteen in the summer of 1874, rose to twenty-four cents at the close of the year.

It yet remains to speak of our mines of gold and silver. Although gold is distributed in greater or less quantity throughout the mountain ranges which form the eastern rim of the great basin, its presence was not made known till 1799, when it was discovered in the soil in Cabarrus County, North Carolina. For the next twenty-five years small quantities of gold were gathered by washing from the earth at various points from the Potomac to Alabama; but it was not until 1825 that the precious metal was found in veins of quartz both in North Carolina and Virginia. The whole amount of gold got from this Southern region up to 1827 is estimated at only $110,000; but with the opening of the gold-bearing veins a rapid increase in production took place, and in 1837 branch mints were established by the government in North Carolina and in Georgia, where they existed up to the time of the late civil war; before which, however, the gold production of the region had greatly fallen off, these mines having been deserted for the richer ones of the western coast. The whole amount of gold from this region for three-quarters of a century up to 1873 is estimated at about $20,000,000; but for the last year mentioned it amounted only to $160,000, the chief part of which was from North Carolina.

The great supply of precious metals has come from the western half of our territory. The vast region from the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific presents geographical features very different from those of the great Eastern paleozoic basin. Its numerous nearly parallel mountain ranges, to which the collective name of the Cordilleras has been appropriately applied, are rich in mineral treasures, which, as pointed out by Blake and by King, may be described as arranged in parallel zones, coinciding with the mountain belts. Along the Pacific coast range are deposits of quicksilver, tin, and chrome, while the belt of the Sierra Nevada and the Cascades carries a range of copper mines near its base, and a line of gold-bearing veins and gold alluvions on its western flank. Along the eastern slope of the Sierra lies a zone of silver mines stretching into Mexico, and including the great Comstock lode of Nevada, while silver ores abound in the subordinate ranges between the Sierra and the Wahsatch. The silver-lead ores of New Mexico, Utah, and Western Montana, and the still more eastern gold deposits of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, follow the same general law of distribution. We can, within our present limits, do little more than note some of the principal points in the history of the opening of these mining regions, and give some figures which serve to show the vast mineral wealth of the Cordilleras.

The gold of California was noticed by early Spanish explorers, and was again discovered on the Colorado River, just a century since, in 1775, but attracted no attention till its rediscovery early in 1848, when the existence of very rich gold alluvions was made known. A rapid immigration to the region at once followed, and it was reported in August of that year that the daily production of gold was from $30,000 to $50,000. It was not until 1851 that the gold-bearing veins were discovered, and the larger part of the gold of California has been got from the placers, as the alluvions are called. It is from the partial exhaustion of these that the production has of late years considerably diminished. In 1848 it was estimated at $10,000,000, and reached its maximum of $65,000,000 in 1853. In 1870 it had fallen to $25,000,000, and reached $19,000,000 in 1873, but rose again in 1874 to $20,300,000. The total yield, since the opening of the mines in 1848, amounts to more than $1,000,000,000. The working of the gold-bearing veins and of the deeper alluvions or placers has of late been systematized and greatly improved, and from the abundance and richness of these, and the persistence of the veins in depth, this region may be expected to produce great amounts of gold for generations to come.

From California explorations were soon carried both northward and eastward, and in addition to the gold of Oregon, Idaho and Washington Territories, the vast silver deposits of Nevada were made known. It was in 1859 that silver ore was first discovered on what has since been known as the Comstock lode—a vein which, viewed in the light of recent developments, is one of the most remarkable known in the history of mining. This lode, of great breadth, has been traced for a length of over five miles, and worked for more than four miles, in some places to a depth of 1500 feet. The ore has not been rich, seldom yielding over fifty dollars to the ton, and often less than one-half that amount, yet such has been its abundance that the production of the vein from its first working, in 1860, up to 1868 was $81,500,000, and up to the close of 1874 it had yielded a total amount of about $180,000,000, with very large profits to the miners. The bullion extracted from these ores contains an amount of gold equal to about one-third of the entire value. Other silver-producing districts, second only in importance to that of Virginia City, which is the site of the Comstock lode, have since been discovered in Nevada, and the value of the bullion

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from the State in 1872 amounted to not less than $25,000,000, of which $13,500,000 were from this lode. For the calendar year 1873 it equaled $31,666,000, of which $21,756,000 were from Virginia City; and the returns for the first half of 1874 show a still increasing production. During the latter months of the year remarkable discoveries have been announced in the Comstock lode, which appear to surpass all previous developments in that region. An enormous mass of ore, in great part below a depth of 1500 feet, has been exposed, far richer than any thing hitherto found in the lode, and said to yield an average of many hundred dollars to the ton. Some of the recently published estimates of the value of this discovery are probably exaggerated, but there seems little doubt that the amount of treasure now revealed will exceed the whole production of the lode up to the present time.

The existence of silver-bearing lead ores in Utah was known as early as 1863, but the first attempt to develop them was made in 1870, when a few thousand tons of ore were shipped from the Emma mine eastward over the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1872, however, the production of this region had reached a value of $3,250,000; in 1873, of $3,750,000; and in 1874, very nearly $6,000,000. The ores are in great abundance, but are often not rich enough to support the cost of transportation, while, on the other hand, the great rarity of fuel renders their treatment on the spot very costly. The average value of the ores exported, chiefly to the eastern and western sea-boards, in 1873 was $115 a ton, besides which a large quantity was reduced in the region, yielding what is called base bullion, that is, lead carrying silver and some gold, and valued at from $200 to $250, the lead being there estimated at about $50 the ton. In some establishments in Utah the precious metals are extracted from the lead before shipment. The fuel is in part charcoal and in part coke sent from Pennsylvania to Utah. The lead furnished to the United States markets from the silver-lead ores of Utah and Nevada in 1874 is estimated at 26,000 tons, while the lead production of Missouri was 15,000, and that of Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin only 5500 tons.

The silver production of the United States was altogether insignificant until 1861, when the Comstock lode gave $2,000,000 of silver, since which time there has been a steady increase to $36,500,000 in 1873, giving a total production of $189,000,000. It is probable that for some years to come the supply of silver from the mines of the Cordilleras will be much greater than in the past. Already within the last four years the immense production of silver in this country has considerably reduced its price in the markets of the world, and the effect of recent discoveries can not fail to be a still farther depreciation of its value.

The history of the mining of our gold and silver would be imperfect without a notice of the quicksilver of California, as it is by its aid that nearly the whole of these precious metals, with the exception of the silver of the lead ores, is extracted. Quicksilver ore was discovered in California as early as 1849, and the mines opened soon after have not only continued to supply the wants of the immense gold and silver industry of the West, but since 1852 have furnished large quantities for exportation to Mexico, South America, China, and Australia. This amounted in 1865 to 44,000 flasks of seventy-six and a half pounds each, or 3,366,000 pounds of quicksilver. The increased demand for this metal for the treatment of our silver ores, and the diminished production of the mines, have since reduced considerably the exportation. In no other region of the globe, however, is the ore of quicksilver so widely distributed as in California, and there is reason to believe that from the opening and working of new deposits the production will soon be much increased—a result which will be stimulated by the present high price of quicksilver and its scarcity in foreign markets.

We have noticed the falling off in the yield of gold from California which began in 1853. It was not until 1860 that supplies of this metal from other districts appeared, rising from $1,000,000 in that year to $28,000,000 in 1866, since which time there has been a gradual falling off from these also, so that while for 1873 the gold of California equaled $19,000,000, that from other sources in the Western United States was $17,000,000, making a production of $36,000,000, that of the entire world being estimated at $100,000,000. Dr. R. W. Raymond, to whom we are indebted for these figures, gives the entire gold product of the country from 1847 to 1873 inclusive at $1,240,750,000; and if to that we add his calculation of the silver produced up to that date, equal to $189,000,000, we shall have $1,429,750,000. Adding to this the figures for 1874, which exceed a little those of 1873, we have a grand total of over $1,500,000,000 of gold and silver as the production of the territory between the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific since the opening of the mines of California in 1847.

There are many mineral resources in the United States besides those already mentioned which might justly claim a place in a sketch like the present. Among them are the ores of chrome, zinc, lead, and nickel, now extensively mined; the extensive salt deposits in New York, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, and West Virginia, which now supply to a great extent the markets of the country; the mineral phosphates of

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the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina, which are not only manufactured into fertilizers for domestic consumption, but largely exported to Great Britain; and the granites, marbles, sandstones, roofing slates, and other materials of construction, which are now the objects of large and profitable industries. We have, however, selected, in preference to any of these, coal, petroleum, iron, copper, silver, and gold, which, from their great pecuniary value and their direct connection with material progress, have been among the most important elements in our national growth and prosperity.

T. STERRY HUNT.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

PAUL EVELETH'S PORTRAIT.

THE crowd in the Piazza del Popolo waited in breathless expectation. Opposite, in the light of the clear April evening, the Pincian Hill rose greenly, with its palm-trees plainly defined. But there was something more: an odd structure, a skeleton—the ghost, we might say, of many architectural fancies—rose up weird and white, with the background of green gloom. The Italian soldiers were walking about with apparent nonchalance but real vigilance, for there was always danger of a republican outbreak when the people were assembled *en masse;* and what more fitting time than the birthday of Rome for a grand *émeute?*

Yes, that was the cause of the gathering; a very problematic event—at least the share which the twins had in it, and the date more problematic still—but it was enough to bring the fête-loving people together, and better than the old days, when the captives were butchered to make a Roman holiday. Seats had been arranged and hired out, and those who were comfortably settled in them looked out complacently on their poorer neighbors in the piazza, who were jostled about by the crowd and military.

Whenever there was an unusual commotion a portly lady in one of the seats would cry out: "There's a scrimmage. Wotever are they hup to now? I'm sure I 'eard a shot. Oh, Cathie, just fancy a revolution!"

Then a very gentle voice would answer: "Oh no, mamma; there's not a bit of danger. Paul is certain of that."

And then a manly growl succeeded, with something re-assuring and a little impatient.

Niel Stanley, an American artist, who had come to Rome to try and discover the art of selling pictures, began to grow curious about his neighbors after a while, and cast a backward glance in search of the voice. He had lived among Italians for years, and associated largely with long-haired, spectacled German artists, so that the sound of pure refined English was a treat to him.

All the party were staring at the architectural skeletons on the Pincian Hill, and he had a chance to examine them. The young girl had one of those pure English faces of bloom and child-like freshness, and sunny golden hair, which one notices especially in Rome, among the dark-eyed beauties of that country. She was very young, but there was more firmness and decision in her face than in that of her portly mother, and her eyes, clear, limpid, and blue, were full of eloquent feeling. The face suited the voice, Niel decided, as he viewed with the eye of an artist this fresh face, like an English violet, and noted the long half-uncurled locks of sunshiny hair which lay in such beautiful contrast over her black velvet dress. Her hat was of black velvet also. A long black ostrich plume floated back among the golden curls. The lady mamma, a comfortable-looking woman of forty-five, the lines of her face lost somewhat indefinitely in folds of fat, had been handsome too in her way, and was stylishly dressed, but something about her seemed to indicate a lack of refinement. Perhaps Niel decided this because he had heard her voice and language, perhaps because she had an overblown and flushed appearance, or because she was such a contrast to the young girl at her side. But these contrasts are constantly met in life, so that one wonders how this mother can have such a daughter, or how this daughter can have such a mother, continually.

Niel found himself wondering. And then he remembered Paul. What was Paul like?

Paul was like a hundred other Englishmen, only somewhat dark, and not so well-fed-looking. He had an absent expression, as if he hardly saw the arrangements for the fire-works or the beautiful girl at his side. Then Niel noticed that his coat had a very clerical cut, that his tie was white, and that he must be either a theological student or a clergyman. "And very High-Church at that," decided Niel, as a blaze of light called his wandering eyes off to the display on the hill. Suddenly, as if touched by an enchanter's wand, the buildings whose skeletons had stood out in such bold relief blazed into colored light. Wonderful, mysterious, beautiful, all the pride of Italy was there arrayed. The Campidoglio in white light, the Cathedral of Milan with starry pinnacles all aflame with crimson and emerald gems, the grand St. Peter's in living characters of flame, Pisa's tower, and many other structures, shone resplendent against the dark green background of the Pincian Hill, while across the whole, and seeming to fence off the whole from the surging mass of people, was a heavy festooned garland of green leaves and immense roses in burning light. Then the fountains themselves in the Piazza del Popolo sent up torrents of fire instead of water. Wonderful indeed were

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those fountains of fire. The voice of the English dame was heard, amidst the murmur of admiration, "Well, now, they couldn't do better than that in England." Being a loyal subject of Queen Victoria, she could utter no higher praise.

"I never saw any thing half as fine," said Paul, "and I believe nothing better could be gotten up, except, perhaps, in St. Petersburg, where they 'beat creation,' as the Americans say."

Niel was surprised to hear so lively a remark emanating from the abstracted High-Churchman. He began to speculate on the young man's relative position toward the ladies. Was he a brother? Niel rather hoped he was; but that supposition was put at rest speedily by his addressing the portly dame as aunt.

"Well, I do say that Rome is entertaining," cried the elder lady, enthusiastically. "There's things to suit every taste—ruins and antiquities for the antiquarians, statuary and pictures for the artistic, mosaics and all sorts of jewelry for the people that like to adorn themselves, and even fine horses for the horsy young men; but I must say it's painful to see all that money lavished in the churches while the people are starving. I hope some day true evangelical religion will be spread abroad in this benighted land. There! I never saw such a Roman candle in my life. I suppose these things were invented here, and so they call them Roman candles."

Now the hill and the skeletons of the various buildings were lit with Bengal-lights, white, green, and red, with a curious and beautiful effect; and then the surging crowd began to move out of the square. The pageant was over, and Niel felt almost sorry to go. He lingered a little till he saw the party moving off in front of him. The gentleman Paul was just at his side when a man in a priest dress passed, saying to him in an audible whisper, "To-morrow at Angelus."

Niel started. It seemed as if the mysterious words must be meant for him; but he saw Paul's face just then, and the strange trouble on it showed him that there was some mystery there. He felt an inexplicable interest in the whole party, and wandered away with a feeling that he had parted with some friends. He had few lady acquaintances in Rome, and to-night he felt a sort of hunger for society. He had been wrapped up in his work, and it seemed to suffice him, but now he wanted something more. "I will go to Mrs. Grant's party to-morrow night; I may meet them there."

We are more privileged than Niel, and can follow the party home to their handsome rooms in the Piazza di Spagna. A very short walk indeed, during which Mr. Paul did not speak, but looked gloomily about him, with an abstracted look, as if his soul was far away. Cathie cast an uneasy glance at him once in a while, while the mother prattled on in a harmless, unsuspecting way. They had spent the whole winter in Rome together, and the time of their visit was drawing to a close; but Mrs. Despard's heart swelled with triumph when she remembered what she had accomplished that winter. She felt like saying, "My power and the might of my hand hath done this thing." Paul Eveleth, her favorite nephew, an orphan, and immensely rich, had offered himself to Cathie, and been accepted. Her cup of bliss seemed to overflow whenever she thought of it. "He might have been caught by some horrid match-making mother," she thought. "Now we keep the fortune in the family, and he will make Cathie an excellent husband—somewhat priggish, perhaps, and High-Church; but that is better than talking horse and going to clubs, as most of the young men do nowadays."

Paul, for his part, had little dreamed of a wife in planning his visit to Rome. Indeed, he had been strongly imbued with the idea that celibacy was the best for the clergy, and all his thoughts were of altars and rood-screens and vestments and altar cloths and the usage of the primitive Church. His aunt, Mrs. Despard, had married an American, and he had not seen her since he was a child. His beautiful cousin he had never seen at all. So when Mr. Despard died, and the two came abroad, it so happened that they met in Rome, and Cathie's beautiful face, her sweetness, her fresh, genial nature, did the work. Paul fell madly in love. The Church retreated into the background; the celibacy of the clergy was a rag of popery. Paradise opened for him at once.

And Cathie accepted her fate. She liked her cousin; she cared for no one else, and her mother's felicity was complete. Not that Cathie was poor—she was quite a little heiress in her way, besides being worth a million for herself—but then, Mrs. Despard argued, "one can't have too much of a good thing, and it was such a comfort to have dear Cathie so well provided for."

Mrs. Grant's very pleasant rooms were filled the next night with a medley of people which one could hardly bring together any where but in Rome. There were two or three long-haired German artists, who gazed entranced through their spectacles at the pretty American girls. There were some short-haired young ladies, also Americans, who studied art in Rome—most of them plain-looking, for the gods do not gift many with intellect and beauty at once. Mrs. Grant had a taste for lions; so most of the people present had a mission in life. They were workers, whether they worked to a purpose or not.

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Niel Stanley stood with the rest, a looker-on, but he did not rouse to much interest till he saw a party of three enter, and then he made his way near the hostess and inquired about them. "Oh, Miss Cathie Despard and her mother," said Mrs. Grant. "You see, I put her first, as she is pre-eminently sweet and good. The grave-looking young man is her cousin Paul, to whom she is engaged. But I think just now he is getting into the snares of the scarlet woman, and the sooner *he* leaves Rome the better."

At these last words the party presented themselves to greet the hostess, and Niel was introduced at once, and found himself uttering commonplaces to them while the words "engaged to him" kept ringing like a knell through his mind. Cathie was dressed in a pale lavender crape, with some cream-white flowers in her hair. To the artist who had been painting bronze-hued Roman girls so long she seemed a vision of beauty from another world—one of Fra Angelico's angels.

"The strangers will soon be leaving Rome, I suppose," he said, with a curiosity to know how long they were intending to stay. "Next month Mrs. Grant could hardly bring together such a party as this."

"No, perhaps not," answered Cathie; "but I would like to see the Roman summer. I always have a fancy for seeing more than other people, and so few strangers ever know any thing of Italy in summer. I've read that the luxuriance of fruits and flowers, the beauty of the skies and sunsets, are something wonderful."

"You are talking to an artist," said Mrs. Grant, laughing, "who understands it all, for he has spent a summer here. Where did you go last summer, Mr. Stanley?"

"To Perugia first; afterward among the Alban Mountains."

"So you went through the gates and entered paradise?" Cathie said.

"Yes, on a donkey," Niel replied, laughing.

"Really now," interposed Mrs. Despard, who had finished her survey of the room, "that was charming—to go into the out-of-the-way places, and see the habits of the people, though they do say they're very dirty in their homes, which I'm sure one can see even in the palace of the Cæsars, where they have such grand frescoes, and bedrooms like dog-kennels."

"Did you visit Assisi?" Mr. Paul asked, apparently roused to sudden interest.

"Oh! I thought that would bring you out, Paul," laughed Cathie. "Of course you saw the wonderful cathedral, with its old dim arches and wonderful frescoes, telling the story of the life of St. Francis. Paul is perfectly daft about St. Francis, and believes all about the thornless roses, and his preaching to the birds, and all his miracles. He went to look at the room where he used to live as reverently as if it had been a shrine. The monk who showed us about told us wonderful legends of the saints, to which Paul listened so devoutly that he took us for the faithful, disclosed all the riches of the sacristy—and there is as much embroidery there as in a bride's trousseau—and then invited me to do some work of the same sort. I shall never forget that brother's blank look when I told him we were Protestants."

"I protest against that name," Paul said.

"Oh, don't let us get into Church discussions, because they're the worst kind," cried Mrs. Despard.

"Yes," archly replied Cathie, "don't forget the significant line in *Betsey and I are out:*

'The fust thing we quarreled about was suthin about heaven.'

Mr. Stanley, what are you painting now? Can you put the Italian sky on canvas, and all those domes and towers quivering in golden air?"

"I have just painted the little boy in a sheep-skin who offers violets on the Spanish steps. He devoured chiccory during his sittings; and I supplied him. When he finished the chiccory, he finished his sitting."

"Oh, he's a charming little fellow! Do you— I am very unconventional, but I should like to see his portrait."

"Do honor my den, then," Niel exclaimed, with a secret joy for which he could find no reason; and he found a card with his address, which he handed to Mrs. Despard.

"Do you ever paint church interiors?" asked Paul, who had stood for some minutes with a preoccupied air.

"No; I wish I could. Whatever knack I have is for faces," Niel answered.

"In your own country there can hardly be much to inspire in the way of church architecture now, is there? All is so new; it must be terribly bare and meagre," inquired Paul.

"Yes, I suppose it is," said Niel. "I am ashamed to say I have not reflected much about it."

And then a dance was commenced, and Niel and Cathie were partners. Paul did not dance, but his eyes followed the fresh young face and figure with a gloomy fire in them; then he turned abruptly away and went out on the balcony. There was a strife going on within him, love and duty, or what he believed duty, and he was torn and wounded in the conflict, which was as deadly as the one waged in that quaint old book by Apollyon. Poor Paul! Cathie had forgotten him for the time in the pleasure she found in her new partner. Niel had a youthful buoyancy of spirits which some men keep through all the shocks of time, and Cathie was young. Paul had grown

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abstracted of late; he seemed to listen with a pitying smile to her fun, as if he had reached a higher sphere, and could not drag her up with him. Niel met her on her own ground, and she felt as if she could talk to him forever. So the visit was decided for the next day, and Niel looked around at his den that night with a sudden feeling of disgust. He saw cobwebs every where; the white curtain hung down limp and drab; every thing was in the direst confusion. He was up at daylight, and woke the old servant from her beauty sleep to set her at work. The old Beppina needed all the beauty sleep she could get too, for she looked like the old hag with the scissors who cuts the thread of life in Michael Angelo's "Fates."

I'm afraid she muttered "accidenza" between her teeth as she hobbled about, setting things to rights, and feeling afraid that this was a precedent, and might be repeated many days. Niel, in blissful ignorance that an "apoplexy" or something as dire had been wished him, worked away, with an inexpressible cheerfulness in his heart which kept bubbling out in bits of song. He nailed up fresh white curtains; he trained his great ivy vine about the window; and then he rushed out to the nearest florist's and expended a week's patrimony in flowers. That poor old man, who had conceived the grand idea (being a genius in his way) of making an enormous wolf with the twin brothers imbibing at that savage fountain the milk of life if not of human kindness to celebrate the birthday of Rome, also with the wild hope that some one would be patriotic enough to buy it at the celebration for fifteen francs, was now sorrowfully taking the flowers apart to make up into bouquets. Like many another aspirant, he had achieved neither fame nor fortune by his venture, and he now put the lot into Niel's hands "pitifully cheap," he said.

So the rooms really put on their brightest aspects to welcome the party; and Mrs. Despard was so charmed with the violet-seller that she ordered Cathie's picture for Paul, and after that, Paul's for Cathie. "There is so much character in your portraits," she said, with the air of a connoisseur; "they are not like masks. I can almost read their thoughts in their eyes."

Cathie had gone about in delight. She really loved the art, and every bit of a sketch had a charm for her. Paul gazed in his abstracted way at them, and seemed to look beyond them at something painful. St. Lawrence's gridiron, perhaps, which faintly shadowed forth a spiritual meaning of the torture endured by some souls.

Niel felt like one in a dream when he saw that dainty figure tripping about among his poor belongings, touching this, saying a playful word about that, which cast a glamour over all, and lifted them out of the commonplace. Then he was so lonely after she was gone, yet he had known her but two days.

After that, during the sittings, they grew very well acquainted. Mrs. Despard, being a kind-hearted if rather weak woman, and seeing no danger now, Cathie being disposed of, would sit maundering gently of art and the old masters in the most ridiculous style, but with such good nature that Niel could not find it in his heart to laugh at her. Then was she not Cathie's mother? Paul seldom accompanied his betrothed, and when he did, was as grand, gloomy, and peculiar as ever. He had a worn and haggard air, as of one who kept long vigils and fasts, sometimes fixing on Cathie an adoring look, then tearing his eyes away, as if such looks were sin. Niel felt an antipathy for the man, perhaps because he stood in such a relation to Cathie, or because he despised the trickeries of that religion which seemed to be fastening him in its toils. And there seemed some crisis impending for which he watched and half longed. What treasures people sometimes pick up in a wreck!

The crisis did come. One morning Cathie missed her sitting. And that evening Niel, somewhat anxiously, went to their apartment in the Piazza di Spagna. Mrs. Despard only was visible, and she sat by the window in such a drooping way that Niel read some catastrophe in her very attitude.

She brightened up a little as she saw him. "Oh, Mr. Stanley!" she cried; "I'm glad to see you. We are all in a sad way here."

"I hope Miss Cathie is not ill?" Niel exclaimed, in some alarm.

"Oh, she has a headache, poor child; she has not left her room since—since— Well, I may as well tell you all, Mr. Stanley. You knew of her engagement to her cousin Paul?"

"Yes, I knew it," Niel answered.

"Well, the infatuated fellow came last night to break it off. He is going into the Romish priesthood, going to be one of those fat fellows in brown with ropes around their waists—pity they weren't round their necks, I say. Benedictines? yes, I think that's it."

Niel was astonished. And yet there had always been a mysticism about Paul. This explained all.

"Of course the wretches want his money for the Church, and they understand all wiles. I have seen the priests following him up, but I didn't know he was so weak-minded; and I know he'll be miserable, poor fellow, for he is so fond of Cathie. She thinks more about him than she does about herself. She says she is sure that he will wake up from this mad frenzy to find all lost."

"Fortune and bride," Niel suggested. "It will be enough to make him a real maniac when that hour comes."

"Well, here we are, all adrift, as you may say," sighed Mrs. Despard; "every plan de-

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stroyed, Cathie with spirits for nothing. For my part, I have decided to go home at once—or at least, if Cathie consents, we might spend a month or two at the Baths of Lucca, and then go. Home is the best place for the sorrowful. And, you see, it's not as if Paul was a stranger; he's my own sister's son, and been brought up most evangelically."

Niel was horror-struck at the idea of their going so soon.

"And Miss Cathie's portrait?" he suggested.

"Oh, well, perhaps you can finish that from memory," said the mother. "I'm sure I never could persuade poor dear Cathie to sit again; and it would always remind her of Paul. Still, finish it, and I can put it away for happier days."

"I know her face by heart, and will finish it at once," said Niel. "You will be here a week or so, I suppose?"

"Oh yes; we can not get ready before," answered Mrs. Despard, with a sigh. And after a time Niel found the social atmosphere so depressing that he left. His brain throbbed with various thoughts, but one recurred continually—Cathie was free.

It was therefore a great disappointment that he did not see Cathie again. The picture was finished and sent home, and in the evening he called, but found only empty rooms; and the servant handed him a note containing a check from Mrs. Despard, explaining that the party for the Baths of Lucca had started a day sooner than expected, and so they had been forced to go. It was very kind, but it seemed to drop him so completely out of their lives that Niel stood there in a sudden maze of grief and surprise. And yet, he argued with himself in the calmer mood that followed, what could he have done with that lost opportunity? He would never have dared to hint his love in the midst of Cathie's grief.

So Niel, who began to long for change, packed up his few effects the next day, and left for Sorrento. There he feasted his eyes on the wonderful bay with its golden air and purple languors, he wandered among groves of olive and ilex, but his heart was hungry still.

Cathie, who had waked up suddenly in a melancholy way to find her heart and hand returned to her again, could not help wondering, after the first shock, at the gentle thrill of content that pervaded her in the thought. As for Paul, poor fellow, his infatuation was dreadful, and she thought of him with infinite pity; but for herself, a gentle light seemed to shine through the vistas of the future—a "light that never was on sea or land."

Mrs. Despard's grief was even more permanent, for she looked at the thing in a worldly way. She had lived long enough to know that a fortune of £50,000 was not to be picked up every day. "I don't see why he couldn't have been satisfied with being a ritualist," she said more than once; "they go far enough, I should think, with their 'pray do's' and pictures of the Virgin."

But Cathie was silent about him. She began to dismiss him from her thoughts, except now and then a pitiful surmise about his state. She felt now that they had never been in accord, and another face came up in visions—a frank, genial face, with clear eyes in which no vagaries lurked.

She was therefore hardly prepared one evening, as she lingered on one of the balconies in the moonlight, to see a dark figure enveloped in a cloak steal out of the shadows of the trees and approach her. She rose to go in when a well-known voice arrested her.

"Cathie!"

She trembled a good deal at that voice, but managed to articulate, "Paul, you here?"

"Yes, I am here," he echoed, in a wild and gloomy way. "You are surprised; you thought you would never see my face again."

Cathie was silent.

"I can not live this way," Paul cried; "I have tried it, and it is hell, Cathie. I will give up the Church. I can not give you up."

Cathie's heart sank within her. "Will they release you, Paul?" she asked.

"Ah, yes! conditionally. I must forfeit my fortune. But what is that to freedom? I told you how I fought against conviction before, how it seemed that the Church demanded the sacrifice, that it was a fight between flesh and spirit. Well, I won; and the victory has nearly killed me. Now I am ready to give it up."

Cathie strove to find some words to utter. Could she send this soul back into the night of superstition?—could she say one word to bring him out of this worse than Egyptian darkness, as she considered it, into which he had fallen?

"Paul," she began, tremulously, "are you convinced you are in error? I believe I do not understand you. Do you wish to leave the Romish Church, or only to give up the priesthood?"

"I wish to break the bonds that keep me from you, that is all. I am not strong enough to live without you."

Only an exclamation escaped Cathie's lips. She could say nothing connectedly. She found an unexpected task before her, to tell Paul that another barrier had grown up between them.

"Cathie, have you nothing to say?" he cried, passionately. "No joy? no words of welcome? I have pictured this meeting so many times, but never like this. I thought the joy of it would pay me for the torments I have suffered, Cathie. I am ready to risk my soul for you, and you have nothing to say."

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Cathie rallied all her forces. "You must remember, Paul," she said, tremulously, "that all this is very sudden to me. You have been meditating on this step some time, perhaps, but it has taken me by surprise. I can not understand such violent changes, and it is not so easy to bind together broken ties."

"Ah!" exclaimed Paul, with a groan; "have I lost your love?"

"I can not let you risk your soul, as you say, for me," Cathie went on. "Do you think I could ever be happy with such a thought to haunt me? And you, if these ideas still control you, would soon repent having bartered heavenly happiness for earthly. Of course I do not understand the fanaticism that sways you, but I think we must remain apart. I can not think of any thing else for a moment."

Paul grew perfectly ghastly, as one does when struck a mortal blow. "Is it, then, all over?" he gasped. "You love some one else; that is the only explanation."

"Can't you see why I should not wish to link my life with one who has such frightful changes of opinion or action in so short a time?" Cathie said, eager to shelter herself from suspicion.

"I only see this," answered Paul, gloomily: "if you had loved me, you would have welcomed me back with joy. I know now you never loved me, Cathie."

The girl was silent, but shivered a little. Oh, how she longed to escape!

"Confess," he said, "you never loved me."

"I believed that I did," she faltered.

"Enough. I will not trouble you again. Fool that I have been! I threw away the Church for my love, and I have neither. I periled my salvation for you, and you—you never cared for me. What is there left for me now?"

And without another word, with no farewell, he dashed away from her in a sort of frenzy. And she stood staring after him, her heart reproaching her that she could not respond, that she had said no kind or encouraging word to the man who was to have been her husband three months before.

Niel Stanley, wandering about among the orange groves of Sorrento, looked over the blue bay often with a sick longing for one face which haunted him forever. Sometimes he thought of writing, and then he dared not lose his trembling hope by testing it. One night of storm he had lain awake all night, in a mental struggle as fierce as the elements. Worn and desponding, he took his way to the beach in the morning, for he heard there had been many disasters, and he felt that the sight of real sorrow might perhaps soothe his own.

It was a desolate scene on the beach. Two or three fishermen's boats crushed like shells lay there, and the wives and families of the fishermen were wailing over them as if they were friends. Niel had brought his sketching materials, and he sat on a rock near, and made a very effective sketch of one group.

"When that has color it will be a good bit," he said, quite satisfied with his work, and going up toward the group in question.

As he went nearer one of the crowd came toward him. "It is a monk, God rest his soul!" he said.

"What do you mean?" cried Niel.

"He doubtless perished in the storm last night, and the waves washed him ashore. Holy Giuseppe, save us!" cried the man, crossing himself.

Niel walked on toward the spot. There, laid out upon the sand, lay Paul Eveleth. Robed in the brown flannel dress of the Benedictines, with his hands folded over a heavy cross on his breast, a peace upon his face which Niel had never seen there before, he lay dead before him.

An infinite pity and tenderness stole into Niel's heart. "Now he knows the eternal verities," he thought, "and he is at peace."

"He is a friend," he said to those about him, and he charged himself with the funeral preparations. But first he sketched him as he lay there folded in the eternal peace of death. He thought Cathie would be glad to know that at last the soul "so tossed about with many a conflict, many a doubt," rested in the infinite compassion of the great Father of all.

And he wrote at once to her, directing to the Baths of Lucca, but received no answer. So poor Paul was laid to rest without one of his own kin to follow him to the grave. But Niel went as chief mourner, and the priests of the neighborhood followed with a monotonous chanting, whose dirge-like music filled the air.

Then Niel set himself to work at painting from the sketch he had made an elaborate picture. The gray sky, the bay, the group on the beach, were there, but the main figure, the central point of terror and pain, was the dead body of Paul Eveleth, with the marble calm on his face, and his stiff hands folded over the cross. And while he painted he recalled the first visit to his studio and Mrs. Despard's order: "A portrait of Cathie for Paul, and afterward a portrait of Paul for Cathie." Who could then have dreamed under what dread circumstances that portrait would be taken!

The next winter, on a very clear day of frost and sunshine, Niel found himself standing before his picture, with a palpitating heart, in the exhibition of the Academy, and listening to the criticism of various spectators who paused before it. Niel had profited by his foreign sojourn, and was on the road to fame. His picture was hung in a good light. He had called it, "After the

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Storm," but to him it was only Paul Eveleth's portrait, and it seemed that it was going to make him famous.

He was there every day, with the hunger for appreciation which young artists feel. He had heard all sorts of remarks, but one day a new one struck to his heart like an arrow.

"Mamma, the monk; it is Paul."

Niel turned quickly, and met Cathie face to face. He had never seen or heard from her since they had left Rome. He saw that she and her mother wore mourning. He held out his hands. All his soul was in his face and showed his joy.

"Did you get my letter?" he asked.

"Not till long afterward," Mrs. Despard answered. "We had left the baths, and it followed us about. Poor Paul! poor misguided fellow! What an end! But he is at rest," gazing at the picture.

Cathie looked at it, and a tear stole down her cheek. Niel was almost jealous of that tear.

"You must dine with us to-night," Mrs. Despard said, cordially. "We will have so much to talk of old times."

Niel looked at Cathie. She had not yet spoken.

"Do come," she murmured, with a bright blush.

And he went—not that time only, but many times. He had made a name, and Mrs. Despard smiled on him. So did Cathie, which was more important; and it was always sweet to Niel to remember that she had cared for him before he was famous. For before they were married she told him of the scene with Paul which no one else knew. "And I loved you then," she said.

"But I can antedate that," Niel said, triumphantly. "I loved you from the moment I heard you speak that night in the Piazza del Popolo."

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER I.

URMHURST.

EVERY clear morning, for more than two hundred years past, the rising sun has thrown the shadow of the eastern chimney across the broad hip-roof of Urmhurst. The earliest beams, pure from their ocean bath, yet scruple not to embrace the weather-beaten shaft and kiss warmly its smoke-blackened lips.

Nor does the chimney suffer these kind greetings to go unrecognized. In winter it replies with a genial puff of smoke, odorous of the pungent spirit of the great pine log which has been kindled on the spacious hearth below. But its summer response is more grateful still. Like cheerful thoughts born of an aged heart, forth twitter from their abodes in the cavernous interior a rejoicing flock of chimney-swallows.

There are dozens of them. Not in New Hampshire, hardly in all New England, can be found such another chimney for swifts as this of Urmhurst, so tall is it, so roomy, so full of convenient holes and crevices. They have built through numberless generations, each head of a family at his decease jealously transmitting his chosen cranny to the eldest son. As for the western chimney, to all outward appearance the very twin of the other, not a bird of them all can be induced to settle in it. It is the kitchen chimney, and the atmosphere thereabouts is feverish and unwholesome, a standing inheritance of indignation for the swift colony. No one, certainly, denies that chimneys must be made for chimney-swallows; that is manifest on the face of it. By what right, therefore, do men usurp them? Could injustice be more flagrant?

So argue the young and hot-headed. But some sensible old cocks, wiping their beaks and turning their heads on one side, affirm that appearances often are deceptive, that men should be allowed to plead their own cause, and that, at all events, one does not meet every day with a family so uniformly obliging as these Urmsons.

"In my younger days," observed one of these patriarchs, beginning the story for perhaps the one hundredth time—"in my younger days Garth and I were very intimate. The friendship originated in his setting a fracture of this leg—"

"Yes, yes, yes!" was the unanimous twitter of the conclave. "We know; and Garth is always good to the swifts. Yes, yes, yes!"

"Quite so," rejoined the patriarch, pretending to enjoy the interruption. "Certainly Garth is good to us: it is out of his respect for me. And so is the old gentleman—so is Mr. Urmson. Often has he put crumbs on his study window-sill, and smiled and nodded when I came to carry them off. And I should not wonder if that book he is writing were a history of chimney-swallows, supplemented, of course, with allusions to his own family records and to the vicissitudes of Urmhurst itself. Now is it reason-

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able to suppose," continued the patriarch, recovering the thread of his ideas and raising his chirp, for there were symptoms of inattention on the part of some of his audience—"is it reasonable, I say, to accuse persons otherwise so friendly of wantonly infringing upon our rights in a matter so vital as this? No, certainly not. Depend upon it, some hidden cause is at work. This old house is full of mysterious traditions; and who knows but there may be some occult connection between the dinners of our good friends and the kitchen fire which so annoys us?"

"Then," twittered one of the irreconcilables, skimming away, "here goes for knocking soot into their broth kettle!"

But we must leave the annals of the swifts to old Mr. Urmson, if such be really the subject of his labors. Observe meanwhile with how comfortable a familiarity the sunshine disposes itself upon the gray-green lichens of the shingled roof, and weaves golden fibres into the ponderous oaken logs wherewith the ancient house is built: ancient, yet it seems to wax more massive and stalwart year by year. Here is no sagging of the ridge-pole, nor leaning of the uprights, nor yielding of the granite foundations. The oaken frame-work is stanch as a mammoth's skeleton, and the log-built walls almost as enduring as stone courses. Perhaps the sun, during the two centuries that he has shone on Urmhurst, has imparted to it, along with his heat, something of his immortality likewise. These great unpainted boles that sleep so snugly one on another have acquired a ruddy lustre suggestive of living flesh and blood, but to the frailties and infirmities of humanity they seem to own no analogy.

Urmhurst faces the south; and thus its venerable front, rich in projections and unevennesses, takes the sun's rays obliquely, and generates a carnival of shadows of all shapes, sizes, and gradations. The curt hip-roof is here modified by the addition of a steep-shelving curb, veiling the bareness of the upper story, as though the house had pulled a hat brim low down over its forehead. Through the curb project the hooded gables of three dormer-windows, the central one altered into a glass door, whereby access is had to a balcony surmounting the porch, while that to the east, known as Eve's window, is framed in a climbing vine of small pink roses. Below, the impending eaves cast a fringe of shade over the contemplative windows of the ground-floor, deep set in the thick walls; the dormers project pointed shadows aslant; but the profoundest obscurity collects beneath the porch. This is partly due to the singular circumstance that the pillars and canopy, instead of being carpenter's work, are fashioned of living trees—a couple of gnarled and stunted oaks, planted, generations ago, on either side the wide doorway. At the height of twelve feet or thereabouts their upward growth has been arrested, and the strength of their knotted limbs spread out horizontally above the threshold stone. Thus interlocked, they appear to grapple each other like a pair of misshapen wrestlers. They support the balcony appertaining to the upper floor, and their dark and sedate foliage lets fall on whomsoever passes beneath a transparent veil of gloom.

This gloom has been deepened by tradition. The death-grip of the two trees typifies a sinister deed said to have been done on the spot afterward covered by the still-existing granite threshold, but which at the primitive period referred to was the consecrated grave of a mighty Indian warrior and sachem. His tribe would appear to have migrated, some time after his death, to a tract several hundred miles to the southward; but his sons and grandsons (in pursuance of some pious superstition) were in the habit of making occasional pilgrimages to the place.

On one of these visits they found a mysterious company there before them. The grave-mound was situated near the centre of an opening, a natural glade in the mid-heart of the primeval forest. Here was assembled a body of twenty or more white-faced personages with steel caps on their heads, and strange accoutrements which glistened in the sunshine. A short, dark-browed man, bearing a deep scar or cleft in the centre of his chin, had taken his stand upon the sacred mound itself, and was haranguing the assembly. Near him, on horseback, sat a stately young woman, carrying an infant in her arms; and when he ceased speaking, she held up the infant to the steel-clad company and spoke a few words, and they responded with a loud shout, and waved their weapons.

Up to this juncture the Indians, concealed in the shadow of the forest, had looked on, half in awe and half in amazement. These were probably the first white men they had seen, and they perhaps supposed them to be a kind of spirits. We, however, have no difficulty in recognizing them as the band of pioneers whom Captain Neil Urmson, the Puritan soldier of Marston Moor and Naseby, led into the wilderness west from Portsmouth as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. Captain Urmson was undoubtedly a man of pith and ability, and but for the strange restlessness which drove him forth, accompanied by his wife Eleanor and a few inseparable followers, from the restraints of the established colony, he would scarcely have failed to make a prominent figure in the first pages of New England history. He seems to have been of a reserved disposition and unequal in his

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moods, but possessed of a remarkable power over the wills and judgments of those with whom he came in contact. Wealthy, and endowed with a strength and energy unusual even in those iron times, he might have risen in any society; but the same uneasy devil that caused him to abandon a brilliant career in England and fly overseas haunted him still, and three months after his disembarkation at Portsmouth he suddenly and without warning loaded his wagons and departed—as many prophesied, to his destruction. But his boldness and sagacity were his safeguard. He at once awed and conciliated such Indians as he met; and when, after nearly a month's northwesterly journey through untrodden woods, he paused at last on the site of the Indian's grave, it was without harm of any kind done or sustained.

At this point, however, blood was spilled. Captain Urmson, as we have seen, had addressed his faithful followers, bidding them to look upon that forest glade as the nucleus of their future home, and Eleanor had moved their courage by showing them the undaunted front of little Ralph, a pioneer five months old—for he was born at sea. Then the captain, taking a pickaxe from one of the men, and with the words, "Here, in this virgin soil, where are no dead bones nor blood-stains of the past, will I lay the threshold stone of the new life!" With this curiously infelicitous remark, he raised the pick above his head, and drove it deep into the green turf of the unsuspected grave.

Before he could uplift it for another stroke a yell broke on the ears of the surrounding group, and a dusky savage, with long black hair and brandished tomahawk, started forward from the concealment of the trees. He sprang at Captain Urmson and wrenched the implement from his hand. The suddenness and audacity of this wild apparition half dismayed the white men, who imagined themselves attacked by an entire Indian tribe. But on Neil Urmson's swarthy face there was at once a smile and a dark frown. Eleanor, who had seen that expression once before at a momentous epoch in their lives, turned pale, and restrained him as he was about to draw the heavy pistol from his belt.

"Do not, husband!" she said. "Remember our wedding-day: let not this day also be defiled with blood."

Tradition affirms that Urmson did hesitate for a moment, with his hand upon the butt of the pistol. But the next instant an arrow, let fly by the Indian who had remained in the wood, struck the soldier's polished head-piece, and glancing harmlessly thence, pierced Eleanor's shoulder. As quick as thought Neil leveled his weapon, and the report drowned Eleanor's scream. The tall savage fell on his face, his brawny arms hugging the dishonored grave of his ancestor, his teeth biting into the turf: the bullet through his heart. Eleanor, though sorely wounded, clasped her infant to her bosom and strove to support herself on her frightened horse. It was scarce a minute since the dead Indian's first war-whoop.

Not without tumult the little band formed to resist as they might the expected onslaught of the avenging tribe. But only the dark trunks of the trees surrounded them, and there was no sound more terrible than the twittering of birds and the rustle of leaves in the wind. No avengers came, or, if any, not at that time, nor for years afterward. The companion Indian had fled, silently as a dream, toward the distant wigwams of his people, there to keep alive, as is supposed, a hereditary memory of the sacrilege. The colonists meanwhile, having assured themselves of their safety, had leisure to take council concerning the wound of Dame Eleanor, and the proper disposal of the Indian's dead body. As regarded this last matter, it was determined, in accordance with Captain Urmson's suggestion, to bury the heathen, without funeral rites, on the spot where he fell, and to cover him with the threshold stone of the projected edifice. "For it is fitting," said the grim Puritan, "and an emblem of that which shall surely come to pass throughout this land, that in entering our new home we plant our foot first upon the bones of the red man!"

In digging the grave, however, the mouldering relics of the ancestral sachem were revealed, as was also the significance of the tragedy which had just passed. The spectators shook their heads, and the grave-diggers seemed reluctant to proceed with their work. But Captain Urmson, having resolutely confronted his enemies while alive, was not going to be squeamish about them dead. He snatched up a spade, and thrusting the men aside, himself dug the old grave anew, and flung into it the body of the slain, which he then proceeded to cover up with the earth-stained skeleton of the original occupant. He stamped the turf level with his booted feet, and looking with glowing eyes in the faces of the silent group who had stupidly been watching his ill-omened toil, "It is my deed," he said, "and thus do I trample down this blood and all superstitious terrors!"

Such is the sinister legend which underlies the threshold of our story. Urmhurst was built, and a huge slab of rough-hewn granite, heavy enough to keep down the uneasiest ghost, pressed its weight above the nameless remains. It so happened, however, that the frost of the ensuing winter cracked this ponderous stone across its entire breadth, and subsequent variations of temperature, combined with other causes, gradually widened the cleft, until, at the

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epoch of which we are to write, there were two distinct thresholds, separated by an interval of an inch or more. It need scarcely be added that this accident was interpreted by the sagacious as a sign that the blood which Neil Urmson had arrogantly trodden into the earth was not so easily to be got rid of, and every misfortune incident to the family for many years afterward, whether or not really ascribable to Indian agency, was faithfully traced back by these worthy persons to an origin in the cloven threshold.

Urmhurst was probably less cheerful during its builder's lifetime than it afterward became. Eleanor never recovered from the effects of her wound. She lingered through several months, but when the house was completed, she had to be carried to her chamber, and only left it for the grave-yard. Obscure hints have come down to us that the ailment which caused her death was not entirely physical, and the reference to her wedding-day which she had made to her husband at the crisis of the Indian's attack has been subjected to more than one interpretation. The most plausible of these traces a connection between her words and the sudden and unexplained self-banishment of Captain Urmson from England. His family had been a powerful one, and the English Urmhurst was a valuable estate; the Cromwellian party, to which the captain was attached, had just established its supremacy, and he himself was in every respect fitted to take a high place under the new order of things. Why, then, had he fled? He had never been looked upon as an extreme bigot in his religious views, although since his emigration he appears to have had occasional attacks of violent fanaticism, which would run their course like a fever and then subside, sometimes leaving a tendency to reaction; but it was certainly not religious zeal that drove him abroad. More probably it was the commission of some act rendering him alike odious to friend and enemy, and to which his marriage with Eleanor had in one way or another been the incitement.

Undoubtedly, had it occurred to any one, during Captain Urmson's lifetime, to ask him a few plain questions as to his past career, the answer would have put a definite end to the inquirer's speculations. But the first master of Urmhurst was not a sociable or conversable man, especially after his wife's death. He shut himself up in his fort—for such the house was at that time—and devoted himself, we may suppose, to the bringing up of his son Ralph, who is said to have greatly resembled his father, even to the cleft in the chin. Urmhurst stood then, as it stands now, alone. The other colonists built their huts on the banks of a rapid stream a mile or two to the westward, thus forming the germ of the prosperous little village which exists there to-day. This secession may have been due to those superstitious fears which the captain had professed to despise; but it is quite as readily explained by the fact that, though the position of Urmhurst itself is unapproachably fine, there happens to be no other site in the vicinity which could be deemed even tolerable.

The house, as we behold it now, rises from the centre of a smooth, grassy knoll, barely half an acre in area. The knoll is itself the highest point of a long and gradual acclivity which ascends, by imperceptible degrees, from a wide valley. We realize the loftiness of our stand-point only by the great sweep of prospect which it commands over a scene at once noble and peaceful. The wooded slopes trend majestically southward to the broad gleam of a lake some three miles away. Thence we catch at intervals the white curves of a river, winding onward through flat meadow-land, which itself shows like a gigantic green river slumbering between wooded banks. The southern extremity of the valley is guarded by a mountain, or group of mountains, having the appearance, from our point of view at Urmhurst, of a crouching lion, his shaggy head resting on his fore-paws. His Indian name is Wabeno (the Juggler), and protean are his transformations. In spring he acquires a bluish tinge from the mist of the meadows. In summer his coat is purple, with greenish lights upon it. In autumn he wears a tawny mane, and seems nearer and more distinct than at other seasons. In times of drought he occasionally takes fire, and is swathed for days in mysterious clouds of smoke, which at night are illumined with a dull russet glow. Winter makes him gray and ghost-like, and in storms he vanishes quite away; but when the clouds lift, there he crouches as before—a lion in the path! After all this phantom show of life and activity, he is impassive and motionless, his shaggy head upon his paws. He seems to watch the old house, that watches back from its lonely station twenty miles away.

It has been affirmed, however, and the statement seems credible enough, that when Urmhurst steps down from between the two tower-like chimneys to which it has been moored so long, Wabeno will spring up and emit a roar which shall cause all New England to tremble. But the ancient mansion budges not. It has rested so long on its foundations of New Hampshire granite as to have become homogeneous with the earth. Like some immemorial oak-tree, it has thrown out roots on every side, far and near; so that its uprooting would tear open the ground for at least a quarter of a mile in circuit. It is the culmination and key of the landscape, harmonizing so truly with its sur-

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roundings that any alteration would seem the violation of a natural law.

This semblance of spontaneous growth is enhanced by the foot-paths leading from the doors and journeying in old-time furrows down the slope. They are not artificial paths, but honestly worn by the footsteps of generations, and filling precisely their proper places. Yonder, where it ascends the acclivity, the track is narrow and deeply worn; here, above, it broadens and throws off a lighter side way; there it deftly avoids a rock or slips beneath the shadow of a tree. In a similar manner the other accessories of the edifice seem to unite it more intimately to its place. The antique well-sweep, like a giant's fishing-pole, poised on an upright tree trunk; the barn, looking older than the house, though really younger by near a century; the great orchard on the north, containing trees which Neil Urmson himself might have planted—all these are marriage tokens.

Is there nothing else? Yes, the graveyard, indissolublest bond of all. It lies about a hundred paces eastward, and takes the earliest sunshine. It is well populated, this little inclosure; for although the Urmsons have been an adventurous and turbulent race, many of them followers of the sea, or fighters against the Indians, the French, or the English, as the case might be, it has nevertheless happened that the great majority of them have wandered home to die. The burial-ground was consecrated by a pious man of God, who had accompanied Captain Urmson from England, and was said by some to be the same who had married Eleanor to him. This minister lived to pronounce another sort of service over both her and the captain. They lie in one grave. Of Eleanor's epitaph almost the whole is legible, whereas in that of her husband, who died forty years later, only that word "died" has survived decay.

Near by is the tombstone of Ralph, who, if report be true, inherited most of the bad and gloomy traits of his father, with few of his virtues. He was gifted, however, with the same peculiar personal influence over the minds and wills of others which Neil had possessed. But it was remarked of the Urmsons that though they always seemed to get their own way in every thing, it seldom brought them any good. Their luck was their misfortune. If we may suppose them at a certain crisis in their lives to have permitted a depraved desire or impious passion to triumph over better knowledge, we might fancy that doom a just one which should force them ever afterward to be their unrestrained and unrepentant selves.

We search in vain among these old tombstones (many of which are grotesquely suggestive of the traits of character of those who repose beneath them) for the record of any daughter of the Urmson race. Since the epoch of their emigration no woman-child has been born to them—as though the family nature were too hard and rugged to produce any thing feminine. Not a daughter in seven generations!—but no, we are mistaken. One there has been, and that within the present century; but there is more sorrow than joy in the mention of her name. Eve was the daughter of Garth's grandfather—old Brian Urmson, of Revolutionary renown. She is said to have been a strange but marvelously fascinating child, and the old privateersman's joy and pride in her were without limit. When she was ten years old Eve disappeared, and was never afterward heard of. It was commonly supposed that the Indians had kidnaped her; and those who knew of the old legends of course declared that the kidnapers were descendants of the murdered chief, who thus at last had wreaked his revenge. So was Urmhurst's greatest blessing changed into its darkest misfortune.

A lack of the feminine element is perhaps observable in the house, whose features and aspects are mostly massive and masculine. Eve's chamber, however, has been preserved as she left it, and her rose vine still clambers over the window. But there is need of a living woman in these great old-fashioned rooms. Garth's mother died a few years ago, and since then he and his father (a son of Brian Urmson by a first marriage, and half-brother to the lost Eve) have resided here pretty much by themselves. The only other member of the family known to be living is an own brother of Eve's, called Golightley—the maiden name of his mother, who was understood to have been a lady of Virginian extraction. Golightley is remembered as a clever and quite exemplary youth, whose delicate constitution unfitted him for the pursuit of any regular trade or profession, and who was therefore sent to Europe in pursuit of health and of that æsthetic culture which his soul loved. The prescription had suited him so well that, after more than twenty years use of it, he still appeared not to have had enough.

There is little or nothing to add to our preliminary investigation of the premises. Urmhurst still stands in the woods, though the primeval forest glade has been expanded into a clearing of thirty acres and upward, comprising the profile of the southern slope. A portion of this is still used as a vegetable garden, but the greater part has been turned into pasture for half a dozen cows and a couple of horses. As regards the interior aspect of the mansion, it is chiefly notable for an antique spaciousness of hall and staircase, a suggestive mystery of cellar and garret, and a noble extravagance of hearth and chimney-corner. But these are matters which can properly be ex-

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amined only under guidance of the resident family, with whom, therefore, we forthwith proceed to make acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

MORNING.

GARTH is standing on the cloven threshold, his head and dark brows bent a little downward, but his eyes looking rather upward in an abstracted fit. The sun shines level through the October oak leaves on the eastern side of the porch, and casts a russet glow on the young man's swarthy face.

Like most Urmsons, Garth is shorter than the average of men, but chested like a bison, and vigorously and compactly made. His dress differs little from that commonly worn by the New Hampshire farmer. His shaggy hair pokes itself through the torn crown of a battered straw hat clapped on the capacious back of his head. In his right hand is a tuft of maple leaves, whose splendor makes his red flannel shirt appear dingy. A sack-coat, the pockets bulging with apples, corduroy trowsers, and cowhide boots complete his costume.

As background to this figure we have the famous green door of Urmhurst—a massive structure of six-inch oaken timbers clamped and bolted with iron, scarred by many an ineffectual bullet and tomahawk in old-time fights. Deeply cut in old-fashioned characters on the upper part of the framework may still be read the date and initials, N·U·1648·. At the outbreak of the Revolution this redoubtable door got its latest coat of emerald; but the wind and weather of the seventy or eighty years which have elapsed from that time to this of which we write have so mellowed and enriched the original tint that at a distance of a dozen paces or so we might fancy the hard old surface overgrown with a coating of thick soft moss, such as cushions tombstones in English country church-yards.

Though the sun is but half an hour high, Garth has already made the rounds of the farm. First he lifted the sash of his bedroom, which is on the ground-floor, and swinging himself out to the grass, went barnward. The farm animals one and all greeted him as if they liked him; but they get little petting and no spoiling from him; his kindness is rather brusque than sentimental, and he keeps them to their best behavior. Nevertheless he was not wanting in a fund of wholesome playfulness, and enjoyed his private jokes with each horse, cow, and hen, often laughing quietly, as did they, after their fashion.

The first greetings over, he opened an eastern shutter, and let in a picturesque stream of light athwart the manger. After observing for a moment the effect, he got out a crimson horse-blanket, and flung it over a ladder, half in and half out of the shadow. Further consideration led him to stir up a little more dust to float in the sharp-drawn light-beam. The preliminaries finally arranged to his satisfaction, he studied the picture with a pithy, efficient musing suggestive of a definite conscious purpose, never wandering vaguely from the point. What might have been the purpose is another question, since striking effects of light and shade are not commonly supposed to be of practical use in farming.

When he had finished his observation thereof, Garth lingered not aimlessly about; his times seemed to fit together snugly without either gaps or crowdings. He passed from the barn to the vegetable garden, which lay to the westward. The Indian corn had been harvested, and the stalks, gathered into slender pyramids, were standing in dry rustling rows along the corn field. Slighting these, and the potato hills, which were but partially dug, Garth spent some time among the mighty pumpkins and long-necked golden squashes. They strewed the rough ground by scores, producing, in the attempt to hide their precious persons under their shriveled leaves, a ludicrous effect of would-be modesty that drew a smile from the young man. He put himself to some trouble in selecting the goldenest and snakiest of the squashes, as though the curves and the color were of more consequence to him than the intrinsic succulence of the vegetable. Carrying it back to the house, he conveyed it heedfully through the bedroom window, and was perhaps on the point of clambering in after it when he remembered the apple orchard, and turned back.

In its prime, a few generations since, this had been accounted the finest orchard in the State—no slight praise in the American paradise of apples. Most delectable fruit, in eight or nine varieties, may still be eaten there; and of late years the Urmsons, father and son, have sought to bring back the ancient repute by dint of grafting, pruning, and setting out new trees. This season's crop is fine, and Garth, walking hither and thither, with his hands thrust in the side pockets of his coat, was pleased at the aspect of the scarlet and yellow heaps which were gathered together beneath the twisted branches. He found a certain pleasure, likewise, in observing the grotesque contortions of the trees themselves. Apple-bearing, one would suppose, must be the painfulest of vegetable processes. Some of the old limbs seemed the incarnation of agony, and few trees but had eaten their hearts out, and were harboring blue jays and woodpeckers in their hollow bosoms. Nevertheless, the sweetest fruit often grew on the ugliest bows, and in spring Garth had not

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failed to admire how well beauty and fragrance and freshness assimilated with old age, deformity, and decay.

Meanwhile he stuffed his pockets with yellow Porters and lusty crimson Baldwins, and picking up a russet with a worm in it, he flung it at an elderly crow which was contemplating the sunrise from the top of a tall hemlock on the outskirts of the dark pine forest bordering on the orchard. The crow, being not unacquainted with Garth's ways, entered at once into the spirit of the thing, and pretended to be seriously alarmed. It pitched, flapping, off its perch, with a loud "Caw, caw, caw!" The cry was straightway taken up by the whole community of crows, and in another moment some thirty of these funereal humorists were wheeling their sable bodies aloft and clamoring their harshest, ostensibly in vast consternation, but really for their own and Garth's amusement.

A little on the hither verge of the forest grew a large sugar-maple, its autumnal foliage showing against that gloomy background like a bonfire. Having pursued the crows thus far, our transcendental farmer gathered from it that bunch of flaming leaves which we remarked in his hand a while ago. Then he returned to the house, and finding that neither his father nor old Nikomis, the cook, was yet stirring, he clambered in quietly as he had come out. Shortly thereafter he re-issued through the front-door, and, while standing in the porch, was overtaken by the fit of abstraction in which we first beheld him. For an energetic man, Garth is perhaps unusually prone to reverie. When, however, as at the present moment, he casts aside his preoccupation and steps briskly forth from shadow to sunshine, it is difficult to believe his proper mood a subjective one. His activity seems to deny his introspection.

He follows the grass-bordered path that clings to the eastward declivity, enjoying the morning clouds, while his shadow undulates long and slim behind him. Arriving presently at the little grave-yard, squared within its compact stone fence, he goes in and pauses beside the latest grave, now three years old. Here lies buried the mortality of Martha Urmson, his mother, and daughter of old Minister Graeme, who is still above-ground, after nearly a century of earthly life. The little flower bed which crowns the grave has ceased to bloom some days since. Garth plucks away the withered leaves and stalks, and emblazons the brown strip of mould with his gorgeous maple leaves. There being no breeze astir as yet, they lie motionless there, though seemingly radiant with life. But, to Garth's mind, the life of autumn is of a kind to harmonize well with tombstones. There is more heart-break in her deep-toned sunshine than in the gloom of conventional mourning, and her gayest painting makes the seer thoughtful and often sad. Her pomps presage decay, and the strand of pathos is subtly inwoven with hers as with all earthly beauty.

Yet Garth, however open to these perceptions, would be guilty of an affectation alien to his temperament if he could face the rich phantasmagory of the valley otherwise than delightedly. Surely, he thinks, it looks its best to-day. Those thin-spread mists are dissolving like a happy dream, and mellow ranges of red and yellow awaken to vividness near at hand, and lapse in violet cadences far away. Autumn is the holiday, the Sunday, of the year. She reclines at ease, ripened, voluptuous, sweet-breathed with new-mown hay, robed in crimson, and crowned with gold. She is more tender than the working seasons, with a pensive tenderness infinitely winning. Cheerful in her arms can no one be, but she wooes her lover far below the surface of thought, with its trivial ripple, and teaches him the neglected wisdom of repose.

Garth has so loving an eye for color, and has so often brooded over the autumnal aspect of his native woods, that it would be doing him injustice to suppress all allusion to the subject. But he is a man who, endowed with urgent impulses to express himself, is poor in speech to the verge of destitution. Such soliloquies and rhapsodies as he indulges in, therefore, are not precisely quotable in words: if he has discovered a mode of utterance, it is one peculiar to himself and to men of his stamp; superior, perhaps, to the ordinary methods, but less immediately available. This solitary walk of his, however, which is to be taken as representative of many similar walks, and indeed of one complete phase of his life at this epoch, possesses a kind of significance which it would not do wholly to neglect; and if the young man will not verbally explain himself, we must do our best to divine his mind from his action and circumstances.

After leaving the grave-yard, the path continues its unobtrusive journey down the slope, Garth striding downward with it, eating a crisp, cool apple as he goes, and rejoicing in the dew wherewith the grass abundantly glosses his cowhide boots. Now he enters the forest which infringes on the southern extremity of the long pasture. The trees grow thickly, but shadow there is none. A golden glow lingers in the densest coverts, for the density is itself an illumination. The black trunks and branches appear overstrong for their ethereal sunshiny burdens. The green which has not yet forsaken the grass in sheltered situations, and which summer cheapens, now seems rare and strange: the superfluity of pomp giving a new worth to simplicity.

It is well, after all, that the autumn glo-

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ries of New England should be so transitory. These sunset tints exalt the beholder's spirit, but the strain could not long be borne. Green is the color nearest to human sympathies, and no diviner one could be suffered permanently to usurp its place in nature. Indeed, it is remarkable that Yankees accept the magic transformations of their October so philosophically as they do, that they are not startled or even incredulous, as they would be if the matter were one of hearsay. But in the most apparently reckless splendor there is ever a saving element of sanity. The yellows and reds are all variations on one theme, and differ not more among themselves than do the greens of summer. There is no gaudiness, and thus no one thinks of being astonished at the display until it is over.

The foot-path soon merges into a forest lane, with three parallel channels running along it, separated by thin ridges of verdant turf. From its work-a-day, business-like aspect this lane might reasonably be supposed to have a beginning, middle, and end, to become more and more practical as it proceeded, and perhaps finally to attain the social position of a turnpike. However, like many another lane, both in New England woods and elsewhere, it possesses only a middle. Definite origin or goal it has none, but begins with no apparent reason, and fades away just when the traveler is expecting to come to something. It is, in fact, used and created by the wood-cutters. Their carts and sledges have worn these ruts; and their ends being different from those of other men, while their processes are the same, it is no wonder if they lead us to a pine stump when we were anticipating a village.

As for Garth, he is a wood-cutter himself, among other things, and, at all events, is no way disconcerted, but delighted, when the forest grows trackless before him. Had he been alive in colonial times he would have plunged into the primeval wilderness with all the boldness and fervor of the original Captain Neil, not, like him, from morbid displeasure at society, but out of masculine zest for the charms of virgin nature, savage and difficult to tame. His spirits dilate as he leaves civilized boundaries behind him, insomuch that even his dilapidated hat becomes irksome, and he pulls it off, and throws back the broad collar of his shirt. The woods are almost utterly silent. Cold nights have chilled the loquacity of insects, and the birds seem to have sung all their songs for this year, and to be meditating what next. Now and then a chattering squirrel seems to dart from non-existence into intensest life, and, after a noisy minute, vanish to nothing once more. Far off somewhere sounds the drumming of a partridge, or close at hand one whizzes suddenly from its covert. But the Midas touch which has transmuted the trees to gold seems, as a rule, to have stricken existence dumb.

Presently, however, Garth begins to whistle, mellowly as an Arcadian flute. The sound melts in the forest distances sweetly, like a bird note; and he follows along the vistas with a sober jocundity of step and countenance. Meanwhile the land tends by long gradients downward, and occasionally the foot sinks in swampy ground, while the vegetation is more untrammeled, and vividly red sumach leaves burn here and there in the jungle. Anon approaches the gurgle of a brook, new-born from some hidden source, babbling its transparent secrets beside the pathway, and continuing to gossip even when its wayward course takes it temporarily out of hearing. Great scarlet and variegated toadstools, generated from the fruitful union of vegetable decay and dampness, cluster in curious groups beneath the yellow shade; and not a few dandelions and asters foolhardily tempt the frosts. All these things Garth feels by a kind of sympathy rather than sees in detail, not being one of the quick-eyed breed of men; his glance is leisurely, but comprehensive and penetrating.

The faculty of observation, at once enjoying and effortless, marks him as not only accustomed to see nature in private and alone, but content to let her monopolize him during the interview. It would be rash, nevertheless, to conclude that a young fellow of his aspect, who has probably experienced the vicissitudes of at least a quarter of a century's life, should have missed all acquaintance with that finer solitude which is attainable only through a rare human companionship. There is nothing of the stoic in Garth's face or figure, that we should suppose him insensible to the love of woman. True, there are no longer nymphs and hamadryads in the New Hampshire woods; and this young farmer's dress, and his habits so far as we have observed them, seem primitive enough to put a bar between him and ordinary society. Living all his days on a lonely estate, in a house whose only other inmates, since his mother's death, have been Mr. Urmson senior and the old Indian cook, Nikomis; occupied from season to season in the slow but unfailing duties of the farm; inoculated, perhaps, with a drop or two of that irrational pride of birth which curiously survives among not a few descendants of New England colonists—so circumstanced and constituted, Garth might have the best natural capacity in the world for love and marriage, and yet remain a long time with no better helpmate than Dame Nature.

But, again, observing him somewhat more narrowly, a doubt suggests itself as to

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whether he be altogether, or even chiefly, a farmer after all. His hands, certainly, are not those of a plowboy; their form is at once powerful and elegant, and the texture of the skin is soft and fine. Something, too, in the firm carriage of the shoulders and the easy precision of the tread seems to imply another kind of culture than that of the potato and hay field. And though Garth's features appear at the first glance rugged and almost harsh, they are, in fact, moulded with singular accuracy and meaning: every part responds sensitively to his thought. In spite of his red flannel shirt and cowhide boots, his early hours and familiarity with barn-yard stock, we can not write him down a country bumpkin. He has walked elsewhere than in these woods; has dressed in broadcloth and fine linen; perhaps has seen and admired fair women beyond the sea. But if this be so, his demure assumption, or even resumption, of the agricultural presentment is scarcely devoid of a flavor of quiet humor, not to speak of an implicit freshness and independence of temperament uncommon to the majority of traveled youth.

The important question as to the true state of the young man's affections remains, therefore, undetermined. Possibly he is even now keeping tryst—with no uncultured hoydenish maiden of the valley, but with some noble lovely lady of another land, whose love has brought her thus far to meet him, and to whom his homely garb shall appear as princely raiment. Once heretofore, let us say, they have met in the rich heart of the Old World, and had not spoken, but exchanged a look of mutual revelation. Thereafter, to follow out our fantasy, time and space had rolled between and separated them. Garth, returning home and setting himself to the fore-ordained business of his life, sometimes saw her sweet face in dreams, and half believed it, perhaps, to have been from the first a dream. But our romance must not end here. A mysterious providence, such as appertains only to lovers, must bring them together once more—and why not this morning as well as another? Let us pray, meanwhile, that they may recognize each other at this second encounter, and that no wretched entanglement on either side may have occurred to prevent their happy union! Neither is, of course, aware of the other's propinquity, and this may account for the serenity of Garth's demeanor thus far.

A truly unwarrantable flight of fancy, this, for which the romantic witchery of the autumnal woods is hardly a valid excuse. Nevertheless, there is that about the young man which might lay a strong grasp on a woman's heart, though little were said on either side. Perhaps he inherits something of the peculiar power which tradition ascribes to his forefathers. Let that pass, however. He has betrayed no suspicious qualities up to this point, and the probabilities are that he will return to breakfast at Urmhurst without having done any thing more romantic than to catch a pickerel or two in the lake whose gleam comes through yonder belt of solemn pines. He carries over his shoulder a bundle of three or four straight shafts, and to his back is slung a kind of knapsack. These we must suppose to be his fishing-rod and creel.

Before the pond is reached a trifling incident is destined to take place, which, considering the lamentable dearth of incidents thus far, can not be permitted to go unnoticed. On the hither verge of the belt of pines is planted a lichen-covered rock, round whose base grows a crimson girdle of whortleberry bushes. Beneath the bushes lurks a meditative little flower, retired enough, one would think, to elude all ordinary eyesight. Be that as it may, Garth sees it as he passes by, and stops, and throws himself on the ground at full length to examine it at his leisure. It is a violet—a rare stranger in this month, and the sweeter for its strangeness. Garth gently uplifts its downcast, dewy little visage with the tip of his forefinger, and looks into its tiny golden eye, not with a cold botanical scrutiny, but with love. How tender his face looks now! and withal half amused, half reverential. He does not pluck the flower, perhaps from conscientious scruples, but he gains the better part of it nevertheless. By-and-by he gently withdraws his finger, rises to his feet, and walks on. Lover more considerate could no violet have.

Why is it, then, that this chivalric admirer turns abruptly back after a few steps, and ruthlessly plucks up the poor little violet after all? Is it out of mere wantonness, or is there something so much more worshipful in his eyes than violets that he feels justified in making a sacrificial offering of one to the other? This is a pregnant question, but we must be content to let time give it answer. Garth is silent as usual.

Having carefully disposed the flower along with one of its leaves in the band of his hat, he continues on through the pines, and shortly brings his three-mile walk to an end on the sandy beach of a cove, whence is an outlook over the greater part of the lake. About a quarter of a mile southward, in the mouth of the cove, rises a small island densely tufted with scarlet and yellow foliage. Far away, between the island and the western promontory of the shore, towers the misty shape of Wabeno, gleaming in the sunlight like a dim heap of jewels. The water of the lake is perfectly still and pellucid, and reflects each glowing leaf of the myriad trees which crowd to the margin, as though anxious to behold their own magnificence. And indeed the reflection is better than the re-

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ality; it has the charm of an idealized remembrance. The sky, being pale and cool at this hour, sets off the sumptuous coloring of the earth. The sun is not yet too high to throw the shadows of the tall eastern trees far across the quiet mystery of the surface. The charm of the scene is so complete that one fancies it must have been less beautiful a moment ago, and will begin to deteriorate a moment hence. There needs only a painter, cunning of hand and loving of heart, to collect these points of loveliness and recast them in the symmetrical mould of some noble and profound idea.

In good time, therefore, behold the painter! Garth has been taking apart that bundle of sticks and unpacking that knapsack, and what we mistook for angling tools turn out an apparatus to catch the secrets of nature with. On the canvas the elements of the picture have already been set forth—the result of several morning interviews previous to the present one. And now, as the artist sits down to his easel and gets earnestly and skillfully to work with his palette and brushes, the seeming incongruities of his behavior begin to arrange themselves in a rather more comprehensible order. All men are enigmas until the observer has hunted them down to their right places.

ENFRANCHISEMENT.

THE Rev. Boswell Holland sat alone in his study.

It was drawing toward noon of one of those exceptionally rare and exquisitely beautiful June days when the full perfected loveliness of summer seems combined with the shy, fresh, delicate beauty of the spring, and earth and sky, tree, leaf, and flower, looked as if just newly created for a world where winter, sorrow, decay, and death were to be words of an unknown tongue.

The calm Sabbath stillness which brooded in the summer air was broken only by the low drowsy murmur of the bees or the rejoicing carol of the birds, and the softened breeze swept over the varied and beautiful landscape with just force enough to bring out the sweetly mingled perfume of uncounted and untended blossoms, but too lovingly to rifle them of a single tinted petal. It was such a day as the old English poet would have chosen for

"The bridal of the earth and sky,"

and the fair and flower-crowned earth looked worthy of such high espousals.

It has been stated that the reverend gentleman sat alone in his study, and it may be added that his parish was in one of the most picturesque portions of one of the loveliest of the New England States. Now can you, my reader—I should say "fair and gentle reader," only I am unwilling to stoop to bribery, even for your good opinion—can you call up to mind a distinct picture of this rural parsonage? Just try. Can you see, "in your mind's eye, Horatio," the old-fashioned, low, rambling building, winning from its very irregularity, with its wide-spreading and overhanging eaves, where the murmuring pigeons and the twittering swallows have it all their own way—a building whose time-out-of-mind unpainted surface has gradually taken on that soft purplish-gray, that perfect neutral tint, that delicate Indian-ink shading, which Nature's own artistic taste supplies when she is left to her own resources, and which contrasts so faultlessly with the clear blue sky above and the deep greenery around and overhanging it?

Can you see the wide low windows, shaded by vines, the ever hospitably open door, where the blushing June roses, kept fresh by sparkling dew from fainting with their own sweetness, cluster lovingly round the broad low stone steps?

You see it distinctly, do you? Ay, and it is a pretty picture, but, I regret to say, as unlike the *reality* as a moss-rose bud is unlike a sunflower.

Forgive me; that was a fancy sketch: now take the actual picture.

A tall, narrow, thin, wooden house, higher than it was wide, painfully stiff and angular, painted after the fashion of a fresh-cooked egg—intensely reddish-yellow in the middle, with white garnishings—with green blinds and narrow green door, showing from the lowest of its three steep marble-painted wooden steps up to the top of its very red chimney that it was "spick and span new;" and so was the taste of its ambitious builder and owner.

A good and comfortable house, perhaps, to live in, so far as light and warmth and dryness were required, but an exasperating house to all the more refined feelings of human nature—a good, substantial, convenient house; inexpensive, no doubt, to its builder, but one that made the most exorbitant demands upon a man's patience to look upon, and naturally suggested thoughts of the marvelous wisdom of the arrangement which has put the "following too much the devices of our own hearts" into the Church's confession of human sin and weakness.

But these errors were not to be visited upon the Reverend Boswell, though doubtless he might have fallen into the same, or worse, had he had means and opportunity; but he had not, so he was kept from temptation in that line, being only tenant at will; and doubtless he considered himself very fortunate that his lot had fallen in such pleasant places—for a consideration.

Our parson—that is, the parson of this story—was quite a young man, and had been

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married and settled in his present home but little more than two years.

You must understand he was not an eminent city shepherd of the kind whose flocks yield golden fleeces. Oh, not at all! but just a young, unfledged, country minister, and settled over a small rural congregation. Of course his salary was small, that is, it was small for all he wanted to *do with it*, though it was certainly ample for all which *he did for it;* for it is a fact, as you may chance to know, that things do look very different when viewed from different points of observation; but

"Who with another's eyes can read?"

And this was a subject upon which the parish committee and the minister, although they read from the same books every Sabbath-day, could never manage to read in unison. So as the worldly goods with which his people endowed him did not fully meet his wishes and requirements, he had, of course, to "cut his coat according to his cloth;" and although the ministerial cloth is always respectable, and to be held in reverence, still, at the same time, it must be acknowledged that in small country parishes it is not always *broad* cloth. And so the young man, not being able to build for himself, he dwelt for the present, as did St. Paul, "in his *own hired* house."

It was something commendable in the neophyte if he in any thing resembled that most learned and argumentative of all that saintly band. Possibly he was like St. Peter too—who knows? Perhaps we shall see, if we wait.

The room in which he sat, and which, though small, had been dignified with the name of the study, was the best and pleasantest room in the house, and in it were drawn together all the best that the house afforded—here was the prettiest paper and the best carpet, the only lounge, the easiest rocking-chair, the gayest table-cover, the best lamp, and the prettiest ornaments, all gathered here by his young wife's unselfish devotion, and her husband's devoted selfishness.

She thought nothing was too good for him, and he thought so too. She said the master of the house ought to have the best room in it, and he did not contradict her; and besides, she said, so many persons went into the study, it was more seen than any other part of the house; and in her innocent loving pride the sweet little energetic housekeeper kept it in the neatest and trimmest order, always arranging matters there with her own hands, moving his books and papers with tender care and reverence—albeit the reverend incumbent, truth to say, was not so academically deep in his learned studies as to dread the intrusion of a broom as a spider would, or shudder hydrophobically at the sight of soap and water, as do many of his guild. But perhaps it is quite time to make you better acquainted with Mr. Holland; and having sketched his home, and the pencil being still in hand, it may be as well to make a sketch of the proprietor *pro tempore*, but this time we will not present you with the *negative* first.

You have seen dozens of just such men, and in the same profession too; for, as old Casper pithily said to his little grandson Peterkin, when the boy showed him an empty skull, "There's many such about."

A tall, stout, well-made, florid young man, never intended by nature for any sedentary life; one whose broad shoulders and strong arms would have made a better and healthier man of him in the field or the workshop; one who as farmer or machinist might have made something of his muscular inheritance, but who had been thrust into a profession he was wholly unfitted for by the weak ambition of a doting mother and the vanity and self-indulgent indolence of his own character.

His physique, though not intellectual, was not unpleasing. He had a full, fresh-complexioned face, a broad low forehead, with loose brown hair brushed off from it with sedulous care and precision; heavy-lidded, prominent eyes, of no particular color or expression; a wide mouth, with very full lips and good teeth; large, soft, white hands, with short, stocky fingers, always moist and warm; a good voice, and a ready smile, which, though it had its rise in satisfied self-love, passed current for sympathy and cordiality.

What more was needed to make him the pet and idol of all the young ladies of his parish? They followed him round and hovered about him like bees about their queen, and, like her insect majesty, he took all their devotion as matter of course; it was but his due, it was only what they might be expected to render. And so, though the elders of the parish, the paying part of the congregation, were by no means so demonstrative, these innocent young things petted and lionized him to his heart's content.

They showered their innocent favors upon him without stint; they worked him no end of slippers—slippers with monograms, slippers with mottoes, slippers with St. Andrew's crosses, and St. Peter's keys, and St. Catherine's lilies; with shepherd's crooks, and Holy Bibles, and palm branches, and passion-flowers, and doves, and lambs, and all sorts of holy devices; slippers in Berlin wool, slippers in silk and satin, slippers in beads and golden braids. If the man had been a quadruped, instead of a man of very limited understanding, he might have been shod all round anew the first day of every month. As to pen-wipers, his wife might have tacked them together for foot-mats,

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had her gentle heart not whispered to her that such a use of them might be disrespectful to the fair senders; and book-marks—why, he had enough of them to mark nearly every important passage in the Bible, and that is a book which has more important passages than any other, certainly! Then they took him out to ride and to walk; they got up reading clubs, and history classes, and sewing circles, and botanizing expeditions; and as he was found to be musical, there were evening rehearsals at the church; or, if not practicing sacred music there, he was sure to be practicing music less sacred at the pianos of his young admirers; his voice was *so* rich and sweet, and *so* sustaining to theirs.

All this necessitated frequent calls at the parson's house, of course; but the parson's quiet little wife was wholly left out; scarcely a recognition beyond, "Oh, good-morning, Mrs. Holland! Baby well? Mr. Holland is in the study, I suppose?" And the long chatty call would end in an invitation to dine or take tea, to ride, or walk, or sing.

All this was well enough; it was not very remunerative, certainly, but was pleasant and cheering to the minister. Of course he liked it, and the parson's wife made no objections; possibly she might have *had her little feelings* on the subject; but if she did, what of that? Who minds feelings that are never put into expression? And, besides, this woman loved this man—this man whose superior she was in every way—loved him, honored him, worshiped him with her whole heart. How could it be? If you had known them both, you would have said, "The thing is utterly impossible;" but we meet with such cases every day.

The fact is, women, *as a class*, find a positive pleasure in self-abnegation; they must have *something* to worship. The female heart craves an idol, be it of gold or silver, brass or clay, the man or the monkey, the baby or the lap-dog!

The French proverb tells us that the first step is the most difficult one, and experience proves it true; and it is a thing to wonder at how this blind idolatry has its first beginning. Is it of spontaneous germination, as in earlier days we were told were mosquitoes and mushrooms? After the first start we can imagine the rest, for, the impetus once given, the velocity may be accelerated by its own momentum. As it is usual to say *falling in love*, the inference is it is on the *descending grade*. All that we can understand; but—how does it begin?

When once the idol has been elevated upon its pedestal, when the votive wreath crowns the glittering brow, when the bow, the lyre, or the thunder-bolt has been placed in the hand, "what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music," it is easy to fall down and worship, for idol worship is pre-eminently emotional and contagious; but how for those whose own hands have helped, with rope and pulley, with lever and derrick, to hoist the inert mass to its position in the temple? how can they who have walked with unsteady, careful feet on the rude scaffolding about it, adjusting it with level, square, and plumb-line to its right poise on the pedestal—"lo, here! lo, there! it tips, it wavers, it leans!"—how can *they* come down, and, kneeling lowly before the idol they have helped to rear, bow their foreheads to the earth in reverence, and say— Hum-m-m! I don't know just what they do say. No matter; that was a digression; we will return to our subject.

How, you will ask, did this shallow man keep his situation? how did he manage to write his sermons? He did not write them; he manufactured them. The thing was easy enough. He had not so much genius or talent as you could put into a lady's thimble, but he had some tact, and that is of more daily use in the world than either. He had received a good collegiate and theological education; he could write grammatically, of course; he had a slight acquaintance with the classics, and was gifted with a retentive and ready memory. Having chosen his text, he would collect several sermons on the same subject by different authors, and picking out just one or two leading ideas from each, much as Jacky Horner picked out the plums from his Christmas pie, he would then (according to a school exercise, which certainly has a pernicious tendency, likely to inculcate literary piracy) transfer them into his own language, and carefully interweave them into a sort of mosaic, only each borrowed portion was in such new dress that the real owner would not have dared to lay claim to it had he met with it. His own language, the string upon which he strung these borrowed pearls, had a flowery gush and greenness about it—too ornate and verbose, perhaps, to have suited persons of refined and cultivated taste, but there were few *such* among his hearers: they were not in any way critical. He might, if he had dared, have preached the borrowed sermons entire, and no one in his congregation would have been likely to question his right to them; but he did not, for that would have been immoral, and was he not a minister? Indeed, the elderly, paying portion of his flock usually slept through his sermons—that was what they went to "meeting" for—and they were as nice sermons to sleep under as any one could desire. And the bevy of fair friends who were his patrons were as green in their taste as their pastor's style. They said his sermons were perfectly splendid, so full of feeling; and, of course, they knew. But unfortunately they were not on

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the financial board; if they had been, no doubt Mr. Holland would have lived in clover. But book-marks and pen-wipers, although very gratifying, are not, so to speak, sustaining.

But we are lingering too long on the road; we are keeping the young parson waiting, and we have no right to squander his valuable time, that being a privilege which he prefers to use himself.

On that fair summer morning he sat alone in his cool and shaded study, clad in his dressing-gown and slippers, with loosened vest and discarded neck-tie; he was lolling back in his easy-cushioned chair, with elevated feet, lost in contemplation of his newest pair of slippers, trying possibly to study out their strange device.

He sat near a table where an open desk bore sundry sheets of ruled paper, on the top one of which a few blotted and half-erased lines indicated that there a sermon was beginning to be; but he was engaged in the intellectual occupation of snapping the blade of his knife, or furtively whistling the air of "Way down upon de Swannee Ribber" softly on the back of it, occasionally varying the performance by a languid use of a palm-leaf fan which was lying on his knees.

A gentle step, a timid, deprecating tap at the study door. "Eyes right—attention!" In one moment, like a soldier on drill, the reverend gentleman had wheeled into position at the table, snatched up a pen, dipped it in the ink, and held it suspended over the paper, as he said, in the half-annoyed tones of a person suddenly disturbed in some absorbing train of thought, "You can come in."

Softly the door was pushed ajar, and a sweet young face, fair and fresh as an apple blossom, and framed in braids of soft brown hair, peeped timidly in.

"Quite alone, dear?" she asked, glancing round the apartment; and then, satisfied that he was so, the wife came in—a girlish figure, though one arm clasped her sleeping baby to her bosom; in the other hand she bore a small tray with snowy-white cloth. Pausing a moment on her way to deposit the child among the cushions of the lounge, she came to her husband's side.

"What have you got there, Lucy?" he said, in half-reproachful tones, though his eager eyes contradicted his assumed indifference.

"Only a little lunch for you, dear," said the little wife, coaxingly, and she removed the desk and set the little tray before him.

"You silly child! what is it?" Lucy raised the cover, and revealed a small juicy beefsteak, temptingly cooked, a biscuit, and a glass of foaming beer.

"Oh, I have not any appetite; I don't want it," said the husband, making a very faint demonstration of pushing it from him.

"Yes, you do, dear; I know best. Did not you tell me yourself that brains needed food, and that mental labor was more exhausting than any other? Take a little sip of the beer first, dear, and maybe that will bring an appetite."

"You are a little goose, Lucy," said the Reverend Boswell, as he took the glass from her hand; and so, just to please the affectionate little thing, he ate and drank all she had provided—and he did it, too, just as if he relished every mouthful. You would never have guessed he did not relish it. Oh, he was such a good man! And Lucy sat by, delighted that her idol had condescended to accept her meat and drink offerings.

"There now; these poor, dear, tired brains will feel all the better," she said, laying her soft hand caressingly on his low brow. "It is too bad for you to have to sit here, hard at work, all this lovely day; is not it, Bozzy?"

"Lucy," said the gorged despot, withdrawing from the caressing hand, and frowning slightly, "I do wish you would not call me *Bozzy;* I have spoken to you about it before."

"I know it, dear; but I forget. It is not right. I ought not to do it, and I won't if you don't like it; but tell me, have you been very hard at work this morning?"

"Well, no, not very," said the self-convicted idler. "It is too warm to do much."

"Warm here, dear?" said Mrs. Holland, glancing round the cool, fresh, orderly little room, and contrasting it with the kitchen, the heated scene of her own labors. "Then it must be because you feel weak: do you?"

"I thought you would come up and read for me, Lucy; I have been expecting you."

"But I could not come to-day, you know," said the wife, deprecatingly. "It's washing day!"

"Well, what if it is? You do not wash, I presume."

"No, dear; not exactly; but Katie does."

"But you are not Katie."

"I beg your pardon, but I *am* on washing and ironing days."

"What do you mean?"

"Only, of course, that when Katie is washing, I have her daily work to do."

"I do not see what great amount of work there can be to do in such a family as ours."

"That is because it is not in your line, Boswell. If it was, you would soon find out that there is work to be done in every well-managed family, however small; and where there is a baby, and only one inexperienced servant, there is a good deal of work to be done."

"Work, work!" said the parson, fretfully. "One would think, to hear you talk of your work, that we lived in a palace and entertained company every day of our lives."

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"I am very thankful that we do not," laughed the sweet-tempered little woman.

"Well, I can't understand it, I'm sure. Do tell me now what *have* you had to do this morning?"

"I will," said Lucy, seating herself on the lounge by her child. "It is a fine day, and Katie has a very large wash; so I set her at work early, and I made the beds and put the chambers in order; and then I cleared away the breakfast things, and swept and dusted the parlor and entry; and I put fresh flowers in the vases, and I picked and shelled the pease, and made the pudding, and cooked your steak, and tended the baby—"

"Well, he is asleep."

"Yes, he is *now;* but he was wide awake all the morning, and just as cunning as he could be. I only wish you had seen him when I—"

"Oh yes, I dare say; but I don't care to hear about it."

Lucy bent down over the sleeping child to pat and kiss him, and when she raised her head there was a tear on the baby's dimpled cheek. Poor little thing! Had he been weeping in his sleep? for the mother's fair face was as unruffled as before.

"Are you coming to read to me, Lucy?"

Lucy hesitated. "I will if I can—after dinner."

"Oh, I am going out to dine with the Allens."

"You are? Why, Mr. Holland, you did not tell me."

"No, I did not think of it; and I do not suppose it makes much difference to you."

"Yes, it does," said Lucy, laughing with imperturbable good nature. "It would have made the difference of a pudding. Baby and I don't care for puddings; I would not have made it."

"Can't you keep it over for to-morrow?"

"Why, yes; so I can, of course. I never thought of that. How clever you are! That's a good idea. But what time shall you come home?"

"Oh, I don't know; it is a little uncertain. Why do you ask?"

"Because I thought it would be a good day for you to go over to see that old deaf Mrs. Otis. I hear she tells every body she does not know her minister by sight."

"Well, she won't acquire that knowledge to-day, any way. Mary Denny promised to call for me at the Allens' and take me for a drive in her pony-carriage down to the lower mills at the Pond, and that is much pleasanter."

"Of course it is; and such a lovely day, too. You will have a charming ride. I am so glad! It will do you good to leave your writing, I am sure."

"Yes; but about that old Mrs. Otis! Can't you go there instead of me? You might."

"Of course I could. But she is so cross and so deaf I am half afraid of her; and besides, if I do, it is you she wants to see, not me."

"Let her take the best she can get," said the unconscious egotist; "I can't go."

"Shall you be home to tea, Boswell?"

"I rather think not. Mary said she would leave me up at the Whites' on our way home; they are to have the choir up there this evening; they said something about your coming, but I told them it was of no use to ask you, for I knew you would not leave the baby all the evening."

"Of course I could not," said the wife, picking up her baby and the tray. "You will have a beautiful day; I half envy you the nice ride; but I'm sure you need it, and if I were you I would not write another word to-day. Just lie down on the lounge and take a nap, and you will be all rested and bright by dinner-time. If any one calls, I will say you are engaged (you *are*, you know, engaged for dinner), and I'll call you in time to dress, and bring you some hot water. Now take my advice," and nodding and smiling, the unselfish woman drew down the shades and left him.

And this was but a sample of their daily life: just one day out of many in which the loving wife sacrificed herself, and the selfish husband either did not know it, or knowing, permitted the unacknowledged sacrifice.

But the bright and holy angels, who keep watch and ward over such women as Lucy, were not unmindful of their duties. It never occurred to the quiet little woman herself that she was a domestic slave, and her husband a household tyrant; but the angels knew it. Oh! you can't deceive the angels, and they were quietly working things round for her relief, and it was in this wise that it came.

Mrs. Briant, Lucy's mother, was a widow lady of some property. After the marriage of all her children she had broken up housekeeping, and had been making a long visit to each of her two married sons, and now she wrote to say, if it was agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Holland, she would come and make them a visit of a few weeks.

Of course Lucy, who was the youngest child and only daughter, was delighted. She came, all tears and smiles and blushes, to show the welcome letter to her husband. Of course he was *not* quite so much elated at the prospect; it was not to be expected he should be; and most wives would have resented his unsympathizing coldness; but Lucy had such a pretty, winning way, and then she had, all unconsciously, learned the habit of arguing with him through his own interests.

"Mother is so cheerful," she said, "and so pleasant, you will find her excellent company; and then she is such a splendid housekeeper, and knows every thing, and Katie

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and I are so inexperienced. She is a capital cook, too, and makes things go as far again as I can. And such nice things as she can make! I am only afraid, after she has been here, you will think I don't know any thing; but I shall keep my eyes open, and try to learn her way of doing things. I did not think half enough of it while I lived at home. And then she has had so much experience with children, she is as good as a doctor; and I am such a little goose if any thing ails the baby; but I shall feel as if he is right if I can pop him into mother's arms, and I shall not have to rout you up at night to go for the doctor every time he screws his dear little face up into a pucker; and then she is so fond of babies I dare say she will tend him half the time; and think how much more time I shall have to read to you and make parish calls!"

Certainly, as Lucy painted it, the offered visit did look promising; and even if it had not, how could her husband refuse it, the first visit from any of her family? So after chilling her with cold demurrers, that made her feel as if she had been guilty of asking a very great favor, he gave an unwilling permission, and Lucy wrote a joyful answer, making the most she could of her husband's ungracious consent, and filling up her letter with her own eager and warm-hearted welcome; and in due course of time Mrs. Briant made her appearance.

She was a delicate, pleasing, lady-like little woman, with sweet brown eyes and a marvelously sweet voice, that "excellent thing in woman." Never yet came Nemesis in gentler form or more alluring guise; but it was Nemesis all the same. She was an acute and observing woman; there was quiet but keen penetration in those soft brown eyes, but there was no bitterness about her.

She waited and watched, made observations and drew conclusions; she had seen more of life than Lucy, and she had her own thirty years of wedded experience to look back upon, and she soon mastered the situation.

She read her son-in-law's character at once, the soft brown eyes went straight through his shallowness down to his selfishness and indolence. Of course her motherly instincts were all on Lucy's side, who, she saw, was drooping under a burden of care beyond her strength; but she never thought of making her happier by pointing out her husband's faults to her; on the contrary, she always praised him whenever she conscientiously could, treated him with marked deference, and made him more comfortable in a dozen little ways, while she was all the time quietly loosening his wife's bonds and transferring them to him.

"Mr. Holland," she said to him one day in her sweet, gracious way, "will you have the kindness to pick us some pease for dinner to-day?"

"Me? I pick the pease?" asked the astonished son-in-law.

"Oh no, no!" hastily interposed Lucy; "I will get them; I was just going."

"My dear child!—no! The vines are wet with last night's rain; and with your thin dress! I would not have you do it for the world; and I am sure Mr. Holland would not hear of such a thing."

"No, no! certainly not," said the reverend gentleman, "it is not fit for her, of course;" though he remembered uneasily how many times she had done it, even in the rain. "But can not Katie get them?"

"I do not think she can," said the gentle voice; "she is very busy ironing your shirts, and she does them very well, but she is very slow. *I* could shell the pease if I had them; but it is no matter; if you do not care about them, we will do without. We have only plain boiled corned beef to-day, and I thought you would like some vegetable besides potatoes with it; but please don't go if you don't want them."

But Mr. Holland was an epicure in a small way, and he did not fancy a dinner of beef and potatoes. So he went, and from that day the picking of the pease, beans, cucumbers, and tomatoes was, without any talk, dropped quietly into his hands.

And so with many other little out-of-door duties which usually devolve upon the master of the house, but which Lucy, in her loving eagerness to spare her husband time and trouble, had indiscreetly taken upon herself; Mrs. Briant, laughingly accusing her of overofficiousness, quietly took them out of her hands and restored them to their rightful owner. And all this was done so sweetly by the amiable law-giver that neither party could gainsay her, and the mystified minister actually felt she was sustaining him in his rightful authority. Indeed, he was morally and physically a better, happier, and more useful man for the healthy out-of-door employments to which her sagacious administration had subjected him. He dawdled less with his pen, and wrote better when he did write.

One fine day young Mrs. French called to take the parson out for a long drive. "You will have to let him off to-day, my dear lady," said Mrs. Briant, very sweetly, before the minister had time to accept. "He has just been telling us he must go into the study and begin his sermon at once; but," she said, as if the sudden thought had just struck her, "why can't you take Lucy with you? it would do her a world of good; and you know, Mr. Holland, you said this morning she was looking pale. Thank you, my dear madam. Run away, Lucy, and get your hat and gloves; I will take care of the baby."

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And Lucy, excited by the unwonted enjoyment, and full of eager delight at all she saw, made herself such an engaging little companion that her society was coveted in future drives quite as much as her husband's.

"Are you going to be at home this afternoon, my dear Mr. Holland?" asked Mrs. Briant upon another occasion, in her most persuadable tones.

"I think so, madam!" replied the son-in-law, who, in spite of himself, was always won upon by her gentle, lady-like address. "But why do you ask? Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Oh!" laughed the sweet, musical voice, "we are about to confer a great and hitherto unknown honor upon you: we intend to make you keeper of the king's treasure for an hour or two."

"I do not understand," said the bewildered listener: he did not understand very often, but he rarely owned it.

"Lucy and I are going out; it is the meeting of the 'Mothers' Mission,' and it is Lucy's turn to preside. She ought to go, of course, as the minister's wife—the lady of the parish. I tell her it is unjust to you for her to shirk her little share of the parish duties. She is bound to uphold your popularity; but as she has so little experience in cutting out, she wants me to go with her and assist her; and we propose to leave the baby with you. I hope you will appreciate the high trust reposed in you; the little fellow is getting to be so fond of you, I am sure he will be as good as a little angel—*with* YOU."

"Yes, but," faltered the nominee to this high calling, who did not feel half pleased with the honor thus thrust upon him, "why not leave him with Katie?"

"Oh! because Katie has asked leave to go out too."

"But can't she put it off? I should think some other time would do for her."

"I think not, as the occasion is a funeral. I am afraid they would not wait for her. Who did she say it was, Lucy? Her grandfather's second wife's first husband's cousin's nephew's baby, was not it? At any rate," continued the soft, laughing voice, "I know the relationship was near enough to make her feel she must go, and indeed she has already gone; and, besides, the baby does not like *her*. Lucy will get him to sleep, and I dare say he will sleep all the afternoon, and he is always good-natured when he wakes up. Oh! you will get along famously!"

So the little crib was lifted into the study, and the sleeping boy laid in it, and then, having supplied abundance of milk, instruction, and good advice, the ladies departed, leaving behemoth bound and captive!

On their return they found the baby safe and sound, and crowing in his father's arms, and decidedly pleased with his strong handling; to be sure, the child's dress was rather demoralized with milk and ink, having, in the course of the afternoon, managed to upset both; but that was easily repaired; and though the Reverend Boswell looked tired and flushed, he was evidently proud of his success; and it was noticeable that the goodwill between father and child took a decided new growth from that day.

By the time Mrs. Briant's visit drew near its intended close, the gentle little tactician had her leviathan pretty well in hand; for, though quiet in her advances as the incoming tide, she was quite as irresistible. Lucy, cheered by her mother's presence and silent support, and set free from the household bonds that had so oppressed and inthralled her, was herself once more. She had regained her natural elasticity of step and feeling, and, brought out by her mother's judicious management, she had taken and worthily filled her proper place in the parish as the minister's wife, and was beloved and respected by the congregation.

But how would it be when the skillful hand that guided and the judicious check that restrained were removed? This cost her some anxious thought, and for Lucy's sake she made one more attempt.

"I have been thinking, my dear Mr. Holland," she said, in her most mellifluent tones, one day when the soup she had presided over had given him great satisfaction, "that after I leave you, Lucy had better have a second girl."

Mr. Holland looked up in blank surprise, and calmly and sweetly the lady went on: "Katie, though a good girl as far as she goes, is very inefficient. She is honest, but she is a miserable cook, and very wasteful. But all such young girls are; they waste half enough to keep a family. And the washes are very heavy; gentlemen and babies," she said, with a rippling laugh, "make a great deal of washing, you know, and Katie is very slow; and if you have to put it out, that is very expensive. And then there is so much sewing to be done. Lucy is as busy as a little bee, I know, but even with my help she has but just managed to keep it under. I did hope we should find time to make up your new linen before I left, but it is not cut out yet, and Lucy will never get through a dozen of shirts alone. Poor girl! the parish and the baby make such heavy demands upon her time, I think she will have to put your shirts out to be made." And with a few pleasant remarks about the parish and the weather, she smilingly withdrew.

But the good seed had been carefully sown. The parson, though not overwise in general, was sharp and shrewd where money was in question, and knew the full value of dollars

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and cents. He took the matter into consideration, and nicely balanced the pros and cons. He knew that Mrs. Briant, in her quiet, lady-like way, had been very efficient in his family; she superintended the cooking, and under her direction were prepared the savory meats that his soul loved. He knew, too, that since her advent among them his weekly expenses had been lessened, not increased. He knew that the liberal board which she had insisted on paying ever since she had been with them amounted to half as much as his salary, while her generous gifts supplied many needs of the little household. He knew that she relieved his wife of much care and labor, and that her experience during the baby's troubles in the ivory business, upon which he had just entered, had already saved him the fatigue and expense of many a visit to the doctor; and all these loving services were freely given. On the other hand, if *she left*, all this must stop. An additional servant would cost him three dollars a week, to begin with; and how much more in waste and discomfort? And as to putting out washing and sewing, those were bugbears of unknown expense, which he could not estimate. The parson drew his conclusions—he was used to that business; "in conclusion" was his favorite portion of his sermons—so, *in conclusion*, he requested Lucy to invite her mother to become a permanent member of the family; and Lucy, who in her unselfishness thought dear Bozzy did it all for her sake, could not express her joy and gratitude.

So the invitation was warmly given, and Mrs. Briant took it into her consideration too. Lucy was her heart's darling, and she saw that she needed her, and the baby had won a warm place in her heart—what could she do better than to stay? So, *in conclusion*, she decided to accept. She did so, and is living there yet, beloved, honored, and useful.

And now you know in what respect the Rev. Boswell Holland resembled St. Peter. Don't you see? He had a "wife's mother" in the house!

MISS ANGEL.

By ANNE THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PLEIADES.

ANTONIO had given full directions, and the chaise stopped at a gabled house in Eton, fronting the Castle, with the many towers and high battlements. Some one looked from a latticed window, some one came to a door, there was a sound of the scampering of feet, and when Angelica, a poor shivering little drifting figure, alighted in the cold twilight, a kind-looking man, in a powdered wig, such as school-masters do not wear nowadays, looked out from the parlor. He came forward and welcomed her kindly.

"Welcome, Mrs. Kauffman. We were expecting you," he said. "Mr. Zucchi's friends are ours. You must be frozen by your journey. Welcome, my dear. Let me introduce you to my girls;" and he threw open the door, and led Angel in upon his arm to a dazzling room, with faces and fire-light and voices. In her bewilderment she could see nothing at first. By degrees she came to her usual perceptions.

There were six or seven girls—full-grown, handsome young women—in mourning for their mother. Some wore muslin kerchiefs and plain mob-caps. Two of them were powdered and in full dress. One, however, was shaved, and wore neither cap nor covering to her head. They all seemed to advance at once. Most of them were quite grave; only the bald one smiled.

"These are my daughters," said Dr. Starr again, not knowing what else to say. "They all know you by name, and through Mr. Zucchi. Here are Decie, Dosie, Alley, Fanny, Jinny, and Kitty. Patty is not yet come home. You must be frozen. Come near the fire."

"Miss Kauffman must indeed be cold after her long journey," said the shaved young lady, dragging up a big chair.

"Quite right, Jinny; that *is* a comfortable arm-chair for her to warm herself in," said the father. "I myself find a good arm-chair very resting after a long journey."

"We ought to tell Miss Kauffman at once that a message has been sent from the Castle to inquire if she is come. Her Majesty will be ready to sit for her portrait to-morrow at three o'clock," said one of the young ladies. "Are you not frightened to death?" cried Jinny. "La! how terrified I should be if I had to paint the Queen's portrait."

After a little pause the eldest daughter proposed to take Angelica up to see her room. She was a very sweet and noble-looking creature, and her color came and went every time she spoke. "I have had a fire lighted for you," she said.

"Capital thing, a fire, this cold weather," cried the father, striking his hands together. "Take her up, Decie—take her up."

Decie led the way with a simple sort of dignity. She drew up her slender tall figure, sailed on before, and Angel followed in silence.

"This is the room Mr. Zucchi likes," the young lady said, opening a low wooden door into a pleasant sloping bed-chamber. "We

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heard from him yesterday. He had reached his journey's end. I hope you will want for nothing."

Then three more sisters came in, attended to the fire, brought forward another chair and some hot spiced currant wine, which they made their visitor imbibe. All these young maidens were silent, swift, helpful, and friendly; the bald one was the most original and talkative of the whole party; she was only waiting for her hair to grow to go out to India to keep house for a brother, she told Angelica. Jinny looked on with bright gray eyes while Angelica unpacked her modest wardrobe, her painting box, her canvas, her palettes and brushes.

Of all Angelica's transmigrations this seemed one of the most curious. Here she was a Calypso established in this quaint household, with this colony of nymphs to tend her and make her welcome. When, one by one, they left the room, she stood at the lattice peeping out at wide snowy fields, at the flowing river that crossed between the elms. There, at half a mile's flight, stood the Castle rearing upon the height. A live king and queen were actually ruling from the round towers, sending messages to summon her to their court.

As she looked out across the white distance she saw all the lights flaming from the casements and from the distant Castle, and suddenly thought how she herself was a court lady now—a countess in her husband's right. She laughed as she remembered it all. Some incongruous thought came to her, in between two of Miss Jinny's visits, of her childhood, of the quiet far-away valley of Coire, with the rushing stream, and of the mother's face looking down into hers, innocent and wistful, as she could remember it still. Sometimes Angel had thought of trying to paint her mother's face, but it seemed too dear to paint, too near her heart now. Here were her own eyes to look at in the window-pane with their new expression, and they seemed to her like her mother's to-night. She stood some time looking into and through the lattice window. The crisp snow was lying on the pond. The beech-trees along the fields were brushing the wintry sky. The little Eton boys were all safe in their various cupboards. She could hear the cheerful voices and heels of Dr. Starr's young pupils trampling up some back wooden staircase that led to their part of the house, which was separated from that which the family and the guests inhabited. The world was white and black. The little houses with their gables were lighting up with the Castle. The people were crossing the bridge that led to Windsor. The river shuddered into blocks of floating ice, and Angel blew on her fingers to warm them before she finished unpacking, and as she blew upon her finger she saw that she had kept on her wedding-ring, which she usually wore on a chain round her neck. There it was, a sign that her dream was a reality, otherwise she might have doubted the whole thing, so brief, so vague did it all seem. Then some one knocked at the door, and Dosie Starr, the second daughter, came in, tall and blooming as any of the sisters, to bid Miss Kauffman to come down to tea. She was followed by Miss Jinny, ringing a bell. Its loud din seemed cheerful and re-assuring. Angelica suddenly determined to give up wondering; to live on from day to day, absorbed by this regular life; it seemed ordered to the minute, with a certain homely and yet delightful monotony. What is the name of the country which is farthest from Bohemia? Is it Philistia? This was a Philistia so gentle, so kind-hearted, so modest in its ways, that the grace of Bohemia itself seemed to belong to it. Dr. Starr, that contented person, was almost worshiped by his daughters. It was pretty to see them about him, listening to his words, attending to his wants. They were all so handsome and so naturally dignified and gentle that although the house was small, neither ugliness nor confusion jarred you in the life that went on there. Miss Starr, the eldest daughter, attended to the boys; Miss Dosie, the second, took the housekeeping, so the talkative Jinny informed Angelica. "I am the clever ugly one, you know," Miss Jinny announced; "and as none of my sisters could be spared, they have determined upon me to go to the Indies, and to keep my brother's house."

"So you have brothers too?" said Angel.

"We are a perfect constellation of Starrs," cried Miss Jinny; "we have four brothers in India; we are eleven in all. Too many to remain at home, people say, but we could not spare one of us, except me, perhaps."

"We must wait till your hair is grown to decide such a question," said Angelica, smiling. "I am very glad you are all here, especially Miss Starr."

"Is she not a darling, lovely creature?" cried Jinny; "but Dosie and Alethea are just as dear. Poor Kitty is not looking well just now; she is the most delicate; and Patricia has been so busy among her poor that you have not yet seen her. People say she is the handsomest of us all. I think" (here Miss Jinny became confidential) "Mr. Zucchi, though he does not say so, admires her more than any. You have known him for years, have you not?" Angelica could only burst out into a warm rhapsody concerning her friend. They had grown up together. She had never known him do an unkind or dishonorable action. He had a warm heart and a generous disposition.

"He has been painting our china closet," said Miss Jinny. "My father met him at Frogmore, where he was decorating some of

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the apartments. Miss Moser introduced us to him, and all this year he has constantly been staying with us, and with Mr. Evans."

"Who is Mr. Evans?" asked Angelica, curiously. It all interested her, and even, if the truth were told, she a little resented the delicate vine leaves and myrtle branches that she recognized meandering upon the walls of the old china closet, which Miss Jinny showed her on their way down stairs. There were also four figures painted by Zucchi on the ceiling, admirable likenesses of the four eldest young ladies. One held a book, the other held a cornucopia, the third carried a spindle, and the fourth a compass.

"*Now* I understand his strange conduct," thought Angelica, opening her eyes. And they groped their way by twisting places and dark lattices to the narrow little paneled passage that led to the tea-table. Angelica found a pretty domestic scene in the parlor; a silver kettle hissing, a homely evening meal of silver and honey and oaten cake, spread out hospitably upon the mahogany table. The simplicity and kindness of the household made Angel feel happy at that minute, happier than she had been since that haunting morning.

Every thing was shining, fragrant, somewhat chill, though the fire, of which so much had been said, was burning brightly. Dr. Starr talked of a thaw, but the town was still in its dazzling shroud. The low windows with their diamond panes were marked black upon the whiteness of the snow, which had gathered in little heaps against the hinges. The birds came hopping along the ledges with their puffed breasts. The sisters were sitting down one by one smiling and joking with one another; the Mr. Evans Jinny had mentioned had come to tea. He was helping dark-eyed Miss Dosie Starr with the kettle. Decie, the eldest of all, a long sweet figure, was standing by the fire, apparently watching a plate of hot toast, but secretly far away. Dr. Starr sat at the end of the mahogany table, with gleaming buckles and handsome brown eyes, smiling upon his children. Dosie, the tea-maker, had eyes like his, dark and animated. She was calling out to him gayly. There was a certain ability and distinction in all she did, and if she poured out tea or gave out linen, it somehow became an act of gentle grace, as well as of duty, in her hands. Alethea, the third sister, was the tallest of the three; it was she Antonio had represented with a spindle, and in truth this young maiden spun many a silver thread as she sat by her father's side. She had a rare gift for music, and to her belonged the little spinet in the corner by the window. She had played the chapel organ sometimes, or she listened with music in her eyes when the great throbs passed over the people's heads as the waves of a rising sea. As they are all settling down, the door opens, and the fourth sister comes in—Patricia, with the pale head and the aureole of golden hair. She carries a book in her hand—a book which opens upon heroic stories, such as those which Angel herself had dreamed at times, and which Patricia studies with her father. Dr. Starr is very proud of his girls' attainments, and teaches them himself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AVE CÆSAR.

THE appointment with the Queen was, they told her, for three o'clock on the following day. Angel set off in a chair, with an attendant to carry her palette and boxes, with many farewells and encouraging signals from her kind hostesses. The distance from the house to the Castle was not great; the bridge was soon crossed, the steep soon surmounted. Peaceful sentinels do not oppose her entrance, and she finds herself within the royal precincts, in the great open court, with the King's palaces and towers and the King's pleasure-gardens all about; and the gables of the poor knights to typify his bounty, and the King's gloom of cloister for his meditation, and the vaulted chapel windows to light his high devotion.

The bearers stop to rest for an instant. Angelica from her chair can look into the great moat, and through an archway, across the steep court, she catches a glimpse of the whole wide country spreading beyond the terrace. Then the men trudge on again to a door at the end of the inner court, where two footmen in the royal uniform are standing.

Mrs. Kauffman seems to be expected.

She is helped out, her cases are taken from the porter and from the chaise by the attendants; one red-coated footman leads the way, the other follows, carrying her apparatus.

Angelica tripped up the great steps, feeling as if she were some sort of doomed princess at the gates of the ogre's palace. Her heart fluttered; she would have been thankful to run away. She envied the servant who was calmly following her and carrying her easels and brushes, she envied the sentries who knew exactly what they had to do, and who could not go wrong if they continued walking up and down outside and shouldering their guns. So she mounted, trying to re-assure herself with some of her father's adages, and with the remembrance of her visit to the Cardinal at Coire.

But that had been nothing like so alarming. Then orange flowers were in the air, warm winds were blowing, the birds were flying among the nestling trees in the garden, kind priests were resting in the shade. This was so cold, so hard, and chill; the

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great walls were so massive, the soldiers looked so utterly indifferent. The lovely great view was white with snow and swathed in mists.

She was going to meet she knew not what restraints and difficulties—people whose words and looks must be different from her own, since they inspired all by-standers with awe. Dr. Starr's lectures had not been without their effect on the impressionable Mrs. Kauffman. It was indeed a solemn privilege to be allowed to depict the sacred and anointed heads.

Cæsar-worship does not end with Mr. Gibbon's history. The altars of Augustus could scarcely have been more fervently served than those of good King George and Queen Charlotte. Eton by tradition was loyal to its ruling sovereign, and Dr. Starr, who was a simple and serious man, had out-traditioned Eton in his devotion. The lively Jinny once got into dire disgrace for some audacious revolutionary sentiments.

"My child," said her father, mildly but earnestly, "what pit is yawning before you? What danger do you not run by allowing such idle words to pass your lips? Innocent laughter I should be the first to encourage, but this is indeed unbecoming censure of those placed by Providence in authority over you—persons called to the rule of a mighty kingdom, and thus entitled to the reverence of the young. My dear child, I am grieved to have to speak so seriously."

Poor Jinny left the room in penitential tears.

Meantime Angel climbs the palace steps.

One or two groups of pages and attendants were standing about, looking not unlike pictures themselves. A page in the court dress of the period came forward and politely invited Angelica to follow him.

She was led up a small side staircase, but from lunettes and turns and archways she catches glimpses of the stately stone flight. Then she came at once into a room where the attendants requested her to wait. It was a lofty sunny room, hung with tapestry. Vashti, Esther, Ahasuerus, were all playing their parts in the loomed web; the light from the tall windows warmed the place; the soft tints of the great carpets seemed to float upon the walls as dreams half defined. Through the hall windows came the December sunlight; it also fell upon the great paved court below.

Angelica's very natural emotion and agitation at the thought of the ordeal before her extended to all the inanimate objects round about her, and gave a certain life to the figures as they met her gaze. Over one door hung a Queen Mary, in her pathetic veil and dress of black, with her sad white face. Esther was on her knees before Ahasuerus, decked in her jewels. Angelica thought of her own petition, and wondered whether her request would be granted.

Something more than the mere execution of her picture seemed to depend upon this interview. Safe in her pocket she carried that letter from De Horn, reminding her that she had now his interests to consult as well as her own. "Perhaps," thought Angelica, not without terror, "his whole future career may depend upon the excellence of my likeness of her Majesty."

She started, hearing a sound. It was not the Queen, but some attendants, who came and removed the easel into an adjoining room.

This was the Vandyck room, where Angelica was finally established. The noble army of martyrs were hanging on the walls: King Charles; his children, with their sweet eyes; Strafford listening to the letter.

All this sumptuous light and dignity seemed to bid her welcome and to give her confidence. She seemed to have found a friend now that Vandyck's noble hand was held out to her. She was but a woman, but she too could paint, could rule light and space, call harmonies of color to her service. Her terrors seemed to vanish as she waited, looking and noting with attentive eyes.

As she looked about she caught sight of herself in a glass inserted in a long shutter, and was struck by the expression of her own features. "Surely I can depend upon myself," she said. "It is not for nothing that I have my gift, my inspiration." The lady in the glass opened her eyes in response, and Angelica suddenly saw a second figure reflected there, and turned, overwhelmed with shame, to meet the Queen. She could only stand against the wall in silent confusion.

The interview ended more prosperously than it began. So Angelica told them all when she came back to the gabled house.

The Queen had been most gracious; had made no allusion to the looking-glass; had smiled; had praised her work; had appointed a second sitting for the following day.

The King himself, in his blue coat, had come in.

"What did he say?" asked Jinny and Dosie. "Tell us quickly!"

"Shall I tell you?" said Angel, smiling. "He said, 'Ah! very good, very good indeed, Miss Zimmermann! Paint a great many pictures, hey?"

The sisters looked a little disappointed.

"Why, papa himself might have said as much!" said Miss Jinny. "He has been asking for you. He brought in a letter somebody left. Have you seen it, Miss Kauffman?" And Jinny began looking about the sideboard shelf and the chimney ledge.

"*Is* that your father's handwriting?" continued the young lady, inquisitively, as she

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found the letter. "I suppose it is a foreign writing."

When Angelica saw the writing she turned somewhat pale, and almost immediately left the room. Then she ran up stairs to her own chamber, and shut the door and slipped the bolt. Then she stood up in the middle of the low latticed room, and, with a beating heart, read the crooked lines by the twilight that came through the lattice. At first she could scarcely see them for agitation:

"MY ADORED WIFE,—The time is at hand for all to be disclosed. I need no longer try the noble forbearance you have hitherto shown. Expect me in the course of a few days. When I come you shall confide all in the Queen, and she, I know, will befriend us. Believe in my unchanging devotion, forgive the wrongs I may have done you, and wait with patience.

"Devotedly yours till death,

"F. DE HORN."

She read—she read again. Was she disappointed? It was only what he had said before, and she sighed and put the paper away in her pocket with the first which had come and the wedding-ring, which she kept wrapped up in the written folds.

She was vaguely excited, vaguely disappointed, provoked, bewildered. She knew not what to think as she turned this piece of paper in her hand. Her eyes filled with tears—heavy burning tears—that fell upon the letter, which, to tell the truth, had cost its writer many a struggle, for the Count was not handy with his pen.

Poor little thing, crying in the twilight! The tears relieved her heart, until she dried them to the sound of one of the summoning bells.

As the evening went on, the sisters gathered round Alethea's instrument, and Angel joined in the chorus they were practicing. They all listened, with expressive looks of admiration, to her beautiful voice. At one time she had seriously thought of making music her profession. Her voice was lovely, and her method was excellent.

They made her sing by herself when their chorus was ended, and she tried to remember some of the peasant songs from her native Coire. There was one upspringing melody, with wild sweet wings (so it seemed to Miss Dosie, who was listening in the window). The music seemed to carry them all away into some distant life, to bring the wide rural freshness of natural things into the shining little English parlor, to bring the breath of wild thyme, the rush of streams, the peace and uplifting of nature upon them all, still bound in their prim conventional order. Angelica's own heart was eased as she sang. She herself seemed to be suddenly convinced. It was a resurrection of hope, of reality, striking into this harmony of sound, and expressing the sympathy of all true souls. The notes met, embraced with heart's gladness, struck their chord, and died away from all their ears.

Miss Jinny had been laughing and crying in her corner. When Angelica finished she rushed up and kissed her vehemently, saying, "You *are* a dear creature!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOURBE FANTAISIE.

NEXT day Angelica, her blithest self, was at her work, and had made considerable progress before Queen Charlotte entered the gallery. Miss Kauffman was painting eagerly—too eagerly, indeed—thinking of what the Queen would say, of what she should say to the Queen. Her mysterious little letter was still in her pocket. She longed to have her explanation over, but she seemed to hear something in her ears repeating, "Wait with patience."

Angelica was getting very tired of patience. The ladies stood in attendance. The Queen sat with great dignity and affability, and passed the time asking Miss Kauffman questions about herself, about the things she did, the way she spent her life. Every now and then the pages came, in their black court dresses, bringing messages and retiring immediately.

Once the door opened, and a stout lady, with a red face, walked in, courtesied deeply, and waited for the Queen to address her, which she did almost immediately.

"I sent for you, my good Schwellenberg," said Queen Charlotte, "that you should see what Miss Kauffman is engaged upon. I was sure that she would appreciate a candid criticism upon my picture from so old and faithful a friend as yourself."

Poor Miss Kauffman herself felt far less assured of this fact. The Queen had acted in all kindness, knowing her attendant's peculiarity, and the disfavor with which she viewed any thing in which she had had no voice.

"Yes, your Majesty," said Mrs. Schwellenberg, bustling forward, "I vill see."

"It is necessary to know something of art to understand a picture in this early stage," said Angelica, and she looked up doubtfully. Mrs. Schwellenberg caught the look and the words, and frowned.

"You make de eye so small," said she. "One need not be painters to see dat."

"Are you sure of the fact?" said the Queen. "Perhaps, as Miss Kauffman suggests, it is the effect of the unfinished painting."

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"Oh, ver well," said Mrs. Schwellenberg. "It is as your Majesty choose. If your Majesty ask me, I answers; if not, I keeps my 'pinions to me."

Miss Angel's blue eyes twinkled a little maliciously. Mrs. Schwellenberg retreated, and the brush went steadily on.

Presently another messenger came in and handed a folded paper to the Queen, which she read, and then saying, "I beg your pardon, Miss Kauffman," beckoned Mrs. Schwellenberg to her side. "Will you go to the King and remind him, from me, that Count de Horn will be here at a little before five o'clock?" she said, in a low voice. "He has asked for a private interview. I will receive him in the great gallery. I am always glad to welcome an old friend."

Mrs. Schwellenberg left the room. The message seemed simple and unimportant enough. Angelica sat paralyzed. What had she heard? She tried to go on painting, but her hand trembled. She tried to speak, but something in her throat rose and choked her words. Her heart throbbed and throbbed with a strange passionate triumph and terror combined.

"Yes, Count Frederick de Horn is a very old acquaintance of mine," the Queen continued, half to herself, half addressing the painter. "He distinguished himself in the late war. He has come over on a special mission to the King."

"Oh, madam!" said Angelica, rather wildly.

The Queen was preoccupied, and did not notice her agitation. After a moment's silence, she spoke again. "Pray, Miss Kauffman, if it is not disagreeable to you to answer, tell me is this rumor true that I hear concerning you and Mr. Reynolds, and am I indeed to congratulate you upon your approaching marriage?"

Here was an opening. Did the Queen suspect already?

"No, madam," said Angelica, faltering; "*that* is not true, but—"

"But there is some one else," said the Queen, graciously; and as she spoke she glanced at Angelica's left hand, upon which her wedding-ring was shining.

The hand trembled and fell by the painter's side. Again she tried to speak; again the words failed.

"That ring tells a story, perhaps," said Queen Charlotte, gravely. "Since when is it the custom for young unmarried ladies to wear wedding-rings?"

Angelica blushed crimson, and then remembered that she had slipped on her ring to give herself courage as she came along. But what did it matter? He was come. The hour was come. Triumphant, palpitating, dazzled, she forgot every thing save that the supreme moment had arrived. Here was the Queen, august, all-powerful. Here was her hero close at hand. It seemed to her that she could hear his horses' feet in the court-yard below. With beating heart, with fingers tremblingly clasped, she stepped into the great light of the window, and stood before the amazed Queen Charlotte.

"Madam, you have guessed all; your Majesty can read all hearts! Yes, it is true that my ring tells a story. Your clemency alone can make it a happy one."

The Queen's look was scarcely encouraging. Queen Charlotte, as it is well known, had an aversion to extremes of feeling and vehemence of expression. The ladies-in-waiting looked at each other.

As for Angelica, no sooner had she heard her own voice than she suddenly remembered her promise, all De Horn's warnings —remembered that she had not yet leave to speak, and the words died away upon her lips. She turned faint and giddy.

"You are ill," said the Queen, rising.

"No, madam," said Angelica, recovering herself with a great effort. "Will your Majesty excuse me if I have for a moment forgotten my self-control?"

Dignified Queen Charlotte relaxes her stern frown; the lovely, imploring face before her is almost irresistible.

"I see you are much agitated," she said, "and I have little time to give you at this minute. You can wait in Mrs. Schwellenberg's apartment, and speak to me after the audience."

And, almost at that instant, once more fresh attendants entered, and Mrs. Schwellenberg herself returned, with another deep courtesy. Angelica hardly knew what happened, hardly heard what they all said. Did not some one tell her to wait—that Mrs. Schwellenberg would return?

Then they all went away, and she was left alone. Alone: but was *he* come? Was it thus they were to meet, as in some fairy tale, at the summit of prosperity and success?

Angelica's agitation was too great for her to keep quiet. Although she said to herself that all was well, some secret feeling almost overwhelmed her at times. A sudden terror had come after her passing conviction. At one moment she felt safe at the end of her troubles; the next instant seemed to terrify her, overwhelm her with terrors of every sort. She began pacing the room impatiently; she could scarcely endure the suspense. Presently it occurred to her that she might return into the tapestried chamber, from whence she could see the court-yard, see him descend from the carriage, and perhaps recognize her husband's liveries, if he had come in state, with his coach and servants in attendance.

She opened a wrong door somehow, and found herself in a dark and lofty lobby, vaulted, lighted by many windows, that all

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opened upon the great staircase, where pages were standing and people passing. Some servants came up the steps; a soldier standing by presented arms. Then a red-haired man dressed in black passed by, carrying his cocked hat under his arm; he looked up at a picture as he passed, and Angelica saw him very plainly. It was a face utterly unknown to her. A secretary with papers followed, then two more servants in the well-known green liveries.

They swept along the marble and disappeared through a great doorway, which was not closed behind them. At the same moment Angelica came out to the head of the great staircase, and watched them walk away along the great gallery toward the inner room where the King was to receive them.

As the last person in the train disappeared, Angelica turned to one of the pages standing by. "Who was that?" she said.

The young man looked surprised at the unexpected apparition of a powdered lady coming out from the apartments unattended.

"That is the Swedish envoy, Colonel Count Frederick de Horn, on his way to an audience with the King," he answered, in an oracular voice, and then he turned away and went to join the others standing by the fire down below.

Frederick de Horn! She staggered, put her hand to her bewildered head, and shrank back through the door by which she had come out, into the room where she had been at work.

Was that *Frederick de Horn?*

It was some one who had taken the name, some impostor, some wicked person. She did not know how the time passed; she stood petrified with a thousand thoughts almost too painful to realize. Suspicions crowded upon her. She hated herself; she would *not* suspect. She waited—that was all she could do—waited until the door opened and some one entered, not the Queen, alas! but her fierce and fat attendant.

"Her Majesty bids you come in my rooms," said Mrs. Schwellenberg; "she is now with de Count. She vill come back to hear vat you 'ave to say. She vill not be long. De Count—I know vat he come for. De Queen can not 'elp him. Prepare yourself, miss," and she gave a snort and looked at Angelica from head to foot; "I tink I can guess it all vat he 'ave to say."

"Can you guess?" said poor Angel. "How can you guess? Do you know him, Count de Horn?"

"I know many tings," said Mrs. Schwellenberg. "People come to me. Frederick de Horn he often ask my advice. I have staid at his castle at Hafvudsta. He make a stupid marriage. He did not come to me den," said the malicious woman, with a laugh. "Dat is vat 'appens when one is not particular; people is made fools off."

"What do you mean? Have you seen Count de Horn now?" persisted Angelica, wildly. "Why is he come? He is not the only Count de Horn. I myself know another who comes from Hafvudsta."

"Dere is no other," said the old woman, "only his little son. Countess de Horn vas made a fool off, by a man who lived in de house and stole her papers and jewels, and forged his name. De Count 'ave come to find him. Dat is von reason he is come," said Mrs. Schwellenberg. "I hope he vill catch de tief, and 'ang him on de gallows."

Angelica turned with a face of horror, then suddenly flashed out:

"Silence, woman," she cried, stepping forward with a swift mad fury of indignation.

Mrs. Schwellenberg shrugged her fat shoulders, threw up her hands, and waddled out as hard as she could go, to tell the Queen. She had spoken by the merest chance, but Angel turned sick and pale and cold, and gave a sort of wild cry. She understood it all now. Now it was all clear. Now she understood every thing, the sense of something to be dreaded. Now she understood that poor enigmatical letter. Now she knew that she had dimly suspected him all along. She remembered his terror at the ball, his mysterious embarrassments and allusions. Some cruel irrevocable truth had dawned upon her. *He*, her husband, as she called him, was the impostor. Now, now she knew herself deceived, disgraced hopelessly, helplessly. She knew it without any doubt, somehow. It was all plain to her. She had received her sentence. She felt as if the atmosphere was choking her, as if the Castle, with all its towers and walls, was crushing her down, as if the one thing to do was to escape, to break away from this fatal spot.

To escape from it all, from the Queen's gracious, maddening condescension, from the little pages and round-eyed ladies-in-waiting; to be *herself*, silent, desperate, alone, with this terrible, overwhelming revelation—this was the one idea which presented itself to Angelica's mind. A sort of state horror seemed to her to fill the room, to come round about her, closing in and suffocating her. She went to a window and madly tried to open it, but she wrenched the handle the wrong way in her agitation, and hurt her hand. With a sort of low, shuddering cry, she turned away, and as she did so she caught sight of the picture of Queen Mary hanging grimly over the door, with its ghostly emblems of scaffolds and of parting prayers. To die, she thought, only to die—that would be less hard than to be deceived, less hard than to deceive. She had deceived her father—she had meant no harm; she was justly punished now. Punished!

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she was disgraced, overwhelmed. It seemed to her for the first few minutes that there was no means, no possible way, of living on from day to day for all the rest of her life, to face them all. How was it possible? She had mechanically taken up her cloak, and as she sought for an exit to the room, she saw her face reflected white, ghastly white, in the looking-glass. Then she rushed to the door, flung it open, and hurried down the gallery—any thing to get away from this cruel place, where such grief had found her out. She left her work on the easel, her gloves lying upon the floor, her dream of happiness broken into a thousand shreds, all scattered and dispersed.

That little procession seemed branded on her mind: the envoy with his unknown face; the servants in their familiar livery.

The pages stared at her as she passed, but did not attempt to stop her. A porter stood by the outer door, and she signed to him to open: her throat was too much parched for her to speak. She came out with a great sigh into the open air of heaven.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NOW FROM THE CAPITOL STEPS.

THEN she heard a chiming of bells, a humming of voices in the air. The people were passing from afternoon chapel, crossing the court-yard with its many old Tudor gates and the archways and inner courts. The old knights were returning to their houses, and creeping from their stalls, where they sat Sunday after Sunday enshrined in state, with heraldic flags waving above their heads. Angel felt inclined to seize one of them by the hand as she passed, and say, "Tell me, is it true—is it all nothing, nothing?" The people were quietly coming out of chapel: peaceful prayers incarnate walking away in the shape of men and of women, some worn by time, all cruel, all indifferent to her woe. To avoid them the bewildered woman turned into the cloister. A great swell of organ notes pursued her. The doors of St. George's Chapel were thrown open wide. She flew on, looking straight before her, with strange, fixed, crazed eyes. She had got into the cloisters, and in her confusion she ran twice round the inner court, with its wooden span of arch; then she made her way out, hurrying past a messenger from the Queen who had been sent to follow her and bring her back. Somehow in this blind flight she came to the steps that led from the kingly Castle heights to the wide and subject world. She saw the great snow-streaked plain sweeping at her feet, and she longed, in a mad, bewildered way, to leap forward and end it all. It was a strange, wild experience in this bright and gentle life, one that scarcely belonged to her nature. Her nerves were quivering with a poignant shame, her heart was so heavy within her breast that it seemed to weigh her down, but her feet took her safe from habit. The town, with its streets and passengers, its toil of life, was spread down below; the people, looking up, may have seen the poor scared figure with the flying cloak coming headlong down the flight; then her head turned; she could hardly keep steady for a moment. She was obliged to stop to cling to the wall. This very difficulty distracted her. She reached the end of the steps safely somehow, and came out through the archway into the street. As Angel still hurried on down the middle of the road she thought that people were looking at her. Some one stopped and spoke to her, and asked if she were ill.

"Am I ill?" said Angelica; her own voice was quite shrill and strange. Then she heard other voices, and her name softly called in tones of commiseration, and without having seen that any one was approaching, she found herself surrounded, alone no longer. An inclosing kindness seemed to have come between her and curious strangers: a home seemed to meet her there in that desolate street, a home alive with kind faces and voices and encircling arms. Four of the girls with whom she was living had come according to their wont, walking by couples up Windsor Street to meet their sisters returning from afternoon chapel. Patty and Alethea with their prayer-books advancing with the dispersing stream of chapel-goers, had already met their sisters, when the poor bewildered figure emerged from under the archway, and came flitting toward them. They hardly knew her.

"Is it?—it *is* Angelica," said Decie, springing forward. They ran up to her with their gentle hurrying steps, and came round her as she fell almost fainting into their arms: her head sank upon Alley's shoulder; Patty's kind arm was round her waist; Decie and Dosie stood sheltering her from the assembling by-standers.

It was like one of the stories from some old poet's song, or some one of those allegories Angel loved to paint: here were the pitying maidens with their kind hearts and voices protecting the poor stricken lady in her forlorn distress. They did not ask what it was, but she told them then and there without preamble. "Oh! I have had a blow," she said, and she pressed her hand to her aching heart. "A cruel blow. I have done wrong—and yet there was no great wrong—and I am punished. Oh! punished and disgraced for all my life."

"What has happened?" said Decie.

"It is that Queen—I know it," cried impetuous Jinny. "I wish she were—"

"Wait, Jinny," said Alethea; "she will

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tell us all;" and she encircled Angelica more closely with her arm, and they all moved forward together, leading the poor broken guest along the road.

Angel made no resistance, feeling safe in their custody. She was utterly broken down, utterly at an end of her strength. "I can not keep this secret any longer," she panted forth at last. "This morning, when I woke, I thought I was married: look at my ring. It was a fortnight since he gave it me in our chapel. Now I know—now—that those we trust deceive, those we believe in are the first to turn against us; those who have promised to return come not. He promised he would come when he left me, but I have never seen him since, and now—now—I know the very name he gave me was not his own. I have seen the real De Horn: my husband is a liar. Trust no one—no one. Take warning by me."

"Oh! no, no, no!" cried Decie, the eldest of the sisters, speaking with unexpected life and passion, and suddenly striking some individual note among them all. "Do not fear to trust; none whom you truly love can really deceive; they sin against you, but they are yours—it is the law of life."

Dosie and Patty looked strangely at their sister. They knew why she exclaimed so passionately. Angelica was comforted for the moment.

"I pray that you are right: but is not mine a cruel story?" she said, with a wild sort of sob. "I know not what my fate is, if I am married or not married, or to whom I am pledged, or from whom I received my wedding-ring."

The girls murmured a sort of chorus of sympathy and encouragement.

"All will be explained. Father must take you home. He will make all straight for you; only wait, only have hope," they said, soothing her, and they led her on, regardless of the wondering looks of the people.

As they passed across the bridge with its frozen ivy houses, they were forced to stand up against the low parapet, while a great coach with green liveries and footmen dragged by four horses clattered past on its way from the Castle.

Angelica hid her face in her hands.

"*That* is the real De Horn," she whispered; her sobs broke out afresh, nor ceased till they reached the house. The young ladies almost carried her to her room, laid her down, spent and wearied, upon the bed, brought lavender and bathed her temples.

"What shall be said, for words are thorns to grief?
Withhold thyself a little, and fear the gods."

Their kindness was so great, their sympathy so tender and unobtrusive, that Angel felt comforted somehow, and at last, worn by her miserable tears, she fell into an exhausted sleep; from which she was only awakened by a messenger from the Castle: the Queen wished to speak with her again. But she was in no state to present herself before her gracious benefactress.

Good Dr. Starr himself returned in the coach which had been sent, with all explanations, and expressions of deep gratitude for favors received.

He came home disturbed, indeed, but flattered by his reception. He had not repeated all Angelica's confidence; he had described her state and dwelt upon her nervous, feverish condition. Until something more definite could be ascertained, he had, good man that he was, and the father of daughters, felt that it might be better for Angelica's future happiness that the story should not get abroad. He could, as he well knew, trust his girls' prudence. Jinny herself could be silent when desired to be discreet.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I KNEW THE RIGHT, AND DID IT.

ONE day soon after these events Mr. Reynolds was painting in his studio, when he received a letter in an unknown writing:

"SIR,—May I intrude upon your valuable time, and request that you will come at your very earliest convenience to Mrs. Angelica Kauffman's? There is great trouble in the house, and your help and opinion will, I am convinced, prove invaluable to our poor friends, whom I feel myself scarcely competent to advise.

"Your obedient, faithful servant,
"W. M. STARR."

The painter went on for a few minutes painting the model before him. It was perhaps Kitty Clive, smiling and winsome. After a few minutes he found he could not continue, and he made some excuse.

"Are you indisposed? Have you had some distracting summons?" said the sitter.

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "it is one I can not neglect."

Ten minutes later he was prepared to hurry off to Golden Square. But on his very doorstep he met a tall, grave man, powdered and dressed in black, who introduced himself as the writer of the note.

It was Dr. Starr, who, without preamble, begged to be taken into a private room. Mr. Reynolds led him into the dining-room, and stood leaning against the marble chimney-piece as he listened to the story which Dr. Starr told briefly and clearly, and without much comment.

"I hear that the Swedish envoy has left a secretary behind him in London," said Dr. Starr, after he had briefly told the story.

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"I brought the lady up to her father this morning. I found poor Mr. Kauffman in the most pitiable state. It seems that a priest came to him at breakfast-time and revealed the whole plot. The man also hinted that for a consideration he could disclose still more. I am anxious to get back. I dread leaving these poor people without protection, at the mercy of those villains' revelations."

"But we assuredly had best make inquiries for ourselves," said Mr. Reynolds.

After a brief consultation Mr. Reynolds parted from Dr. Starr, and took the direct road to Lord W.'s house. Even if he were absent, as he feared, Lady Diana would give good advice, and she would befriend Angelica.

Lord and Lady W. were both absent from London; only Lady Diana was at home, alone with the children. She sent them into the garden to play, and left her more congenial occupations of horn-book and story-telling to listen to Mr. Reynolds's revelation. She took it all in immediately.

"It is all true," she cried, flushing with anger. "I know it; I feel it. I have suspected it for some time past. We have been blinded, every one of us. Good Heavens! she must have been married that very morning I met her. Go to her, Mr. Reynolds. I will follow; I will come to Golden Square, and bring my friend Sir John Fielding with me, in less than an hour's time. He is a magistrate; he will know what to do."

"Let me go to him," said Mr. Reynolds; and then at her suggestion he also went on afterward to the house of a certain Baron de Brandt, a Swede, settled in London.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Reynolds reached Golden Square. Old Kauffman, who had been watching for him in the hall, admitted him immediately. He was trembling, unshaved, unwashed. He caught hold of the painter's arm with his two brown hands.

"Oh, you are come at last!" he said. "Thank Heaven! I thought you were never coming. That fellow is up stairs. I wrote to him. He can not explain himself; he can not deny his impostures. My child is mad, is possessed," cried the old man, sinking down in a heap on the steps that led to the upper floor. "She has forgotten her careful training," he cried, wringing his hands, "the example I have set her, the friends who have honored me in her. She has sacrificed her peace, her life, to an impostor." He was in an abject state of grief and agony. But it was no use to conceal the wretched facts from him.

"I fear it is too true. I have been making inquiries in several quarters," said Mr. Reynolds, gravely. "The real Count de Horn was to embark at Dover this morning, and leave for Sweden. This man, whom we have all entertained, has assumed a name to which he has no right. I have applied for a warrant, and I have spoken to a magistrate, for there are now rumors of a previous marriage," said Mr. Reynolds, pacing the hall. "Lady Diana, to whom this villain had the audacity to propose in Venice, has helped us to unravel his history."

"Come, come!" cried Kauffman, with sudden energy, rising to his feet. "Let us confront him, monster that he is. He is up stairs with my daughter. I would not have left them alone but that it was her wish. You, you are a true friend," cried the old man, suddenly flinging himself into Mr. Reynolds's arms.

The Englishman, somewhat embarrassed, drew gently back. The old German, repulsed by him, clung to the balusters, broken and trembling. Mr. Reynolds stood looking on, full of sincerest pity and concern, scarce knowing what to do or to say to comfort such sorrow. He himself was very pale, his bland lips were firmly closed; but what was his feeling compared to this?

Alas! he wondered, would it have been better had he trusted more to the instinct which had once led him to Angelica, which had touched him so keenly when she held out her hand, which was still existing somewhere in his secret heart, but kept under by his deliberate will? Would that he could now stretch out his hand and rescue her from her sea of trouble! Once more the mist came into his eyes, with some bitter pang of passing remorse. Was it indeed only of her, or of himself and his own material interest, that he had thought when he left her that summer's day?

John Joseph, who was in tears, wiped them away in a cloud of snuff with his great colored handkerchief, and assumed some dignity of bearing as they entered the studio, into which the afternoon sun was streaming.

Then suddenly old Kauffman gave an angry leap and rushed across the room. Mr. Reynolds stepped back, ashamed and provoked beyond words or expression of words.

The two were in the window, their backs to the light. Angelica was standing holding to De Horn's arm and looking up into his face. De Horn was speaking in a low voice. She seemed to have relented, to be forgiving all, to be listening to him, yielding quietly to his persuasions, looking unnatural forgiveness. Her nature was utterly feeble, unreasoning, unreliable, thought Mr. Reynolds, with mingled pity and scorn. With a sort of shriek old Kauffman rushed up to her, and would have torn her away in his speechless indignation. Angelica turned: with one hand she still held by De Horn's arm, with the other she caught her father's angrily upraised hand.

"Listen, dearest," she said to the old man.

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"I wish you to know all. He has told me all. He loves me—indeed he does; and although he has deceived me in other ways, indeed he has not deceived me in that. He has shown me the letter you sent him this morning by the priest. It is a very cruel one, dear father. Have you forgotten the days when you yourself were young, and loved and were loved?"

"Silence, unhappy girl!" the old man cried. "Oh, for shame! Mr. Reynolds is witness that I only meant to spare you. This man is an impostor, a lackey in his master's clothes, who has dared to come into the presence of honest people, and to rob and to lie, and to deceive an old man and a helpless woman. He is married already. He is perjured. He—"

The words failed in his frantic agitation, and John Joseph could not go on. De Horn's face turned to an ashy paleness. He had not imagined that all would be so soon discovered; but for the moment, in the presence of all these witnesses, he determined to put the best countenance he could upon it.

This false De Horn, seeing his one advantage, kept tight hold by the little hand that seemed alone to befriend him.

"You may call me what you will," he said, not without emotion, "but this lady is nevertheless my wife. She was married to me at the Catholic chapel by the priest whom you yourself saw. She went there of her own free-will; her goodness induces her to overlook the wrongs I have done to her, to hold by the validity of the ceremony. Come, my idol," he said, turning to her, "let us leave this censorious country, where cruel things are said and offenses imputed. I will protect you in future, and you shall never regret your confidence in me."

"Angelica!" shrieked the poor old father, flinging himself upon her and grasping her in his arms. "Are you mad? Do you hear? He is married already? Ask Mr. Reynolds. He is—"

"Leave her," cried De Horn, in a sudden black tempest of fury, trying to push off the old man, who stumbled and fell: perhaps feeling that it was expected of him to do so.

Mr. Reynolds came up, greatly shocked.

Angelica, with a cry, started away from De Horn, and, kneeling by her father, raised his gray head on to her lap. He was not hurt. Seeing her miserable face, he relented and rose immediately. It was an agonizing scene for her—horrible and most miserable—the most miserable of her life.

I think there is some saving grace in honesty of purpose, in truth of feeling, that helps people out of cruel passes that seem almost insurmountable at the time.

Angelica could not love De Horn—she knew him too little; but she had some strange feeling of loyalty toward him, and his wrong-doing could not change this. It seemed to her as if having more to forgive made the link that bound them even more close. As her father rose to his feet she too sprang up and stood with steady eyes fixed on her husband, so she called him. The first accusation had seemed little to her in comparison to this last, that of his previous marriage.

Was he married? She could not, would not believe it. Mr. Reynolds could not mean that. "Oh, tell me!" she said; "you owe me the truth. Do not be afraid; I will not desert you." Her tones were utterly sweet, and came from her very heart. "Are you already married? Am not I your wife?" She went up to him and put her gentle hand on his shoulder and looked at him fixedly with her two steadfast eyes.

"You are an Angel indeed," said the man, suddenly flushing up crimson, all touched and overcome by her confidence. "This is the truth: I have a Protestant wife in Sweden, but I myself am a Catholic, and my marriage with her has been disputed. We were only wedded according to Protestant rites. You, madame, are a Catholic, and the priest assured me that the ceremony was valid."

"The case had better be tried," said Mr. Reynolds, quietly. "I should think there would be little doubt of the verdict."

"The verdict would give her most certain and effectual release from any promises she might have made me, were they ten times more binding," said De Horn, with a strange laugh. "Do you know what punishment is reserved in this country and in my own for persons convicted of bigamy?"

Mr. Reynolds flushed and bit his lips, and began to pace the room.

"Listen, listen!" cried old Kauffman, suddenly starting in a ghastly sort of way, and scuttling to the window, which he threw wide open. He was almost beside himself with grief and rage, and theatrical effects came to him naturally. He pointed to the window. A burst of hoarse voices came in with the chill blast.

From the street below rose the cries of itinerant vendors, loudly shouting and calling the last dying speeches of some malefactors hung at Tyburn the day before.

"I know all that," said De Horn, quietly. "Do you suppose I have not known it all the time? If it had not been for this lady's presence, long ago I should have escaped the country."

Angel looked from De Horn to Mr. Reynolds, to whom she turned with a wild appealing glance. "You are my friend, are you not? You promised once; you will save him now," she said, putting her hands to her ears to shut out those horrible voices. Dr. Starr, who had come in unperceived, went

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to the window and closed it and carefully fastened the latch.

Mr. Reynolds stopped in his walk and took out his watch. "As it is Mr. Kauffman's wish," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "it seems to me but fair I should say now that I have appointed a magistrate to meet me here in half an hour, and that the door of the house is watched by two men down in the street below."

"*You* are a friend indeed," cried old Kauffman, coming back from the window, trembling and croaking, and thoroughly unnerved. "Now, you impostor. *Now* is our turn."

"Tell me," said Angel, walking straight up to De Horn, "have you money to escape with? I have but ten pounds in the house."

"Are you a madwoman?" screamed her father. But Mr. Reynolds himself now interfered. "I have brought money," he said. "I thought it might be wanted for a different purpose;" and then, very stiffly, but not uncourteously: "I know not, Sir, by what name to address you, but if you will accept my advice, and act upon this lady's wishes, you will take this sum and leave the country at once and forever. Count de Horn, whose name you have assumed, left for Sweden this morning; but, as I learned to-day, a secretary has remained behind with instructions to trace you and bring the authority of the law to bear on the offenses of which you are accused."

The shadows were lengthening, the minutes seemed like hours: for one long, long moment no one spoke.

Then De Horn looked at Angel. "Remember that you have saved a lost soul," he said, hoarsely. "Henceforth I believe in utter goodness and generosity." Then to Mr. Reynolds: "You may call me by my real name, which is De Horn," he said. "My father gave me leave to bear it; my mother, Christine Brandt, is a servant in a village inn."

They all looked at one another. Angelica was the first to move; she was listening with alarm to every sound. "Every moment is terrible to me, and brings danger nearer. Now come," said she, simply, taking his hand. Then she led the way down stairs and through her father's bedroom into the flagged court behind the house. It was a smutty and dismal spot, from which a door in the wall led into a shed, through which there was an issue into a back alley; country fields and places were not far distant in those days from the very heart of London itself. And De Horn knew that he was safe. "I can get home by the hatch between this and Grosvenor Square," he said.

"Don't go back to your lodging," said Angel. "Take my advice: for my sake, my peace of mind, fly at once."

He lingered, looking up and down; and then, with a sort of burst: "There is only one way by which I can show you my sincerity," he said; "but one way in which I can merit your forgiveness for the wrong I would have done," he repeated. As he spoke he seemed some one else, whom Angelica had never seen before, some one almost common in tone, altered in manner, but stricken to truth and to reality of soul and feeling, not acting a part, but sincere in every breath and word. He looked at her with hard sad eyes; then he suddenly caught her in his arms. "I can only prove to you my deep gratitude by never seeing you more," he said. "I have no words when I think that these are the last I shall ever speak to you."

He pressed her tight, tight to his heart, and before she could utter a word he was gone, running down the narrow alley. Some children were dancing in the sunset. She saw his long figure darting past them. He never looked back; he was gone. She crossed the shed and came into the stone court, and looked up at the windows of her own home: her old father was leaning out anxiously from her bedroom, and the light fell on his gray hair, and some birds flew straggling across the sky, and all the phantoms of the last few years came to meet her.

DO BIRDS IMPROVE AS ARCHITECTS?

By MRS. MARY TREAT.

IF birds were allowed to discuss their own merits as architects, they might bring forward abundant proof to show that they do improve in building; and they also might lay fair claim to the possession of reason, not only in the management of the young, but in many other things. But as we can not discuss this matter with them, we must patiently investigate their work, and thrust ourselves upon the privacy of their domestic arrangements, if we care to know intimately the life and habits of our feathered songsters.

Birds of the same species vary nearly or quite as much in their way, in the form and material used in building, as men of the same tribe vary in architecture.

The brown thrush (*Harporhynchus rufus*, Cob.) is a good case in point. The male is a gay, careless, happy songster, and seems to lure his mate into the same thriftless habits, so that house-building is often postponed until within a few hours of actual need, when haste and rapid work are very manifest.

All through May I noticed a pair of brown thrushes flitting about the grove. The male was a splendid performer, fairly entrancing

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me with his song. Seated upon the topmost branch of some swaying tree, he seemed to drown all the other choristers of the grove; in fact, they too seemed entranced, and soon were silent listeners. All the other feathered inhabitants of the grove had already commenced housekeeping, or were making active preparations, while this lord of song seemed to have no care or thought of the future. It was June. The bird was trilling his loudest note, when right in the midst of his song was a pause. His mate had stopped the grand performance. He flew with her to the shrubbery, where they flitted about from bush to bush a few moments, finally selecting a place for building in a rose-bush, which was supported by a trellis. The foundation of the nest was laid partly upon the trellis.

I took a garden chair, drew my hat pretty well over my face—birds are good observers, and we must manage with care or we shall alarm them—and watched their proceedings. The female was evidently the master-workman, and kept a watchful eye upon the mate, who came every few moments with such crooked, branched twigs that she often could do nothing with them but to throw them down in a spiteful way; her own selections were much better, and almost invariably used. If she was away when the mate arrived, he at once proceeded to place his crooked stick; he evidently did not believe in wasting material in such a reckless way; but this hindered the completion of the domicile, for when the fair partner arrived she was obliged to lay down her stick and try to arrange his in some sort of shape; failing in this, down it went to the ground, when, turning to her own, it was soon arranged to her satisfaction.

Several times the mate attempted to shirk, flew to a tree, and commenced his song, but this the energetic housewife would not allow; she always brought him back and set him to work, even if he did hinder more than help. His partner was probably an experienced architectress, and the mate may have been an apprentice, for certainly some of the males of this species seem to be as good architects as the females.

The nest was completed during the day, and on the following morning an egg was left in it. The mate, now relieved from work, resumed his joyous song, but he always ceased the moment I entered the shrubbery, and gave a quick note of alarm, when she would fly from the nest; but in a few days she became so tame that she would allow me to cut roses from the bush without leaving her place. Of course great care was necessary; I always drew my hat down so that she could not catch my eye, and apparently paid no attention to her.

A few years ago I was acquainted with a pair of brown thrushes, much more thriftless than the pair above mentioned, who did not even attempt to build a domicile in the usual way, but simply scratched up a kind of nest on the ground, in a strawberry bed, much after the fashion of a domestic hen, where they reared their young without any accident. When nearly full fledged they sprawled about on the ground, all semblance of a nest having disappeared.

Only a few rods from this careless, improvident family resided another family of thrushes in quite an elaborately designed structure. A peck measure would hardly have contained the sticks used in the construction of this domicile. It was built upon a rail fence adjoining a gate, through which cows were driven every morning and evening to and from pasture. Horses were also kept in this field, so that the gate was used more or less during every day, yet the family were reared in perfect safety, and became quite tame.

Were these poor, hastily constructed domiciles the work of inexperienced architects, or the work of thriftless, improvident individuals? In either case it looks as if birds were capable of improving in architecture, or the nests of the same species would all be of one pattern.

With the robin (*Turdus migratorius*, Linn.) the curious will find every form of architecture, from the rude mud nest up to quite an elaborately constructed domicile. These mud nests compare favorably with the log-cabins of the early settlers.

Last spring I had a table standing in the grove, on which were a number of pots of the Venus's fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*). A robin espied them, and made up her mind that the moist, black, mucky earth in which the plants were growing was just what she needed—and so handy, too, only a few feet from the tree she had selected in which to build her mud domicile. She had already carried off two of the plants with a quantity of the earth before I caught her at the mischief. Being an early riser, she had the advantage of me. I had the plants moved to the piazza, amidst her scolding and protesting. Her mate, too, attracted by her clatter, came and added his protest. I left the two pots of earth from which she had abstracted the plants, and took a seat to watch the *dénouement.* She eyed me pretty closely. Seeming to satisfy herself that I had no hostile intentions, she returned to the pots I had left, and rapidly proceeded with the building, using her breast and feet for a trowel. She may have worked an hour in this way, and then I saw no more of her until toward evening, when she finished up her work by lining the nest with a few mouthfuls of coarse dry grass.

Only a few rods distant another robin was building with entirely different material. For the main body of the structure

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she used fine fibrous roots and twine; she then added clean damp moss (*sphagnum*) instead of mud, which she must have gone at least a mile to obtain. She interwove long horse-hair and fine dry grass to hold the moss in place. It took her four or five days to complete the structure, whereas the mud nest was finished the same day it was commenced.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, the male robin never assists in building. This is not because he domineers over the female, refusing to do his share of the work, for she is evidently the master-spirit and he the poor hen-pecked subordinate. She probably considers him incapable of so great an undertaking as to assist in the construction of even a mud cabin. Nevertheless, he is very watchful and solicitous while she is at work and during incubation; and when the young are hatched he does as much for their support while in the nest as the female; and as soon as they leave the nest she shirks all the responsibility of protecting and providing for them upon him, while she proceeds to build another domicile or to fit up the old one. By this judicious management upon her part she succeeds in rearing three broods in one season, while most other birds rear but two.

The male must find his task rather arduous with this young household thrown upon his care, their gaping, never-satisfied mouths around him.

Recently I was the witness of quite an amusing scene. The male robin brought his young family from the mud cabin, nearly as large as himself by this time, to some raspberry bushes. The bushes were supported by narrow strips of board nailed to posts. This gave the birds secure footing while plundering the fruit. Two of the speckled-breasts helped themselves to the fruit, but the third one kept close to the father with gaping mouth. In vain the parent flew from one support to another; the persistent offspring was close to his side; he seemed determined not to help himself. Finally the parent, seeming to lose patience, gave him a tap on the head, and then coolly proceeded to regale himself with the fruit. The young one now shut his mouth for a little time, but soon was gaping again; upon this the irate father was more severe, and gave him quite a drubbing, as much as to say, "Now help yourself, and stop your gaping!" But he continued to provide his young family with insects several days after this incident.

Parental chastisement was inflicted in this case evidently for the good of the young one, or why would he have continued to supply them with insects, which were more difficult to obtain?

A close observer of birds can not fail to see that they exercise reason and forethought not only in the management of the young, but in many other things.

Let me ask those who deny to animals any faculty except instinct what it is that induces birds to vary from their usual mode of procedure. Do they not often show a love of mischief, and manifest a desire to rule, which lead them to forsake the beaten track of their forefathers?

In the spring of 1870 a pair of house wrens (*Troglodytes ædon*) selected the oddest place imaginable for the site of their mansion, which looked as if solely prompted by a love of mischief. It was on the top of a barn swallow's nest. There were several nests of the swallows attached to the rafters in a low room over a stable. Some of the nests were completed, nicely lined with soft white feathers, and contained eggs. I had spent many hours with my favorites, the swallows, watching their graceful movements and dainty ways, until they came to look upon me as their friend, and would continue their building with me standing so close that many times I could have put my hand upon a workman.

For a day or two something had prevented my usual visits to the swallows, when my brother, with mock gravity, informed me that a great calamity had befallen my favorites—that a pair of tiny wrens had made war upon them, and the swallows (a dozen or more), with every thing at stake, had made an inglorious retreat, and had taken up their quarters in a grain barn near at hand. I at once repaired to the scene of disaster, and found the tiny victors the undisputed possessors of the premises. They had already commenced to rear their mansion, having taken a swallow's nest, eggs and all, for the foundation of their own structure.

The sprightly little housewife darted an angry look out of her bright eyes at me, and no doubt contemplated driving me as she had the swallows; but I was not to be intimidated: she should either go on with her work, with myself as witness, or give up the site she had surreptitiously taken. The male, less suspicious than the female, continued his work. They came through a knot-hole in the side of the barn with all their building material, and then empty-mouthed flew out of the open window. They had, no doubt, in the first place come in at this hole and chased the swallows out of the window, and so they continued to the end as they had commenced.

The female at first refused to place the sticks she brought, but dropping them on the hay, would fly close to me in a spiteful way, and then pass out of the window. But at last she concluded to go on with the work, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the nest completed. It was built close up to the roof, only space enough left for them to enter.

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I have often played with birds, evidently making them think that I was afraid, and that they were really driving me. One summer a pair of kingbirds (*Tyrannus carolinensis*) drove me about for a long time. They had built close to the piazza, and had become quite tame before they found how afraid I was of them.

The rose-bugs were very numerous at this time, and I soon found that the kingbirds were helping me exterminate them; they would alight on a rose-bush and devour the bugs greedily. As they came near to me I would cautiously move further away; this the birds were quick to notice, and soon became so bold that they would drive me from bush to bush, and after the bugs had entirely disappeared, when I went to the bushes to cut flowers, the birds would often drive me away, and then hunt over the bushes, as if they thought my sole business was bug-hunting.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

IT was my fortune to pass a portion of the winter of 1854 in the island of Hayti, while it was still under the imperial sway of the late Faustin I. My primary purpose in going to a place then difficult of access and little frequented by tourists was to inform myself personally of the condition and prospects of this struggling little empire, which had successfully defied one of the best armies of the first Napoleon, and which for more than half a century had managed to maintain its political independence without the alliance or even the sympathy of any foreign state.

It is no part of my present purpose to set forth the results of my observations in Hayti, but merely to give some account of the most interesting if not the only truly indigenous and original product of the Haytian civilization of which I was fortunate enough to find any trace.

The Haytian depends for his livelihood exclusively upon the products of the soil, the air, and the water. He manufactures nothing for export. With the richest sugar lands, he imports all his sugar and molasses; he smokes cigars made of Kentucky tobacco, and eats salt fish cured in New England. Though I searched carefully for it, I found nothing to bear away with me as a trophy of Haytian civilization that was wrought with Haytian hands, or was in any way the fruit of Haytian industry.

What I did find, however, that was essentially Haytian, and as much the specialty of this island as the De Brie cheese, or the Valenciennes lace, or the Jersey cows, or Florentine mosaics are the specialties of the places of which they bear the name, were the proverbs with which the creole population are accustomed to garnish their conversation.

Proverbial forms of expression are used quite freely by all classes, but most abound in the mouths of the humble and unlettered peasants, who not only can not read themselves, but who probably never had an ancestor who could. To them they hold the place of books and libraries, in which they hoard up and minister to each other the wisdom and experience of ages.

Many of their proverbs struck me as so novel and so finely flavored with the soil of the island, or with the customs of its peculiar and simple-minded people, that I was tempted to make a memorandum of them. My interest in the subject attracting the attention of several intelligent Haytians of my acquaintance, they were good enough to assist me in enlarging my collection.*

A majority of the proverbs in common use had evidently come from the Old World, many, of course, from France—not the least valuable relic of French domination in the island—while others, and to me the more interesting portion, were obviously indigenous, and such as reflected the sentiments likely to be uppermost in the minds of people who were or had been bondmen. Were any apology needed for inviting the reader's attention to these specimens of the proverbial literature of the Haytians (if the colloquialisms of a people who neither read nor write may be called a literature), it will be found, I trust, in the fact that they are the highest expression of the purely intellectual activity of this people that exists, and are unquestionably the most interesting and characteristic production of their beautiful but very unfortunate island.

Victor Hugo, in one of his youthful productions, which, though now pretty much forgotten, predicted his literary eminence,† seized very successfully this feature of Haytian civilization. It has also attracted the attention of most foreigners who have written about this island. Pamphile de la Croix says that "Toussaint L'Ouverture, like all men who reflect much, but with whom education has not varied the language of gen-

* In this work I was under special obligations to Mr. B. P. Hunt, of Philadelphia, then the head of a large commercial house in Port-au-Prince, who to a general culture of high order added a familiarity with the history of Hayti and with the peculiarities of its people which is possessed by no other person living, to my knowledge.

† *Bug Jargal.*

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ius," had favorite sentences which he often used. "I have frequently found in his correspondence," he says, "the original apologue which he used to excuse his refusals to spend money. 'Money,' he would often say, 'is an evil spirit; as soon as you touch it it disappears. Many precautions are required in opening its coffers.'"

"In prostrating me," he said, after his arrest by General Le Clerc, "they have only thrown down the tree of liberty in San Domingo. It will yet repel them with its roots, which are deep and numerous."

When Toussaint burned Cape Haytien, to prevent its occupation by Bonaparte's army, he is reported to have used in his justification an old French proverb thus Haytianized: *Pas capable faire omlet sans casser zef.—One can't make an omelet without breaking the egg.*

The late Emperor Faustin I., more commonly known by his family name of Soulouque, whose parents were both brought as slaves from Africa, was much addicted to the use of proverbs. A friend of mine once heard him caution a rogue who, for some service to his Majesty, had been provided with an office in which he failed to give entire satisfaction, by using a proverbial locution at least as old as the days of Richelieu, who, like most despotic rulers, had frequent occasion to employ it: *Mon fils, déplumez l'oie sans faire crier.—My son, pluck the goose without making it scream.* Another form of an equally felicitous exhortation to moderation in the exercise of power is of Latin extraction, Shear the sheep; don't skin it.

The following apologue, reported to me by a Haytian merchant who chanced to hear it, is singularly characteristic of the way events which impress the imagination of these people—I may say, perhaps, all Africans—are translated by them into abstract symbols:

In 1830 a Spanish frigate arrived in the harbor of Port-au-Prince to protest against the Haytian occupation of the eastern or Spanish part of the island—now usually known as San Domingo—which Boyer, the then President of Hayti, had already held for some nine years without opposition.

The old *garde-magasin*, or store porter, of my informant, who had been a soldier in the war for Haytian independence, and who had been told and believed that the Spanish frigate at anchor before him in the offing had been sent to conquer Hayti and reduce her again to colonial subjugation, as he sat upon a stick of logwood and looked out upon the vessel with an air compounded of pity and contempt, began to soliloquize in this wise:

"*Houn! avla za fair que fort. Lion soti outi le soti; li vini pou devorer zos. Li tournin li nan toute sens, li pas capabe queté boute zos. Chien tou tê tombé sous zo li; te mordé li jusque li bouqué; li bligé allé chemin li tou. Avla pauvre poule soti la bas et li crõe li capabe fair quichose avec zos. Cé trop fort.*"*

My informant, who chanced to overhear the old negro, asked him to explain his strange soliloquy.

"*Main oui, monché,*" replied the old soldier. "*Ou pas trouvé ça trop fort? Comment! Anglais vini pou pran pays la; nous lê batté Anglais. Français te vini tou: nous baie Français nion caille yo pas te jamain blie. Avla pauvre Pagnol, qui vlé fair ça Anglais et pi Français pas tê capabe.*"†

The man whose private meditations took such shapes, though he had never read a book, nor, indeed, talked much with those

* "Now isn't that too much? The lion he came and tried to eat the bone. After turning it over every way, he had to leave it. Then the dog fell on the bone; he gnaws away on it till he is tired, and then he goes his way also. And now here comes a miserable chicken, and fancies she can do something with the bone. That is too much."

† "Why yes, Sir. Don't you find this too much? The English came to take our country; we beat the English. Then the French came; we gave them a skinning they will never forget. And now comes this miserable Spaniard, who has got it into his head that he can succeed where the English and French have both failed."

A person familiar with the French language will have little difficulty in understanding the text of the old porter's discourse, and other specimens of Haytian *patois* which are to follow, though a few explanations will render the task less difficult.

The article *un, une*, is pronounced *nion*, as *nion caille* for *une caille*, *nion poule* for *une poule*.

The personal pronouns *je, tu, el* are *mo, to, ly*; and for the possessives, *mon, ton, son*, the Haytian says, *à moue, à toue, à li*, which, instead of preceding the nouns as in French, follow them, thus, *chien à moue*, instead of *mon chien*.

Z is frequently prefixed to nouns beginning with a vowel, as *zos* for *l'os*, *zami* for *l'ami*.

Conjunctive and demonstrative pronouns, instead of coming, as in French, between the person and the verb, usually follow the verb; for example, *pauvre poule li crõe li capabe*, instead of *se crõe; yo prend li*, instead of *on l'a pris; allez voir lion la*, instead of *allez voir le lion*.

The present infinitive or participle passive is used for the present indicative, as *mo manger*, instead of *je mange*.

The imperfect indicative is formed by placing *tê* before the participle passive, as *chien tê tombé sous zos*, instead of *chien tombait sur l'os; Français pas tê capabe*, instead of *le Français n'était pas capable*. The participle is used to express any past tense instead of inflecting the verb. *Pouvoir*, the verb, is always rendered by *capable*, or, as it is pronounced, *capabe*. *Mo pas capabe faire*, instead of *je ne puis pas le faire*. The present indicative is the only tense of the verb *vouloir* in general use among the Haytians, and that is pronounced *vlé*.

The negative *pas* precedes instead of following the verb, as *mo pas connais* for *je ne sais pas*.

Baie is used in the sense of *donner*, as *baie si ça* for *donnez lui cela*. So *baie veni* is used for *apporter*, and *baie allé* for *ôter*.

Gagner is the Haytian *avoir*, and does more service, I think, than any other verb in his vocabulary. Harvey, in his *Sketches of Hayti*, gives the following sketch of its catholicity. An Englishman who had asked a negro to lend him a horse received the following reply: "Monché, mo pas gagné choual, main mo connais qui gagné li; si li pas gagné li, li faut mo gagné li pour vous gagné."

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who had, must have possessed an understanding and an imagination not to be despised, and when alone, at least, must have dwelt in pretty good society. Who is the poet or the statesman who could have put the patriotic Haytian's case more effectively in as many words? and what strikes one in these days of fierce partisanship is the art and majesty with which the picture is abstracted from whatever is local or savors of mere individual or private grievance, and lifted up to the level of universal truth and justice. The gods of Homer did not color the tales of their grievances with so little of personal and purely selfish passion.

I have said that many of the proverbs most current in Hayti are such as could only have originated or be popular among slaves or a people inured to oppression. I might perhaps go a little farther, and say that none are current among them that would be out of place on the lips of a slave. Till their emancipation every Haytian might have said, in the language of an old Spanish poet, "When I was born I wept, and every day I live tells me why."

It has been observed that proverbs begin to appear when man begins to suffer and to envy; he then seeks consolation in his misery by laughing at his oppressors. In this sense proverbs have been poetically termed the tears of humanity. It is certain that the people who have been most dependent upon the caprice of their fellow-creatures have been, in all ages, most addicted to the use of proverbs, and for an obvious reason. In the form of a general truth we may give vent to the bitterest personal feeling without making ourselves responsible for its personal application.

But without presuming to offer or discuss any new theories in regard to the origin or currency of proverbs, I will content myself with laying before my readers such of my collection as are most unequivocally of pure Haytian, or at least of West Indian, extraction, leaving aside the much larger number which have reached the island from other lands in the ordinary commerce of civilization, and which, as well as some of these, may no doubt be found in other collections.

Though a little less numerous than Solomon's, the proverbs here submitted will have at least this quality in common with those of the wisest of sovereigns, that they will be found "to speak of trees, of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

I.

D'abord vous queté poux de bois mangé canari, calebasse pas capabe prend pied.*

When you see the wood-louse eat the earthen jar, the calabash can not be expected to resist.

* Corruption of *voir*, one of the few words in common use differing widely from the French.

The foam or spittle of the wood-lice here referred to is such a powerful solvent that it makes an impression even upon iron. They are called wood-lice because they feed upon soft wood, and as soon as they have gained the top of a house, the owner must immediately take measures to provide another roof. They also make great havoc among books and linen. No chest is tight enough to keep them out.*

The calabash is a vegetable of the gourd species, which is susceptible of being hollowed out, and is one of the most universal utensils of the Haytian *ménage*. Of course it has no pretensions to resist an enemy to which an earthen vessel would succumb.

The obvious import of this proverb is that when the educated, the wealthy, the well-connected, the lawgivers of state and society succumb to vice or superior force of any kind, or betray a lack of courage or judgment or skill, we must not expect the unlettered, the poor, the obscure and dependent, to be more firm or efficient.

One will hardly fail to remark here a servile recognition of inferiority and irresponsible helplessness.

There seems to be a logical as well as a physiological connection between the foregoing proverb and this which follows:

II.

D'abord vous queté poux de bois mangé bouteille, croquez calebasse vous haut.

When you see the wood-louse eat the bottles, hang the calabash high.

The former is an invocation of charity toward those who fall into temptation, and this suggests precautions to be taken against falling again. If you find yourself inclined to any vice, try and put yourself beyond its reach, avoid exposing yourself to its temptations, eschew society and amusements which weaken your power or disposition to resist it, following in this respect the counsel of Niebuhr in the choice of books, who said very profoundly in one of his letters that it is best not to read books in which you make the acquaintance of the devil.

And again, whatever is precious to you, be it your sense of God's presence with those who try to do His will, your respect for His word, your faith in prayer, hang it high; that is, cultivate a respect for it not only in yourself, but in others; place it where no enemy can see it without looking up, nor reach it without ascending.

Here is another of the same family:

III.

Pravette pas jamain gagné raison devant poule.

The cockroach is always wrong when it argues with the chicken.

* *Natural and Civil History of the French Dominions in North and South America*, by T. Jeffreys, p. 168.

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This is the same plea for the weak against the strong and aggressive which the immortal slave of Phrygia so forcibly presented in his fables of "The Wolf and the Lamb" and "The Council of Animals to stay the Pestilence" some five-and-twenty centuries ago.

IV.

Neque couteau connait quior à yamme.

It is only the knife that knows the heart of the yam.

This is commonly used merely to inspire a healthy distrust of appearances, and especially such as concern the relations of domestic life. It is also sometimes used to show how circumstances, trials, temptations, like a knife, penetrate to the very heart of some persons, putting all artifice and conventionality at defiance; in others, bringing to light qualities of character till then unsuspected.

In this latter sense the Haytians use another proverb, which is probably of French origin:

V.

Cé lhèr vent ca venter moune ca ouèr la peau poule.

It is when the wind is blowing that we see the skin of the fowl.

VI.

Cé souliers tout-seule savent si bas tini trous.

Shoes alone know if the stockings have holes.

That is, there are vices and infirmities known only to the most intimate, there are crimes known only to their authors, and there are weaknesses known only to one's familiars.

Nemo scit præter me, said St. Jerome, *ubi soccus me premit.*

It is the sea only which knows the bottom of the ship, say the Efik tribes of Western Africa.

There is another proverb quite current, I am told, in the French Antilles, though I never chanced to hear it, that *A man is not to be known till he takes a wife.* This might be taken as merely a variety of the two preceding proverbs, without an explication of its origin.

The buccaneers of San Domingo were pretty much a law unto themselves, acknowledging only an odd jumble of convention upon which they had from time to time agreed. They had, in a manner, shaken off the yoke of religion, and thought they did much in not entirely forgetting the God of their fathers. Had they been perpetuated until this time, the third or fourth generation of them would have had as little religion as the Caffres and Hottentots of Africa. They even laid aside their surnames, and assumed their nicknames or martial names, most of which have continued in their families to this day. Many of them, however, on their marrying, which seldom happened till they turned planters, took care to have their real surnames inserted in the marriage contract; and this gave occasion to the proverb, that *A man is not to be known till he marries.**

VII.

Ratte mange canne; zandolie mourrie innocent.

The rat eats the cane; the innocent lizard dies for it.

Of what countless flogged, kicked, imprisoned, tortured, starved, murdered Haytians does not this creole paraphrase of two well-known lines, one of Publius Syrus and the other of Horace, bear witness!†

The innocence, that is, the harmlessness, of the lizard is almost as familiar a feature of serpent life in the tropics as that of the lamb among animals.

The Italians have a proverb which implies that the lizard's good name is not confined to the Antilles:

Cui serpe mozzica lucerta teme.

He who has been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a lizard.

At Naples, "whose luxurious inhabitants," says Gibbon,‡ "seem to live on the confines of Paradise and hell fire," they have a joke upon their exemption from the misfortunes of their neighbors of Torre del Greco:§

Napoli fa i peccati, e la Torre li paga.

Naples commits the sins, and La Torre expiates them.

The Germans have the same aphorism in different forms:

Bei grosser Herren Händeln müssen die Bauern Haar lassen.

Der Herren Sünden der Bauern Busse.

VIII.

Want of charity for those who occasionally succumb to temptation is finely rebuked in a proverb, the application of which unhappily can not be limited to the transgressions of slaves or heathen:

Petit mie tombe, ramassè li; Chrétien tombe, pas ramassè li.

If the millet (a little grain largely cultivated in the Antilles) *falls, it is picked up; if the Christian falls, he is not helped up.*

This proverb conveys a merited rebuke to those who assume that any amount of spiritual growth diminishes our liability to temptation, or that the greatest saint has any less of it to contend with than the greatest sinner, and who infer therefore that the professing Christian, and especially the clergy, who occasionally succumb to them, are on that account altogether hypocrites and

* Jeffreys, *Description of the Island of Hispaniola,* p. 23.

† "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*"
"*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*"

‡ Memoirs of his own life.

§ A village in the suburbs of Naples, which has been already three times destroyed by Vesuvius.

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impostors. It teaches a more profound theology and a more divine charity than is uniformly distilled from metropolitan pulpits.

There are two other West Indian proverbs of the same import:

Acoma tombe; tout moun di c'e bois pourri.

The acoma falls; all the world says, 'tis rotten wood.*

IX.

Chita chiche.

The sitter is mean.

Chiche in creole is the equivalent of a persistent sitter, who is naturally idle, and therefore remains poor, not uncommonly the synonym for inhospitality and meanness.

X.

That hope which, through a kind Providence, often saves the most abject and depressed from despair, frequently finds its expression in the following proverb:

Joudui pou ous, demain pou moin.

To-day for you, to-morrow for me.

This is a slight modification of our old English proverb,

It is a long lane that has no turning.

No one familiar with the Bible can read this form of appeal from the present to the future, which the human heart instinctively makes in its hour of trial, without recalling the memorable occasion when such appeals may be said to have received the highest sanction they have ever received on earth. When the chief priests, captains of the temple, and elders came out against Jesus with swords and staves as against a thief, he said to them, "When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hands against me: but *this is your hour, and the power of darkness.*"

That His hour and the power of light were expected to come in due time is implied, though, with eloquent fitness, not expressed.

So all people, while under the dominion of evil passions and filthy lusts, may look forward, if so disposed, to the Saviour's hour, when, upon their invitation, He with His angelic following shall enter in and sup with them.

XI.

The following proverb is not strictly of Haytian origin, though I had never happened to hear it used out of Hayti:†

Quand vous mangé avec diable, tiembé cuiller vous long.

When you sup with the devil, use a long spoon.

* The Acoma is the giant of the West Indian forest.

† Shakspeare alludes to it in a way to justify the belief that in his time it was too familiar and commonplace to be quoted in full.

Stephano. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.—*Tempest*, Act II., Scene 2.

The devil has lost much of the personal consideration, if not of the influence, which he used to enjoy in earlier ages, and hence the comparative disuse of this proverb, except among people where the belief in the actual existence of a personal devil to be propitiated prevails, as in Hayti and among all African races, and among some Christian sects. "Other times, other proverbs."

This is a caution to those who accept the hospitality or favors of rogues. It does not take the high and only safe ground, which is to have no transactions with Satan, to make no compromise with evil. If it did, it would probably have lacked one of the essential elements of a proverb—general, popular acceptation; for a proverb comes to its shape like a cobble-stone, by long and constant attrition. The average man thinks himself a little smarter than Satan, and that he can accept Satan's hospitality without returning it, that he can have just one or perhaps two transactions with the Prince of Evil, or operate with him for a limited period, and then stop. *Einmal keinmal*, say the Germans: *Once is never;* that is, it is idle to think of doing a wrong thing only once. No one ever deliberately entered into a single transaction with Satan that did not soon enter into another.

The necessity, however, of great wariness in our dealings with the Evil One, which the length of the spoon imports, rather than the wiser policy, not only of rejecting all his proposals, but of making flagrant war upon them, expresses the popular sense both of the danger of such dealings and the occasional necessity for them.

No one has had much to do with slaves or with any people whose social and political liberties were seriously abridged without remarking a corresponding disposition to seek a partial indemnification for their privations through falsehood, or theft, which is a form of falsehood. It is safe to say that in those countries in which private rights and property are least secure a man's social standing is least compromised by disingenuousness.

"Le même jour qui met un homme libre aux fers
*Lui ravit la moitié de sa virtu première."**

It does not follow, however, that the slave is really any less truthful than the master, though he may tell more lies. If a lie were necessary to save him from a flogging, and if, as in the slave's case, there were no public sentiment to which he is obliged to pay homage, how many masters would hesitate longer than their slaves to take refuge in falsehood? Many have deplored Galileo's weakness when stretched upon the rack of the Inquisition who would not have suffered so much even as the great Etruscan for the truth.

* The day which puts a free man in irons deprives him of half his original virtue.

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As we become independent of the world, whether by having the means of gratifying our carnal appetites or by the gradual extinction of such of them as depend on the co-operation or forbearance of our fellow-creatures, lying will become a more hateful offense, and truthfulness a more indispensable condition of worldly esteem. So long, however, as we are sustained in the discharge of our duty only by a sense of worldly prudence, the difference among us, after all, is only a difference in the length of the spoon which we use at the devil's table.

This proverb is also suggestive of another that is more familiar, and which, Quintilian tells us, was old in his day:

Liars should have long memories.

XII.

Nion doigt pas jamain mangé calalou.

You never eat gumbo with one finger.

Spoons and forks are luxuries with which the Haytian peasants are not familiar, and they eat their gumbo (we call it okra) with two fingers. It would be as difficult to eat gumbo with one finger as to eat pease with a nut-picker. This proverb illustrates our dependence upon each other in every age and condition of life. The Haytians have another which is like unto it:

XIII.

Nion doigt pas sa pouand puces.

A single finger can't catch fleas.

These are only variations of the old Greek proverb,

*Εἰν ἀνήρ, οὐδείς ἀνήρ.**

Or, as it comes to us through the Spanish,

One man and no man is all the same.

So the Calabars of West Africa say,

A man does not use one finger to take out an arrow.

And Dr. Franklin compared an old bachelor to the half of a pair of scissors which had not yet found its fellow, and therefore was not even half as useful as they might be together.

The Spaniards also say,

Three helping each other will bear the burden of six.

As the gods of the ancients were wont to visit this earth in the guise of the humblest peasants, so one of those everlasting truths, which may be said to embrace the beginning and end of human wisdom, lies enveloped in the homely rhetoric of the rustic proverb of which these are variations. They teach that elementary sense of dependence among men by which the most ignorant, as well as the most learned, are unconsciously led to comprehend and acknowledge their primary and final dependence upon God, a conviction which is the basis of all true religion; and in the same degree to lose faith in their own sufficiency, the basis of all idolatry.

The French have a proverb which, while it seems to enlarge the significance of that we are considering, is actually embraced by it:

Celui qui mange seul son pain est seul à porter son fardeau.

He who eats his bread alone must alone bear his burden.

Or, as the Spaniards say:

Quien solo come su gallo, solo ensille su caballo.

Who eats his dinner alone, must saddle his horse alone.

"Two are better than one," says the preacher, "because they have a good reward for their labor; for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."*

All the selfishness, wars, intolerance, persecution, crime, and disorder in this world, and which seem to be most rife among those nations which boast of being most civilized, may be traced to a disregard of this universal law of dependence, the mother of humility, which the unlettered peasant of Hayti has extracted from his daily necessity of taking two fingers to his gumbo.

The following proverbs, current in many tongues, bear in the same direction, and help to prove that there is probably a larger party in this world who cultivate a pious sense of dependence than of impious independence:

Two heads are better than one.

Two eyes see better than one; or,

Plus oculi vident quam oculus.

One flower makes no garland.

Two dry sticks will kindle a green one.

Good riding at two anchors, men have told,
For if one break, the other may hold.

The reflection of our Saviour, when he announced that the hour was come that the Son of Man should be glorified, only extends the application of the same general truth. "Except," he added, "a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth *alone:* but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."†

In short, solitude is sterility; independence is selfishness.

XIV.

The Haytians have another proverb to express the force of numbers which could only have its origin among a people who had inherited the notion that conspiracy and assassination were among the legitimate resources of statesmanship.

Complot plus fort passé ouanga.

Conspiracy (or combination) is stronger than witchcraft.

* One man, no man.

* Eccles., iv. 9, 10. † St. John, xii. 24.

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This proverb also reflects the condition of the human mind when it is beginning to emancipate itself from superstition. It betrays a dawning sense of the superiority of plan and systematic combination of natural forces over those supernatural resources upon which the ignorant and the savage are much accustomed to rely.

Providentially only good motives and purposes will combine. The selfish, which are the sinful and predatory motives, are all distrustful, and therefore incapable of acting in thorough concert. Like Pilate and Herod they may unite, but their union will only last while in the presence of their common adversary. Hence all predatory and noxious animals and insects are rendered by their very selfishness comparatively harmless. "It is a wonderful proof of the wisdom of Providence," said the late Lord Lytton,* "that whenever any large number of its creatures forms a community or class, a secret element of disunion enters into the hearts of the individuals forming the congregation, and prevents their co-operating heartily and effectually for their common interest."

"The fleas would have dragged me out of bed if they had been unanimous," said the great Curran; "and there can be no doubt that if all the spiders in this commonwealth were to attack me in a body I should fall a victim to their combined nippers." But spiders, though inhabiting the same region, constituting the same race, animated by the same instincts, do not combine even against a butterfly; each seeks his own special advantage, and not that of the community at large.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE newspapers lately published with satisfaction and the public read with pleasure that at a concert in Washington Mr. Thomas, the conductor, rapped his orchestra to silence in one of the finest passages of the performance, and, turning to the audience, said that it was evident that the music interrupted conversation. It was a courteous rebuke of certain persons who had entered during the concert, and who had not ceased to chatter, to the great annoyance of their neighbors, and Mr. Thomas, in promptly and pointedly reproving them, not only protected the just rights of his audience, but showed a proper appreciation of the duties of his position. If other conductors would follow his example, the vulgar nuisance of such disturbance would soon be abated. It is observable, however, that those who are most frequently guilty of the offense are those who would be peculiarly amazed by the charge of vulgarity or ill-breeding. But there is nothing more truly deserving that name than flagrant disregard of the minor social rights of others. Thus there are many guests at the finest inns who would be confounded by a charge of theft, but who are, in the strictest sense, hotel thieves. It was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or at some other palace of the public, that a grave gentleman said to the affable clerk,

"I am sorry and surprised that you harbor thieves in this house."

"Thieves, Sir!" was the hot reply—"harbor thieves! What do you mean, Sir? Explain, if you please."

"I mean that I had something stolen from me last night by one of your guests."

"We are all exposed to sneak thieves, Sir."

"But this was not a sneak thief; it was a guest in the house, and quartered as comfortably as I was."

"This is very extraordinary, Sir. What was stolen from you, and at what hour was the theft?"

The grave gentleman answered, with great sobriety, "At two o'clock this morning some most precious sleep was stolen from me by one of your guests, and I have reason to believe that the theft was accomplished with a pair of boots."

The affable clerk's mind wavered a moment between a suspicion of insanity and of practical joking upon the part of the grave gentleman; then he turned away, and remarked, "Ah!"

But the gentleman was right. His neighbor, who came in at two in the morning, and strode noisily along the corridors when he knew that he was surrounded by sleepers, and who flung his boots down and slammed his door, was a minor Macbeth, who had murdered sleep and defrauded his neighbors of their just rights. It was an act of intolerable selfishness, which deserved exposure and rebuke as richly as the offenders at the concert whom Mr. Thomas chastised.

Margaret Fuller once vindicated the claims of good manners in the same way. She sat in a crowded hall to hear a symphony of Beethoven, and several young men and women near her laughed and talked during the performance, disdaining the reproving looks and the murmured "hush" of their neighbors. During the interlude Miss Fuller turned to one of the chief offenders of her own sex and said, audibly, "My dear, your conversation is probably very interesting, but some of us have paid to hear the music, and don't you think we have a right to enjoy what we have honestly paid for?" There were some sour looks and some sharp words from the offenders, but there was also a very general murmur of approval from the neighboring benches, and there was no more chattering. Doubtless those gay young people thought, and they may even have said, that it was a great impertinence to speak to them in that manner; and the Washington party that Thomas reproved probably thought him an impudent fellow to call public attention to them as he did. But they should reflect that they first called public attention to themselves in the most offensive manner; and as for impudence, which is the more impudent,

* *Kenelm Chillingly*, vi. 106.

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to disturb a quiet assembly gathered to hear music, or courteously to reprove that disturbance?

All the authorities lay it down as of the very essence of good manners that conduct and conversation should be quiet, and not challenge attention; and if in public places of resort or in traveling your attention is called to any group by loud talking or laughing or tomfoolery, you are probably not inclined to suppose that the roisterers are truly well bred, however much they may believe themselves to be so. And the reason that quiet unobtrusiveness is felt to be good-breeding is that true courtesy springs from thoughtfulness of others, and an instinctive unwillingness to obtrude upon them. In any mixed assembly thrown together by chance there will probably be some who may be troubled in mind or body to whom obstreperous noise would be peculiarly offensive. Real respect for yourself leads you to respect the possible feeling of others; while to consider your own wishes and feelings only, whether in making a noise or in more important smaller matters, is mere selfishness. The offense which Mr. Thomas reproved was mingled vanity and selfishness, although vanity is but a form of selfishness. The offenders wished to call attention to themselves, and yet to show that they cared nothing for those whose attention they invited. It is a favorite device of fashion to affect a vast superiority to those without whose observation the affectation would be pointless, and thus fashion really supplicates the regard of those whom it pretends to despise.

This social selfishness sometimes takes the form of mere thoughtlessness, or even a sense of duty. Going up Broadway in an omnibus on a day when the east wind was blowing sharp and chill in the early spring, the Easy Chair observed a young woman upon the opposite seat shrinking from the cold, thin and haggard, far gone in a consumption. A stout, rosy-faced man jumped in who had been running for a block or two, and who seemed to be fairly overflowing with vigorous life. He passed to the forward end of the omnibus, paid his fare, looked about, wiped his warm brow, puffed a little, scratched his head, was evidently very uncomfortable, and at last he flung down the end window with a loud bang, and gasped apologetically, as if he felt that an apology was necessary, and also as if every body must see that he was very warm and needed the cool air. But the harsh and angry draught blew across the young woman, and seemed to cut her to the heart and lungs. She gathered her shawl and dress more closely, but said nothing, and the Easy Chair, turning to the rosy-faced gentleman, suggested that the young person was ill and that she suffered from the icy blast.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the rosy-cheeked stranger. "I beg ten thousand pardons! It was so close—it never occurred to me;" and he pulled the window up again, with a troubled and deprecatory glance toward the invalid.

"God bless my soul!" he continued, addressing himself to the Easy Chair, and evidently sincerely sorry for what he had done. "I had been running, you know, and"—looking at the wan young woman—"I never thought. I'm very, very sorry!" and he seemed to be really anxious to do some kind of penance.

He "never thought." That was the exact truth. A strong, active, full-blooded man, he suddenly placed himself among a dozen other people, without the slightest idea that he had any duties toward them except that he must not pick their pockets, and solely intent upon his own comfort and utterly regardless of their feelings or wishes, flings down the window, and perhaps shortens the few days of that pale and wasted girl. "God bless my soul! I never thought." But had he not lived long enough in the world to know that it was his duty to think? Walking along a country road, the Easy Chair heard the crack of a pistol, and a bullet passed across the walk a rod in front of him, and lodged in a house door on the other side of the way. He turned and went to the spot whence the crack came, and there found a young fellow firing at a small mark between himself and the road, so that if he missed, the bullet was sure to cross the road. The Easy Chair stated the case with some energy to the young marksman, who listened and grew pale. "Why, I never thought."

"But don't you think it was your business to think?"

"Well—gracious!"

The same selfishness masquerades as a sense of duty, and in this mask is often encountered in the railroad car. You are sitting in the first stages of a cold, or your wife at your side has a little fever, and the car is warm and undeniably close. Suddenly some person of either sex remarks audibly, what every body perceives and deplores, that the air *is* close. He or she adds that such an atmosphere is unwholesome, that it is positively poisonous, that the car is a Black Hole, and that we are all suffocating; and thereupon, the train flying at thirty miles an hour, on a bitter night or day, up goes the window, and the blast drives full upon you and madam, heated and ill, and there is no escape for you, all the seats being full, but to go forward and stand. The good man or woman holds the ground, insists that the oxygen of the atmosphere is exhausted, that we are all breathing carbonic acid gas, and that all the books agree that apoplexy, paralysis, softening of the brain, with a vast train of occult maladies, begin under just such conditions.

"And so, madam, to spare yourself the chance of some remote disease, you expose my wife to immediate pleurisy and pneumonia."

"Sir, you know nothing of hygienic laws."

"Madam, you know nothing of common-sense."

It is true that fresh air is desirable; but will not these peripatetic philosophers learn that icy blasts or sudden chills may be fatal? When one of the apostles of fresh air opened a car window under these circumstances, a gray-beard sitting behind instantly arose and closed it again emphatically. And when the astounded lady, looking at him severely, said, in a tone of exceeding wrath, "Sir!" he answered, blandly, "My dear madam, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." She looked scornful, but not in the least as if she understood his meaning. "I mean only," he said, "that the one illness which you are sure to give me may be more fatal than the two or twenty which you think to prevent by opening the window. Madam," he added, solemnly, "I have been there before." But she turned her back; and, as he said afterward, if there was less fresh air, there were fewer colds.

Indeed, it is both sad and ludicrous to think

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how by little things we produce great impressions. In Teniers's picture of the "Temptation of St. Anthony" a broad bland Dutchwoman advances toward the amazed saint and invites him to dalliance. But under her ample skirt the spectator sees, although Anthony does not, the cloven foot of the archenemy. Anthony, indeed, hugs his sacred book, and knows, without seeing the hoof, that the whole apparition is but a device of the Evil One. But it is melancholy how often we all see that picture of Teniers, and how often we take the part of the bland lady. You accept, for instance, the polite invitation of Mrs. Pendragon, who, crusted with diamonds and with all the appliances that money can procure, aims to produce upon your mind the impression of elegance. But some tone of voice, some coarse phrase, some frightful lapse of grammar, destroys all illusion, and you see only good-natured vulgarity imitating refinement. The face is bland and the robe is costly and superb, but—oh, brethren!—the foot is cloven! Or it is ourselves—you and the Easy Chair—bent, haply, as the phrase is, upon putting our best foot foremost. And suddenly some interloper, some practical joker, some child, nags us, or pulls off our wig (if it is the Easy Chair) unexpectedly, or sharply touches our nerves of vanity, and out flies a word of wrath or petulance—and the spectator sees with amazement that our best foot is cloven.

That was the mischance of the party that Mr. Thomas punished. Undoubtedly they believed themselves to be very "fine," very exclusive, very select, very fashionable, of the best *ton*, or whatever the proper term may be. And it does not appear that the audience might not have thought so too, except for that idle chattering, the very thing upon which they probably relied to prove it. They were very unconscious—as unconscious as the archenemy in the picture—that the foot was visible. Indeed, they probably did not know that it was cloven. But they know it now, and they will never forget it. It is an exceedingly old moral, but what good moral is not old? All the accomplishment and the fashion and whatever else were set aside by that little exhibition of incivility, of ill-breeding, and they were seen to be no more true courtesy and high-bred grace than the fair-faced hoofed figure was a woman.

One of the pleasant recollections of twenty years ago in New York is Thackeray's first course of lectures upon the English humorists. He said in one of them that to be mentioned by Gibbon was like having your name written upon the dome of St. Peter's; and to hear Thackeray speak of his fellow-masters in fiction and humor was like hearing Addison upon Steele, or Fielding upon Goldsmith. The charm of the lecture upon Addison was peculiar, because Thackeray was in many ways an Anne's man, and his sympathy with all the writers and with the life of that time was always very noticeable. He had a sincere love and reverence for Addison, although he was not in the least blind to his weaknesses and defects; and the ripe simplicity and raciness of his own style are largely due to his faithful study of the *Spectator* writers, and his natural sympathy with their turn of mind. The moral of the remarks which the Easy Chair is now making is that the lovers of Thackeray—and they increase daily—may very much prolong the pleasure they take in reading him by turning to the earlier masters whom he loved and studied. A great many letters come to the Easy Chair, asking a hint in regard to reading, usually containing a delicate suggestion that "dry" or "old-fashioned" books will receive no quarter. But the truth is that good books never are old-fashioned. As Mr. Lowell has just told us in his delightful essay upon Spenser, the classics are the books that are as fresh and good to-day as they ever were. Indeed, if a book is capable of becoming old-fashioned, it may be suspected that it is not one of the great and permanent books—that possession forever of the old Greek.

There is, indeed, a charm of quaintness which belongs to some of the old good books, but that is only another essential attraction. It is but the costume, while the figure beneath is genuinely human, like ourselves. And the Easy Chair feels very sure that any reader, old or young, who enjoys Thackeray's essays—such, for instance, as that sly and sparkling and beautiful paper upon *Erminia*, one of the Don Pacifico series—would find the essays of Addison truly delightful. Young men and women are much given to the last novel or to the magazine. Does the Easy Chair quarrel with that latter taste? Very, very far from it. He knows a magazine—and little cherubs sport upon its cover—which conveys copious and innocent entertainment and instruction at a most reasonable price, and which may be confidently recommended to all readers. But it is sometimes necessary to remember *ante Agamemnon*, to recall the interesting truth that *some* good books were written even before this happy day and year, and that "those intending to" read will find unexpected delight in certain unfrequented paths.

"Commend me," says Thackeray, speaking of Addison, "to this dear preacher without orders, this parson in the tie-wig." And he adds, with affectionate solemnity, "A life prosperous and beautiful, a calm death, an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name." This is great praise from a great man. But here in the evening paper it is stated that the praises of his style, which were well enough a hundred years ago, are now obsolete and absurd. Yet it is very certain that the best taste of to-day delights in the racy simplicity and transparency of that style, without claiming for it the splendor of Burke or the picturesqueness of Carlyle. A more pungent and delightful humor is nowhere to be found than Addison's, while his characteristic charm of manner is the moderation and restraint which are the earnest of reserved power. It has been somewhat the fashion to smile at him as a ladies'-man in literature—an apostle of tea-table proprieties—a fashion which began with Swift, who sneered, "Let him fair sex it to the world's end." But with all the superior glow of his genius, what contribution did Swift make to English literature comparable in its deep and humanizing influence with Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley? The kind and gentle humor of that sketch has never been surpassed. The age was lewd, and Swift made it uncleaner. But amidst all the foulness the strain of Addison was as fresh and purifying as the dawn of a May morning.

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If any of the correspondents of the Easy Chair are not familiar with the Coverley series in the *Spectator*, they have a pleasure in reserve greater than the enjoyment of the last novel. Indeed, the Coverley papers, which have been published together prettily illustrated, as a separate work, are really the beginning of the sketching of character in the manner of the modern novel. Read it, gentle Sir or Madam, and then read further in those old books. It would be interesting to know if the statistics of the libraries show that Addison is still sought. An edition of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* has been published within the year, abridged to bring it within the possibilities of modern reading, and the fact seems to show that there is some interest, some demand for the book, among the book-buying public. And the Easy Chair heard the other day of a pleasant plan of publishing selections from the *Spectator*, to introduce to the public the honored acquaintances of its grandparents. Should the plan be pursued, and the little volumes issued, the Easy Chair bespeaks for them the gracious countenance of his friends. And the series might include some selections from the *Freeholder*, the semi-weekly paper published by Addison in 1716, sustaining the Hanoverian dynasty, the twenty-second number of which contains the exquisite miniature of the Tory fox-hunter, and is a fine illustration of Addison's quiet and limpid humor—the Saladin cimeter stroke which is quite as effective as the blow of the battle-axe.

The Freeholder, traveling in a remote part of England, meets upon the road one of the "rural statesmen"—the Tory country squires—who were the chief enemies of the new royal house. "Our conversation opened, as usual, upon the weather, in which we were very unanimous, having both agreed that it was too dry for the season of the year. My fellow-traveler, upon this, observed to me that there had been no good weather since the Revolution. I was a little startled at so extraordinary a remark, but would not interrupt him, until he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather they used to have in King Charles the Second's reign. I only observed that I did not see how the badness of the weather could be the King's fault, and without waiting for his reply, asked him whose house it was we saw upon a rising ground at a little distance from us. He told me that it belonged to an old fanatical cur, Mr. Such-a-one. 'You must have heard of him,' says he; 'he is one of the Rump.' I knew the gentleman's character upon hearing his name, but assured him that, to my knowledge, he was a good Churchman. 'Ay?' says he, with a kind of surprise: 'we are told in the country that he spoke twice in the Queen's time against taking off the duties upon French claret.' The fox-hunter ridiculed traveling abroad, saying 'that he scarce ever knew a traveler in his life who had not forsook his principles and lost his hunting-seat.' And he carries his companion to an innkeeper, 'the best Church-of-England man upon the road,' of whom the Freeholder says, 'He had not time to go to church himself, but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses.'" Nothing can be slyer than that last stroke. The humor of Addison is wit and wisdom, not for a day, but for all time. And we commend this paper especially to the sad American souls who in this centennial year are very sure that there has been no good weather in this country since the Revolution.

Nearly sixty years ago, when De Witt Clinton, after his apparent political death, was elected Governor of New York by a virtually unanimous vote, the famous *Bucktails* appeared, who are familiar to all readers of Halleck's and Drake's "Croakers." It was a name given to an order of the Tammany Society who wore in their hats upon certain occasions a portion of the tail of the deer, and as the members of that society were generally not friendly to Mr. Clinton, it became gradually the nickname of all the anti-Clintonians. Drake mentions it in his metrical history of the effect of General Jackson's toast at the Tammany dinner, when he first came to New York. The general was invited to dine by the great Democratic organization, and as De Witt Clinton was not only the unanimously elected Governor of the State, but the most distinguished Democrat or "Republican" in it, the general thought that nothing could be more proper than to offer his name as a toast. But the larger number of the guests were very hostile to the Governor, and the consternation that followed was exceedingly amusing. Drake wrote a "Croaker" upon "The Secret Mine sprung at a late Supper:"

"The songs were good, for Mead and Hawkins sung 'em;
The wine went round; 'twas laughter all and joke—
When, crack! the general sprung *a mine* among 'em,
And beat a safe retreat amid the smoke.
As fall the sticks of rockets when you fire 'em,
So fell the Bucktails at that toast accurst,
Looking like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram
When the firm earth beneath their footsteps burst."

A later and familiar party nickname was *Loco-foco*, which is still applied to the whole Democratic party by some of their opponents of a conservative turn of mind. This name is about forty years old, and arose at the time when a portion of the party insisted that the methods by which bank charters were procured were fatally demoralizing, and that the charters themselves, being virtually grants of monopolies, were hostile to equal rights. Thus the party divided upon the question of monopoly, and as the majority of the Tammany nominating committee had selected Gideon Lee as a candidate for Congress, the anti-monopolists resolved, if possible, to obtain control of the meeting at Tammany Hall which would act upon the nomination. There was a great crowd in the hall, the monopolists entering (as they usually do) by the back stairs, and the anti-monopolists, or equal rights men, coming up the front stairs. A tumult followed, each side claiming the organization of the meeting, and when the uproar was at its height the gas-lights were turned off, leaving the simmering crowd in total darkness. But the equal rights men were prepared, having suspected some such trick, and pulling out candles and loco-foco matches, the hall was instantly relighted.

Both parties claimed the victory, but Mr. Lee was elected as the regular candidate. The *Courier and Enquirer*, the Whig paper, and a Democratic paper called the *Times*, immediately nicknamed the anti-monopolists the Loco-foco party—a name which the Whigs gradually applied to

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the whole Democratic organization. This equal rights faction struck the public mind with a kind of terror like that which the "Red Republicans" and the "Communists" of later days inspire. They issued an address, which has a certain French air, asserting original principles, and among them one which would hardly affright the public mind to-day: "No man has a natural right to commit aggression on the equal rights of another, and this is all from which the law ought to restrain him." Mr. Hammond says that the press, with one exception, severely condemned this party, and that exception was the *Evening Post*, "conducted by those unshaken and indomitable Democrats, William Leggett and William C. Bryant." It was one of the sly touches of the involuntary comedy which sometimes appears in human affairs, that Mr. Slamm and Mr. Ming were conspicuous leaders of the new party, and the press crackled with squibs upon the great statesmen, Slamm, Bang, and Ming.

It was later than this, and from the anti-rent difficulties, that the famous nickname of Barnburner was introduced into New York politics. It indicated sympathy for the anti-renters so far at least as their grievances, but not their lawless remedies, were concerned, and it came at length to describe the radical as opposed to the conservative element of the party, and was generally applied to the Democrats who resisted the encroachments of slavery. The conservative name had been Hunker, and it was as Hunkers and Barnburners that the party was divided until the withdrawal of the Free-soil element to act under a new party name. The *Silver-grays* among the Whigs is a nickname that arose from the division made by slavery in the Whig party, and from the fact that many of the conspicuous leaders, like Mr. Granger, of Canandaigua, who maintained the old Whig organization, were gentlemen of silver locks. Their opponents were dubbed Black Republicans or Woolly Heads. But as an argument the nickname does not seem to have been successful.

The latest political nicknames of Short-hair and Swallow-tail invite our consideration. The explanation is very simple, but possibly not known to many readers of the Magazine out of the State. When any such reader comes to the city which its inhabitants like to call—especially in conversation with a Philadelphian or Bostonian—the metropolis, and passing wonderingly up the Fifth Avenue observes at the southwestern corner of Fifteenth Street a lofty "palatial residence," if he inquires whose or what it is, he will learn that it is the Manhattan Club. This is the rendezvous of certain members of the Democratic party who have common social sympathies and relations, and it is here that brilliant receptions are given to the conspicuous chiefs of the party from all parts of the country. Of course at such feasts there is all the rigor of evening dress, and they have an air of splendor and opulence which is not in the technical sense "democratic." As the members of the club are persons of weight in the party as well as gentlemen of wealth and cultivation, it is impossible that they should not have positive opinions upon the policy that should be pursued and the candidates who should be nominated, and equally impossible that these opinions should not be felt in the party councils. Thus another conspicuous Democratic centre or "wigwam" has arisen besides Tammany Hall, which has been so long identified with the history of politics in the city of New York.

But as a very large proportion of the voters of the party are not "clubbable" men—at least in the Fifth Avenue sense—and as the great meetings of the party are held at the Hall, and that is the official residence of the party direction, a natural friction arises, where probably none was intended, and Tammany Hall and the Manhattan Club unconsciously become the centres of opposite sympathies, although within the party. It happens that the clubbable men of the Manhattan very properly wear dress-coats upon the great evenings of the club, and that the mass of the unclubbable Tammany supporters have no luxuriance of locks upon their heads. Some wit or poet has therefore classified them as Short-hairs and Swallow-tails—as expressive party nicknames as our political annals furnish, and more suggestive than the Bucktails and Clintonians of an earlier day, or Loco-foco or Barnburners and Hunkers. It was, of course, a Short-hair who is said to have recently appeared in the public streets of New York in full evening costume and carrying a French dictionary. The division which the nickname indicates is not peculiar to the party in which it is applied. The shrewd observer will detect it in every organization, as he will find in them all the Barnburner and the Hunker, the Loco-foco and the Bucktail. We are yet to see whether some Croaker will set the Swallow-tail to music.

THE National Academy of Design resolved some time since that no pictures should be admitted to its annual exhibition which had been exhibited elsewhere. And here the Easy Chair begs to say to those friends who sometimes complain that he occasionally forgets and talks like a cockney, since, as they assert, New York is of no importance beyond the Hudson or Hell Gate—begs to say that the principle now to be discussed affects large places as well as small ones, and concerns the various metropolises of the country in which there may be societies of artists as well as this city. The decision of the Academy, as the Easy Chair is informed, was well considered, and was founded upon what was regarded as lamentable experience. For it has become the practice of the many clubs of New York to have *soirées*, or festive monthly evenings—a reverend usage with the Century—and to adorn the halls and give splendor and dignity to the occasion, new pictures are hung upon the walls of the rooms, which are usually crowded. Many of the clubs have art committees, composed in part of the most eminent artists, and it is their pride to provide as fine an exhibition as possible. The pictures are named and praised in the papers of the next day, and many of them are sold. The consequences of this practice are obvious. The art-sympathizing class is a club class. The exhibition in the club-rooms enables gentlemen of a picture-buying turn of mind both to enjoy the club and to see the new works. And nothing is more probable than that those gentlemen will not care to go next spring and see the same pictures at the Academy, and without the resources and smoky delights of the

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club. The chance, moreover, is that the better works will have been sold at the club, leaving only the poorer ones to be—so to speak, and without offense—hashed at the Academy.

It is plain that in this state of things the Academy could not well hold its own, for the probability is that every year the best pictures would have been exhibited elsewhere, and the attendance and the receipts would both diminish. Now the Academy is the artists' own ground, and they may be supposed to feel some pride in its prosperity. At the club their pictures decorate a feast; at the Academy they are the feast itself. Besides, when they have their works in the club, they go to their buyers; when they hang them in the Academy, they compel the buyers to come to them. Then the schools of art at the Academy gain greatly in prestige by the distinction and prosperity of the Academy itself. It is easy to imagine such considerations appealing to the Academicians—although the Easy Chair is not of their council—and leading to the determination that at the public exhibition of the Academy, and not at the entertainments of private clubs, the progress of art during the year must be studied. And if for any reason of a better sale, or whatever else, the artists shall prefer to send their works to the clubs or to the dealers, the Academy will decline to receive for its exhibitions pictures which have been already seen and have failed to find a market. Nothing can be plainer than that if it is understood that the best pictures are not sent to the Academy exhibition, but only those that have been seen elsewhere, the interest in it must languish and disappear, while if it is known that the best men will reserve for it every year their best works, whether they have been sold or not, the exhibition will command an attention which has been latterly wanting.

It is understood, of course, that an artist must consider the chances of selling his pictures, and will naturally prefer to exhibit them where he is surest of that result. The clubs and the dealers undoubtedly offer great temptations and advantages, and any attempt to change the system and concentrate interest upon the Academy can have no chance of success if it be not concerted and general. If the best men prefer another way than that offered by the Academy, it matters little what the minor men may do. The convenience of a dealer's exhibition, the care lavished upon a single work separately hung, the manner in which it is forced upon the public attention, appeal not only to the artist's natural wish to "do well" with his work, but to his love of honorable distinction. Indeed, as is well known, and as a recent letter of Mr. Smalley's in the *Tribune* informs us, several of the most conspicuous of the European painters have such arrangements with dealers that they do not sell their own works. According to the point of view, either the dealers keep an artist or the artist keeps a salesman. But the result is that the works are to be obtained only through the agent.

A late letter in the *Evening Post*, which, by the initials, we presume to be from Mr. T. S. Cummings, so long and honorably associated with the Academy of Design, and who is, indeed, its historian, gives some idea of the difficulties that have always attended that enterprise. Nearly seventy years ago the American Academy of Arts was incorporated, and Chancellor Livingston sent to New York a collection of antique casts. But the exhibition failed, and the institution slept. In 1816 it revived, with an exhibition and an opening address by De Witt Clinton. But presently the receipts would not pay the door-keeper's salary. There were the casts, and pictures by West and Trumbull, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Stuart, Jarvis, Inman, Sully; but nothing availed. The city turned the Academy out of its building. Dr. Hosack built it another. But it was damaged by fire, and finally the whole remaining collection was sold at auction by Dr. Hosack's heirs, and Mr. Cummings bought the casts for a song. It was of some of these casts that the Croakers irreverently sang:

"While placed on high exalted pegs,
Apollo blushes for his legs,
And mourns his severed fingers,
Some amorous wight, with passion drunk,
O'er Cytherea's headless trunk
Luxuriously lingers."

The new rule, which we learn has been very strictly enforced, if not with absolute strictness, has produced results which are already appreciable in the greater interest excited by the exhibition, and the greater satisfaction afforded by it. The artists may be very sure that in a city like New York an annual exhibition of the best pictures of the year, seen by the public for the first time, will certainly succeed. At least, if they doubt, the experiment, fairly and fully tried, can not be costly, and is certainly worth the trying. And what is true here is true elsewhere. But if the *esprit du corps* is not powerful enough to heal the differences of a sensitive class, the experiment must fail. "And what a good thing it would be," says an old friend of the Academy, who has seen all its exhibitions from the old Clinton Gallery in Beekman Street onward to the Twenty-third Street palace, "if the hanging committee could be selected from artists who offer no pictures for exhibition!" It is a mysterious remark. What can it mean?

Editor's Literary Record.

Supernatural Religion (Roberts Brothers) is not what its author entitles it, "an inquiry into the reality of divine revelation." An inquiry presupposes doubts, and the anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion* has no doubts whatever. He is perfectly convinced that historical Christianity has no adequate foundation in fact. Recognizing and honoring the superior excellence of the personal character of Jesus of Nazareth, and the ethical instructions contained in the four gospels and attributed to Him, he denies emphatically that there is any good ground for the common belief that His was a supernatural character or a supernatural mission, or was authenticated by supernatural acts, and this treatise is devoted entirely to an overthrow of this

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which he regards as a relic of a past and superstitious age. It is divided into two parts. In the first he treats of the miracles. After a brief and not very interesting or important criticism of the views of certain English divines, whose arguments for the miracles he undertakes to refute in detail, he enters on what is his chief argument against the credibility of the gospel miracles. This is, in brief, that miracles are the production of a superstitious age, that they have characterized all superstitious eras, and have disappeared with the advent of a larger and more comprehensive scientific knowledge, and that reason therefore requires us to remit to the fabulous and the mythical the miracles of the New Testament, as we have those of Jewish rabbis and the ecclesiastical writers of later times. This general position he illustrates and enforces by an elaborate account of other than gospel miracles, partly apparently to maintain his declaration that the first century was a superstitious age and the Jews a superstitious people, and partly to show that other miracles, universally rejected by all Protestant thinkers, are as well sustained historically as those of the New Testament writers. The second part of his work is devoted to a discussion of the historical evidence for the authorship and authority of the four gospels. His conclusion is that there is no good reason to believe that they were written by the authors whose names they bear, or in the apostolic age. The author's scholarship is remarkable. He is thoroughly familiar, not only with all that the German critics have written on these questions, but also with the original sources of information, the patristic and rabbinical literature. He writes in a singularly clear and vigorous English, with no token of the mysteries of German thought or the involutions of German expression. He has no hesitancy in following out his conclusions to their logical results, and in rejecting *in toto* the entire doctrine of any and all supernatural religion as inconsistent with philosophy and unsupported by evidence. His book brings within easy grasp of the American reader substantially all that German neology has to offer against historical Christianity. It is the ablest assault in the English language on the authorship, authority, and credibility of the gospels. But the unconcealed bias of the author makes him an unsafe guide to the impartial student; his resolute purpose to find no ground for the Christian faith in a Christian revelation prevents him from perceiving the strength of the positions which he undertakes to combat, and impairs his capacity to weigh aright the facts which his erudition has gathered, and leads him to ignore, in not a few instances, not only distinctions, but also *facts*, which any one who truly wishes to conduct an unprejudiced "inquiry into the reality of divine revelation" should have before him, and lays him open to the charges, brought and pressed so vigorously against him in England, of either incorrectly apprehending or unfairly representing the authorities he quotes.

The origin of JOHNSON'S *New Illustrated Universal Cyclopedia* is thus described by the publisher in a preliminary announcement: "In December, 1870, in the course of a memorable drive (with Mr. Greeley in Central Park), Mr. Greeley said, emphatically, 'I want just three books constantly at my elbow when I am writing: Johnson's *Family Atlas of the World*, Webster's Dictionary, and an encyclopedia of not more than four volumes; three would be better; and this book should have every general article abridged as much as possible, or, as they say in Vermont, boiled down.'" Mr. Greeley accepted a position upon the editorial staff, and a number of articles on American history, statistics, and agriculture in the first volume are from his pen. The editors in chief of the work are President Barnard and Professor Guyot; among the contributors are President Woolsey, Professor Dwight, Mr. Marsh, Professor Drisler, Professor Hitchcock, Mr. Frothingham, Professor Schaff, Professor Gray, Dr. Parker, Professor Seelye, Dr. Stevens. The work professes to give the names and population of every township in the United States, with adequate though compact notices, not only of all foreign countries and provinces, but also of all important towns; in biography, the names of men handed down from the past in biographical dictionaries, but otherwise forgotten, are omitted to make room for brief biographical sketches of living men; in law, the editors have aimed to present such a statement of legal principles and procedures as laymen will find practically useful; in pathology and medicine, the same practical purpose has been kept in view; and it is claimed that to the natural sciences a larger proportion of space is given than is common in other works of this class, and this claim appears to be sustained so far as this volume is concerned. It is in the nature of the case impossible for a single critic to give an intelligent and trustworthy judgment respecting the intrinsic value of articles from so many authors, and covering so wide a range of subjects. We can only speak of the general features of the work and of its apparent value. Some space might have been advantageously gained by omitting the names of insignificant townships, or embodying them in finer type in an appendix, and undue space is in one or two instances given to individual articles, as in those on English Language and Literature, the Central Park, Carriages, Coaches, etc.: in the last two cases the articles are apparently elaborated because they afford good occasion for illustration. In the main, however, the work is exceedingly well arranged, and gives every evidence of possessing those other qualifications which are necessary to render such a work of reference truly valuable. Those articles which treat of topics with which we happen to be specially familiar bear well the test of examination, while all the important articles have attached to them the name of the contributor, and it is generally a name which is of itself a sufficient guarantee of accuracy. The various theological articles are by well-known leaders in their respective schools of thought. In a few instances, where it has been thought that an impartial view of a disputed question could not be given by one mind, both sides have been represented by writers of opposite views, as in the article on Darwinism. The only serious defect which we have been able to discover in the work, after a pretty careful examination of the only volume yet published, grows out of the fact that specialists in their respective departments are rarely able to present their special knowledge in simple, practical, and popular forms, free from technicalities in expression, and some of the ar-

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ticles in this volume are, in consequence, somewhat too technical in character for the best popular use. But considering the method in which this work has been prepared, it is remarkably plain and practical, and the largeness of its scope and the remarkable compactness of its information render it valuable alike to the household and to the student. Its value is somewhat enhanced by its illustrations, and greatly increased by its maps. If the remaining volumes shall prove worthy successors of the first one, the work will be a creditable monument to American enterprise and American scholarship.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

The Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1874 (Harper and Brothers) is the fourth volume of this series. It consists of two parts—first, a summary of scientific and industrial progress during the year; second, a collection of paragraphs communicating the results of special scientific investigations and experiments; these last are arranged topically. A necrology and bibliography of the year close the volume. The superiority of this series to any thing else of the kind is now so well established that it is hardly necessary to do more than inform our readers that the current volume is published.—*Half-hour Recreations in Popular Science* (Estes and Lauriat) would be better entitled "Studies and Recreations;" certainly some of the papers would hardly serve as light reading even to scientifically educated minds. Among the most important essays of which the volume is composed are those on "Spectrum Analysis," by Professor Schellen, on "Brain Action," and on "Epidemic Delusions," by Dr. Carpenter, and on the "Stone Age," by Professor Tylor.—Any one can see London or Paris, but only one who is somewhat of a classical scholar can truly see Rome. Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare is one of the few who have truly seen it, and although the various excursions described in *Days near Rome* (Porter and Coates) were all within a few hours' journey of that city, yet they led him frequently to ground almost untrodden, frequently to places difficult of access, and generally to places inadequately and inaccurately described, if at all, in other books of travel. Mr. Hare writes in a pure and chaste English; the memory of a classicist clothes the ruins of the present with all the fascination of the past; the resources of a wonderfully wide reading in all sorts of literature are made tributary to his book; and numerous sketches made by himself add at once clearness and attractiveness to his descriptions.—*Hours in a Library* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), by Leslie Stephens, is the republication of eight critical papers from certain English magazines. Mr. Stephens is an acute and sensible critic, and his estimate of the novels of De Foe, Richardson, and Balzac are specially worthy the attention of those who desire some knowledge of a literature really classical, yet very little known even among well-educated men and women in this country.—For the same reason the *French Humorists from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century* (Roberts Brothers), by Walter Besant, is a useful book for students of the history of literature. Rabelais, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Boileau, Molière, Béranger, are names continually referred to both in history and in literary criticism, but they are individuals almost unknown to the mass of American readers.

Colonel J. T. Scharf's *Chronicles of Baltimore* (Turnbull Brothers) is a valuable addition to American history, and while its chief interest and value are of a local character, it possesses elements of general and public interest. It traces in chronological order the history of the city from the "sixt voyage of Captaine Iohn Smith in 1606" to what was then a part of Virginia, up to the recent endeavors (1874) of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to make good for the city the claim of the author, that Baltimore "is the original and natural terminus of internal American trade on the Atlantic sea-board." Whatever assiduity could do has been done to give this volume completeness. Not only the most important historical works and ancient archives and documents have been examined, but out-of-the-way authorities of all sorts have been consulted—the directories of Baltimore, early surveys, ancient maps, private letters, illegible manuscripts, and rare old books. The author's style is clear though not ornamental; his pictures of ancient times are graphic, and none the less valuable to the general reader for their local coloring; his descriptions of events in which we might naturally look for personal prejudices, such as the march of the volunteers through Baltimore at the beginning of the civil war, are those of a simple and unprejudiced annalist.—J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* (Macmillan and Co.) is an almost ideally perfect compend. It comprises the history of England from the conquest of Britain by the Angles and Saxons in the fifth century down to the retirement of Mr. Gladstone in 1874. It is a history of the people rather than of its kings, of the conquests of peace rather than of the conflicts of war. A table of chronological annals, and dates printed in the margin, adequately furnish the chronological element. A brief summary of authorities precedes each section, and serves the purpose of foot-notes. Mr. Green writes in a philosophical spirit, and traces not only the chronological order of events, but their political and moral sequences. His analyses of important eras and their influence on the destiny of the English nation, such as that of the Elizabethan poets on its literature, of the Puritans on its politics, and of the Methodist movement on its religion, are admirable; his treatment of difficult and doubtful points, such as the character of Mary Queen of Scots, is neither partisan nor timid; and while he is not a dramatic describer of battles, he carefully weighs those military events which were of real importance in determining the character and progress of the English nation. We know of no work we can more heartily recommend to those who have no time to study the voluminous works of Hume, Macaulay, and Froude, yet are unwilling to remain in ignorance of the general course of English history.—*The French Revolution and First Empire* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), by William O'Connor Morris, is one of the admirable series of "Epochs of History." English historians have generally been singularly unsuccessful in understanding or interpreting French character or history. Mr. Morris has succeeded where many more pretentious historians have failed. His descriptions of the causes which led to the Revolution, his interpretation of the character of

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Louis XVI. and the results of his execution, and his analysis of the complex character of Napoleon Bonaparte indicate a remarkably clear insight into character. Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, president of Cornell University, contributes to the volume an appendix, including a most valuable bibliography of the French Revolution.—A rival American edition of "Epochs of History" furnishes *Edward III.* (Estes and Lauriat); and a somewhat analogous series, "Freeman's Historical Course," produces a *History of Germany* (Henry Holt and Co.). The reign of Edward III., extending over half a century, crowded with military events and brilliant with a certain kind of military glory, constitutes a romantic chapter of English history, but one less really important than some other less eventful and more peaceful reigns. His French victories, however brilliant at the time, made little permanent change in the history of either nation. Mr. SIME'S *History of Germany* is little else than a simple record of events. There is very little of either that dramatic narrative, that philosophical conception of the course of history as the growth of a race or a nation, or that sympathetic insight into individual character which is indispensable to give life to such a volume.—The third volume of Mr. KINGLAKE'S *History of the Invasion of the Crimea* (Harper and Brothers) is devoted to a detailed account of the battle of Inkerman. How minute an account he gives is indicated by the fact that he occupies 207 pages in narrating military events all of which occurred within fourteen hours. Eight maps and three plans elucidate the text. The volume will be of special interest to the students of military tactics.—The ninth, tenth, and eleventh volumes of Lippincott's new edition of PRESCOTT'S works comprise ROBERTSON'S *Charles the Fifth*, with Mr. Prescott's important addition concerning the emperor's life subsequent to his abdication. It is frequently claimed that historical science has made great advances since Mr. Prescott's time; but it would be difficult to point out among any works of living historians the equal of those which have proceeded from Mr. Prescott's pen: calm, fair-minded, cautious, and even courtly in character, he is neither swayed from the truth by the force of his passions, nor swerved from its exact statement by the desire to produce a dramatic picture, nor perverted by his prejudices, nor yet led by that literary timidity which characterizes so much certain of our more recent historians to substitute a compilation of public documents for a careful and painstaking statement of their significance and effect. We have already commended this edition of his works for its convenience and its typographical beauty.—Mr. FROUDE'S *History of the English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is brought to a conclusion by the publication of the third volume. The work is one which should be read by those who wish to understand the influences which have made the Irish nation, and to some extent the Irish character, what they are. Apart from this element of interest, these volumes afford a significant lesson of the failure of that pseudo-statesmanship which is founded on temporizing policies, not permanent principles; and most American readers will draw from it a political lesson not inapplicable to our own time and nation, that the surest and speediest road to peace and permanent prosperity is always by an education which tends to self-government, and that compulsory edicts not rooted in the good-will of the people governed, however fair in their present promise, are always a failure in their finality.—The fifth volume completes Professor ERNST CURTIUS'S *History of Greece* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). It closes the history with the victory of Philip in the battle at Chæronea, which event closes the history of free Greece. As Demosthenes is one of the greatest characters of Greece, so his hapless struggle for her independence is one of the most romantic eras in her romantic history. Mr. Curtius's account of the schooling to which Demosthenes submitted himself in order to become the greatest orator of that oratorical age, and his account of the moral principles which underlay his oratory, are especially worthy the study of Americans who would be orators.

However interesting and even valuable to English readers the *Recollections and Suggestions* of Earl RUSSELL (Roberts Brothers) may be, its interest here will be confined to a limited circle of readers. Earl Russell entered Parliament in 1813, and has remained in public life till a very recent period. His volume has mainly to do with English politics, and neither his recollections nor his suggestions are altogether trustworthy in regard to them. The most interesting portion of his book to American readers is that which treats of English relations with America during and growing out of the civil war, and his "suggestions" on that subject will not be very satisfactory on this side of the ocean.—Vol. I. of Mr. THEODORE MARTIN'S *Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort* (D. Appleton and Co.) carries the life of Prince Albert from his birth in 1819 to the spring of 1848. Mr. Martin has been furnished with the material for his history by the Queen herself, and has imbibed his conception of the Prince's character from the devoted wife. It is hardly too much to say that practically this is Queen Victoria's biography of her husband, so far as both matter and spirit are concerned. It is the literary dress alone for which the author is responsible. It is possibly not creditable to human nature to say that it will be less sought after than the *Greville Memoirs* because it is less piquant, and more pure, simple, and tender, but such, we fear, is the fact. Apart from the incidental political allusions and descriptions in the book, its interest lies in its detailed and authentic description of the early life and education of the gentleman Prince, and the domestic life of a peculiarly peaceful, pure, and happy royal household. As a husband Prince Albert is evidently cherished by his wife as a pattern in tender devotion, and the general judgment of most readers will confirm her estimate; as a wife and mother Queen Victoria has long been reverenced as a true ideal by the English public, and the democratic prejudices must be very strong indeed which forbid any American reader from sharing to some extent—at least heartily sympathizing with—the Englishman's almost idolatrous regard for his Queen.

We know not which to admire most, the conception of continuing and completing the fascinating but unsatisfactory and tantalizing autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, or the wonderful success with which Mr. JOHN BIGELOW has accomplished this most difficult task, in his *Life*

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of Benjamin Franklin written by Himself (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). From a voluminous correspondence, sufficiently extensive to furnish nearly all the requisite material, Mr. Bigelow has constructed a completed autobiography, supplementing the language of Mr. Franklin by such notes as are necessary to make it a continuous narrative. It is quite needless to commend either the life or the writings of the man whose hold on the popular respect, if not on the popular heart, in this country is only second to that of Washington, or to indorse the editor's suggestion that his "influence was never more needed than at this moment." It is only needful to say that Mr. Bigelow has performed in editing—we may rather say constructing—this autobiography of another, a task far more difficult than that involved in an original biography, and that the best evidence of his success is the skill with which he has concealed himself, and left Mr. Franklin alone prominently before the reader.—The *Memoir of Ezra Stiles Gannett* (Roberts Brothers), written by his son, has in it two elements of interest to commend it to the general public. It is the life of a Christian minister of singular fidelity, earnestness, kindliness of heart, sweetness of temper, and self-consecration. Intellectually he was a man of ability; morally he was a man of genius. If he had only lived long enough ago, he would have been canonized, and gone down to history as Saint Gannett. True religious biographies are rare; this is a true religious biography, and for its religious helpfulness is to be commended. Dr. Gannett came into active life at about the time that Unitarianism was becoming an organization; became first the colleague and afterward the successor of Dr. Channing. Thus his biography necessarily involves a history of the religious controversy between Calvinism and Unitarianism, and this is given by the author exceedingly well. It is written from the Unitarian stand-point, but we discover in it no trace of religious bitterness or perversion; indeed, we know not where to find in American literature so full, so fair, and so graphic an account of this eventful period in the religious history of New England.

Five little volumes devoted to the discussion of modern religious problems lie before us. One of the ablest of the replies evoked by Professor Tyndall's Belfast address is Dr. JAMES M'COSH'S *Ideas in Nature overlooked by Dr. Tyndall* (Robert Carter and Brothers). He charges upon Professor Tyndall some serious blunders in his historical statement, and some serious omissions in his scientific survey of nature. For the best popular use it is too much a mere critique, too little an original and independent essay.—Dr. JAMES MARTINEAU'S *Religion as affected by Modern Materialism* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is, as is every thing which proceeds from the same pen, of crystalline clearness in its thought and brilliant in its style only because of its lucidity. The fundamental groundwork of his essay is expressed by himself in a single sentence: "Religion first reaches its true ground when, leaving the problem of what *has happened*, it takes its stand on what forever is."—In *Nature and the Bible* (Robert Carter and Brothers) Dr. J. W. DAWSON considers, in a course of lectures originally delivered in this city, some of those points of real contact and supposed conflict of the Bible with modern science which have been the special subject-matter of recent controversies. He takes the general ground that the Bible is a revelation of moral and spiritual truths, and that we have no right to expect to find in it any special revelation of natural facts or principles. He maintains, however, that its incidental references to nature, as an illustration of spiritual truths, are accurate to a degree unexampled in any other literature. He insists that "the order of creation as stated in Genesis is faultless in the light of modern science"—a proposition for which he argues at considerable length. In his opinion the oldest discovered human remains do not prove that the human race has existed for more than six thousand years, while they accord with the underlying assumption of Scripture that the original type of man was of a superior character, and that in his origin and nature he is entirely distinct from the brute creation. We know of no treatise which presents in so clear, concise, and popular a manner, and from the scientific stand-point, the position of those who maintain the substantial harmony of the Bible and modern scientific discovery.—*Strivings for the Faith* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) consists of a series of eight lectures delivered in London in defense of the Christian faith; *Christian Truth and Modern Opinion* (T. Whittaker) consists of seven sermons preached in New York by Episcopal clergymen on kindred subjects. In the former the lecturers, with one or two exceptions, stand too much upon the defensive, and by employing their strength in stating and repiying to particular objections, have produced a book which is of little value except for the purpose of solving particular doubts. Indeed, it is questionable whether many readers would not find as many doubts raised as laid by its perusal. The American volume is more effective, because more affirmative in its character; it maintains with no inconsiderable power, and by positive argument, such essential Christian doctrines as those of providence, prayer, and moral personal responsibility.—*Christian Dogmatics* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), in two volumes, constitutes the second work in the "Theological and Philosophical Library." The author, J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, is already favorably known to theological students in this country by his contributions to Lange's Commentaries, and by his *Theology of the New Testament*. The American editors claim that *Christian Dogmatics* is "the most important work of this distinguished scholar." It is characterized by a spiritual warmth and by an intellectual catholicity not often found combined in similar works.—Of MEYER'S *Commentaries on the New Testament* (Scribner, Welford, and Co.) we receive two additional volumes: John, Vol. I.; Romans, Vol. II. Of all the commentators Meyer is the one least prejudiced and most independent. He belongs to no school, follows no master, and appears to aim simply at giving the meaning of the sacred text, however the correct interpretation may affect theological systems. He vigorously repudiates all naturalistic explanations of the miracles, and defends the gospel of John against all opposers of its genuineness and authenticity. The translation is not all that we wish it was; too much of the German idiom remains in the English dress. If it could have passed, as Lange's Commentary has done, through

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Dr. Schaff's supervision, it would have been greatly improved.—For devotional use three excellent little volumes are, *The Parting Words of Adolphe Monod* (E. P. Dutton and Co.), a series of twenty-five brief discourses delivered by the dying pastor from his sick-bed to a few friends; *Fireside Homilies* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), by the late Dean ALFORD, papers originally contributed to the *Sunday Magazine*, and especially worthy to be commended for Sabbath evening family reading; and *Covenant Prayers* (Martin Taylor), by Bishop A. C. COXE, a convenient and useful manual for the promotion of family devotion.

B. L. FARJEON'S last novel, *Love's Victory* (Harper and Brothers), is possibly a trifle less genial than his previous stories; at least there are in it some touches of a cynical satire that reminds us more of Thackeray than of Dickens. The characterization is no less vigorous and original. Richard Barton, the returned Australian, and Mr. Armstrong, the eccentric American, are both notably original characters; Mr. Fangle, though quite subordinate, is scarcely less striking; and the confession of Mr. Chappell under mesmeric influence is a device bold enough for Wilkie Collins, and well executed.—*Ralph Wilton's Weird* (Henry Holt and Co.), by Mrs. ALEXANDER, is a very pleasant love-story, quite of the old-fashioned type. The plot is not remarkably new, and certainly is not of a kind to pique the curiosity or try the acuteness of the reader, who will at once recognize in Ella Rivers the granddaughter of the irate Lord St. George, and be quite sure from the beginning that Colonel Wilton will get both his wife and his fortune, as he does at last. Those who read novels for dash and excitement, and those who read them for profound metaphysics in guise of a drama, will do well to pass by *Ralph Wilton's Weird;* those who like to spend an hour or two in pleasant converse with pleasant people, living, on the whole, pleasant lives, with just enough uncertainty to give them zest, will find it a charming story.—*Mr. Vaughan's Heir* (Harper and Brothers) is the most intricate and elaborate of Mr. FRANK LEE BENEDICT'S novels: we do not think it is his best. There is more evidence of a study of the models of fiction, and less of a study of the models of real life. It turns on the mining and plots of about as consummate a villain as we have met for some time in fiction, Darrell Vaughan. Its best feature is the noble fidelity of his unhappy wife. She is finely conceived, finely drawn, and her character is thoroughly well maintained throughout the story. Perhaps it needed the dark background to make luminous her single figure. The intricate plot, too, though too intricate to be natural, or according to the highest art, which produces its greatest effects by simple instruments, gives occasion for striking incidents, which are powerfully described. From the court scene at Moysterville, in the second chapter, to the final exposure of Darrell Vaughan, in the last chapter but one, we recall no instance in which the author has failed in depicting the dramatic and sometimes melodramatic scenes, which the course of his story not unnaturally involves. *Mr. Vaughan's Heir* is less pleasing than *My Daughter Elinor*, less simple in structure than *Miss Van Kortland*, less original in plot than *John Worthington's Name*, but we are not sure but that the average novel-reader will declare it to be the most interesting of the author's novels.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR review for the month of March includes no notice of newly discovered asteroids or comets, but numerous cases are at hand of remarkable shooting-stars, several of which have become the subject of inquiry and investigation. Among the astronomical studies that have come to hand during the month, first in order, and the finest work of its kind as yet published, is the catalogue of five hundred nebulæ accurately observed by Schultz, of Upsala, who has hereby prepared the way for labors that will be undertaken one hundred years hence to determine the proper motions of these mysterious bodies. Ellery is engaged at Melbourne in a systematic review of the nebulæ observed by Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope. Among the double stars we notice several determinations of the orbits of well-known pairs by Flammarion; but the most active observer in this department is Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, who has, we see, lately become a member of the Royal Astronomical Society. The publication of the observations of Coggia's comet still continues, and among the latest we note that Secchi found its spectrum to agree best with that of the oxides of carbon, while the examination of its spectrum with the polariscope showed that the continuous spectrum was only the reflected light of the sun. Vogel, in a general review of questions relating to cometary spectra, concludes that there is considerable probability of the truthfulness of the hypothesis that the gases present in comets are hydrocarbons. His own and Huggins's measurements agree in showing that the motion of the comet has no influence upon this conclusion. In relation to the orbits of the comets, we notice the determination by Doberck of the path of the first comet of 1845. A series of observations of Jupiter's satellites is contributed by Mr. Todd, at Amherst, Massachusetts, and an improvement in the method of computing the orbit of a planet by Professor Ormond Stone. Mr. Stockwell, of Cleveland, contributes to the mathematical theory of the moon's motion an elaborate development of the formulæ proper for the computation of lunar tables, and claims to have discovered and corrected important errors in all previous works on this important subject.

In relation to the sun, we remark the defense by Secchi of Father Rosa's views as to the variable diameter of that luminary, whose dimensions vary in a period of two-thirds of a century. As the first-fruits of a laborious spectroscopic examination of the long and short spectrum lines, Lockyer announces the probable existence in the solar reversing layer of strontium, cadmium, lead, copper, cerium, uranium, and potassium.

In regard to astronomical observatories, we

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note that Professor Gonzalez, director of the National Observatory at Bogota, has resigned his position in order to establish a new and private observatory at an altitude of 9000 feet in latitude 4½° north. The new university observatory at Oxford is being brought into activity under the directorship of Rev. C. Pritchard, Savilian Professor of Astronomy. Mr. C. L. Doolittle has been called to the chair of astronomy at Lehigh University, where an observatory is to be established. The directorship of the new observatory at Cincinnati, which has been vacant since 1871, has recently been filled by the election of Mr. Ormond Stone, formerly of the Washington Observatory. The new building is located at Mount Lookout, a suburb of the city. The revocation by Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, of his great deed of trust is, we are happy to say, accompanied by the assurance that he will not fail to carry out the execution of the magnificent observatory designed by him.

On the 5th of March, at the age of ninety, died the editor of the *Annuaire of the Bureau of Longitudes*, at Paris, the venerable Mathieu. On the 26th of February, at Cincinnati, at the age of fifty-nine, there died Mr. Henry Twitchell, who for twenty years was the only assistant and the principal observer at the observatory of that city. Strictly speaking, he was the contriver of the first chronograph ever constructed, the rude predecessor of one of the most important instruments in modern astronomy. Mr. Twitchell made observations of zones of the very faintest stars for many years with the aid of the declinometer applied to the twelve-inch equatorial of that observatory, but the mass of star-places thus determined still awaits publication.

An important paper by Mallet on the origin and mechanism of production of basaltic columns shows that the curved ends and sometimes axes of these prisms are due to the influence of unequal heating during the process of cooling. Cailletet gives some accurate measurements, showing that iron absorbs 240 times its volume of hydrogen before being saturated, and Johnson shows that the hydrogen is absorbed with perfect ease if the metal is immersed in dilute sulphuric acid, and put in contact with pieces of zinc or other metal. By such a galvanic arrangement the hydrogen is absorbed in the nascent state, and the metal becomes brittle and loses about three-quarters of its strength. The behavior of metals under repeated strains has been investigated by Spangenberg, and the laws of adhesion by Stefan. This latter is one of the most complete and valuable memoirs existing on the subject of molecular dynamics. The phenomena in question appear to be all resolved by Stefan's analysis; and even the side issues, such as the internal friction of molecules of water and air, are deduced with perfect accuracy.

In *Terrestrial Physics* we have to chronicle the appearance of another of Perrey's great earthquake catalogues, the present volume being especially devoted to the year 1871, but embracing occasional additions to his former catalogues since 1845.

In *Meteorology* there seems to have been a special activity of late, doubtless owing to the steady progress made in utilizing our knowledge of that subject. The German government having purchased Von Freeden's interest in his private establishment known as the Hamburg Seewarte, has made it a national institution under the same name, and given it an enlarged scope and powers. Its authority and duties now extend to the whole German coast, and include the display of storm-warning signals. In France the system of storm signals for the protection of the coast has entered upon a new organization dating from the 1st of March, since which time there have been two instead of one daily prediction.

The meteorological service of Bengal, under Mr. Blandford, has steadily increased its activity, and is now reported as publishing daily weather maps in addition to the bulletins. Reports are received by it from 145 rain-gauges in addition to six first-class and ten second-class stations.

M. Tarry has presented to the French Meteorological Association the first volume for 1874 of his review of the dynamic meteorology of the globe. He gives the details of storms for the year as based on the reports of the United States Army Signal-office and of 170 stations in Europe and Asia. Finally, a meteorological congress is announced to be held in Paris, probably in August, with special reference to French interests.

Among the numerous new or improved meteorological instruments, the meteorograph, designed to register in a compact form and simultaneously many or all of the features of the weather, seems to have attracted especial attention. Various arrangements, all very excellent though expensive, have been published by Baumhauer, Rysselbergh, and Secchi. Redier has devised a very successful self-recording mercurial barometer; and Hirn describes a megabarometer which shows the slightest changes and pressures. Tremeschini describes a self-recording metallic thermometer; and Mr. A. P. Smith sends to *Nature* an account of observations made by him upon a crude hygrometer consisting of a sheet of filter-paper soaked in a strong solution of cobalt chloride.

In reference to the quantity of hyperoxide of hydrogen which is in the atmosphere, Schöne gives some measurements showing its presence, though in very minute quantities; and Dr. Ecke has published a very extensive investigation into the relative quantities of oxygen in the air in the different climates and at different seasons. He finds an increase of as much as ten per cent. in the winter over the summer seasons. His investigation has special reference to the sanitary advantages of certain localities, and shows that Samara, a famous sanitarium in Russia, is distinguished by the abundance of oxygen.

In reference to the relation between barometric gradient and the accompanying winds a series of papers has appeared, of which the most important is that of Haun, in which he introduces to the notice of German meteorologists the views that have for some years been familiar to Americans, and originated by Professcr Ferrel, of the Coast Survey. Haun gives an almost unqualified assent to Mr. Ferrel's conclusions, and finds them confirmed by the studies of Colding in Copenhagen. Professor Mohn also subscribes to Mr. Ferrel's formulæ, and, indeed, states that he had recently and independently arrived at the same conclusion from the study of European storms.

Captain W. W. Kiddle calls attention to the fact that ocean waves are much higher in a northwest than a south or southwest gale. Du-

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ruof has made three balloon ascents in France during very cold weather and northerly winds, and uniformly finds warmer southerly currents above, sometimes carrying much snow. Among the notable storms of the month of March the twin tornadoes that occurred in Georgia on the 20th are worthy of note; great destruction of life and property was reported in a narrow belt extending across the entire State.

In reference to the predictions of frosts, Ley states that the study of upper currents of clouds has shown him that at least in England frosts are preceded by a slight backing of the upper southwest and northwest currents. In connection with frosts, Vinard states that he finds that the best protection of vineyards against frost is secured by clouds of smoke evolved by burning large piles of a mixture of gas tar with sawdust and old straw. The mixture remains inflammable even after two weeks' exposure to the weather. The general laws of variation of temperature at Milan have been elucidated by Celoria by the study of observations recorded for the past 110 years. Silberman has observed the temperature of a small mass of a black powder exposed to the sun's rays, and explains by his observations the somewhat anomalous cases in which the northern sides of mountain chains are more fertile than the southern exposures. Auroral phenomena have been treated of by Tromholdt, who concludes that there is a connection between auroras and halos; but the most valuable contributions to this subject are found in the preliminary report, by Weyprecht, of the results of the Austro-Hungarian north pole expedition of 1872 to 1874. According to him, very intense auroras were invariably followed by storms, and, from hundreds of observations, he concludes that the aurora is an atmospheric phenomenon. By comparing the changes and motions of the aurora with the movements of the light Lamont magnetic needles, it was found that great magnetic disturbances agree with quick convulsive motions of the rays of the aurora and with intense prismatic colors. Quite regular auroral arches, without motion or radiation, exercised no influence on the needles. Almost invariably the declination needle moved eastward, the horizontal intensity decreased, and the inclination increased.

Guthrie, from observations made on the cold produced by mixing salt and ice, concludes that the temperature is independent of the quantities of the materials, and is as precise as the melting-point of ice.

Mineralogy.—Des Cloizeaux has recently contributed a very important paper to mineralogy on the optical properties of the members of the feldspar family. There has always been so much confusion among the different feldspars, and it has been so difficult to distinguish one species from another, that it is a great advance to have found a method, independent of chemical analysis, by which this can be done, even if it be not a method of easy application. Des Cloizeaux has found that the several triclinic feldspars, similar as they are to each other in cleavage and crystalline form, have very distinct optical properties, so that if we can obtain sections cut in the proper direction, we can instantly tell which species is under hand. His observations, moreover, go to show that the four species, *Anorthite*, *Labradorite*, *Oligoclase*, and *Albite*, are really independent, and that the second and third are in no sense mixtures of the other two—a theory which has found much favor of late years.

Notwithstanding the comparative maturity of mineralogy as a science, the making of new species continues as fast as ever. *Guanovulite* is a new sulphate of potash and ammonia which has been found as a crystalline deposit in the interior of the eggs of birds in guano from Peru. It is related to the guanipite of Professor C. U. Shepard, who, it will be remembered, described a number of new guano minerals a few years since.

Cossaite is a name given by an Italian mineralogist to what he regards as a new mineral. It is a hydrous silicate of alumina and soda, and is considered by the describer as a soda pinite. The analyses given, however, correspond exactly with those of paragonite, so that it may be identical with that species. It has a green color, and occurs massive, with a micaceous cleavage, at several localities in Italy.

Siegburgite is a new fossil resin found at Siegburg, near Bonn, and named from its locality. It has been described by Dr. Lasaulx, and the chief interest connected with it lies in the fact of the large amount—eighty-five per cent.—of carbon which it contains.

As a sequel to the discoveries of large quantities of tin ore in Queensland and New South Wales during the past two years, a similar discovery of importance has been made recently in Tasmania. The ore has been found at Mount Bischoff, in the northwestern portion of the island, and it is of especial interest, as it occurs there in large masses *in situ*, and that in a kind of rock lithologically distinct from that with which it is associated elsewhere in that part of the world.

Geography.—With the approach of the season when arctic voyages become practicable, the activity of preparation for polar researches increases, and it is announced that the British expedition will be ready to take advantage of the first favorable date for departure from the English shores. The *personnel* of the two vessels is already made up and under training. The scientific corps will not be entirely complete, as there appears to be no provision for a zoologist, although it is expected that some of the officers will do good service in that direction. There will, however, we understand, be a special geologist and a botanist, and the officers themselves will take charge of the various branches of physical science. The appropriations made by the government have been very liberal, the sum of £98,620 having been voted for the preparatory work, £16,000 for the coming year, and £13,000 for the year succeeding. Provision is also made for fitting out a relief ship should it become necessary, although it is hoped and believed that the present expedition will be able to give a satisfactory account of itself.

Mr. Ricketts has, it is understood, chartered a vessel in which he proposes to accompany the expedition so long as the season will permit, and at the same time allow of his return during the present year.

It seems to be quite uncertain at present whether a German expedition will start this year or postpone its voyage until the next, the question of money and of a suitable vessel appearing to be the principal obstacle.

The Swedish government is about fitting up

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an arctic expedition to visit Nova Zembla and the regions to the eastward. This will be under the direction of Professor Nordenskjöld, who was in charge of the late expedition to Spitzbergen.

In connection with the same subject, we may state that Congress at its last session passed an act directing the payment to the survivors of the *Polaris* party, or their widows and minor children, an amount equal to a full year's service pay, the Esquimaux Joe and Hans to receive $360 each for special valuable services. Captain Hall's widow is excluded from the provisions of this act, as she has recently received $15,000 in payment for the manuscripts left by her husband.

Lieutenant Payer has announced his intention of attempting to cross Greenland from the eastern side, a feat which his experience as a traveler and an arctic explorer fits him to undertake. All attempts heretofore to cross the great Greenland glacier have been from the west side, notably by Whymper, who, however, succeeded in traversing but a few miles, when he was obliged to return.

At its last session Congress made a satisfactory appropriation for the continuation of the surveys of Professor Hayden, Lieutenant Wheeler, and Major Powell, and for carrying forward their labors of previous years in the Western Territories, and the details are now being made out for the summer's campaign. The parties will be accompanied, as heretofore, by competent naturalists and geologists, and the usual amount of excellent work will doubtless be performed.

Mr. Henry W. Elliott and Lieutenant Maynard, of the Navy, also expect to make a second visit to the North Pacific, under the direction of the Treasury Department, with a view of investigating the fur-seal fisheries and other matters connected with the material interests of the American possessions in that quarter.

The Coast Survey is now publishing an elaborate paper, by Mr. William H. Dall, upon the tides and currents in the region of the Aleutian Islands and Behring Sea, which, it is thought, will add very much to the precision of our knowledge in regard to the currents, temperatures, and general physical conditions of the North Pacific, also furnishing important data for the general consideration of these questions.

The explorations of the United States steamer *Fortune* in the Gulf of Mexico have been prosecuted uninterruptedly during the winter, and much valuable information obtained. Among other results have been numerous specimens of soundings, which, on being submitted to Professor Hamilton L. Smith, of Geneva, New York, have furnished that gentleman with a large number of new and interesting species of organic microscopic forms. The vessel, having completed her cruise, is now on its way to a Northern port.

Mr. Alexander Agassiz was engaged during the winter in an exploration of the region about Lake Titicaca in Peru. He has just returned home with a large amount of valuable material.

Quite worthy of mention in the line of American exploration is the recent canoe voyage of Mr. N. H. Bishop, of New Jersey, this gentleman having successfully rivaled the great feats of European travelers in that unique mode of conveyance. Starting in a paper boat last autumn from Quebec, he ascended the St. Lawrence, and thence proceeded *via* the canal to Lake Champlain, and along the Hudson River to New York, and to his home at Mannahawken, New Jersey. After a short interval he again took up his voyage southward along the coast, and finally, on the 26th of March, reached the Gulf of Mexico by the route of the Suwannee River. This, however, is by no means the first of Mr. Bishop's exploits as a traveler, his first feat having been the crossing of the continent of South America from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso on foot at the age of seventeen.

Their report has just been published by the commission of Icelanders who visited Alaska on the steamer *Portsmouth* for the purpose of investigating its fitness for immigration from Iceland. After carefully examining certain parts of the coast, especially Cook's Inlet and Kodiak, they came to the conclusion that the land offers very decided advantages for settlement both in respect to its agricultural features and its fisheries. Its climate they considered much superior to that of Iceland, and fully equal to that of Scotland, and they cordially recommend it, and invite their countrymen to avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented. Before this can be done, however, it will be necessary to have some provision made for extending the land system of the United States to that country, and to provide the proper machinery for the ample security of life and property.

Nothing of moment has been received of the movements of the *Challenger* since our last report, the transfer of Captain Nares, her commander, to the charge of the new British arctic expedition having apparently interfered somewhat with her operations.

Captain Moresby has lately called attention to a new route between Australia and China, which, passing east of the Louisiade Archipelago instead of west of it, is much more free from danger than the old course, and at the same time is three hundred miles shorter.

Nothing of importance has lately been announced in reference to the interesting subject of African exploration. Lieutenant Cameron, however, who went out in search of Dr. Livingstone, and who, after the discovery of his fate, remained in the country, has done excellent work. His survey of Lake Tanganyika has shown conclusively that the Lualaba, or Congo, flows from it, thus establishing a very important fact in the physical geography of the continent. No recent news has been received from Mr. H. M. Stanley.

The Duke of Oldenburg has lately accomplished successfully a visit to the great oasis of the Egyptian desert, having reached El Khargeh with a party embracing several men of science. The ethnological results are especially interesting in the accounts of sundry ancient monuments of extreme antiquity, as also of traces of the Roman occupation of a later date.

For the purpose of a more thorough system in prosecuting explorations in Northern Africa the Khedive of Egypt has requested Dr. Schweinfurth to organize an African Geographical Society, and has provided the means not only for prosecuting explorations, but for publishing the results. Much is anticipated from this new scientific organization.

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The British Yun-nan expedition from India to China, from which so much was expected, has, it is understood, been broken up in consequence of attacks upon it by hostile Chinese, and its further prosecution has been abandoned.

The Geographical Society of Paris is now making extensive preparations for a geographical exhibition in that city during the present summer, this to include an exposition of every thing connected with geographical science in the way of apparatus, maps, books, etc., as also a congress from all parts of the world to consider geographical questions of general interest. The meeting was to have been held in March, but has been postponed to a later period, the exhibition opening on the 15th of July, the congress itself not convening until the 1st of August. An international meeting of "Americanists" is also to be held in Paris during the coming summer. This will take cognizance more particularly of matters connected with the ante-Columbian history of the New World.

A new geographical journal has been started in Paris under the title of the *Explorateur*, with special reference to the subject of French explorations in Northern Africa.

Under the head of *Microscopical Science* we notice as worthy of attention the articles now in course of publication in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, by Thomas Taylor, microscopist of the United States Department of Agriculture, "upon certain fungi parasitic on plants." In the March number he describes the "black knot" of cherry and plum trees, and the *Oidium tuckeri* found on the vine. The latter appears to be not a true mould, but merely a condition of *Erysiphe*, a true parasite of the vine, which will not fruit when removed from the plant on which it grows.

Hitherto no Diatomaceæ are certainly known to have been found earlier than in tertiary deposits. The few so-called diatoms found by Dr. White in the hornstone of the Devonian are exceedingly doubtful. We should scarcely expect silica imbedded in silica to be very visible. Very recently Count F. Cartracane, a well-known microscopist, states, in the *Naturforscher*, that he has proved the existence of Diatomaceæ during the coal period. A piece of Lancashire coal was pulverized and exposed to a white heat; the decarbonized dust was treated with acid and chlorate of potassa, washed clean with distilled water, and placed under the microscope. Many diatoms, almost exclusively fresh-water genera, and species now living, were found. A piece of cannel-coal from Scotland and another from the St. Étienne mines gave the same result. The experiment needs repeating to prove that these organisms from the coal epoch to the present time have undergone no perceptible modification.

Ethnology.—The second volume of Bancroft's *Native Races of the Pacific States* is announced. It is devoted to the civilized tribes of Mexico and Central America. While it would be very difficult for the author to accompany his text with a more copious reference to authorities, the subject furnishes a fruitful source of speculation and extravagant writing, toward which there is a slight tendency in the first volume.

Dr. E. Palmer draws attention in the *American Naturalist*, March, 1875, to clay balls found in the Museum of Nassau, New Providence, and suggests their probable use in war-clubs, or as cooking stones. Similar balls have been noticed in the Swiss lake-dwellings.

Sir Henry Maine, whose admirable work on Ancient Law first gave an impulse to the deductive method in studies of this kind, follows up the former treatise with a second one, entitled "Lectures on the Early History of Institutions." The fact comes out, on examination of the recently published Brehon Laws of Ireland, that human institutions are not so much the product of race as of certain conditions and periods of growth, and that "at certain stages various nations have possessed institutions absolutely identical."

Since our last issue the following papers of general interest have been read before the London Anthropological Institute: "Ultra-Centenarian Longevity," Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart.; "Molecules and Potential Life," Rev. Dunbar I. Heath, M.A.; "Report on the Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archæology at Stockholm, 1874," by H. H. Howorth.

Dr. Barnard Davis contributed to the Dutch Academy of Sciences recently an exceedingly valuable paper relative to the Tasmanians. The entire extinction of this people within the last few years makes their history a subject of interest.

Much work has lately been accomplished in *Comparative Zoology*, particularly as to the development of animals. Progress is also making in the breaking down of the old distinctions between the lowest animals and plants. Mr. H. C. Sorby has lately shown that the highest classes of plants contain the following essential constituents, soluble in carbon bisulphide: blue chlorophyll, yellow chlorophyll, orange xanthophyll, xanthophyll, yellow xanthophyll, lichenoxanthine. He now finds all these substances in *Spongilla fluviatilis*, the common fresh-water sponge, an undoubted animal. He thinks it would be "well worthy of study to ascertain whether low animal forms which, like *Spongilla*, contain chlorophyll, have, when exposed to light, the power of decomposing carbonic acid, and supporting themselves to some extent as plants, and at the same time have the power of supporting themselves by means of organic particles conveyed into their interior by the water circulating about or through them. If so, they would be animals to some extent, capable of plant-like growth, and would thus be the reverse of those plants which have lately attracted so much attention on account of their being able to partially support themselves by means of complex animal food, which they can digest and absorb like the most perfect classes of animals."

Professor Hyatt describes in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History several new species of Floridan sponges.

The fresh-water *Rhizopoda* are engaging the attention of Professor Leidy, who has found about Philadelphia several interesting forms only heretofore known as living in Europe. The beautiful actinophrys-like *Clathrulina elegans* he finds abundantly in New Jersey in *Utricularia*.

Several papers of much value, but too abstruse to be farther noticed in this connection, have appeared in European journals, relating to the embryology of the cuttle-fishes. Professor Ray Lankester has published in the *Annals of Natural History*, 1873, and the *Quarterly Journal of*

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Microscopical Science, 1875, articles on this subject, giving new information regarding the origin of the eye, ear, and pen-sac. In these points his discoveries are corroborated by Usoff, who studied at Naples, and whose results are appearing in the *Annals*. Grenacher has also published a beautifully illustrated paper on the development of an unknown cuttle-fish from eggs found floating on the ocean during his voyage to the Canary Islands. His paper appears in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift*.

Elaborate and beautifully illustrated papers on the tape-worms, by Dr. Sommer, appear in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift*, while the Ray Society has published a finely illustrated work on the nemertean worms by Dr. M'Intosh.

A number of *Myriapods* from the Pacific States have been described in the *Annals of Natural History* by Mr. Stuxberg, of Upsala.

The embryological development of the nervous system of the king-crab (*Limulus*) has been studied by Dr. Packard, who also announces the discovery of organs in the same animal supposed to be of the nature of kidneys.

An immense number (ninety-seven species) of Gammarid *Crustacea*, allied to our common beach flea, nearly all of which are new, have been found by Dr. Dybowsky in Lake Baïkal.

Numerous new American moths and butterflies have been described by Messrs. Grote, Scudder, and Morrison.

In November last Mr. F. W. Putnam collected in the Mammoth and adjoining caves three species of fishes known to be peculiar to those caverns, and with them five other species of fishes which had evidently entered the cave from the Green River, as they were of the same species and in every way identical with specimens collected outside. Their colors had not faded at all, and their eyes were as perfect as ever.

Professor Jordan describes as new, in the *American Naturalist*, the "sisco" trout of Lake Tippecanoe, Indiana, under the name of *Argyrosomus sisco*.

The species of skates of the eastern coast of the United States have been revised by Mr. Garman, who gives interesting facts regarding their habits, as dependent on the structure of the different forms.

In the embryo of the sharks Professor Semper has made the remarkable discovery of a series of ciliated funnels, which he regards as homologues of the segmental organs of the worms, and thus suggest that the vertebrates may have descended from the worms, and not from the ascidians.

Dr. Dohrn has for some years been engaged in elaborating a theory of the "Annelidan Origin of the Vertebrata." Professor Gegenbaur had suggested previously the relation between the segmental organs of worms and the primordial kidneys, and Professor Morse has adverted to the correspondence between the segmental organs of worms and the Fallopian tubes of vertebrates.

The embryology of the chick, in a form very convenient to students, is given in a volume entitled *Embryology*, by Messrs. Foster and Balfour, and published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

The habits of the prairie gopher are narrated in a lively manner by Dr. Coues in the *American Naturalist*.

In *Botany* we have to record an interesting paper by Professor Max Rees, of Erlangen, on the process of fertilization in the *Basidiomycetes*, the group to which the toad-stool, mushrooms, and puff-balls belong. On examining the mycelium of *Coprinus stercorarius* he discovered bodies which he regards as sexual organs, and he concludes from his observations that the sexual process in the *Basidiomycetes* resembles that in the *Florideæ* or red sea-weeds. The venerable Professor Elias Fries, of Upsala, published, on his eightieth birthday, a systematic work on the larger fungi of Europe, entitled *Hymenomycetes Europæi*, the most complete treatise on the subject which has ever appeared, and one which, as is well observed by De Bary, no one but the learned author himself is competent to criticise. Dr. Brefeld, of Würzburg, has recently discovered the sexual state of *Pilabolus crystallinus*, and finds that it agrees with what is known of the different species of *Mucor*.

In the report of the meeting of German naturalists and physicians at Breslau is an account of some curious experiments by Dr. Moritz Traube on the growth of artificial cells. The plan of the experiments was to immerse a glass rod in a solution of some colloid substance, then withdrawing it, to let a drop fall into a solution of some other substance which, coming in contact with the first, causes a precipitate to be formed. The precipitate, under favorable circumstances, assumes the form of a membraneous sac inclosing the residue of the drop. This sac constantly enlarges, and is supposed by Traube to resemble the parenchymatous cells of living plants. He concludes accordingly that the walls of vegetable cells are formed by a process of precipitation, and increase by intussusception.

The *Forest Flora of Northwest and Central India*, begun by Dr. J. Lindsay Stewart, and finished by Dr. Dietrich Brandis, gives an easily understood but, at the same time, scientific account of the trees of a very interesting region. Students will be glad to hear that the enlarged edition of the *Trees of Massachusetts* is about going to press, and those who do not read German will find a help in the English translation of Sachs's *Lehrbuch*, by Messrs. Bennett and Dyer.

Under the head of *Agricultural Science* we have to report the appearance of the second annual report of the Massachusetts State Inspector of Commercial Fertilizers—Professor C. A. Goessman, of the Amherst Agricultural College. This document of forty-five pages contains a large amount of most valuable and timely information concerning the nature and value of the fertilizers commonly sold in our markets.

The use of German potash salts in this country is steadily increasing. Professor Goessman calls attention, however, to the unfortunate fact that the main bulk of our supply is of the lower grades. Much of it contains only eight or ten per cent. of actual potash. The cost per pound of potash at the mines in the higher grades, which contain from thirty to fifty per cent., is but little more than in the poorer salts. By importing the former, the expense of freight of a large amount of other material than potash across the Atlantic would be saved.

Kohlrausch has published some results of experiments on the injurious effect of ammonium sulpho-cyanate upon plants. This salt sometimes

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occurs in the ammonium sulphate from gas-works which is extensively used in fertilizers. Previous researches of Märcker, Schumann, and Wagner have shown that the sulpho-cyanate has a poisonous action upon plants. These conclusions are confirmed by Kohlrausch, who found that beets manured with ammonium sulphate containing 2.5 per cent. of sulpho-cyanate contained less sugar than with the pure sulphate, and that barley and wheat were dwarfed and sickened. In the ammonium sulphate from gas-works the sulpho-cyanate may generally be detected by the reddish-brown color, due to a compound which it forms with iron. Gray or white salts may be used without fear. The investigator recommends the testing of ammoniated superphosphates for sulpho-cyanates, which may be readily detected in these, as in the ammonia salts, by the red color which their solutions give with ferric chloride.

Fliche and Grandeau, whose interesting researches on the growth of cluster pine, *Pinus pinaster*, in different soils are already well known, have been making similar studies upon the growth of chestnut. It was found that *Pinus pinaster* flourished in siliceous soil, but was stunted and weakly in soils containing much lime. Similar results were obtained with chestnut. Analyses showed that the ash of the trees grown in the calcareous soil contained more lime, less silica and iron, and only about one-fourth as much potash as those on the siliceous soil. Both chestnut and cluster pine on lime soil showed, along with deficiency of potash and iron in the ash, a lack of starch and chlorophyll in the leaves. These results accord very well with those of the well-known researches of Nobbe, which show that the elaboration of starch in the leaf, and consequently the healthy growth of the plant, is dependent upon the presence of a sufficient supply of potash.

Voelcker has been testing the effects of a series of manures, including common salt, crude potash salts, quicklime, bones, superphosphate, and nitrogenous manures, on a number of different pasture and grass lands. Common salt and crude potash salts applied alone were injurious or of little value. Quicklime and bones were generally, though not always, beneficial. The effect of superphosphate with crude potash salts was generally quite favorable and lasting. The largest increase of crop was obtained with nitrogenous manures (guano).

Under the head of *Pisciculture and the Fisheries* we have to report a rapidly growing interest in the subject, with its important practical applications. A meeting of the American Fish-Culturist's Association was held in New York on the 9th of February, at which a large attendance was present. On the 11th of the same month the State Commissioners of Fisheries, with the United States Fish Commissioner and a representative from the Fish Commission of Canada, held a meeting with the special object of taking into consideration the general aim and objects of the State Fish Commissions and the best mode of rendering them efficient and most available for their purposes. Two new Fish Commissions have also been organized during the winter—one for Illinois, the other for Virginia. The names of the appointees of the Illinois Commission have not been announced. Those for Virginia are Messrs. Fitzhugh Lee, of Stafford, E. M. Tibbal, of Winchester, and Dr. Robertson, of Lynchburg. Reports of State Commissions published since our last reference to the subject are by Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island.

The success of the attempt at introducing trout into Australia and New Zealand has induced a similar effort for the Cape of Good Hope, and a number of eggs, suitably packed, have been shipped during the last winter from London. These were accompanied by a consignment of salmon eggs, although some apprehension is felt in regard to them in view of the doubt still attaching to the question of the success of the experiment with this fish in Australia and New Zealand.

Operations in regard to the collecting of salmon eggs from California, and their distribution to the State Commissioners throughout the greater part of the United States, are about beginning under the direction of the United States Fish Commissioner. Mr. Livingston Stone is about proceeding to the Sacramento to renew his work, hoping to secure at least 10,000,000 eggs. The distribution of eggs from the establishment at Bucksport, in Maine, has been already completed for the present season, and the station is now being put in order for a still larger work during the coming spring and summer.

The great importance of the salmon fisheries of the Columbia, and the danger of their diminution, in view of the very extensive scale upon which they are prosecuted, induced the transmission of a memorial to Congress, on the part of the Oregon Legislature, asking that regulations be established for a close time, and such other restrictions as might be expedient. No action was taken, however, on this subject, and the effort to secure the necessary protection will probably be renewed another session.

The question as to the ability of the salmon to remain permanently in fresh-water has received an important illustration during the past winter. It is well known that the lakes of Maine along the coast contain a variety of fish known as the landlocked salmon, which, while possessing the external appearance and peculiar habits of the salmon, together with equal excellence of flesh, is much smaller, and remains permanently in the lakes; and it is still a vexed question whether this is actually a descendant of the true sea salmon or a different species. An argument in favor of its being the former is afforded by the fact that in two localities young salmon, hatched from eggs of the true sea salmon collected at Bucksport, have lived in fresh-water ponds, and yielded ripe eggs during the past autumn; in the one case at New Hope, Pennsylvania, the fish attaining several pounds in weight, while some bred in Wisconsin were only five to seven inches in length, though perfectly mature in every respect. In the first case, however, the ponds were quite large, and offered ample space for the movements of the fish, while in the other they were confined to small trout ponds of only a few yards in extent. Whether the eggs thus obtained will produce healthy young, and whether these will attain maturity, are questions of much interest.

In our monthly *résumé* of *Engineering* news perhaps the most interesting item is the proposi-

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tion to construct a railroad tunnel under Newark Bay. Many of our readers are familiar with the fact that the approach to Jersey City from Newark across the marshes and the waters of Newark Bay (*via* the New Jersey Central Railroad) is effected by an elevated railroad carried upon wooden piles. The rapid decay of this structure, which necessitates its practical rebuilding every few years, in connection with other reasons, has led the company to seriously consider the proposition of building a tunnel under the bay from Elizabethport to Bergen Point. The project is regarded by competent engineers to be quite feasible, and a rough estimate places its cost at about $6,000,000.

A contract, it is reported, is about to be made for laying a new submarine telegraph cable between Key West and Punta Rosa, Florida. The proposed new line will have a length of 120 miles.

From abroad we learn that the Italian government is engaged in discussing and considering plans for the improvement of the Roman Campagna, a work which is being earnestly championed by General Garibaldi. A number of plans to effect the drainage of the numerous marshes, and the prevention of the frequent inundations of the Tiber, have been proposed, but thus far no definite scheme has been adopted.

From the last published official report on the St. Gothard Tunnel, bearing date of October 21, 1874, the state of the work is summed up as follows: Total length of tunnel, 48,651 feet; total length driven up to date of report, 8661 feet; of tunnel remaining to be driven, 39,990 feet. The height of the northern entrance at Goeschenen will be 3608 feet above sea-level, and that of the southern entrance 3756 feet.

The commission appointed some time ago by the United States government to investigate the causes of steam-boiler explosions has lately held a session at New York, at which the details of future experimental work were under discussion. Since the experimental tests at Sandy Hook and Pittsburg the *personnel* of the commission has suffered certain changes. It consists at present of Professor Winlock, Professor Thurston, Isaac V. Holmes, Charles W. Copeland, and J. R. Robinson. It was decided to resume operations at Sandy Hook about the middle of June.

In accordance with the provisions of a bill passed at the last session of Congress, a general order just issued from the War Department announces the appointment of a board to conduct a series of experimental tests of iron and steel. The board is directed to convene at the Watertown Arsenal, Massachusetts, on April 15, 1875, or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the purpose of determining by actual tests the strength and value of all kinds of iron, steel, and other metals which may be submitted to them, or by them procured, and to prepare tables which will exhibit the strength and value of said materials for constructive and mechanical purposes, and to provide for the building of a suitable machine for establishing such tests, the machine to be set up and maintained at the Watertown Arsenal. The board will receive its instructions from and make its report to the Chief of Ordnance. Lieutenant-Colonel Laidley, Ordnance Department, and Professor R. H. Thurston, have been appointed respectively president and secretary of the board.

A magnetic lathe chuck is a *Mechanical* novelty worthy of note, and is designed to obviate the inconveniences involved in fixing certain kinds of work upon a lathe chuck. At a recent meeting of a well-known mechanical institute a number of samples of ground disks of hard steel were exhibited, which were ground so true that seven plates placed one upon the other appeared to be one solid disk of steel. To grind these plates the chuck had been converted into a temporary magnet, and the thin steel pieces were simply placed on the face of the chuck, which held them firmly by magnetic attraction while being worked upon.

The announcement is made that an International Exposition, in which especial prominence will be given to all matters pertaining to marine and river industries, is to be held in Paris from July to November next. The building known as the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs Élysées, where the Exhibition of 1855 was held, has been selected for the purpose. Great preparations likewise are being made for the approaching exhibition of machinery, fixed and in motion, which will be opened at the Royal Pomona Palace in Manchester in May.

Technology.—The very resistant glass of M. Bastie, to which we have before referred, is attracting much attention. At the last meeting of the "Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures" a number of experiments were made upon it which are quite noteworthy. Thin plates of the material were thrown on a tiled floor from a height of three meters without injury. They were then flung with violence about the room and against the walls, and held over gas jets. A weight of 100 grams was also dropped on them with impunity from the height of three meters. The resisting temper of the glass is obtained from a chemical bath to which it is subjected when hot from the furnace. The specimens that yielded to the blows they received only broke in the spots where they were hit, and a remarkable absence of continuous cracks was observed. Wherever the hammer took effect the glass lost cohesion and transparency.

Under the head of *Miscellaneous* information of general interest we may refer to the measures taken by the United States to secure an exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial on the part of the various government departments. A year ago a commission was established by order of the President, composed of one representative each from the War, Navy, Interior, Treasury, Post-office, and Agricultural departments and the Smithsonian Institution. This commission, in obedience to orders, made a report to the President as to the general character of what would constitute a suitable and desirable exhibition on the part of the United States, the amount of space required, and the probable expense, this last being estimated at $971,000, to include the cost of a building at $200,000. At the last session of Congress an appropriation of $505,000 was made, of which $150,000 was authorized to be used, if necessary, for the erection of a building. As the sum thus appropriated is much less than the estimate, the commission has necessarily been obliged to revise its plans, and the display will accordingly be far from representing in the best manner the operations and condition of the various departments and their works. Among the

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other features contemplated is a very extensive exhibition of American ethnology, representing as nearly a perfect picture as possible of the present condition of the native races of the country, together with a series of relics of its prehistoric population. The resources of the country, as illustrated by the animal, vegetable, and mineral products, will also be presented. A special appropriation was made to enable the United States Fish Commission to make a display of every thing connected with the fisheries of the country and with fish-culture, and this will probably be a very prominent feature of the exhibition on the part of the government.

The popularity of the measures taken by Congress to establish a national park in the Yosemite Valley and on the Yellowstone has induced a third measure of a similar character in regard to the island of Mackinac. A law has been recently passed directing that this island be taken in charge by the Secretary of War, and administered in the interest of the people. Ten years' leases may be granted for the erection of such buildings as are necessary for the accommodation of the public, and the proceeds derived therefrom are to be expended in the improvement of the grounds, the laying out of roads, etc.

Some years ago the Royal Society of London undertook, mainly at the suggestion of Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, the publication of a catalogue of all the scientific papers published in transactions of societies and scientific journals, carrying it from the year 1800 to 1862. This was completed some years since, and fills five or six quarto volumes nearly of the size of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Persons engaged in scientific research will be interested to learn that the society will shortly commence another series, to embrace papers published from 1864 to 1873, to be continued, probably, hereafter for each decade.

Numerous *Deaths* of men of science have occurred since our last report on the subject, among them two eminent geologists, d'Omalius d'Halloy and Sir Charles Lyell. Other names are, Professor J. W. A. Argelander, the veteran astronomer; Professor C. J. Sundevall, of Sweden; C. L. Mathieu, of Paris; Professor R. Willis, Mr. Robert Hardwicke, Mr. John Timbs, Mr. W. Parkinson Wilson, and Dr. John E. Gray, of London; and Mr. W. J. Hays, the eminent animal painter, of New York.

Most of these names are those of veterans in science, who have died at an advanced age, after a life full of honors.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of April.—The special session of the United States Senate was concluded March 24. The day before adjournment a resolution was adopted, 33 to 24, declaring that "the action of the President in protecting the government in Louisiana of which William P. Kellogg is the Executive, and in enforcing the laws of the United States in that State, is approved."

Elections were held for State officers in Connecticut and Michigan April 5, and in Rhode Island April 7. Governor Ingersoll, of Connecticut (Democrat), was re-elected, and the Democrats in that State secured also three out of the four Congressmen. In Michigan the election was for Judges of the Supreme Court and Regents of the State University. The Republicans were successful. In Rhode Island the vote for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor was not decisive, and the choice will devolve upon the Legislature. The other offices were secured by the Republicans.

George Q. Cannon, Congressional Delegate from Utah, was placed on trial in Salt Lake City, April 2, for polygamy, but the prisoner was discharged under the statute of limitations.

F. E. Spinner, United States Treasurer, has resigned, and John C. New, of Indianapolis, has been appointed his successor.

Six companies of cavalry and two of infantry have been ordered to the Black Hills region as an escort to Mr. Jenny, the government geologist, who is to conduct a survey of the country.

The centennial anniversary of the opening scenes of the Revolution at Concord and Lexington was celebrated April 19. At Concord the statue of the Minute-Man, by Daniel C. French, was unveiled. An address was made by Ralph Waldo Emerson, an oration was delivered by George William Curtis, and a poem was read by James Russell Lowell. At Lexington the oration was delivered by Richard H. Dana, Jun., and a poem was read by John G. Whittier. The President of the United States and other eminent authorities were present at both places.

The total number of passengers landed at the port of New York between January 1 and March 31, 1875, was 17,128—an increase of 1085 over the corresponding period of 1874. Of these 9058 were aliens, 2769 were born in the United States, and 5301 were persons who had previously landed at New York or other ports of the United States. The number of passengers arriving at Castle Garden was 12,597, of whom 8176 were aliens, and 4421 were citizens or persons who had before landed at this or other ports of the United States.

Of the whole number of alien passengers who arrived, 4027 were natives of the German Empire, 1685 were from Ireland, 1366 from England, 356 from France, 331 from Italy, 291 from Scotland, 233 from Russia, 201 from Switzerland, 127 from Austria, 110 from Holland, 107 from Denmark, 43 from Sweden, 32 from Belgium, 30 from Spain, 27 from Canada, 14 from New Brunswick, 12 from China, 13 from the West Indies, 11 from Norway, 10 from the Isle of Man, 10 from South America, 5 from Central America, 4 from East India, 3 from Mexico, 3 from Portugal, 2 from Greece, 2 from Asia, 1 from Africa, 1 from Nova Scotia, and 1 from Heligoland. From the registered entries of the destinations of the passengers who landed at Castle Garden, 5000 stated their destination to be New York, 1757 went to the other Middle

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States, 869 to the Eastern States, 367 to the Southern States, and 4274 to the Western and Northwestern States and Territories; 321 went to Canada, 4 to the West Indies, 2 to Mexico, 2 to South America, and 1 to Japan.

The religious agitation in Mexico still continues. The Church party seems to be endeavoring to incite a mob to repeat the bloody scenes recently enacted at Ahualulco and Acapulco.

An important and unhappy result of the accession of Alfonso to the throne of Spain is the adoption of a reactionary system in the educational institutions of that country, thus annulling all that has been accomplished in the direction of liberalism, and compelling some of the best professors and teachers to resign their positions.

Mr. Fawcett's bill to enable unmarried women to vote at elections was debated in the British House of Commons April 7. The House, upon a division, refused to order the bill to its second reading. The vote stood 152 to 187, Mr. Disraeli voting with the minority.

In the Lower House of the Prussian Diet, April 16, the bill abrogating those clauses of the constitution which grant the independent administration of ecclesiastical affairs, the unimpeded intercourse of religious associations with their superiors, and freedom of clerical appointments passed its second reading. In the course of the debate Prince Bismarck pronounced these extreme measures unavoidable, while he regretted their necessity. "When," he said, "all the breaches in the bulwarks of the state caused by granting too many rights to unworthy subjects are repaired, then will we be able to conclude peace."

The Roman Catholic bishops of Prussia, after their conference at Fulda, addressed a petition to the Emperor William in person, remonstrating against the withdrawal of the state grants, to the maintenance of which they declared the honor of Prussia was pledged. The ministers, authorized by the Emperor, replied, expressing regret that the bishops should object to obey laws which were always obeyed in other countries, and adding that the bishops would have preserved the father-land from peace-disturbing confusion if they had remained faithful to their own convictions and to the warnings which they proclaimed before the Vatican Council.

M. Quinet, the deceased French author and radical reformer, was buried March 29. Victor Hugo and M. Gambetta delivered orations at the grave.

DISASTERS.

March 20.—Destructive tornado in Georgia. Great loss of life and property.

February 6.—Fire at Osaka, Japan. Twelve hundred buildings destroyed, and several lives lost.

February 7.—Fire at Yokohama, Japan. Three hundred houses destroyed.

March 24.—Explosion in a coal mine near Charleroi, Belgium, causing the death and injury of many persons.

OBITUARY.

March 23.—At West Chester, Pennsylvania, John Hickman, a prominent citizen of that State, from which he was for four terms a Representative in Congress, aged sixty-five years.

April 1.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, William Selkirk Young—publisher of the *Evangelical Repository*, and son of William Young, who printed the first Bible in Pennsylvania—aged seventy-one years.

April 5.—In New York city, Judge James J. Roosevelt, aged eighty years.

April 10.—Near Austin, Texas, A. J. Hamilton, ex-Governor of that State.—In New York city, Henry Clapp, a well-known writer for the *Saturday Press*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Leader*, and other papers.

April 13.—In New York city, Samuel R. Wells, the well-known professor of phrenology and proprietor of the *Phrenological Journal*, aged fifty-five years.

April 22.—In New York city, John Harper, the senior member of the firm of Harper and Brothers, in his seventy-ninth year.

March 22.—In London, England, Comte de Jarnac, French minister to England, and a novelist of considerable eminence.

March 28.—Intelligence by telegram from Paris, of the death of Edgar Quinet, the distinguished author and radical member of the Assembly from Paris, aged seventy-two years.

April 8.—In Dublin, Ireland, Sir John Gray, member of Parliament from Kilkenny, and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, aged sixty years.

Editor's Drawer.

HAVING for at least a quarter of a century been a reader of your Drawer (says a correspondent at Peoria, Illinois), it may be that I may interest others, as they have interested me, by telling a few anecdotes. The April number of your Magazine gives us some of Mr. Lincoln's stories, and as I have heard him tell many a good story in the old days while he was yet a struggling lawyer in Springfield, I think I can repeat some that have not yet been published. My husband was a member of the Illinois Legislature as early as 1844, and it was at that time we made the acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln and family. They were always hospitable to strangers, and many a time have we visited them in their old Springfield home, little thinking that that very plain mansion would ever become celebrated. Mr. Lincoln usually accompanied his gay little wife to parties, but seldom remained where the largest portion of the company were, but would slip off to some side room, or perhaps sit upon the stairs, where friends would soon gather about him, begging him for a story. They often named the tale they wished him to tell: for instance, saying, "Oh, Mr. Lincoln, do tell us the 'camp-meeting story,' or the 'Baker story,'" etc., etc. I was so much amused by the camp-meeting story that at one time when Mr. L. was stopping at our own home I got him to relate it, and even to tell me how to spell the ridiculous names of

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"Noah's sons," so that I think I can repeat it just as he told it; but it needs his peculiar voice to give it effect. Here it is:

"There had been a great camp-meeting going on for nearly a week in the beech woods in Ohio, and on the last day a fine speaker preached the closing sermon. He was a large, powerful man, with a strong voice, and his hearers were deeply affected. He was a very sensible man, and seeing clouds gathering in the west, he shortened his sermon, telling the crowd they would not have much time to collect their effects and take up their beds and walk, as a storm was coming on. In less time than it takes to tell it tents were pulled down, beds, tables, chairs, and children were loaded into wagons, and all was noise and confusion on the camp ground. In the midst of all this bustle a little wizened-faced man ascended the log steps of the pulpit, and clasping his small hands, and rolling his weak eyes upward, squealed out, 'Brethern *and* sistern!' He was such a striking contrast to the last speaker that some did pause in their work to look with wonder upon him. Thus encouraged, the little man began again: 'Brethern *and* sistern'" (I wish you could have heard Mr. Lincoln imitate that squeaking voice), "'I rise to norate on toe you on the subjec of the baptismal—yes, *the* baptismal! Ahem. There was Noah, he had three sons—ahem—name*lie*, Shadadarack, Meshisick, *and* Bellteezer! They all went in *toe* Dannel's den, *and* likewise with them *was* a lion! Ahem.' Here the crowd either renewed their work of loading up wagons or laughed and turned away. So the speaker, after repeating the above, and yet gaining no attention, closed abruptly in the following manner: 'Dear perishing friends, *ef* you will not hear on toe me on this great subjec, I will only say this, that Squire Nobbs has recently lost a little bay mare with a flaxy mane *and* tail amen!'"

The last sentence, without a pause, was very ludicrous.

Here is another short story of Mr. Lincoln's:

"After the Wednesday-night services at a country meeting-house the minister urged the members present to subscribe liberally toward erecting a lightning-rod on their new church building, saying: 'Surely you are willing to lend to the Lord. Is He not the owner of the cattle on a thousand hills? Will He not repay?' etc. When a rich old farmer got up, and, speaking slowly through his nose, said: 'You say the Lord is owner of the cattle on a thousand hills, do ye? Well, then, why can't He sell His cattle and buy a lightning-rod, eh?'"

I close with this, but will tell the "Baker story" at some future time, if it is wished for.

Among the many quaint obituary notices sent from time to time to the Drawer we have seldom had a finer specimen of the "hifalutin" than the following, copied from the Newport, Rhode Island, *Mercury* of January 5, 1796:

> Strong Death alone can heave the massy Bar,
> This gross Impediment of Clay remove,
> And make us Embryos of Existence free.

On Thursday last made her Exit from the Theatre of Life, Mrs. Ann Atwood, consort of Mr. Sheffield Atwood, merchant, of this town, in the forty-second year of her Age. She left an affectionate Partner and a numerous Train of young Dependents to lament her Loss. Endowed with a Heart independent and nobly sincere, with feelings generous and sublime, her character through Life has been marked by a becoming Peculiarity, the proper Object of a virtuous Approbation.

> Lean not on Earth, 'twill pierce thee to the Heart.

While the Sympathetic Tear is urged to flow, and the heaving Bosom bursts with the swelling Anguish of excruciating Sorrow; while Affection, evinced of its Imbecility, sublimates to Affliction, and Friendship matures to extatic Anxiety; while robbed of our Joys, while bereft of our only Hopes, we are left desperate and disconsolate—let Toleration be revived by bringing into view the panacean Amulet of Divinity.

A friend at Lansing, Michigan, sends us the following reminiscence connected with a notable event in the last century:

The 19th of May, 1780, was distinguished by the phenomenon of a remarkable darkness all over the Northern States, and is often referred to as "the dark day." At that time the Legislature of Connecticut was in session at Hartford. A very general opinion prevailed that the day of judgment was at hand. The House of Representatives adjourned. A proposal to adjourn the Council was under consultation. When the opinion of Colonel Davenport was asked, he answered: "I am against an adjournment. The day of judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. *I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought.*"

A correspondent at Constantine, Michigan, contributes the following:

I was reading a melancholy sketch of the last days of "poor Tom Marshall" a few days ago—how his light went out, flashing and flickering, amidst the haunts of men who dared make sport of him, as the Philistines did of Goliath, and I remember a story told of him by a gentleman who was present on the occasion, which I never saw in print.

"Many years ago," he said, "when the science of phrenology first began to attract public attention, a lecturer of that sort, brimful of enthusiasm, turned up in Louisville, and gave a series of 'talks' to the people, and examined a large number of heads, made charts at so much each, and, in short, developed quite an amount of hidden vice and virtue which had not been before even suspected among the good people of that city. Tom Marshall was present, and enjoyed the 'exercises.' After the affair was over a crowd adjourned to the Galt House to post books and render judgment on the science itself.

"Tom said he could examine heads as well as any body—it was all a humbug, a penny-catching business—and to satisfy the people he was right, he would take any number of men who chose to go into the parlor adjoining and make the experiment, although he *was* a little the worse for an overdose of Bourbon. Many went in, and Tom seated them, and went round from man to man, most of whom he knew, and made a vast amount of fun for the crowd, as he always could on almost any provocation.

"It so happened that among the persons pres-

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ent a Louisville buck, of a scant amount of brains, who was distinguished for his puppyism and forwardness, had taken his seat. Tom passed him, but announced, nevertheless, that he had now examined *all* the heads in the room; whereupon our buck arose with, 'Beg pardon, Mr. Marshall! I wish just to say you have forgotten me. *I* have not been examined.' Tom seemed puzzled at first, smiled, looked around, but relieved himself with, 'You must excuse me, Sir. I can't do it—I really *can't. I am too drunk to read small print by candle-light.*'"

We have been edified with a perusal of the "Annual Report of the School Committee of the Town of Sutton, Massachusetts, for the year ending March, 1872," neatly published by Charles Hamilton, at the *Palladium* office, Worcester. After alluding to certain local matters the committee soar into the high region of duty by saying:

If we were called to declare the most prominent feature of successful attainment manifest in the education of the youth of our town, we should answer, Arithmetic.

And although this reflects credit upon them as indicating strength of mental resource, still we should prefer a less masterly effort on their part in this direction, in order that they may embellish and treasure up in the intellectual archive a more ample array of truths and facts, founded upon a more thorough study of geography, history, and physiology, as well as the far more difficult task than all others combined, that of critically making themselves perfectly at ease in the use of the English language.

You are aware, fellow-citizens, of the changing and shifting idiosyncrasies of our population. Like the Frenchman's flea, it's pretty much all the time on the move.

The native youth, well raised and educated (as he believes) in our common school, takes his fortune in his hand, and seeks the busy commercial centres to try his luck, and at first to turn an honest penny. Some few succeed; but the majority, catching the mania of fast life prevalent in cities, cast their country honesty to the wind, like so much filthy raiment, and tricking themselves out in the latest shoddy, like Shakspeare's soldier, "bearded like the pard," "seek the bubble" wealth, "e'en in the cannon's mouth." Some, like the lamented James Fisk, rush boldly into Wall Street and astonish the financial world by their stupendous frauds, made apparently honorable by a lucky venture in speculation; while others, of a more demure and retiring nature, step down into the Southern States and quietly consent to become governors to those distracted commonwealths before their carpet-bags become cool in their strangely acquired lodgings.

Alluding to the exodus of the "native heath" boy and the influx of the foreigner, the committee observe:

Another source of supply to this decadence of our population is from the frozen north, Canada—she on whose swarthy sons the North Star sheds almost a perpendicular light. Her population come among us in nomadic swarms. Seeking employment in our manufactories, of course their children constitute a heavy quota in our village schools. Living in our midst but a few years, they manage to pour a steady stream of remittance in gold to their native clime, to be invested in a wheat, hay, and stock farm on the banks of the St. Lawrence, finally gaining what, to their view, is a competency in that country of infinitesimal light taxation, and securing in the mean time an English education for their children, the majority retire to their father-land as noiselessly as they came, to enjoy the bracing breeze of a seven-months winter, or bask in the broiling sun of a five-months summer.

A "scarceness" of space precludes us from quoting, as we would, the many neat bits contained in the ten pages of this report; but we can not forbear to reproduce the following paragraph, in which the benign influences of the public school in bringing forth the latent intellect of the nation is stated with a bumptious pleasantness quite delightful:

We will not tell them that the Hon. Henry Wilson, who leaped with one bound from the shop of St. Crispin into the American Senate, and there contrives with matchless strategic skill to sustain the Senatorial mantle that for thirty years graced the Atlantean shoulders of the great Webster, is one who (to use a technical phrase) has been singularly fortunate in "cutting and fitting" his own stock in trade, unaided by the schools.

Nor shall we point them with adulistic pride to another worthy son of Massachusetts, who, "suiting the action to the word," laid down his files in the machine-shop, his "Cremona" on the ball-room floor, and comet-like glides through the forensic halls of Boston, takes a seat in the Legislature, sits the presiding member of the Convention to revise the Constitution of Massachusetts, is sent to Congress, presides in that body as its most accomplished Speaker, and when "grim-visaged war put on its mantled front," he vaults into the military saddle as Major-General Banks. Leading our forces to the extreme southwest confines of the rebel States, he confiscates and appropriates, under the laws of war, more of the enemy's cotton for the busy wheels of New England than all our other generals combined, far outstripping his brother in arms, who, like Falstaff in buckram, sat in state and "quaffed the sack" of the St. Charles, with bristling cannon before its front portals, entirely satisfied, as it were, like his prototype of old, with what little silver there was "lying about loose" in the Crescent City.

Speaking of leather, the following anthem, which we find in a late English paper, may interest our friends in "the Swamp:"

THE TANNER'S DITTY.

Most ancient clothing, we may read, from shame and from the weather,
Was made of skins of animals, from which we now make leather.
Sing, tanners, sing—wives, friends, all sing, sing heartily together—
Success to all the tanners; sing, "There nothing is like leather."

To draw and drive, to whip and shield, to lace, bind, tie, or tether,
For useful purposes all round, there's "naught" so good as leather.

No buckskin breech, boot straps, and gloves, nor saddle for the rider,
Mock-turtle soups and gelatines, nor jujubes, but for leather.

When Peter on his mission went, he ne'er had lodgings better
Than when a good man took him in who lived by tanning leather.

The poor old Pope in palace grand, surrounded by his feather,
Will ne'er be good like Peter was within the smell of leather.

We've heard effects of rope with knots, when used by a kind father,
To make a good and useful man; but what if "tanned" with leather?

A useful study it might make upon the question whether
Any of us here would have been had it not been for leather.

Then praise the tanner's worthy craft; be it extolled forever
For all the blessings we enjoy connected with the leather.

During a recess in one of the diocesan conventions the bishop was quietly looking over documents appertaining to the business of the House, and a handful of the clergy chatting together in the same room. One of them, originally from the Green Isle, interested his brethren with enthusiastic accounts of the thriving pigs which did credit at once to his glebe and his careful management. The bishop, after hearing in silence for a space the porcine reports, gravely interrupted the relator with, "Mr. C——, to show the

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nature and effect of your arduous labors, you may put the statistics just stated into your parochial report."

"Oh, faith, bishop," was the prompt retort, "it would ruin me, for all the clergy in your diocese would be after my parish."

A SWEET little lady of four years occasionally brightens our home by her visit, exciting the marvel and merriment of all by her precocious witticisms. A few days since, in paying a long-deferred visit, she was very naturally served with the choicest delicacies the house afforded, among which ice-cream seemed most fully to meet the admiration of her childish appetite, and after disposing of one dish, quite naturally craved another. Her request was met by my wife with the remonstrance, "I am afraid, Bessie, if I give you another it will make you ill, and you can not then come and visit me." To which she promptly replied, "That need not matter, Mrs. L——; *I should certainly come as soon as I got well.*"

MANY years ago, as we are told in the "Ulster Stories, after the Manner of Dean Ramsay," horse-races were largely frequented by the clergy of all churches. On one occasion a certain presbytery had met on clerical duty in a town where sports of this kind were going on. The reverend fathers were just about to proceed to business, when the waiter of the hotel where they met—for they *did* meet then in a hotel—rushed into the room, saying, "Gentlemen, make haste! the bell has just rung, and the horses are going to start. Make haste, or you will miss the race." With one exception, all the ministers present started to their feet and ran to the race-course, leaving the business of the presbytery to be dispatched on their return. When the race was over they came back and resumed their presbyterial duties.

A PRESBYTERY of this kind was not likely itself to escape censure. It was rebuked by synod for some breach of presbyterial duty. Indeed, these rebukes were so frequent that they came to be considered a "standing dish," and a regular part of the synodical programme. One year a minister, riding home from synod, met another minister who had not been at the meeting. The absentee asked if there was any news from the synod. "Oh no," said the other in reply, who affected rather a fine style of speaking; "*no noos. Presbytery of L—— rebooked as oosooal.*"

THE ordination of Presbyterian ministers is generally conducted in the meeting-house of the congregation to which the person about to be ordained has been appointed. On these occasions all the ministers present sit together on a platform erected for the purpose, and during the ordination prayer lay their hands, at a certain part of the ceremony, simultaneously on the young man's head, which is called "the imposition of hands." On one occasion of this kind, when there were a great many ministers present, an old minister had some difficulty in getting forward, so as to be able to lay his hand, along with the rest, on the head of the young man who was kneeling in the centre of the circle. Some of the younger brethren were about to make way for him, but he told them not to incommode themselves, and reaching over their heads with his staff, which, instead of his hand, he laid on the young man's head, he said, "This will do just as well—*timmer to timmer.*"

WE have all laughed at the humor of the clergyman who, after performing a marriage ceremony, gave out the hymn beginning with, "Deluded souls that dream of heaven." Here is a mate for it. Some time ago, in a church at ——, a couple were married. The bride's Christian name happened to be Mercy. The minister gave out a hymn, one line of each verse being, "In Mercy's arms there still is room." One of the congregation at least put a literal meaning to it, for after the service was over, he came up to a friend, stammering, "I—I do-don't know about there being any more room in Mercy's arms. I think they are pretty we-well filled now."

A CORRESPONDENT from Hanover, New Hampshire, writes: The following epigram, inscribed to an unsuccessful would-be poet, may not be worthy of the Drawer, but is certainly new:

Poeta nascitur *sed non fit*,
Though in a dead language,
Has truth in it;
For I once made some verses,
Which I thought full of wit,
And sent them to an editor,
Who *said not fit.*

THIS capital and very Milesian story is from "A Few More Old Dublin Recollections:"

Few affairs of honor have been surpassed in real Irish fun by one which took place in Dublin, in which the celebrated fire-eater and champion of the Dublin Corporation, D'Esterre, afterward shot by O'Connell, came out in "a new way to pay old debts," and had his overstrained notions of chivalry turned into successful ridicule by an honest plain-dealing man's mother-wit and common-sense. D'Esterre used to put his name to paper without thought of payment. One day Billy Kirwan, a well-known bill-broker, was offered a bundle of bills for discount. It was Mr. Kirwan's boast that he instinctively knew bad "paper" by the feel of it.

"There's bad 'paper' in your lot—I can perceive, Sir, without taking the trouble to look over it *seri-ah-tim et lite-rah-tim*," remarked Billy, who had been originally intended by his pious Galway parents for the Church, and had in his boyhood a decent converse with the preliminaries of the classics. "*Fœnum habet in cornu*," he continued, "as a body might say to a spavined horse. You had better remove it, if you playse, Sir, before I have any thing to say to you; for I wouldn't touch it with a pair of kitchen tongs, much less dirty my hands with it."

"I am astonished to hear you say so, Sir," said the merchant; "and would you be pleased to mention what it is in my hand that encounters your objection?"

"Why, a certain acceptance signed H. D'Esterre, and, if you must know my opinion, I would not advance the value of a brass button on all that a jackass could draw on the same security."

"Good Heavens! and why not?"

"For a rayson I have; and nobody knows it better than Mr. D'Esterre himself," answered Kirwan.

As Mr. Kirwan was sitting alone after dinner

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the same evening, enjoying his pipe and his glass of punch over one of M'Ghee's late leaders in the *Evening Post*, or, just as probable, one of Dan O'Connell's earlier speeches in favor of Catholic emancipation, the servant came in with a card from Colonel Henry.

"Who's Colonel Henry?" demanded Kirwan.

"Faith, and it's meself doesn't know him from the man in the moon."

"Rowl in the colonel, and lay another tumbler!" said the master of the house.

Colonel Henry, a tall and gentlemanly-looking man of middle age, was ushered in.

"Mighty glad I am to see you, colonel, whatever you've come about," said our host; "but before you begin I would advise you to mix a tumbler of that excellent *Johnny Power* that's forenent you. If you take it off at once, it will pull you through the opening part of your business pleasantly and comfortably; and then you can mix a second at once to prepare you for contingencies."

Colonel Henry having taken Kirwan's advice so far as mixing, but not suddenly absorbing, the liquor, opened his business with all the grandeur of a perfect Sir Lucius, as in days long gone by Jack Johnson used to enact the part, not Tyrone Power.

The colonel very much regretted that it fell to his lot to have to deliver a hostile message to a gentleman of such respectability as Mr. Kirwan from one equally respectable and estimable as Mr. D'Esterre. He repeated the injurious and insulting expressions which the gentleman whom he had the honor of addressing had made use of in speaking of his friend during the day to a certain merchant in the Commercial Buildings, and which had traveled the round of the city before night-fall. He pointed out, moreover, the utter impossibility of Mr. D'Esterre allowing such an outrage on his name and character to be uttered and sent forth to the world without demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman.

"Then, colonel, honey, come to the point, and just tell me what it is that you want," demanded Kirwan.

"An apology or the alternative."

"Which means that I must eat my words or fight?"

"Most decidedly."

"It can't be done for the money."

"For the money?"

"Yes, for the money. I'd be glad to accommodate you, my dear colonel, in any way in my power; but the money stands in my way most completely and entirely."

Colonel Henry looked bewildered. Kirwan's *argumentum ad crumenam* was evidently beyond him. "What money? whose money?" he exclaimed.

"Why, *my* money, to be sure: the money that your *respectable* friend Mr. D'Esterre owes me this last couple of years—nothing more nor less than a cool hundred, independent of interest and expenses. I lent it to him at first not as a matter of business, but on his pledged word of honor that he'd return it to me at the time he promised; and, upon my honor and sowl, he hasn't done so from that day to this."

The colonel doubted what he had to do with the money question.

"Every thing," said Kirwan "in the regard of your not having the ghost of an argument on your side when you ask me to apologize or fight."

The colonel still could not see it; but his opponent very soon made him, in this wise: He'd be a liar and a coward to apologize or in any way retract what he had said and still felt of D'Esterre, so long as D'Esterre chose to act dishonorably toward him; and to go out and fight him would be to act like the biggest fool in existence. "Blood-an'-'ouns, colonel!" said Billy, "do you want me to fire against my own money? On the other hand, if D'Esterre hits me, he'll send me to the devil after it; and you know the Scripture says that 'out of hell there's no redemption!'"

"Very true indeed, and by no means an unreasonable way of putting it," observed Colonel Henry; "but," he added, "will you, if I satisfy you on the money question—"

"If you pay me—that's the chat!" roared Billy.

"Pay you—certainly; that's what I mean; but will you then fight?"

"Like a Trojan, colonel," cried Kirwan. "Any thing to oblige you—any thing for peace and quietness."

"I shall see you to-morrow morning again, Mr. Kirwan," said the colonel, rising and formally bowing to his host, who vainly endeavored to make him take another jorum, "just to show that there was no animosity between them."

"You'll have your friend ready in the morning when I call?" asked Henry, as he turned for the last time.

"That's my intintion," responded Kirwan, "and all my worldly affairs settled."

Colonel Henry did not see the face of inimitable drollery that Mr. Kirwan assumed as he uttered the last observation, for his back was turned, and he was half-way down the hall-door steps, hailing a passing carman.

Next morning the gallant bearer of the cartel was at the house of the challenged party, who received him most graciously.

"But your friend, Mr. Kirwan? I don't see the gentleman to whom I expected to be presented," exclaimed the colonel, looking not a little surprised.

"Layve that to me," Kirwan remarked, very coolly. "Business before pleasure, if you plase. Have you brought my money? let's settle that before we proceed to the sentimental part of the matter."

"Certainly," replied Henry. "Here's a hundred-pound Bank-of-Ireland note at your service, which discharges my friend's obligation."

"And here's a receipt for that same, with an apology for your friend, which he and you would be the most unreasonable men alive not to accept and be thankful."

"What! then you don't intend to fight, after all?" exclaimed the colonel, on hearing what appeared to him an extraordinary declaration, and perceiving the perfectly ridiculous result which his grave embassy had at length been brought to. "You won't fight?" he repeated.

"The divil a bit, colonel, honey; and that's as sure as my name is Billy Kirwan. I unsay all I have said of your friend, and apologize to him and you in the handsomest manner."

"I can't just at this moment see," ruminated

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the baffled envoy, "how my principal is to come out of this affair creditably in this fashion."

"He comes out of it with flying colors; for his fellow-citizens will think more of him when they hear he has paid his debts than if he had shot Billy Kirwan."

The celebrated bill-broker of the Dublin Commercial Buildings thus brought this, at first sight, formidable-looking affair to a successful conclusion, according to his notions of common-sense and common honor. Even in a dueling age, and by a fire-eating generation, people said when a quarrel took place and a money grievance was at the bottom of it, "Settle the latter first, and the former afterward;" and before running a debtor to the wall, "Take Billy Kirwan's advice, and don't fire against your own money."

A GENTLEMAN was once taken to task by his medical adviser for his convivial habits, which were somewhat of the old school. He was told that he was doing a serious injury to his health, and that if he did not give up his wine, he would *shorten his days*. "You may well say that," replied the incorrigible toper: "there were two or three days some time ago that I could take no wine, *and they were the longest days I ever spent in my life.*"

FROM an amusing collection of "Old Dublin Recollections" that have recently come to light abroad the following has a flavor so very Irish and very good that we transfer it to the Drawer:

One Barrett, editor of the Dublin *Pilot*, having published an article reflecting upon Holmes, a prominent lawyer, the latter demanded an abject apology. This was declined. "Then," cried the hostile envoy, who was one of the most determined fire-eaters on the Munster circuit, "there's nothing for it but an exchange of shots, with more where that came from, till you change your ideas—if you live so long!"

"Is there no middle term?" asked the editor.

"None that I can see, Sir. You must apologize or fight."

"Well, then, by St. Bridget of Kildare, I'll do neither the one nor the other!"

"And why not?"

"In the first place," said Barrett, "no man with a spark of honor would write such a cowardly and disgraceful apology as you demand for your principal; and in the second place, if he were to shoot me, I should compromise my creditors."

"Your creditors!"

"Yes, my creditors. I owe them £500 at the very least. Let me see—there's my paper merchant, on Merchants' Quay, to whom I am indebted a couple of hundreds; my printer, never less than half that sum; stamp duty, say, fifty. There's my clerks; my subeditor; my old housekeeper, who wouldn't wash me, lay me out, and wake me if I left her unconsidered. Then, poor man! there's my tailor!"

Mr. Holmes's friend, who knew nothing in such matters besides the code of honor, was almost speechless with rage and astonishment.

"Sir!" said he, when he recovered the power of articulation, "you shall hear more of this before you're much older!" and he strode out of the editorial *sanctum*, moving his arms about as he went down the stairs like Vandenhoff in *Coriolanus*, describing with unique violence the feat of "fluttering the Volscians."

In half an hour the fiery gentleman returned to the *Pilot* office with one of the most extraordinary propositions from his principal ever heard before or afterward in the history even of Irish dueling. It was nothing more nor less than that Mr. Holmes, taking into consideration the apparent reasonableness of Barrett's scrupulosity on the subject of his debts, had drawn his check on the Bank of Ireland for £500, which was very much at his opponent's service. He was to set about discharging his obligations forthwith, and to appoint a friend to arrange for a meeting the very next morning.

The editor of the *Pilot* was overwhelmed with such generous consideration, and declared that his right hand should wither before it pulled a trigger against such a generous Paladin. He would not think of accepting the check, but would apologize in the handsomest manner; and he kept his word in the *Pilot* that very evening.

O'Connell, on hearing the story from Barrett shortly afterward, laughed heartily, and said, "What a fool you were, Dick, not to have taken the money and gone out! Holmes is too blind to hit a hay-stack."

The story went further, to the effect that shortly afterward a broken-down swell, very much in want of cash, wrote a challenge to Mr. Holmes, grossly insulting him, and offering to stand his fire for *half the money*. Respectfully declined.

A CITIZEN of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, though not conspicuous for brightness, occasionally blunders into a good thing. He had been painting a fence for a fellow-townsman, and just on finishing the job a portly porker that had been rolling himself in the mire of a convenient puddle came up and rubbed himself against it. A neighbor passing by saw the horrible performance, and called the artist's attention to it. "Never mind," replied the latter, philosophically—"never mind; he is only ma*hog*anizing the job."

That is the species of thing they give themselves up to saying in some parts of Western Virginia.

THERE died recently, in Constantine, Michigan, Mrs. Sarah M. Bates. The melancholy event impelled a son of the deceased to compose a short poem on her memory. Thus:

Our dear mother has passed away,
Her spirit has took its flight,
Dissolved from this tenement of clay,
And gone to that world of "Light."

* * * * *

In memory I still can trace
The scenes of childhood days;
On the river's bank was the place
Where first I enjoyed those plays.

The "Red Men" oft were passing by,
Wild deer and fish to procure,
And of them I felt truly shy,
But with mother felt secure.

* * * * *

Mother lived to see the last
Of the old year (18) Seventy-four,
And five days of the new just passed,
When God said, "Be here no more."

* * * * *

Rev. L. M. Edmonds gave the sermon
From Revelations, 14 chapter, 13 verse;
Bro. Francisco was the foreman,
Furnished Case and drove the Hearse.

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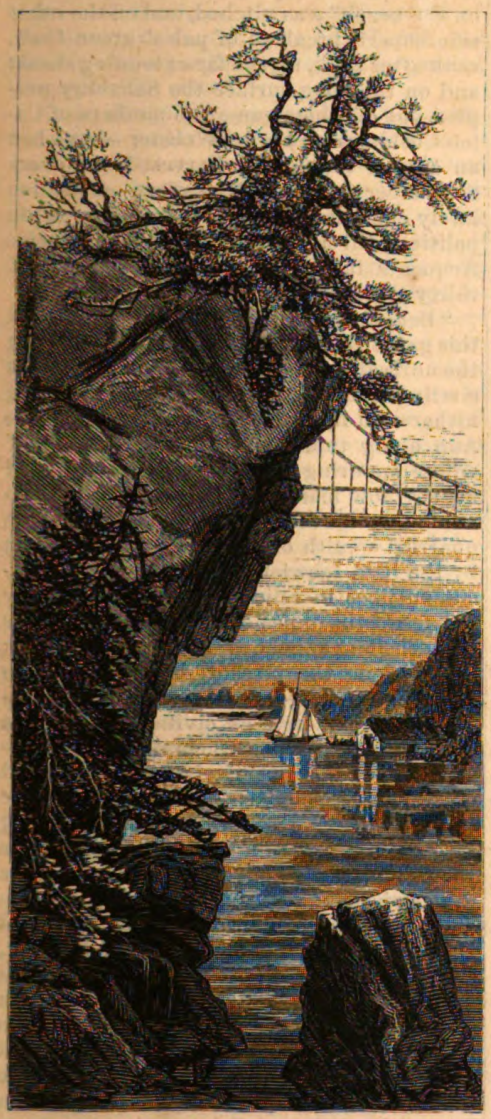
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCII.—JULY, 1875.—Vol. LI.

NEWBURYPORT AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



DEER ISLAND, ON THE MERRIMAC.

WHETHER it be true or not, as Plutarch says, that the first essential of human happiness is to be born in a famous community, it has always been accepted as a fact by the citizens of that old town whose rulers once changed its name to Portland, but whose people scorned to do so much as even to refuse the new name, but continue to the present day to call it Newburyport.

Though she were, indeed, famous for nothing else, Newburyport would have to be so for the excellence of her situation. For she lies on a ridge at the mouth of the Merrimac, and at the extremity of that long line of the Essex beaches, which are unrivaled for their splendor of scenery and their storied interest—a stretch of coast beginning with the surge-eaten cliffs of Nahant, that rise some hundred and fifty feet above the sea, the first of all our beaches chosen for pleasuring; running down the long Lynn shores, and over the bold Swampscott headland of Black Will's Rock, where the Atlantic blows and beats an open reach from Europe to America; down the beautiful Beverly beaches, and past the Singing Beach of Manchester, a wonder of the world, where the sands, owing to some singular conformation of the atoms, triturate against each other with a keen musical vibration; and then across the immense Cape Ann cliffs, till it ends, just beyond the Merrimac, in the smooth levels of the Salisbury Sands.

It is not, however, till you have threaded the stately Manchester forest, opening now on villas set in shaven lawns, and now on sea views—all the more charming if you should come on them when the scarlet fires of sunset are flying across them, and the many light-houses of the great bay are flaming up in the soft twilight and fluttering from their invisible towers; till you have skirted the gigantic rocks, where is doubtless the most picturesque portion of the whole range of coast, with short shingly beaches between the storm-rent crags, a fine surf rolling in in pleasant weather, and the tempests from no point being more magnificent—that you have your first glimpse of Newburyport. You hear the hammers of great quarries resounding in the woods; and turning at any of the countless outlooks, you see all the bright sea life upon the water's edge, the white sails of the fishing fleet, or of some

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pilot-boat lying in wait on the horizon, or of a ship disappearing into a bank of vapor, till she stands like a dark phantom of herself shrouded in the mist. You have either doubled the cape, in all its bewildering wind-blown beauty, or have taken the rocky drive across its neck on a road which, lying so high and with such a multitude of meadows underneath—meadows in every variety of brilliant green and rusty red, interspersed with glittering arms of the sea, and still, silvery lagoons of salt-water repeating the sky—causes one to feel as if in a land of sorcery, traveling a road that hangs midway between earth and heaven; and it is just after you leave all this behind you that you see the light sparkling upon the spires of Newburyport, twelve miles away across the little bay.

Still approaching, you come where shines the snow-white Ipswich beach, not yet invaded by fashion, but with here and there a lonely tent; and opposite begin the nine miles of the sand hills of Plum Island—once known as Isle Mason—separated from the reedy shore by the waters of the sound, commonly called Plum Island River, into which empty numerous streams, while it makes a connection with the Merrimac a little way above the remarkably lovely mouth of the latter. This sound, which is the summer play-ground of Newburyport, stretches in great bow-knots of silver ribbon between beds of marsh, where the coarse thatch grows to the full height of the tide, so that its tips just twinkle against the light as you glide over them. At the flood it lies one broad mirror from shore to shore of these marshes, whose emerald-green is threaded by glistening creeks. Far down its distance lie the bare brown Ipswich hills, known as the Hundreds, and foams the white Ipswich bar; and while remote hills and woods encircle the matchless scene with azure hazes on two sides, on the other are the yellow sand hills of Plum Island, like castled ruins wreathed in wild smilax and poison-ivy. The waters here are a miracle of color—sometimes blue or pearl-gray; again, where the tide creams in across a sand bar or over a bank of broken shells, the faintest beryl; and in another place green as chrysoprase with the long streamers of the eel-grass. At sunrise, when they double a burning heaven through which the white gulls dart, or at night, when they paint the whole Milky Way beneath the keel, and you hear the sturgeon splash, the bittern cry, the seal slip into the water, you feel again like one in a forbidden region where the beauty is a thing of witch spells; and all the more when from behind Grape Island—that lies in the curve of the larger island, and that Captain John Smith, the navigator, pronounced an excellent place for gardens—an atmospheric echo chances to answer your song, an echo that repeats seven syllables, as I have heard it, and refines the rudest voice to such music that you might well believe a shoal of sea sprites had risen from the other side, and among the sandy hollows there were mocking you with a hundred airy voices. At last, then, we cross the mouth of the Merrimac and come to the end of the Essex beaches with Salisbury Sands—a firm, hard drive, reaching to the great black rocks of Hampton River mouth, eight miles away, on one side of which is the slope where Whittier's "tent on the beach" was pitched, and on the other side superb breakers of palest green foam, rank after rank, up the far-extending shoal; and on this long surface the Salisbury people—out of whom came the mothers of Caleb Cushing and Daniel Webster—have had an annual reunion or harvest-home every September for a hundred years—a reunion lately changing its character from social to political, till now the whole country-side frequents it to the number sometimes of thirty thousand.

"Behold it!" said one of the speakers at this gathering a year or two since, picturing the unrivaled panorama of the place—"that circling line of our Essex coast, stretching hitherward from the dim headlands of Cape Ann along those cove-indented shores, of whose enduring elements of strength and beauty how many a stately edifice rises to remind us in every portion of the land—the quarried wealth of Rockport or of Squam; by the bald Ipswich Hundreds, their clear-cut outlines in relief against the sky; by the fantastic dunes of Plum Island, or the ambushed channels of the Rowley shore; hence along the pleasure-haunted beaches of Hampton or of Rye—how changed in aspect in the march of civilizing centuries from that hour when Champlain, the earliest of their European visitants, first trod their shingly shores; in the intermediate distance Boar's Head, its length extending into the sea, repelling with its rocky tusks the assaulting waves; and within the arc of our vision the Isles of Shoals lying white and still, like a squadron of observation at their eternal anchorage. Behold it, I say, the majestic sweep of our Essex coast, thus in its bare lineaments so rudely drawn, a scene of natural beauty and attractiveness than which, whether shoreward or seaward contemplated, you shall look in vain for one of more varied or picturesque charms, even where classic waves from their blue deeps return the glories of Italian or of Grecian skies. There is the almighty sea; here are the yellow, ever-shifting sands; we wander at our will,

'Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave.'

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Before us, reaching away to the wooded upland, there lie the lovely sun-lit meadow levels like a mosaic floor; hard by, the Merrimac, most industrious and beautiful of rivers, winds in and out between its peopled banks, until it bursts the barrier of the bar, and, amidst the tumult of the breakers, gains entrance to the sea. Yonder, at the river's mouth, the Warder Island lifts its mimic battlements and towers, more sure defense than are the crumbling earth-works of the higher shore; while beyond, and in the farther distance, the Oldtown hills, the leafy woods of Newbury, the stately spires of Newburyport, in the mingling lights and shadows of a magical perspective, present themselves to view."

Such, then, is the approach to Newburyport—and surely there are few grander—and such the scene that is presented from its seaward side. It is a breezy, bowery town, lying along the hill-sides, with the sound of the sea always beating through the streets like a pulse. If you go there by rail, instead of by the charming way just indicated, bleak fields and lichened bowlders warn you of the bitter sea-coast; but once past their barricade, and you are in the midst of gardens. The cross-streets run down to the water, shedding their rain rapidly, and High Street, the principal avenue, stretches parallel with the river for more than six miles, lying partly in Newbury and partly in the port, shaded by interlacing immemorial elms, and lined with rich farms and pleasant residences, that have princely lands and orchards behind them, and sloping lawns in front—the old-fashioned square three-story houses prevailing, with wide halls running from end to end, once resounding to much good cheer, though now the days of their famous hospitality are over. At one end of this street loom the Oldtown hills, from whose summit in clear weather certain of the White Mountains are visible, and where, when the first church stood on the little green below, the sentry used to pace his rounds for the advantage of its look-out over any of the forest foes. At the other end rises the wooded knoll called the Laurels, from which the ships are to be seen sailing out of Portland and into Gloucester; while just across the river out of their coppice look the pointed towers of Hawkswood, built at great cost by the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, of Brazilian fame; and, between the two, Deer Island crowns the river with its lofty pines of the primeval forest.

Behind the ridge of the town lies a wide low champaign country, perfectly flat, always wrapped in blue vapors, and full of a peculiar beauty of long level lines. It has, however, other than picturesque interest, for beneath it is supposed to lie an immense basin of pure water, as boring in every direction produces it, and in the low hills huddled confusedly just beyond, large veins of lead and silver have recently been discovered. The existence of these mines was for some time derided by the skeptical townspeople, as it was not easy to believe such a meadow region as that below the gardens of the southerly side could be a place of metalliferous deposit. Yet this very meadow region and all around it has long been the scene of volcanic action, and earthquakes have been an important feature of its existence, the demoniac powers of the earth holding high carnival here for more than a century, and still making themselves occasionally felt. The first of this remarkable series of earthquakes occurred in 1638, on the noon of a summer day, as the colonists, assembled in town-meeting, were discussing their unfledged affairs. We can imagine their consternation—just three years established, their houses built, woods felled, fields largely cleared, and the corn greenly springing up—to find that their encampment on this spot, so rich in soil, so convenient to the sea, so well guarded from the Indian, had left them the prey to an enemy whose terrors were so much worse than all others in the degree in which they partook of the dark, unknown, and infinite. It was not long before the first earthquake was followed by another, its trembling and vibration and sudden shocks preceded, as that had been, by a roar like the bursting of great guns, while birds forsook their nests, dogs howled, and the whole brute creation manifested the extreme of terror. By-and-by there came one that lasted a week, with six or eight shocks a day—reader, it is on indubitable record—then one where the shocks were repeated for half an hour without any cessation, and presently others where the ground opened and left fissures a foot in width, where sailors on the coast supposed their vessels to have struck. The sea roared and swelled, flashes of fire ran along the ground, amazing noises were heard, like peals and claps of thunder, walls and chimneys fell, cellars opened, floating islands were formed, springs were made dry in one site and burst out in another, and tons of fine white sand were thrown up, which, being cast upon the coals, burned like brimstone. Although there have been more than two hundred of these convulsions since they were first felt, nobody was ever seriously injured by their means, and so used to them did the people become that finally they are spoken of in their town records merely as "the earthquake," as one would speak of any natural affair, of the tide or of the moon, and for the last century their outbursts have been very infrequent and insignificant. To "the earthquake," indeed, the town owes one of the choicest bits of scenery, for in a dimple near the centre lies a pretty pond, a peaceful and innocent little sheet of water,

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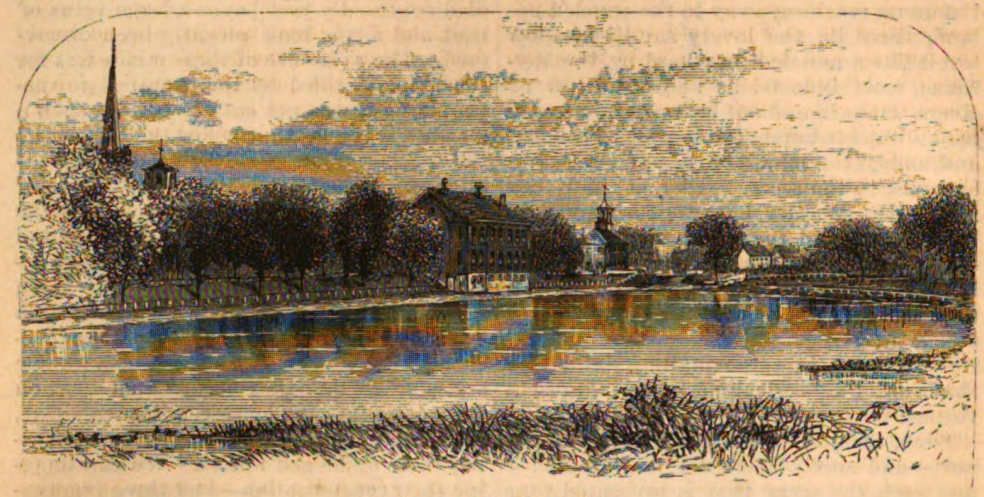

FROG-POND AND COURT-HOUSE.

yet born of such prodigious parentage and no other. It is backed by a hill covered with an old grave-yard, whose sunken slates, with their carved cherubs, in a tangle of blackberry vines, are saved from gloomy association by the presence of the school-children always playing about them; and it is surrounded by a handsome mall, the gift of a citizen, to terrace and turf which some years ago the whole army of townsmen turned out with their spades and shovels, while their wives and daughters waited on them with hot coffee and cold meats. The mall is planted now with tall elms and maples, and as you come up High Street on any moonlighted summer night, when the white mists are stealing through its branches from the hollow of the pond below it, it is like a vision of some unearthly land, so weird is its loveliness. Yet this pond was once an upland, where berries and other wild fruits grew, and it became a sheet of water, to the amazement of every body, during the night when all the wells upon the high plains, some mile and a half away, went dry, into which wells water has never since returned.

Earthquakes, however, are not the only extraordinary diversion of the elements in and about Newburyport; since, not to mention hail-storms with a deposit of twelve inches, of which we boast, as certain are wont to boast of their afflictions, snow-storms tunneled from door to door, or north-easters blowing the sea-spray and freezing it in salt crystals on the orchard boughs a dozen miles inland, there have been known here whirlwinds mighty enough to blow down one meeting-house and to lift another with all the people in it and set it in a different spot. These whirlwinds, though, came some years too soon, as, if they had but moved a meeting-house here at a later day, a parish would not have been so divided on the subject of location — the old building having become so sadly dilapidated that the people sat with their umbrellas spread under the leaky roof, and the minister went skipping up the aisle to avoid the little pools of water standing there—as to fall, one-half of it, from the faith of its Puritan fathers and become straightway Episcopalians. For being driven to the wall by the stronger party in the parish and the General Court, who would not let the weaker party use the new edifice it had erected in its chosen spot, this weaker party, under the advice of a Churchman, Mr. John Bridger, the king's surveyor of the crown lands, who happened to be passing that way, petitioned the Bishop of London for immunity from taxes in support of the other meeting-house in particular, and for aid in general, receiving it in the shape of a chapel endowed by Queen Anne, subsequently replaced by the present St. Paul's Church, the second rector of which became the first Bishop of Massachusetts. Going to church in those days was no pleasant holiday affair of the new bonnet and gay ribbons; and we can better explain to ourselves the fury of the warfare concerning the location of the meeting-house if we remember that a large portion of the community were obliged to drive a distance of seven miles to the church upon the Lower Green, where the first settler leaped ashore on the bank of the Quascacunquen, and had to hurry into their sleighs on a winter Sabbath the moment that sermon was done, that, going over the terrible old Downfall Road, then all thick woods, they might pass the hollow before night-fall on account of the wolves. Yet, for all such hardship, doubtless the defection of the St. Anne's Chapel people from the iron bands of faith was looked upon bitterly as an invasion of the Scarlet Lady; for the old Newbury settlement was a strictly Puritanical one, differing as widely as though oceans rolled between from the town of Portsmouth, only twenty miles away. Portsmouth, indeed,

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was settled by an Episcopal colony; there ceremonials and holidays, Christmases and Twelfth-Nights, state and splendor and wassailing, were things of course from the beginning, and it was, take it altogether, a sumptuous little aristocracy. So that, though wealth and splendor afterward came to Newburyport, the difference between the two places was—on an infinitely lesser scale, to be sure—that which might have existed between some long-descended city of hereditary princes and nobles, and the self-made grandees of merchandising Venice. Wealth and splendor came to Newburyport, indeed—as witness the ride which old Nat Tracy could take from thence to Virginia, and sleep every night in his own house; as witness the ship of war that singly and alone the same person presented to the general government; as witness the scene when one of the worthies here found his colored servant sipping his rare old Madeira out of a gold goblet, with the toast, "Here's to better times!" as witness the great square houses, their Smiberts and Copleys and traditions; as witness the coach lined with white satin and drawn by six white horses, in which Tristram Dalton, the first Senator of the United States from Massachusetts, made his wedding calls; as witness the prayer of old Mr. Marquand when, one day, argosy after argosy came sailing in, "Lord, stay thy hand; thy servant has enough." But wealth and splendor have departed from her now, for though there is possibly no other spot where so much general comfort, and more than comfort, is known, there is not—as fortunes go now throughout the country—such a thing as a large fortune in the town.

The characteristics of the population seem to have been the same since time began for Newburyport, partly owing to the scenic isolation of the situation, partly to the intermarriage that has taken place there. It is true that the municipality which at an early date petitioned the General Court for relief from the burden of the old wandering negress, Juniper, is now giving a non-resident pauper an allowance out of which he has built him a cottage in a neighboring village, and purchased some shares of railroad stock; but except so far as affected by the general progress of the age, Newburyport has known little change; she has until the last few years scarcely varied from her dullness since the embargo laid a heavy hand upon her, and the great fire scattered ashes over her; and the people mind their own business today almost as they did when they pronounced the verdict upon the body of Elizabeth Hunt in 1693—"We judge according to our best light and contients that the death of said Elizabeth Hunt was..... by some soden stoping of her breath." Strangers come into town, but the citizen takes small heed of them usually, and so rarely do they assimilate themselves with the population that the principal names there today are the names to be found in the chronicles of 1635, and, unmixed with strange blood, generations hand down a name till it comes to stand for a trait. The town—except for one religious "revival" that lasted forty days, suspended business, drew up the shipping in the dock, and absorbed master and mistress, man and maid—has seldom been disturbed by any undue contagion of popular feeling; though she had the first of the celebrated witch cases, some twelve years before the Salem cases, her wisdom never was swept away by that terrific whirlwind; she used all endeavor to shield poor Goody Morse, kept her under sentence of death a year and a day, but never hung her; she has seldom followed even a fashion in politics unsuggested by her own necessities, and has been, in fact, as sufficient to herself as the dew of Eden. The dissimilarity of the population from that of other places is only exemplified by the story of a sailor from there, who, impressed into the British navy, and kept there till he had tossed about the world for fifty years, returned home and advertised for "an old shipmate whom he desired to share a fortune with." Neither has the town ever been a respecter of persons; but, democratic in the true acceptation of the term, wealth where almost all are comfortable, and none remarkably poor, is as little accounted as silver was in the house of the forest of Lebanon, talent gives no more pre-eminence than can be grasped by means of it, and if it were the law now, as it was then, five leading citizens would be just as easily arrested and fined for being absent from town-meeting at eight o'clock in the morning as they were in 1638. With this there is an independent way of thinking, hereditary among the people individually. To be sure, Newburyport never reached the point attained by the neighboring town of Marblehead, where, in the midst of its wilderness of crooked lanes, all rocks and moss and bright blue sea views between, with not enough grass, as Whitefield said, for a grave-yard, there was built, more than a hundred years ago, a church "for all those whose opinions differed from the opinions of their neighbors." Yet it is to be doubted if many other places have produced the parallel to this; and it was beyond what could have been expected, considering the era when, in 1649, Thomas Scott paid a fine of ten shillings in Newburyport rather than learn the catechism, and, which was more remarkable, was allowed to do so. A century later Richard Bartlett refused communion with a church whose pastor wore a wig, asserting with assurance that all who wore wigs, unless repenting before death, would certainly be damned. Not long before, the

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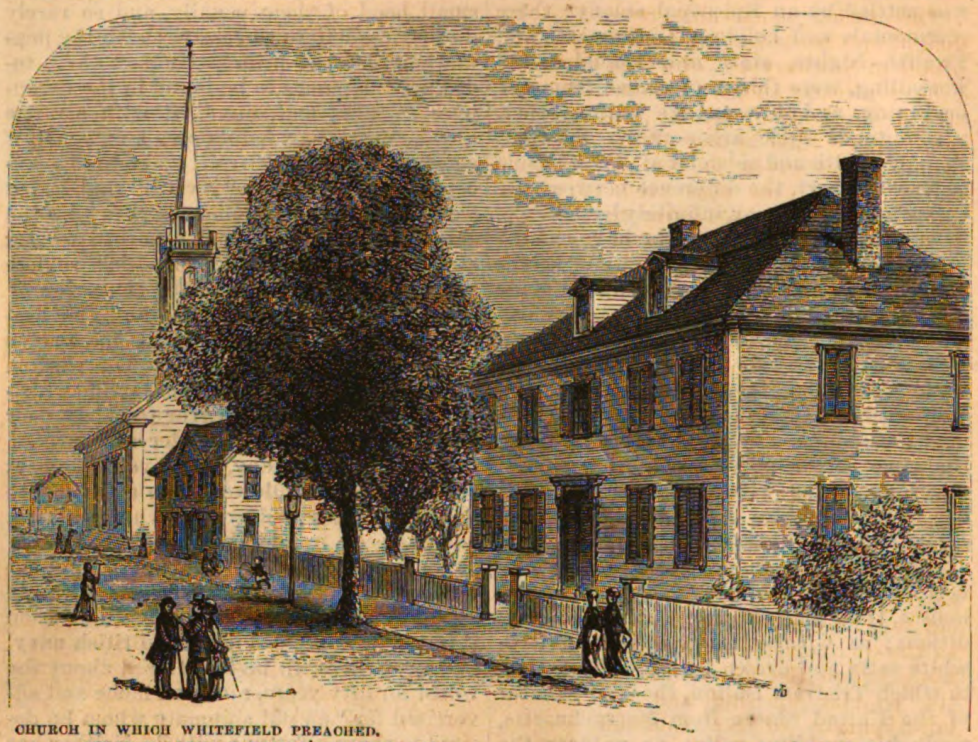

CHURCH IN WHICH WHITEFIELD PREACHED.
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

WHITEFIELD'S RESIDENCE.

Rev. John Tufts struck a death-blow at Puritanism by issuing a book of twenty-eight psalm tunes to be sung in public worship, where only five had previously been used—an act so stoutly contested as an inroad of Rome (for, said his opponents, it is first singing by rule, then praying by rule, and then popery) that it was probably owing to the persecutions of the long contest that subsequently the innovator left his parish under a charge of indecent behavior. And though none of the churches quite rivaled the unconscious blasphemy of one some dozen miles away, which voted, "This meeting, not having unity with John Collins's testimony, desires him to be silent till the Lord speak by him to the satisfaction of the meeting," yet there stands on the record the instruction to a committee appointed to deal with certain recusants—the St. Anne's Chapel people—"to see if something could not be said or done to draw them to our communion again, and *if we can not draw them by fair means, then to determine what means to take with them!*" It was once said that Newburyport was famous for piety and privateering, but in these instructions the piety and privateering are oddly intermingled. This same independence of thought found notable expression when, in the early days, Boston and Salem, alarmed at the incursions of the Indians, proposed to the next settlements the building of a stone wall eight feet high to inclose them all as a rampart against the common foe, which proposition Newburyport answered with disdain, and declared the wall should be a living one, made of men ranging to and fro and scouting the forest, and forthwith raised a company and built a garrison-house on her borders.

The situation of this garrison-house is still a subject of dispute among the antiquaries of the town, these contending that it is the manor-house of the old Pierce farm—once a homestead of the race that gave a President of that name to the United States—and those contending that the manor-house was not built until some twenty or thirty years after the period assigned, and would never have been built in so costly and elaborate a style (the style of a wealthy residence) for any rough garrison usage. The great porch of this old house is said to be the most beautiful architectural specimen in this part of the country, although it doubtless owes part of its beauty to the mellow and varied coloring which two hundred years have given it; yet the beveled brick of its arches and casements, and the exquisite nicety of its ornamentation, lead the careful scrutinizer to side with those who dismiss the idea of its having been a garrison-house, and to conjecture that that idea gained currency from the fact that it was once used to store powder in—a fact that was fixed in the popular memory by an explosion there which blew out the side of the house, and landed an old slave of the occupant on her bed in the boughs of an adjacent apple-tree.

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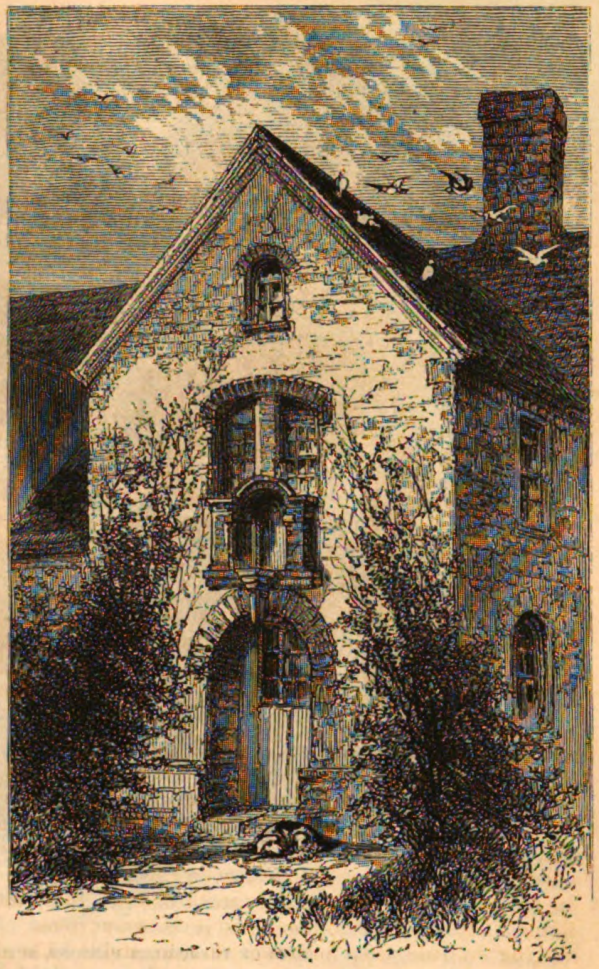
This rather remarkable freedom of opinion belonging to the people of Newburyport, of which I have already spoken, has received illustration on a still larger stage than in any of the examples yet given, as, for instance, when, some time previous to the famous tea-party in Boston Harbor, the first act of the Revolution was signalized in Newburyport by the confiscation of a cargo of tea, under direction of the town authorities, and its public burning in Market Square. It was the same characteristic, too, that prompted the Stamp Act Riots, and made it a fact that not a single British stamp was ever paid for or used in Newburyport, and that, during all the long and trying struggle of the Revolution, did not allow a single town school to be suspended. The old town has no trivial history, as these circumstances indicate. Long before the Revolution, at the popular uprising and the imprisonment of Sir Edmund Andros, old Sam Bartlett galloped off, so eager for the fray that "his long rusty sword, trailing on the ground, left, as it came in contact with the stones in the road, a stream of fire all the way." It was Lieutenant Jacques, of Newburyport, who put an end to the war with the Norridgewock Indians by killing their ally and inciter, the French Jesuit, Sebastian Rallé. Here Arnold's expedition against Quebec recruited and sailed, with its dashing young officer, Aaron Burr; and here were built and manned not only the very first of the privateers—twenty-two of which, with a thousand men, were never heard from after sailing—but many others which raked British commerce to the value of millions into this port, and the sloop *Wasp*, which fought as fiercely as her namesake fights, in three months capturing thirteen merchantmen, engaging four ships of the line, and finally, after a bitter struggle, going down with all her men at the guns and all her colors flying. It is still interesting to read of her exploits, copied in the journal of the old Marine Insurance Rooms, as the news came in day by day, and to see, as you can see, the ardor and spirit with which those words were penned by hands long since ashes—ardor and spirit universally shared, since, before that brief career of valor, Newburyport had, on the 31st of May, anticipated the Declaration of Independence, published on the 19th of July following, by instructing the Congress at Philadelphia that, if the colonies should be declared independent, "this town will, with their lives and fortunes, support them in the measure." Here, too, was built the first ship that ever displayed our flag upon the Thames—a broom at her peak that day, after Van Tromp's fashion, to tell the story of how we had swept the seas. Nor is the town that gave John Paul Jones his two lieutenants, Henry and Cutting Lunt—the former of whom was with the commodore in all his cruises in the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Alliance*, and the *Ariel*—unfamiliar with such daring deeds as that done during the Revolution, when a British transport of four guns was observed in the bay, veering and tacking to and fro in the fog as if uncertain of her whereabouts, and, surmising that she supposed herself in Boston Bay, Captain Offin Boardman, with his men—the captain already the hero of many an adventure—went off in a whale-boat, and offered his services to pilot her in. The offer was of course accepted, the ship hove to, and Captain Offin Boardman was presently standing on the quarter-deck, exchanging the usual



GARRISON-HOUSE PORCH.

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HOME OF THEOPHILUS PARSONS, BUILT IN 1702.

greetings with the master of the transport, while his companions mounted to his side. That done, he suddenly turned and ordered the British flag to be struck; his order was executed, and, wholly overpowered in their surprise, the crew and the transport were safely carried over the bar, and moored at the wharves of Newburyport.

In a later generation the remembrance of Captain Boardman's mettle was rivaled by that of Captain William Nichols, a famous privateersman, who brought unnumbered prizes into port. Captain Nichols's first achievement was in the brig *Alert*, where, having been boarded and vanquished by a party from the *Semiramis*, he bided his time, till, off Ushant, he and his companions rose on the British seamen and regained possession of the vessel, securing the hatches over four men in the hold, and sending the rest adrift in a jolly-boat, only, however, to be overhauled in a few days by another British man-of-war, the *Vestal*, commanded by one Captain Berkeley. Some time after this Captain Nichols became the master of the brig *Decatur*, and in her adventuring to within a few leagues of the British coast, he took nearly thirty prizes of great value, several of them after a short but sharp action. He ascribed his almost invariable success to his singularly effective if savage rule of keeping the enemy's helm clear by means of trusty marksmen, helmsman after helmsman being picked off, so that the enemy became unmanageable. The *Decatur* was finally captured, however, in the West Indian waters by the frigate *Surprise*, of thirty-eight guns. She was carried into the Barbadoes, and her commander admitted to parole, till, as ill luck would have it, the Captain Berkeley who had taken him in the *Alert* put into port, and through his influence our old sea-dog was arrested, and confined, as Tamerlane confined Bajazet, in a seven-foot cage, and that, too, with a more than Oriental barbarity, on the quarter-deck of a prison-ship, exposed to curious gaze, and under the fierce tropic sun. No sooner, though, was Captain Nichols released than he was up and at the enemy again, this time in the *Harpy*, in which in three weeks he took four prizes, sixty-five prisoners, and cargoes to the value of nearly half a million of dollars.

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Nor are these the only old faces looming out of the past with historic interest upon us in this vicinage. Here sprang that Sewall family who have occupied the judicial bench for eighty-four out of the hundred and forty-eight years of the Supreme Court's existence in Massachusetts, three of whom have held the place of Chief Justice, one of them that superb old Samuel Sewall who, at the close of the witchcraft delusion, was not ashamed publicly to acknowledge his error, rising in his place in church and supplicating forgiveness, and every year thereafter, so long as he lived, keeping a day of humiliation and prayer for his offense. Here the weighty jurist, Theophilus Parsons, was born and bred, and, studying law with him, Robert Treat Paine and Rufus King and John Quincy Adams passed the days of their early manhood; while here a romance of the latter's life took place in the rejection of his suit by his first love, a lady who, marrying another, and removing into the wilds of Maine, became the mother of the poet known as the Boston bard. Washington, Lafayette, Monroe, have all, of course, come to make famous various spots in Newbury and in the Port. Here also came the gentle and gallant band of the stately old French refugees, some from San Domingo, some from the Barbadoes, and some from France, of whom so many legends are still cherished; here lived Talleyrand, next the house of Lord Timothy Dexter; from here Brissot went back to France, to lose his head on the scaffold of the Girondists; here Whitefield preached and died and lies entombed; here died Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; here Cushing rose, and Garrison and Gough; here the great giver, George Peabody, once dwelt, and often came, and made large bequest; here belonged another philanthropist, William Wheelwright, the author of the great system of South American railways; here John Pierpont wrote his best verses, and here Hannah F. Gould and sweet Lucy Hooper sang; here Harriet Livermore, that ardent missionary of the East, whom *Snow-bound* celebrates, was born; here James Parton makes his summer home; here Leonard Withington has unraveled the rapt mystery of the Song of Solomon; here the artist Bricher first found inspiration; here the Lowells sprung; here the Jacksons, famous in mechanics, in physics, and in law; here the Tyngs; here the Springs; here the Chases; and here Master Nicholas Pike, the author of the first American arithmetic. Hardly more than a gunshot off on one side is the ancestral home of the Longfellows, and on the other Whittier lives and sings. It is, indeed, the principal point, in such interests, of that region of the Merrimac which, with its Longfellows, Lowells, Feltons, Whipples, Storys, Adamses, Websters, Parsonses, Choates, Phelpses, Emersons, Thoreaus, Hawthornes, Alcotts, Whittiers, all of whom, with a host of others, belong either to the banks of the Merrimac and its tributaries or to its near neighborhood, has some right to consider itself the Attic region of America.

CALEB CUSHING.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.—[AFTER STUART'S PORTRAIT.]

Indeed, the history of Newburyport, and of her mother Newbury, much of which has become incorporated with herself, is replete with striking facts and marvels. She had not only the first of our ships upon the Thames, as has been noted, but the first chain-bridge on this side of the sea, as well as the first toll-bridge; she initiated the first insurance company; took the first daguerreotype taken in America; had the first incorporated woolen mill; the first incorporated academy; the first female high school; two of the first members of the Antislavery

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THE LONGFELLOW HOMESTEAD.

Society, which numbered twelve in all; the first volunteer company for the Revolution; the first volunteer company against the rebellion—the first, that is, in point of time of leaving home, summoned as it was by wild bell-ringing at the dead of night, though, owing to distance, not arriving the first upon the field of action; the first regularly educated physician of New England, Dr. Thomas Clarke; together with the first Bishop of Massachusetts, the Right Rev. Edward Bass, and the first graduate of Harvard—an institution to which she has given some presidents and many professors, notably Webber, Parsons, Greenleaf, Noyes, Felton, and Pearson.

Here also has been the home of various inventors of renown. Here the compressibility of water was discovered by Jacob Perkins, the illustrious inventor of steel engraving by a simple and beautiful process; here was invented the machine for making nails, which had previously been painfully hammered out one by one; here an instrument for measuring the speed with which a ship goes through the water; and here a new span for timber bridges, used now on most of our larger rivers. Almost every mechanic, in sooth, has some fancy on which he spends his leisure; one amusing himself with making the delicate calculations necessary, and then just as delicately burnishing brazen reflectors for telescopes, before his heart was broken by the refractors with which Safford and Tuttle (both former residents of the town) have swept the sky; another occupying himself with the model of a machine in which all his soul was wrapped, but which, unknown to him, an ancient had completed a couple of thousand years ago; another inventing the first propeller screw that, it is believed, ever cut any waters, taking it up and down the Merrimac by night, and then, satisfied with his own achievement, unshipping it and hiding it away in a loft where it never saw the day; while others are busy with the useful low-water reporters, and with those improvements in the manufacture of tobacco which have all sprung from a son of the town. It is in mechanics that Newburyport excels; her ship-yards once lined all the water-side, as many as ninety having been seen upon the stocks at one time, and now, after a long rest, they are beginning to be active again. Shortly after the Revolution, wishing to export lumber, and having but few craft, she bound the lumber together in firm rafts, with a cavity in the centre for provisions and possible shelter, and furnishing them with secure though rude sailing apparatus, consigned them to the winds and waves, and after voyages of twenty-six days they were registered in their ports on the other side of the Atlantic. But before that experiment her ships were, and they still are, models to the whole world, for here were launched those fleetest clippers that ever cleft the wave, the *Dreadnaught* and the *Racer*.

There is not a more interesting or curious

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work in the whole round of occupations than that of the ship-builders. From the felling of the first timber in the depth of the forests to the knocking away of the last block at the launch, there are poetry and romance all about it; and so fine is the artisanship required, and so exquisite the nicety of the architectural design, that it has long since lost the mere character of carpentry and risen into the domain of art. From the design of the naval architect a model is built on a reduced scale of so many inches to the foot, and from this model the whole ship is fashioned. The proportions of the great frames or ribs are all enlarged from the model and drafted at full size on the floor of a loft, and according to this drawing a mould is made of thin boards exactly of the shape and dimensions required for the frame in length and curve; and that being taken into the yard, or into the woods, every frame is then got out according to its own mould, with the most precise measurement of line and level, from the great oak logs which some of the best master-builders will have cut only at certain phases of the moon, in order that their timbers shall not be rotted by the sap which the "great governess of floods" may call up into their veins. A rude builder may get out his frames so carelessly that he has to chip away half of them after they are raised in place, and so weaken his ship disastrously; but a skillful builder has them perfect as they lie upon the ground. Meanwhile the keel, composed of enormous beams scarfed together for their whole length, is laid on blocks in the yard arranged with a slight incline, which has to be very accurately determined in the beginning, as half an inch too much there would become a serious matter at the end of one of those keels, two hundred feet long, on which are built our twelve or thirteen hundred ton ships. When the frames are ready, the midship frame is raised into position, and the others on either side of it, tapering off fore and aft, and secured by a band from one to the other; the stem and the stern-post and transom are put into their respective places, and the cants are raised into the space where the great frames cease. The keelson is then laid, consisting of huge timbers scarfed together and built one on the top of the other till the structure is several feet high, upon which the whole is bolted through the frames to the keel with immense copper bolts, sometimes eight feet long, clinched and headed under the keel. To protect the ship from injury, after she is completely built she is shod with a long plank shoe from stem to stern, one end of which, called her forefoot, is allowed to project a little way; and this shoeing can be knocked off by any casualty without serious harm to the ship. The keelson laid, the ship is thoroughly planked outside and

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ceiled within; after which the lower-deck beams are laid, from side to side, being kneed out across the frames with lodging knees, and supported, moreover, by hanging knees where they join the frame, and resting on great stanchions, the whole again thoroughly bolted. The water-ways—thick streaks of planking lining the ship between decks—are then attended to, and above them the upper deck is laid, with lodging and hanging knees like the former, and stanchions beneath each beam. Meanwhile the bows have been strengthened by breast-hooks—solid timbers bolted together in the protruding shape of the bows, many feet thick—and the stern by pointers or cross-pieces stretching diagonally from the stern-post to the frames at the side; the whole so firm, so solid, so huge, that it is almost impossible for the human mind to imagine the power of any waters to crush this great body together like a shell. The hollow of the ship is designed for her cargo, and the cabin and the forecastle are usually built above the upper deck, the former finished off with such delicate joinering and cabinet and inlaid work as the finest drawing-rooms might envy. After the launch, and when an immensity of detail has been wrought out, the masts are stepped to the keelson while the hull is lying at the wharf, the t'-gallant-mast and the royal are raised, the yards are sent aloft to complete the sparring of the ship, and the rigging is set up. But nothing can ever present a livelier appearance than the ship-yard while all the previous work is going on—the cheery sound

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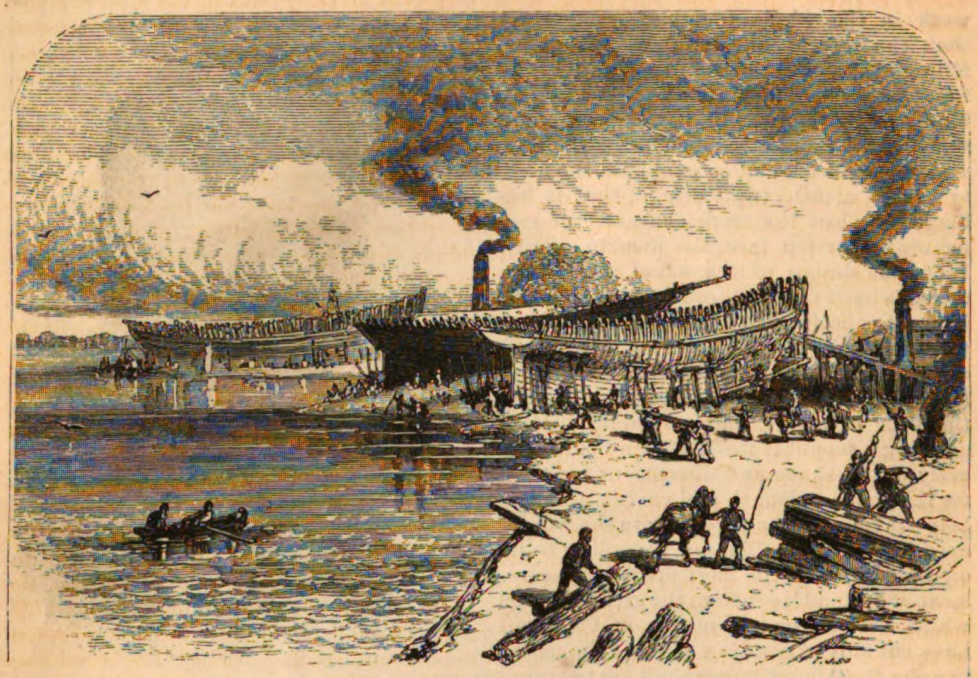

SHIP-YARDS ON THE MERRIMAC.

of the ringing axes, the flaming of the blacksmith's forge, the boiling of the tar; and the whole scene reaches a climax of interest when the launch takes place, with as many thousands in attendance as if it were the first that ever was. No part of the whole affair is more wonderful than the raising of the stupendous bulk of the complete ship so that her weight shall no longer rest upon her keel, but on the ways—a cradle that has been built up on either side, close to her keel and directly under the bilge, consisting of one immense beam, thoroughly greased with tallow and lying in a slight groove on the top of another beam. When this has been arranged, numberless wedges are carefully driven between the ship and the ways, lifting the ship gradually and imperceptibly upon the latter; the after-blocks are then knocked away, which throws the weight still more upon the ways, and finally, the forward blocks being knocked out, she settles down into her cradle, which gives way and slides with her off into the deep water that rises with a surge of welcome to receive her. There is not such a heart-stirring sight any where to be seen—a sight of every-day life into which enters so much awe—as at this instant, when the great inert mass throws off the character of mere matter, and dipping down into her element, puts on life and becomes, as it were, a living and moving being. In former times, when the after-blocks were knocked away the last, instead of the first as now, through the reversal of the process that has obviated all danger, there was a singular human interest about it too, for the man who knocked away that last block could have no time to escape without the hazard of being caught and crushed in all the loose flying and falling timbers, and he was obliged to throw himself down where he stood and let the great monster pass over him, which she did at a height of some feet above him, leaving him in safety except in case of very rare accident. Usually the launch takes place by daylight, but in some courses of the tide, when higher water chances to come at night, a moon-lit launch, or one lit with smoking torches, increases the picturesqueness of the thing beyond words.

They go out, these children of the shipyards, but they never come back. Great merchant ships, after their sun-soaked voyages, no longer ride at anchor in the offing as they used to do. The bar of the Merrimac, which once in about a hundred years accumulates into such an insuperable obstacle that the waters find a new channel, is a foe they do not care to face when once piloted safely over its white line; and though many things have been done with piers and buoys, and a breakwater built by government, and crushed like a toy by the next gale, it still binds its spell about Newburyport commerce. It has been thought that if by any other magic the town could ever grow sufficiently to require the filling up of the flats, and if the sunken piers could be removed—piers that were sunk in echelon across the channel to keep out British vessels, our own pilots being furnished with the necessary bearings for guiding a ship

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safely between them, and that now, with the accumulating mud about them, have raised the bottom of the river considerably —then the stream, inclosed in a narrower and deeper space, would find the force in its mountain-born waters to drive before it the envious sands which the Cape Ann currents sweep into its mouth. But lately, through the exertion of General Butler, the river has been cleared of obstacles as far as the town of Lawrence, and that in itself has already largely increased the depth of water on the bar.

Nevertheless, the bar alone is not adequate to account for the financial misfortunes of the town; ships go up to New Orleans over more dangerous waters; and the embargo of the early part of this century bears much the larger share of responsibility. Then and afterward the great hulks rotted at the wharves unused, with tar barrels, which the angry sailors called Madison's night-caps, inverted over the topmasts to save the rigging, while their crews patrolled the streets in riotous and hungry bands, and observed the first anniversary of the Embargo Act with tolling bells, minute-guns, flags at half-mast, and a procession with muffled drums and crapes. It was on the occasion of some civic demonstration of an opposite kind that one of the old citizens, sitting in his doorway, wheeled his chair about and turned his back on the procession, declaring that he "wished hell could be boiled down to a half pint, and Madison had to drink it!" Perhaps it was owing to this state of feeling in the town that the old slanders of her showing blue-lights to the befogged enemy arose. Certain it is that Newburyport disapproved of the war at that time, as she had a perfect right to do, and she appointed a committee, of whom John Pierpont was one, to prepare an address to the Legislature, in which address the inhabitants boldly declared themselves in the following sublime fashion: "We wish, therefore, firmly and decidedly to express to your Excellency and Council that, under your command, we are ready to march for the purposes expressed in the Constitution, namely, 'to suppress insurrection, to repel invasion, and to enforce the laws,' and *we will march under no other*..... Some of us were born, and we have all lived, freemen. Our soil we will defend; but without the command of our lawful captain [the Governor, *i. e.*, as commander-in-chief of the militia], *conscripts or not conscripts, we will never stir an inch.*"

But together with the embargo came the great fire. Every wooden town has suffered a conflagration, and Newburyport has always been a prey to the incendiary; but her celebrated fire broke out on a spring night something more than sixty years ago, and spread with the speed of the lightnings over a tract of sixteen acres in the most compact portion of the town. Such an immense property was destroyed that the whole place was impoverished, and many families were totally beggared. People hurried to the scene from twenty miles away, women passed the buckets in the ranks, and helpless crowds swung to and fro in the thoroughfares. The spectacle has been described as terribly sublime; a strong wind drove the flames in awful columns high into the air, and stretched a sheet of fire from square to square; the moon became obscured in the murky atmosphere that hung above the town, but the streets were every where lighted as brilliantly as by day, and the heat melted the glass in the windows of houses not destroyed; while the crash of falling walls, the thunderous roaring of chimneys, the volumes of flame wallowing upward from the ruins and filling the air with showers of fire into which the birds fluttered and dropped, the weird reflection in the river, the lowing of the cattle, the cries of distress from the people, made the scene cruelly memorable, till eclipsed by the greater terrors and splendors of later conflagrations. The incendiary of this fire was never discovered; but some years subsequently a boy of seventeen was convicted of another arson, and endured the penalty of the law; and it would seem as if a flaming Nemesis fell thereat upon the town, perhaps for having allowed the boy's execution. For ever since that time other incendiaries, emulous of his example, have made her their victim, one in particular, now expiating his offense by a life-sentence in the State-prison, being so frequent in his attempts during the long course of twenty years that on a windy or stormy night the blaze was so sure to burst forth that the citizens could not sleep in their beds; he appeared to be the subject of a mania for burning churches, almost all of the sixteen in town having been fired, sometimes two together, and on several occasions successfully, by means of a candle lighted and left in a small oil-drenched pine box, whose leather hinge, that could have been fastened by a single tack, was fastened by a hundred, as if a maniac had gloated over every stroke that drove them in. No dweller in Newburyport will easily forget the night on which the North Church was burned, when every flake of the wild snow-storm seemed to be a spark of fire, and more than one superstitious wretch, plunging out into the gale, could find no centre to the universal glare, and shuddered with fright in belief that the Day of Judgment had come at last. Nevertheless there are not wanting doubters who absolve the incendiary in this single case, and hold, perhaps because the blaze broke out in the belfry, that it was the work of the lightnings, declaring that the bolt of Heaven fell to destroy the pulpit where had

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first been preached the doctrine of the damnation of babies!

The business of the town, it may well be conjectured, has suffered great depression under so many accumulating disasters. Several large cotton mills, and some shoe and comb and other factories, have prevented stagnation, however; lately, too, the Philadelphia and Reading Coal Company has established a distributing dépôt here; and here, in the fall of 1874, there was the cheering sight to be seen of nearly a dozen good ships upon the stocks in the ship-yards. Meanwhile the fisheries continue to be more or less a feature of the lower town, most of whose schooners are sailed on shares by master and men, every one of whom is then equally and democratically concerned in the venture; but others are sailed on the account of single individuals, who, when wisely managing, reap a goodly profit. Always interesting with the story of their hazard and exposure, they are never more picturesque than at the season of the herring fishery, when the swarm of boats put out to sea at night with torches, to cast and haul their nets "spangled with herring scale." It is, however, to its natural advantages that a town must generally look, and the natural advantages of Newburyport are her railroad and river facilities of communication with the back country. Her adjacent territory, indeed, is netted in rivers and rivulets, some of them merely streams of exquisite beauty for a boat to penetrate, some affording access for her laden barges to the more inland towns. There is the broad Merrimac, with its strange estuary guarded by the long bulwarks of Salisbury Sands and Plum Island, some two or three miles in width, and its clear current of an ineffable beauty never twice the same, lonely and lovely by dawn-light, full of alluring mystery, with its shadows and its colored harbor lights by night. There is the little Artichoke, a mere succession of pools lying in soft gloom beneath an overhanging growth of feathery branches, each pool so infolded that one slides along with the tide, lifts a bough, and slips into the next, where some white-stemmed birch perhaps sends a perpetual rustle through the slumberous air, wild grape-vines climb from tree to tree, or an early-reddening tupelo shakes its gay mantle in the scattered sun, and with its reflex in the dark transparency, wakens one from the sleepy spell of the enchantment there. These streams, with the Quascacunquen or Parker, the Little, Powow, Back, and Rowley rivers, and their slender but foaming black and white affluents, all make it a place of meadows; and he who desires to see a meadow in perfection, full of emerald and golden tints and claret shadows, withdrawing into distance till lost in the sparkle of the sea, must seek it here, where Heade found material for his dainty marsh and meadow views — here, where in the woods of the Stack-yard Gate the carriage wheels crackle through winding miles of fragrant brake and fern, and on either hand open outlooks which steal away, unbroken by any thing save the soft outlines of huge hay-cocks, to a horizon where curve the mazy tides of the tortuous Plum Island River, now baying out in broad blue coves that bear the gundalow laden with salt hay and thatch, and now only guessed by the sail that seems to wind its way through the grass; or else where, up on the higher meadows across the river, you find yourself in an illimitable world of infinite distances by ocean and shore, in an atmosphere blown from the gray mid-deeps themselves, and underneath the soaring arch of an immense and unobstructed heaven.

The people, well acquainted with the beauty that surrounds them, are very fond of their chief river; it is the scene of frolicking the summer long; they sail upon it from June until November, camping and picnicking, for sleep or lunch, on the sands at its mouth, till it looks as though there

JOPPA, NEWBURYPORT.

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was more life upon the river than on the land; and even in winter its black and ice-edged tides seem sometimes to be the only pulses of the frozen town. Boats, from the clumsy floats and Joppa-chaises to the trim and tidy yachts, are always to be had, with a skipper who knows, he will tell you, every drop of the river, and whose talk, if you encourage it, will initiate you into the wild and fearful romance of the lives of the fishing people, out of whose upper windows you can always see a spy-glass pointed to rake the field of the sea where the husband or the lover is afloat. For there are, indeed, in this old burgh two as distinct towns as if there were a mayor and corporation for each of them respectively. One of these towns, the great High Street, all embowered with century-old elms, its sweet silence scarcely disturbed on a summer's day by any thing more noisy than the bird-calls with which it is vocal, the whirring of the wings of oriole and swallow, the floating garments of ladies, or the swift beating of horses' feet, with its noble mansions and lawns—this lofty town will scarcely give one an idea of the other town at the foot of the hill where the river runs; where the great wharves, once laden with the wealthy freights of foreign bark and brig, now slowly drop to pieces with the flow and ebb of the tides; where the fleet of fishing dories anchor, and the fishermen's dwellings line the causeway and look out to sea. The scene there any evening has a picturesque charm—the black and blistered schooners at the side of the wharf, and the reflection of their yellow masts and their brown shrouds rippling in the dock-water till it resembles some wonderful Scotch pebble; down stream the hull of a new launch ready to receive her masts and rigging; a little way up stream, reared against the light, all her lines of spar and yard and cordage standing out darkly on the airy gold and carmine of the west, just complete, and waiting for the tug that is to tow her out into the yet untried deeps, a great East Indiaman, a shadowy mystery, keeping to herself her dream of the torrid heats and heavens and drenching dews that she is to know down underneath the equator; across the way, the almost moss-grown village of Ring's Island, bathed in the mellow evening ray till it sparkles as if crusted with a thousand rubies; far out, the light-house and its lamps, ghost-like in the gathering purple mist that dimly curls in above the white line of the breakers; and every where the level floor of the wide stream shining with splendid tints and lustres; the old watermen, ancient and amphibious-looking creatures, their pink faces coiled and knotted and covered with little mole-like projections, like an old conch-shell, and their two oars rising and dipping, as they gain distance, like the strange fins of some tame and placid water monsters; the children scooting in their stolen boats like darting water-bugs in one place and another, naked as cherubs, diving and swimming and frolicking as if they had no shipwreck to grow up to; while the brown fishermen smoke restfully along the shore, and their wives gossip over the sills of each other's windows, arms rolled in aprons, with news or with inquiry concerning the *Lizzie Janvrin* or the *Hannah Grant*. Though to some the life this scene suggests is only play, to others it is deadly earnest; for a large portion of those that live along the banks on the Water Street, really the most picturesque of the highways, are these fishermen and their households, familiar with all the dangers of the seas—the babies there rocked in a dory, the men, if they are

FLOATING ISLAND AND OLD TOWN CHURCH.

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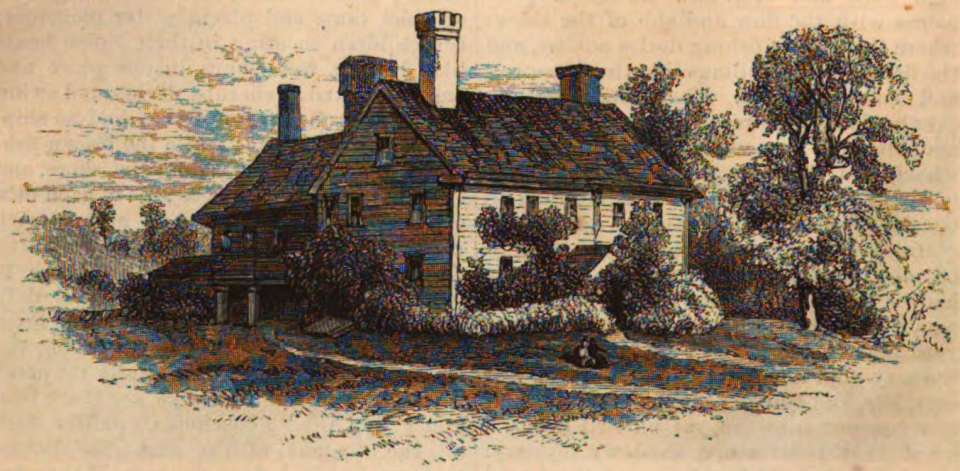
JOSHUA COFFIN.

not wrecked on the North or South Breaker, in sight of their own doors, sooner or later wrecked upon the Georges, since the storm that makes twoscore widows in Gloucester makes many in Newburyport.

Meanwhile the men mackerel all summer down in the Bay of Chaleurs, pilot off and on the coast dark nights and dreary days, run the bar and the breakers with a storm following the keel. Such of them as escape the fate of castaways, indeed, leave their sea-faring as they advance in life, and settle down at shoe-making, or buy a plot of land and farm it in an untaught way, but just as many find their last home in a grave rolled between two waves. When a storm comes up, and the fog-banks sweep in from sea with the tide, hiding the ray of the twin harbor lights, and the rote upon the beach, which every night breathes softly through the quiet streets, swells into a sullen and unbroken roar; when the ship-yards are afloat, the water running breast-high across the wharves, the angry tides rising knee-deep in the lower lanes, and the spray tossed over the tops of the houses there, whose foundations sometimes tremble and whose dwellers fly for safety—then the well-sheltered people up in the remote High Street, where little is known of the storm but the elms beating their boughs about, may have sorry fancies of some vessel driving on Plum Island, of parting decks and of unpitied cries in the horror of blackness and breaker, may even hear the minute-guns in pauses of the gale; but the stress of weather falls upon the homes and hearts of these watchers on the Water Street, for to them each burst of the blast means danger to their own roof, and the life perhaps snatched from a husband's or a father's lips. Mrs. E. Vale Blake, in her history of Newburyport, makes thrilling mention of these storms, with the wrecks of the *Primrose*, the *Pocahontas*, the *Argus*, and others—wrecks from one of which eight coffins have been carried into church together—and every resident of the place has had before his eyes the picture which she draws of "the heavy moaning of the sea; a bark vainly striving to clear the breakers; blinding snow, a slippery deck, stiff and glazed ropes, hoarse commands that the cruel winds seize and carry far away from the ear of the sailor; a crash of tons of falling water beating in the hatches; shrieks which no man heard, and ghastly corpses on the deceitful shifting sands, and the great ocean cemetery still holding in awful silence the lost bodies of the dead." Such things, of course, make the place the home of story; and Mr. George Lunt, a poet of no mean pretension, and a native of the town, has founded his novel of *Eastford* on the incidents her daily life affords; while Miss Sarah Emery has wrought the romance of the yet earlier years into her narrative of *Three Generations*, a book both fascinating in itself and notable for its pre-Raphaelitic fidelity to fact.



JOSHUA COFFIN'S RESIDENCE.

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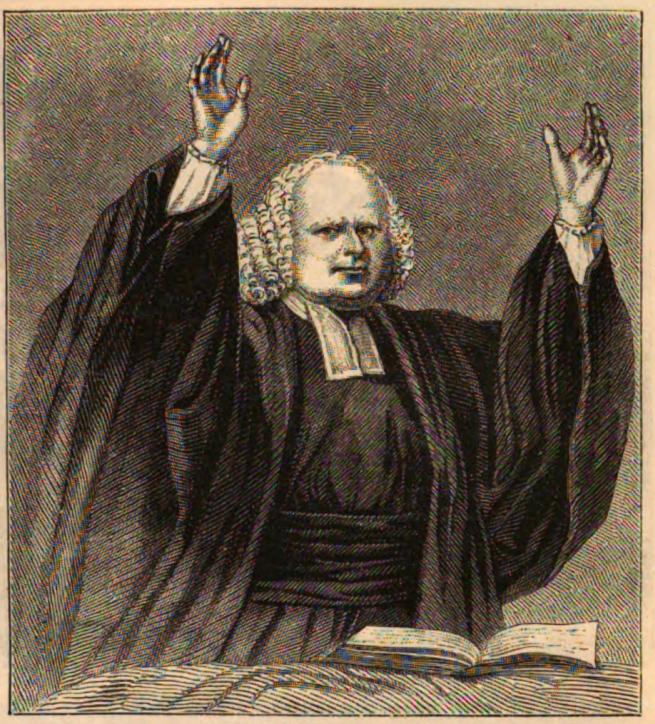

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Yet there are other aspects of Newburyport perhaps of as much interest to those who do not care to be disturbed by the vivid emotions of this tragic side, and the lover of the pastoral and the curiosity-seeker have only to stroll through the principal streets to be well repaid for their trouble. They will find at the lower end of the town, nearly opposite an old graveyard abounding in such epitaphs as

"Come, all ye children whose name is Noyes,
Make Jesus Christ your only choice,"

and at whose foot is a pond with a floating island of great willows with moorhens' nests among them, which is blown about from wind to wind, a quaint mansion sitting on a level sward, and nearly enveloped in vines. It is one of the few very old houses left, and is built round a vast chimney-stack with spacious fire-places, with windows large and small opening in pleasant surprises, some on closets and some on staircases, and with walls that, when stripped of their papering, display such landscape frescoes as were wont to decorate fine dwellings in the days of the Stuarts. This was the home, and the long-inherited home, of Joshua Coffin, the historian of Newburyport, whom Whittier has celebrated in his poem of the *School-master*, and whose genial and kindly spirit and subtle humor all readers of his book acknowledge, though it was never more quietly shown than in a "notice" made by him, in his capacity of town-clerk, after the little-relished annexation of a large section of Newbury to the Port: "The annual town-meeting of *what is left of Newbury* stands adjourned to Monday, May 12, 2 P.M., at the Town-house, *now in Newburyport*."

CENOTAPH IN MEMORY OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Passing along High Street and going down Federal, our travelers will presently come to the old church in whose vault Whitefield lies buried, and at one side of which he will enter the narrow little School Street, in whose first house upon the left William Lloyd Garrison was born, and in the next one George Whitefield breathed his last, a man of whom Mr. Buckle says that, if oratory is to be judged by its effects, he was the most eloquent man since the apostles, and of whom Cowper writes:

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That fell upon his Bible was sincere.
Assailed by slander and the darts of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life."

Retracing their steps, and going from Federal through Temple to State Street, they will observe at the second door from State Street an old house from which James Russell Lowell took away the panel that his grandfather

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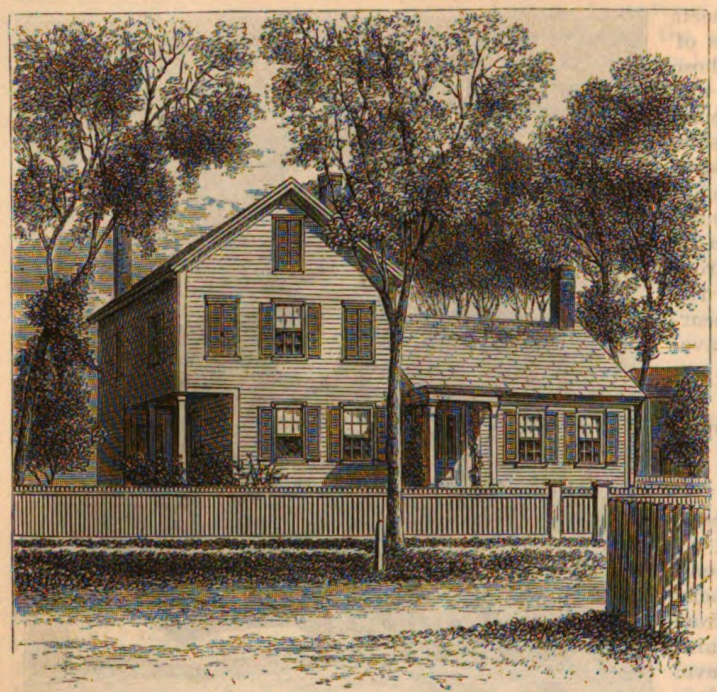

HOME OF WHITTIER, AMESBURY.

had placed over a fire-place there, painted with the representation of a clerical party engaged as Willy was when "Rob and Allan came to see," with rolling smoke and frothing ale and full canonicals, beneath the legend,

"In essentialibus unitas, in non-essentialibus libertas, in omnibus charitas."

Professor Lowell's grandfather was once a prominent clergyman of the town, almost, if not quite, the earliest of liberal preachers any where. He was succeeded, after the Rev. Mr. Cary, by Dr. Andrews, who, when he was settled, was settled for life; and one of Dr. Andrews's immediate successors was the Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

A few steps across the way from the old Lowell residence is the fine public library, located in the great Prince House, of many thousand volumes, founded and endowed by several private citizens, and a reading-room, open day and evening, and supplied with all the current literature through the liberality of Mr. William C. Todd. Going on High Street again, opposite the Mall will be seen a fine edifice of brick and brown stone, built according to the will of the late Oliver Putnam—to whom be all honor—and known as the Putnam Free School, a school which has few like it in Christendom, for it is free to the whole world for the education of youth of every race, religion, sex, color, or condition.

If this is not a sufficient stroll for one morning, our visitors can take the street car on the water-side, and a mile will bring them to the ship-yards, and another mile to the airy and picturesque Chain Bridge, beside which stands Eaglenest, a fine home school for boys, of which Dr. Lloyd Hixon is head-master. Here the road crosses the beautiful Deer Island, near which was the scene of the famous sham robbery, an affair which, in the less scandalous times of its occurrence, aroused the attention of the country — one Goodrich, a bearer of a large sum of money, shooting himself and pretending to have been robbed, and afterward, by the divination of the hazel rod, finding his marked gold pieces in the cellars of his innocent neighbors, one of whom on his acquittal was drawn home in triumph by the hands of the towns-people, though he was so heart-broken that he never came down into the town again, and the occasion of the trial of the others having called forth one of Daniel Webster's best and earliest legal efforts, and brought about the first meeting between that great man and Rufus Choate. Not a great way farther, and they will reach a pretty and irregular cottage, with vines and flowers about it, in a street that runs along the foot of the lofty Powow Hill—the home of John G. Whittier, the poet who has woven the weft of his song about all the region from Hampton Beach to Cape Ann, and made the hearts of all the people his own. And returning in a circle, by way of the old bridge, they will pass the grave of that John Wheelwright who shared the exile of the wonderful Anne Hutchinson, and was one of the most picturesque of all colonial characters, both as a victim of intolerance and a founder of civil and religious liberty.

If on another day our friends would like a more extended drive, let them take to the old turnpike—which might still be haunted by some splendid apparition of the scarlet mail-coach, with its plunging horses, its guards and lights and blowing horns, as it dashed down the straight line of fifty miles—now a sweet old turfy road that Nature has retaken to herself, overgrown and overarched with foliage for more than half its way. They will come first in the course of their afternoon drive to the Dummer Academy, in a parish of Newbury, in which it used to be considered indispensable that a

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man should receive his elementary education—the oldest incorporated academy of America. The mansion-house of Governor Dummer stands near the academy, a wooden house, with its end walls stuccoed in plaster and broken glass, with spacious halls and rooms leading into one another under handsome archways. Here belongs the full-length portrait of Governor Dummer, the founder of the institution, and the son of that noble Richard Dummer who, though a sufferer under Winthrop's ignorant bigotry, contributed personally, when Winthrop's reverses came, as much as was given by all the rest of the township. Still following the road thence, presently there will be seen, sitting under its green elms, the house of Theophilus Parsons, a man of "mighty mind," as Caleb Cushing says of him, Chief Justice of the State during the latter portion of his life, the author of that powerful paper known as the "Essex Result," and a member of the famous Essex Junto, a large number of the other members of which were gentlemen of Newburyport, by-the-way. Chief Justice Parsons was one of the principal men in drafting the Massachusetts Constitution and in procuring the adoption by Massachusetts of the Federal Constitution. It was he who prepared that momentous article of the Federal Constitution, Article X., that great sentinel of all our liberties, standing forever between us and possible despotism, and with its clear voice proclaiming that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." He is represented as a man of wit, imagination, tenacious memory, and with such a power of concentration that his judicial decisions, it is said, had the appearance of intuitions.

A mile or two beyond this spot our travelers will pass the old home of the founder of Lowell, so far as its mechanical plans are concerned—Paul Moody. It has already been mentioned that the Lowells who conceived the enterprise of that great cotton manufacture sprang from this region; but I have omitted to speak of the singular, if trivial, circumstance that by an inadvertence in some legal papers a dower was held in the whole water-power and real estate of that city by one woman of Newburyport, the mother of Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. Passing the centre of the parish, the explorer will reach the old home of the Longfellows, on a sightly spot, surrounded by rich smooth fields—a house now abandoned as a dwelling, but still held in the family name, and out of which the progenitors of Henry W. Longfellow removed to Portland. A couple of miles to the westward then, and the always snow-white cattle of Indian Hill Farm are seen grazing in its fields, and the stone towers and gables and latticed windows and oriels of the lovely place rise upon the view. It is the house of Ben Perley Poore, and, like several other

GOVERNOR RICHARD DUMMER.

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INDIAN HILL FARM.

places in the neighborhood, has been held by the original grant of the sachem in one name for more than two hundred years. In this unique spot Major Poore has a noble museum of antiquities representing the whole colonial history, and a collection of autographs said to be unequaled by any in the country. But approaching sunset forbids lingering here, and allows just a glimpse of the places where Professor Felton and John Cotton Smith were born, and of the adjacent home of the late Alexander Everett. Indeed, the whole country round about Newburyport, if you take that for a centre, is honey-combed, as one might say, with places and people it is worth while to see. It is only a morning's sail to the home of Celia Thaxter; it is only a morning's drive to the charming home of "Gail Hamilton"—a fifteen minutes' ride by rail; it is scarcely more to the home of Lucy Larcom, or of Miss Preston, the lovely translator of *Mirêio;* to the summer residence and delightful conversation of James T. Fields; to the magnificent hospitality of General Butler; to the beautiful Crowningshield Farm, from which the noble and holy Mrs. Easty was taken to be hung for a witch, still bearing the name of its former owner, a Secretary of the Navy, though now in the possession of Mr. Thomas W. Pierce, one of the most eminent of American railway projectors; to the island at the mouth of Essex River, where Rufus Choate was born—twin growth, as has been said, both of them being exotic to the soil and foreign to its atmosphere, with the magnolia that in a swamp not far away has sprung up in superb luxuriance.

Thus I hope, because I love the sweet old place so much myself, that I have made the reader feel some charm in Newburyport, and realize how she abounds in interest. To-day she stands by her river-side the ideal of an ancient country town, peaceful enough and almost beautiful enough for Paradise; but yesterday, when a little hamlet of not six hundred and fifty acres, of not so much land as any Western settler may preempt, she flung down, in advance of the action of the confederated colonies, her defiance of the power whose drum-beats encircle the world; and when later with her privateers she led the van of the little squadron that, almost unaided, crippled British commerce, she made herself a historic place and an enduring name. And now her municipal arms, with their quarterings of light-house and sea, of the mills and of the ship-yards, and the towers of the old English Newbury, with the motto *Terrâ Marique*, bear witness to the skill of her mechanics, to her name in every port, and to her loveliness both by land and sea.

PHANTOMS.

MANY strange shadows does my rich Past keep,
Giving me glimpses of them now and then,
Sometimes amid the busy ways of men,
But oftener in the lotus-land of sleep:
Faces of friends that no more laugh or weep
On this our earth bend over me as when
They dwelt with us, and gladden me again;
Dead lips call out to me across the deep.
And ever in my dreams I see thee stand,
O fairest, purest, sphered in sanctity!
With soft sad smile, and lifted fading hand,
Full in the pallid moon, beckonest me.
And I, half wakened, answer thy command,
"Go on, sweet ghost, and I will follow thee."

T. B. ALDRICH.

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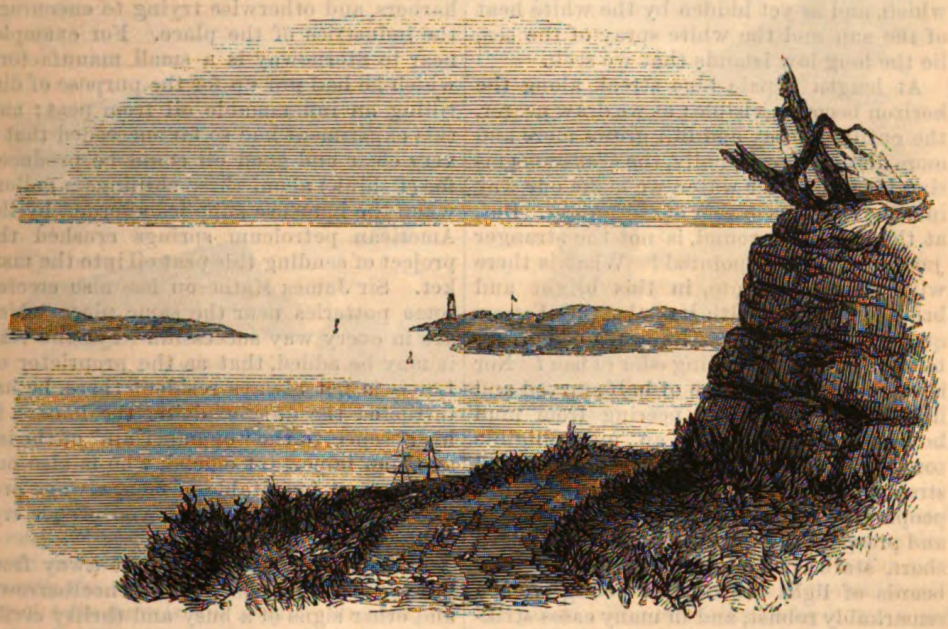
A GLANCE AT THE ISLAND OF LEWIS:

WITH SOME PENCIL NOTES OF THE SCENERY TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Princess of Thule."



STORNOWAY HARBOR, FROM THE GALLOWS HILL.

WE are on the deck of the great steamer *Clansman*, which is plowing its way across the Minch—the rough and rushing northern sea which lies between the mainland of Scotland and the far Hebrides. It is a brilliant July day; there is a blue sky overhead; but there is also a stiff north-easterly breeze blowing, and every minute or two one of the huge green waves dashes against the *Clansman's* bows and sends a shower of salt foam over her white decks. The fierce blowing of the wind, the southward rushing of the sea-green seas, the moving of sharply defined shadows on the sunlit decks as the big steamer rises on a mighty wave and then plunges forward into the trough—all this gives one a sense of hurrying motion and expectation; and still, scan the horizon as we may, there is as yet no sign of the "stormy Hebrides."

The Greater Minch is only about twice as broad as the Channel between Dover and Calais; but whoever has been to the island of Lewis knows that ever after it remains in his memory as a strangely remote and inaccessible place. It seems to be farther away than Gibraltar, or Newfoundland, or St. Petersburg, or any spot, indeed, that is a familiar geographical expression. Doubtless this fancy arises in part from the exceeding loneliness and desolate grandeur of the scenery on the west coast of Scotland, past which the Stornoway steamer churns its way during two long days and nights. There are some of us on board who have come all the way by steamer from Glasgow—round the rocky Mull of Cantyre, where five tides meet and roar; through the Sound of Islay, and under the gloomy Paps of Jura; catching a glimpse of the mystic Colonsay, where the sound of the mermaid is still heard at night mourning for the chieftain who deceived her; keeping wide of the swirling currents of Corryvreckan—

> "As you pass through Jura's Sound,
> Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
> Shun, O shun the gulf profound
> Where Corryvreckan's surges roar"—

until at length the *Clansman* sailed into Oban Bay. There are others of us who boarded her there yesterday morning, and have even now but a misty recollection of that endless series of great and lonely mountains, of desolate islands set in a restless sea, of long bays and shores where no sign of life was visible but the countless flocks of sea-birds calling and screaming to each other over the breaking waves. Last night, as the sea darkened and the stars began to appear, we sailed under the coast of Skye, and the blackness of the wild Cuchullin Hills seemed to overshadow us. By-and-by, as we can remember, the moonlight rose behind the sharp and jagged peaks, only to render the awful gloom and majesty of them more impressive. This morning, too, did we not see

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a rosy sunrise flush the smooth waters of Loch Gair and light up the soft green hills around? It was our last look at the mainland. Now we have left calling in at these various ports, and are standing right out to the Minch, far away on the other side of which, and as yet hidden by the white heat of the sun and the white spray of the sea, lie the long low islands that we seek.

At length a pale blue streak along the horizon becomes visible; as we draw nearer, the outline of bay and hill grows more and more distinct; and finally, the *Clansman* getting into smoother water, we make our way into the spacious harbor of Stornoway. But, at the first look round, is not the stranger just a trifle disappointed? What is there wild, strange, remote, in this bright and brisk little town, with its substantial stone quays, its white houses, its heaps of herring barrels, and its prevailing odor of fish? Nor is there any appearance of half-starved and half-savage aborigines peering from mud hovels and talking in an unintelligible tongue. On the contrary, the quays and streets of Stornoway are thronged with a people who are strong and hardy, well clad and prosperous—the men, for the most part, short, stalwart, and thickset, with shaggy beards of light brown; the young women remarkably robust, and in many cases strikingly handsome, with their coal-black hair, their blue eyes with dark eyelashes, their ruddy complexion, and free gait. The costume of both, too, is sufficiently picturesque, the men wearing a sailor-like suit of blue, with a scarlet cap on their head, the young women wearing short and rough petticoats, also of blue homespun, with a scarlet tartan shawl tightly wrapped round their bosom and fastened in at the waist. But what an amazing breadth of chest these young women have! Is it because they are the burden-carriers of the community, carrying in the "creels" strapped on to their backs loads that the men-folks could scarcely lift from the ground? There, for example, goes a strapping wench with her "creel" filled full with large fish bones. If you ask her what she means to do with these bones, she will tell you they are meant for her cows, which can not be kept quiet at milking-time unless they have a fish bone to lick. The cows have found out what the girl probably doesn't know, that there are few phosphates in the poor grass of these islands, and thus they make up the deficiency.

On the other side of the harbor lies a semicircle of soft green hills, partially planted with trees, and on a terrace just over the rocks and the water is built Lewis Castle, a large castellated building, the residence of the proprietor of the island. This gentleman belongs to a Sutherlandshire family of the name of Matheson, and is probably, therefore, of Norse descent; but he did not seize hold of Lewis after the fashion of Harald Haarfagr or Jarl Sigurd. It came into his possession by the gentler process of purchase, and after paying £190,000 for the island, it is believed that he has spent about an equal sum in making roads, improving harbors, and otherwise trying to encourage the industries of the place. For example, near to Stornoway is a small manufactory which he had put up for the purpose of distilling an inflammable oil from peat; and this experiment had so far succeeded that a very clear and good oil could be produced for (I think) about three shillings a gallon, when the immense supplies afforded by the American petroleum springs crushed the project of sending this peat oil into the market. Sir James Matheson has also erected some potteries near the same place, which are in every way successful. For the rest, it may be added, that as the proprietor of Lewis is not always resident there, he has intrusted the duty of doing the honors, in his absence, to the "chamberlain" of the island—an important official, who is also one of the most hospitable of men, always provided that you carry with you proper credentials.

After all, one is glad to get away from herring boxes, shops, houses, wheelbarrows, and other signs of a busy and thrifty civilization, into the interior of the island. We bid good-by to the robust and vigorous but gentle-spoken folk of Stornoway—or Styornoway, as they prefer to call it—and find that an excellent road lies before us through the wild and bleak moor-land. Perhaps it is the rapid pace of our capital little pair of horses that is responsible, but scarcely have we got out of Stornoway than we seem to plunge into a strange silence and desolation. Far as the eye can see there is nothing but that undulating wilderness of moor, here and there rising into pale blue hills that seem almost transparent in the distance, here and there dipping down to a hollow, in which lies a silver lake with a margin of green reeds, but no trees, round its shallow shores. Mile after mile we go through this solitude, with a vague impression that on a gloomier day the picture around us must be inexpressibly depressing. But then, as it is, we have a fine fresh breeze blowing about, a blue sky overhead, and the sunlight, falling on that dark moor, seems to warm up its deep rich tints of purple, orange, and brown, while the bowlders of gneiss glitter like masses of snow.

Occasionally, but at long intervals—for the interior of the island is very sparsely populated—we pass one or two huts, the human life about which is very different from that we saw in Stornoway. Perhaps it is that the stalwart young women are at this season of the year away up at the sheelings on the hills, tending their flocks,

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BEE-HIVE HUT NEAR LOCH BARVAS.

and that where the young women are, the young men will be found, whenever there is an excuse for leaving the farm. At all events, the old women and children about these rude hovels are scantily dressed, begrimed with peat smoke, and altogether a poor and neglected race. The "bee-hive" hut in which they live has neither window nor chimney; the constant peat fire does not prevent the damp from soaking into the turf-covered wall—hence all manner of ague and rheumatism. Year by year the family multiplies by birth and marriage, and the same spot of poor land is supposed to support the ever-increasing demand on it. It is this excessive poorness of the land that should make people cautious in condemning the Highland proprietors who see without concern, or who frankly encourage, a considerable emigration going on from year to year. Where land will grow nothing but rushes, where the free offer of a holding to the son of a crofter who has just got married is only a piece of satire, seeing that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not drain it into cultivation, and where the only possible use of the land is to turn it into a sheep-farm, which demands a large expenditure of money, the peasantry who persist in adhering to their particular bit of half-cultivated farm, while the family members increase year by year, must sink into a proportionately increasing misery. The fact is, they have neither the money nor the patience to drain and cultivate the unproductive morass which covers five-sixths of such an island as Lewis, even if it were presented to them as a gift. On the other hand, there is scarcely any spectacle in modern life so distressing as the departure of a band of emigrants—the old women weeping and wailing, the children frightened, the middle-aged men and women more cheerful, perhaps, but still looking back to the old familiar place. The old folks, indeed, never get reconciled to the change. Even when they see how their children and grandchildren are getting on in the Glasgow workshop or warehouse, when they find that they themselves have good food, warm shelter, and comfortable clothing, they still look back with an ineffaceable regret and longing to the old life among the moors, to the damp hovel filled with smoke, to the wet winters, the scanty clothing, the insufficient food, the constant rheumatism, the grumbling over the tyranny of the tacksman, and the payment of the *airgiod-cearc*.* And they never cease to remind their children of the cruel sacrifice they, the old folks, have had to make in order to satisfy this modern craving for living in big towns.

To return for a moment to the bee-hive hut of these people. The absence of a chimney is considered a necessity. The hut consists of a thick wall of unmortared stones and turf, rising about six feet from the ground. The roof is constructed of spars of wood, which serve as rafters; and these

* The tacksman is, or was, a sort of middle-man who took the land in large holdings from the proprietor and let it out in smaller holdings to the crofter or peasant farmer. In Lewis, at least, this intervention by the tacksman has been abolished. Tacksmen and crofter alike rent direct from the proprietor; but the former has a lease, and the latter has not. The *airgiod-cearc*, or hen-money, is a tax of a shilling a year on those who keep fowls. It is probably only a symbol of much more formidable dues remitted. Those who grumble are those who keep but one or two hens.

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THE WHITE SANDS OF THE BAY OF UIG.

are thickly covered over with masses of straw, which again has an upper covering of slices of turf. Inside, a peat fire is always burning—or rather, when it is not being used for cooking, smouldering—and the hut is almost always filled with a thick, pungent, and yet fragrant smoke, strong enough to make the eyes smart of the stranger who ventures into the dusky dwelling. Now it is the object of the occupiers of these hovels to prevent by every means the escape of the smoke, which from day to day goes on slowly saturating the straw of the roof until that is as black as the peat itself. This saturated straw forms an excellent manure for the farm. At the proper time the peasant farmer proceeds to pitchfork the roof off his house, and have it carried away to be distributed over his fields. Hence it is not likely that the efforts to get the Lewis peasants to put chimneys in their huts—at least in the interior of the island, where the sea-tangle does not offer a substitute for the saturated straw—will succeed. Even the business of bribing the peasants to put a window in their huts (each person being allowed half a crown for glass) does not go on rapidly. The wall is exceedingly thick, and is made up of all sorts of loose and heterogeneous materials, in which it is not easy to place the frame-work even of a one-pane window. For the rest, it has been pointed out that these huts of the Lewis peasantry are almost identical with the huts of the Esquimaux.

A drive of sixteen or eighteen miles or so takes us right across the island, and from the brow of an incline we look down on the small and solitary inn of Garra-ná-hina,* on the spacious waters of Loch Roag, that lead out to the open Atlantic beyond, and on a wonderful panorama of mountains, islands, and desolate moor-land. It is at this remote hostelry that the stranger must rest for a few days who would become familiar with the western coast of Lewis; and once he has become familiar with it, he is not likely to forget the varied picture—the tiny inn, with its patch of green about it, the moist meadows and darker moor-land lying down in the valley, the great Loch Roag, with its margin of yellow sea-weed all along its rocky shores, and the far mountains of Cracabhal, Mealasabhal, and Suainabhal (the termination *bhal* is a corruption of the Norse *fiall*, a mountain) that lie on the south. Nor is he likely to forget that famous fisherman, Neil, a small and swarthy Celt, whose manipulation of a heavy double-handed salmon rod is a wonder to see. Perhaps it may be his own good fortune to whip the running swirls and spacious pools of the Aimhne Dubh (the Black River), after he has splashed down to its banks through a mile or two of the spongiest morass. Which induces the greater agony of mind, the excitement of having a young grilse, freshly run in from the sea and full of devilment, sulking, rushing, or leaping at the end of his line, or the helpless fashion in which he must stand and let the clouds of huge "clegs" or horse-flies draw blood from his neck, face, and hands? It is in vain that Neil smites them to death in dozens, while the fisherman watches with an intense nervousness the next manœuvre of the fish. The summer air seems to be filled with the monsters, the trickling of blood down one's cheek is plainly felt, and it is only when the gleaming grilse is scooped up by the final and dextrous plunge of

* *Gearaidh-na'h-Aimhne*—"the cutting of the river."

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Neil's landing-net that one begins to feel the lumps that have arisen on one's neck. But is not the play worth the candle? At the inn in the evening, when the oldest cask is opened and the largest lamp is lit, the story of the capture of that grilse will be told with many a picturesque adornment. For, strange as it may appear, a consignment of Champagne may by chance have reached this remote hostelry of Garra-na-hina, and there are circumstances in which the lively little grilse of six pounds or so becomes a leviathan of the deep, until one imagines that such a monster must have turned sideways in order to enter Loch Roag.

We resolved to vary our stay at Garra-na-hina by an exploration of Loch Roag and a visit to the wonders of the Bay of Uig. The sea is of a dark and ruffled blue; there is a hissing of white water at the bow of the boat; the sun burns hot on the heavy brown sail. What is this beautiful bird that we startle from the lonely shores, with its scarlet beak and feet and its brilliant plumage of black and white? The sea-pyot, one is told. There on the right lies the great island of Bernera, presided over by a worthy farmer and fisherman, who is called its king. Might not one by accident shorten Bernera into Borva, and begin to wonder whether, supposing the King of Borva has a daughter, she is as beautiful as the beautiful scenery in which she dwells? For here we have the summer heat shimmering over the green pasture-lands of the island, shining on the bays of white sand, and half hiding with a tremulous and transparent mist the mighty peaks and shoulders of the giant Suainabhal. It is across this broad sea-channel that the people of Bernera send their flocks and herds when they seek the mountain pastures of the main-land in the opening of the spring, and strange indeed it must be to see the cattle contentedly swimming across, as if the necessity had become a tradition and instinct with them. Then, too, the young lasses go up to the sheelings, and thither, when there is no fishing going on, follow the young fishermen, with their mute love glances and sighs, and more practical stories of the money they have saved and laid by in the banks at Styornoway. Have they a dance sometimes up at these sheelings, when some lad clever with the fiddle gets together his friends and acquaintances for an evening frolic? Alas! the resonant bagpipe, a fit instrument for these lonely wilds, has been tabooed by the Free Kirk ministers, and the chief musical instrument of the island is the plaintive Jew's-harp, which is not likely to put too much madness into the dancing.

The songs of these people are sad. They are mostly the stories of drowning at sea, and of young women forsaken by their lovers. They are sung in a curious half-recitative fashion, the monotony of which and the sudden intervals of the notes seem to suggest the sharp transitions and the melancholy drone of the bagpipe. Many of them are pathetic enough, like "Dunevegan, oh, Dunevegan!" or that in which the girl sings,

"Oh, long on the mountains he tarries, he tarries!
Why tarries the youth with the bright yellow hair?"

But indeed the people are not much given to singing, except where a crew has just come home from Wick, with their pockets well filled and their minds bent on a little jollification. The temperament of the peo-

THE STONES OF CALLERNISH.

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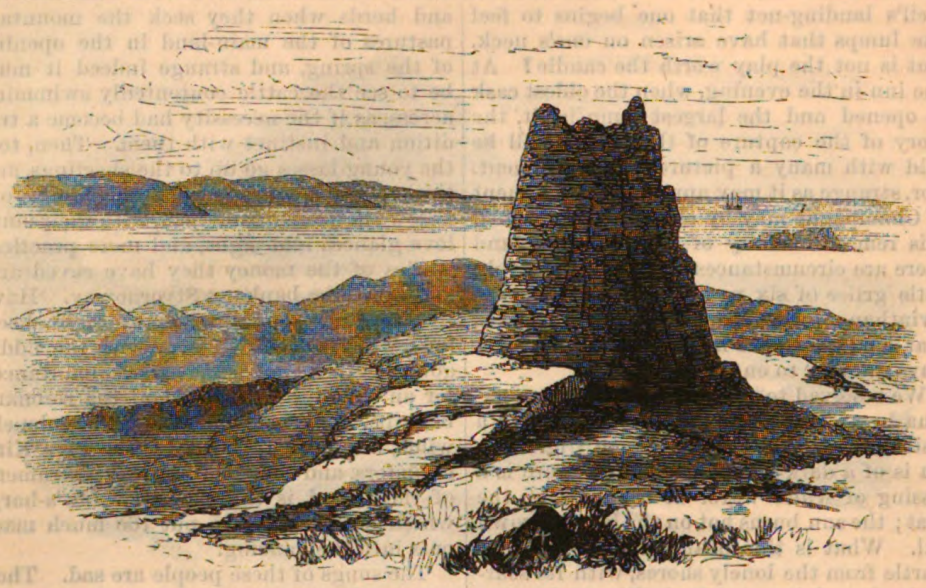

DUNE CARLOWAY.

ple is sombre, imaginative, and taciturn. They seem to have been cowed into contemplation and silence by the continual and mournful wail of the sea and the memory of resistless storms. They are full of superstitions and gloomy legends. They will tell you the name of the man who only the other day saw the black sea-horse on the shores of Loch Suainabhal. They have many mysterious traditions which seem to point to an older serpent-worship. In fact, the word *righiun*, which throughout the Highlands means a princess, in the island of Lewis is applied also to a serpent, the modern explanation being that there prevails some legend of the serpent being a princess metamorphosed. They have also many enigmatical sayings, over which a stranger is likely to puzzle himself considerably, with some that are shrewd and practical, which he will understand, as, for instance, "The bad herd's cow is lost seven years before the time."

We run up a little arm of Loch Roag, and land at a place called Mevaig (Miabhag), which consists of two or three stone houses and a Free church. Then we go right inland to cross the neck of the promontory, and our way lies up a vast and lonely valley, the rocky sides of which are sheer as a railway cutting. After a walk of about two miles and a half, we find ourselves on the summit of a hill, and right down before us, and out and onward to the high horizon, a wonderful picture appears shining in the mild clear light of a July day. There is an immense semicircular bay, miles in extent, of pure white sand, which must have been washed up in former ages. This the sea never covers now, but it sweeps into it in several long curves of shining blue. Landward, and behind the crescent of white sand, lies a low line of rocky hill, with its thousand rich tints of lichen warm in the sun, and showing all the stronger by contrast with the gleaming sand. Behind that again stretches the far moor-land, itself rising into the giant bulk of Mealasabhal, whose pale grays and blues look almost ethereal. We are out at the end of the world, and there is no sign of life here—none but in the circling of a pair of eagles and the rapid passing along the surface of the sea of a string of wild-duck. But we are not, when we look at the sea, quite at the end of the world after all; for far out there, where sea and sky meet, a few pale specks in the gray water show where the Seven Hunters jut up from the ocean, remote, unvisited, and haunted forever by the continual murmur of the Atlantic.

Little Loch Roag is really another arm of the Great Loch Roag, running right inland for half a dozen miles or so. At the head of this long and narrow stretch of water Sir James Matheson has a picturesque little shooting-box; and it is almost worth the while of the stranger to make the voyage thither in order to experience the odd sensation of finding a little stone villa, with a colored wall-paper in the dining-room, in the midst of the savage wildness with which he has become familiar. But if there is a calm on the sea that necessitates the hiring of rowers to row him in a long and heavy boat, if there is no chance of his reaching the lodge before dusk, if he is doubtful about there being any thing to eat or drink at his destination, and if the good friends who accompany him resolve to make sure of supper by using the time during which he visits the Bay of Uig to buying and boil-

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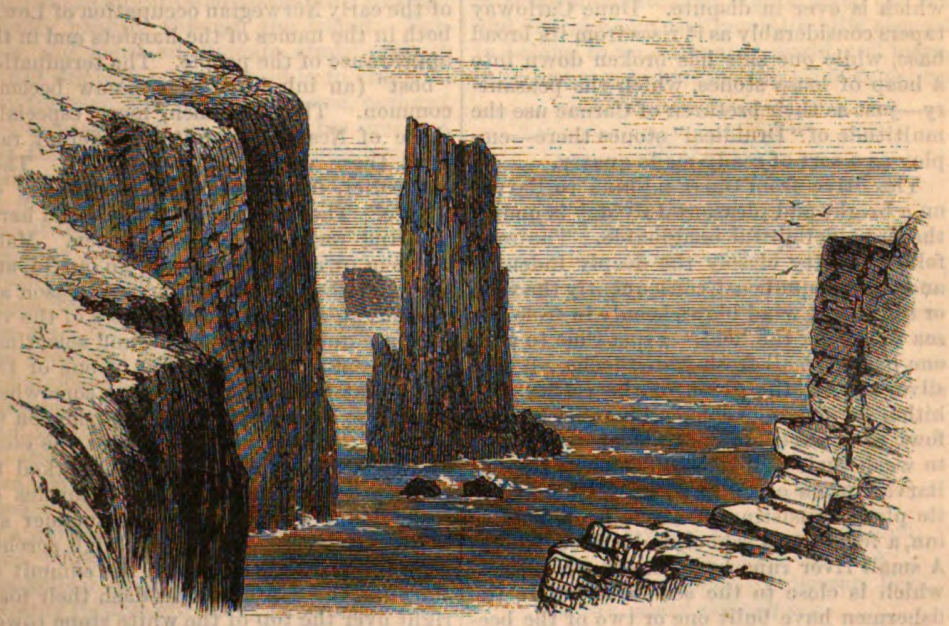
ing a leg of mutton, let him be sure, before starting, that the leg of mutton is boiled. We wrapped that formidable piece of food in the advertisement sheet of a daily newspaper; we put it in the bottom of the boat, where the salt-water speedily cooled it; but when we undid the newspaper at the end of our voyage, we found that we had unveiled the Prophet of Khorassan. I will say no more about that. The keeper in charge of the lodge, and his wife, both of them as hospitable people as there are in Lewis, which is saying a good deal, came to our aid, and we were far from being starved. This shooting lodge is in the neighborhood of the most mountainous parts of the island, which form the chief deer forests of Lewis. Directly west from it, for example, are the mountains of Cracabhal, Mealasabhal, Zaibhal Tuath, and Tamanaisbhal, which average 1500 feet in height. This part of Lewis, indeed, more resembles the mountainous Harris, and the scenery is in many places grand and impressive. He who has made a voyage to Stornoway, and had a glimpse from the top of the Gallows Hill of the level moor-land of the interior, even he who has driven over to Garra-na-hina or Barvas, may very naturally complain that Lewis is flat and uninteresting—in short, "a peat floating in the Atlantic." But he is likely to alter his opinion if he gets any where near the region of Ceann Resort, or by the mountains lying between Loch Langabhat and the sea.

Returning to Garra-na-hina next day, the stranger may probably, in ignorance of the fact that the so-called Druidical stones of Callernish are described and figured in half a dozen antiquarian works, waste half an hour, as I did, in taking a rough sketch of these strange monuments. Strange, indeed, they are, on this high plateau over the sea, the inexplicable memorials, perhaps, of a race that passed away in silence before history began to speak. What, then, were these long rows of pillars, all of unwrought gneiss, which meet in a common centre, which is also a circle of pillars, with a chief stone sixteen feet high? Do they mark the site of a great Norse victory, or the burial-ground of a Highland chief, or the altar of a heathen priesthood? The natives call them either *Tuirsachan*, which signifies the "Place of Mourning," or *Firbhreige*, which signifies "False Men," both of which names, as it has been said, "should be of some interest to antiquarians, for they will suit pretty nearly any theory." The Callernish stones are said to be the finest of these monuments in Britain; they are certainly more complete and striking than any group on the wide plain of Carnac, in Brittany; while even he who has the least antiquarian interest in them must be impressed by the appearance of these weather-worn and hoary pillars on this lonely plateau overlooking the Atlantic waves. There are in all forty-eight stones, the circle is forty-two feet in diameter, and the approaches to it form a species of cross.

In due course of time our stout and serviceable wagonette carries us away from Garra-na-hina on a northward pilgrimage, and by-and-by we come in sight of another antiquarian relic. Fronting the sea, and standing high over a number of soft green valleys, is one of those round towers which



THE BUTT OF LEWIS.

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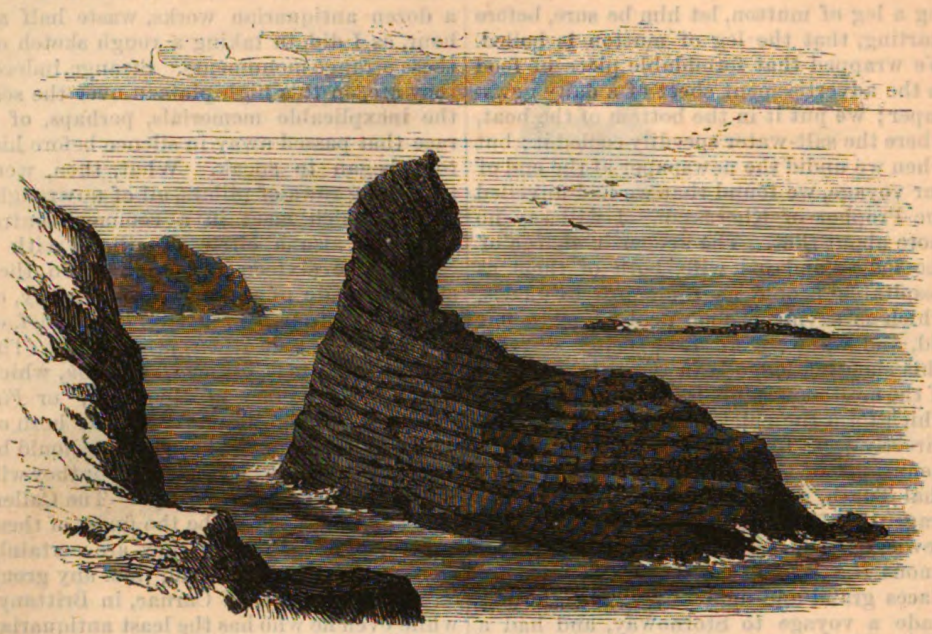

SPHINX-LIKE ROCK NEAR THE BUTT OF LEWIS.

seem to turn up in pretty nearly all countries for the express purpose of provoking dissent among archæologists. Dune Carloway (Dun Charlobhaidh), whether a relic of Buddhist symbolism, or a Pictish fort, or the mere stronghold of one of the Norse sea-rovers, like Olaf Tryggveson, is one of the best preserved of its class, and still shows the curious staircase between its double walls. These walls are devoid of mortar or any substitute for mortar, yet their thickness has enabled them to withstand the western gales for centuries the number of which is ever in dispute. Dune Carloway tapers considerably as it rises from its broad base, while one side has broken down into a heap of loose stones, which the peasantry—just as their brethren of Carnac use the multitude of "Druidical" stones there—employ as a sort of ready-made quarry.

The drive from Garra-na-hina to Barvas on a bright and pleasant July day is one of the most delightful imaginable. The road follows pretty closely the deeply indented and picturesque coast, consequently the west or southwest wind blows keenly in from the sea to temper the heat. From time to time one passes small fresh-water lochs, set like silver among the green of the rushes, and hither for a change come all manner of wild fowl that have grown tired of sea flights to wash their plumage in the clear ripples. Barvas, when one gets to it, is a lonely little place, consisting of a small temperance inn, a few huts, a school, and a Free church. A small river runs by it into Loch Barvas, which is close to the sea-shore, where the fishermen have built one or two of the beehive dwellings. Indeed, it is a common thing for a fisherman to be also a small farmer, the work of the farm being carried on by the other members of his family when he is away at the fishing. All along the shore at this point one finds heaps of ling that are being salted and pickled for exportation, this being the chief local fishery since the herring fishers got into the habit of going away every year to Caithness.

Another morning finds us making our way up to the Butt of Lewis, the extreme point of the island, and the further north we go the more distinct become the traces of the early Norwegian occupation of Lewis, both in the names of the hamlets and in the appearance of the people. The termination "bost" (an inhabited place) now becomes common. The fishermen, more especially those of Ness, seem quite a different race from those we saw in Stornoway. They are taller, fairer, and less melancholy of visage. They are an industrious and hard-working race, the Ness fishermen. Many of them own the boats they go out in, and the sums they get during a good season are considerable. The curing-houses of the village are quite a busy sight, and sometimes you may find there the skin of one or two seals that have just been shot somewhere about the shore. Two miles further on we come to the Butt. At this point the coast of Lewis is inexpressibly wild, marked by sheer precipices and isolated pinnacles of rock, round which the fairest summer sea roars with a ceaseless noise. High perched as is the tall light-house on the summit of the cliffs, the winter storms dash their foam right over the top of the white stone tower. But even here, at the very end of the world,

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WHERE THE DEVIL FIXED HIS ROPE.

as it were, we find the traditions of Lewis hospitality faithfully preserved, the light-house keeper and his wife entertaining their chance guests in a right royal fashion. Was it not he, too, who told us that legend of the hole in the neighboring rocks, rudely shown in an accompanying sketch, having been used by the devil to drag away Lewis and Harris from the main-land, when once that famous personage had got a sufficient chain passed through the rock in question?

Well, these are but a few rough notes on some of the features of Lewis and its people, such as might be suggested to a stranger rapidly passing through the island. Further and more affectionate study of both would doubtless be impossible to the holiday traveler, who might be bound, perhaps, not to occupy at the moment too much of the time which his good friends who are resident in the island may be able to place at his disposal. And yet a final word or two of loving admiration and remembrance must be said about the wonderful beauty of the northern nights in that distant and enchanted kingdom by the sea. Who that has seen can ever forget the dying out of the blood-red sunset over Loch Roag, and the appearance in the heavens, as the night deepened, of a strange metallic glow, fine and pale and luminous, in which the majestic shoulders and peaks of Suainabhal and Mealasabhal grew mystic and remote? And then what was that even to the appearance of a new and richer light behind the mountains, when into the wonderful violet sky the yellow moon rose slowly and solemnly, sending its first glittering bars of gold down on the ripples of the lake? The mountains came nearer as their shadows grew sombre under the soft light of the moon; the white sands showed along the coast; the hull of the small boat on the moving water was black as jet. Those were magical nights, with the murmur of the waves all round the moon-lit shores and the scent of the sea in the cool night air. There are some who say that Lewis is a mournful and desolate island, set amidst gray seas, hidden by rain and the dull winter mists. That may be so; but there are others who will never think of it but as under the inexpressible glamour of these silent summer nights, when the sea and the sky and the moon-lit hills seemed to belong to an enchanted world, and merely to live was to breathe the air of romance.

WHERE?

Breathless the sunny meadows lie
In heat of early afternoon;
Clouds faint upon the shadeless sky
Where sleeps a ghostly moon.

The farm-boy turns his master's hay
To ripen after summer rain,
While gay cries steal across the bay,
And echo wide again.

He hears the voices of his mates
Gamboling in the fresh sea-wave,
And pauses while his heart relates
The joy his freedom gave.

Where is my play-time gone? he said,
And turned him idly to his task;
Where are my moon-lit moments fled?
Earth's weary children ask.

A. F.

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CARICATURE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

A CARICATURE DESIGNED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—LONDON, 1774.

Explanation by Dr. Franklin: "The Colonies (that is, Britannia's limbs) being severed from her, Britannia is seen lifting her eyes and mangled stumps to Heaven; her shield, which she is unable to wield, lies useless by her side; her lance has pierced New England; the laurel branch has fallen from the hand of Pennsylvania; the English oak has lost its head, and stands a bare trunk, with a few withered branches; briers and thorns are on the ground beneath it; the British ships have brooms at their topmast heads, denoting their being on sale; and Britannia herself is seen sliding off the world (no longer able to hold its balance), her fragments overspread with the label, Date obolum Bellisario" (Give a farthing to Belisarius).

IT is part of the office of caricature to assist in destroying illusions that have served their turn and become obstructive. As in Luther's time it gave important aid to the reformers in breaking the spell of the papacy, so now, when kingship broke down in Europe, the satiric pencil had much to do with tearing away the veil of fiction which had so long concealed the impotence of kings for every thing but mischief.

The fatal objection to the hereditary principle in the government of nations is the importance which, to use Mr. Jefferson's words, it "heaps upon idiots." Idiot is a harsh word to apply to a person so well disposed as George III., King of England, to whom the violence of the Revolutionary period was chiefly due; but when we think of the evil and suffering from which Europe could have been saved if he had known a little more or been a little less, we can not be surprised that contemporaries should have summed him up with disrespectful brevity. But for him, so far as short-sighted mortals can discern, the period of bloody revolution could have been a period of peaceful reform. After exasperating his subjects nearly to the point of rebellion, he precipitated the independence of the American colonies, which, in turn, brought on the French Revolution, and that issued in Napoleon Bonaparte, whose sins France only finished expiating at Sedan.

It is true, there must have been in Great Britain myriads upon myriads of such heads as that of King George to make his policy possible. But suppose that instead of placing himself at the head of the dull minds in his empire, he had given the prestige of the crown to the bright and independent souls! Suppose he had taken as kindly to Chatham, Burke, Fox, Franklin, Priestley, and Barré as he did to Bute, Dr. Johnson, Addington, and Eldon!

And see how this heir to the first throne in Christendom was educated. That period has been so laid bare by diaries and correspondence that we can visit the orphan boy in his home at Carlton House, and listen to his mother, the widowed Princess of Wales, as she describes his traits and laments the defects of his training. Go back to the year 1752, and imagine a drawing-room in a royal residence. The dinner hour then had only got as far toward "to-morrow" as three in the afternoon, and therefore by early candle-light of an October evening the drawing-room may be supposed to be inhabited. The Princess of Wales, born a princess of a petty German sovereignty, still a young mother, is dressed in mourning, her husband being but a few months dead. Of the du-

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ties belonging to royalty she had no ideas except those which had prevailed from time immemorial at the court of absolute German sovereigns. Her chief care was to preserve the morals of her children, and to have her eldest son a king in reality as well as in name. "Be King" (*Sois roi*) were favorite words with her, often repeated in the hearing of the heir to the throne. She thought it infamy in a king to allow himself to be ruled by ministers. There is no reason to doubt that she was an honorable lady and affectionate mother. Horace Walpole's insinuation that she instilled virtuous principles into the mind of her son because she "feared a mistress," and that her intimacy with Lord Bute was a criminal intrigue, dishonors Horace Walpole and human nature, but not the mother of George III.

She has company this evening: Bubb Dodington—a gentleman of great wealth and agreeable manners, who controlled six votes in the House of Commons, and passed his life in scheming to buy a peerage with them, in which, a year before his death, he succeeded, but left no heir to inherit it. He was much in the confidence of the princess, and she had sent for him to "spend the day" with her. Dinner is over, the two ladies-in-waiting are present, and now the "children" enter to play a few games of cards with their mother before going to bed. The children are seven in number, of whom the eldest was George, Prince of Wales—a boy of fourteen, of fresh complexion, sturdy and stout in form, and a countenance open and agreeable, and wearing an expression of honesty. Human nature rarely assumes a more pleasing form than that of a healthy, innocent English boy of fourteen. He was such a boy as you may still see in the playgrounds of Eton, only he was heavier, slower, and ruddier than the average, and much more shy in company. He loved his horse, and was exceedingly fond of rural sports; but when lesson-time came—but let his mother speak on that point.

The old game of "comet" was the one which the lad usually preferred. The company play at comet for small stakes, until the clock strikes nine, when "the royal children" go to bed. Then the mother leaves her ladies, and withdraws with her guest to the other end of the room, where she indulges in a long, gossipy, confidential chat upon the subject nearest her heart—her son, the presumptive heir to the throne. To show the reader how she used to talk to confidants on such occasions, I will glean a few sentences from her conversations:

"I like that the prince should amuse himself now and then at *small* play; but princes should never play deep, both for the example, and because it does not become them to win great sums. George's real disposition, do you ask? You know him almost as well as I do. He is very honest, but I wish he was a little more forward and less childish at his age. I hope his preceptors will improve him. I really do not well know what they are teaching him, but, to speak freely, I am afraid not much. They are in the country, and follow their diversions, and not much else that I can discover."

Dodington remarked upon this that, for his part, he did not much regard books; what *he* most wished was that the prince should begin to acquire knowledge of the world, and be informed of the general frame and nature of the British government and constitution, and, without going into minutiæ, get some insight into the manner of doing public business.

"I am of your opinion," said the princess; "and his tutor, Stone, tells me that when he talks with him on those subjects he seems to give proper attention, and makes pertinent remarks. I stick to the learning as the chief point. You know how backward the children were, and I am sure you do not think them much improved since. It may be that it is not too late to acquire a competence. I am highly sensible how necessary it is that the prince should keep company with men. I know that women can not inform him; but if his education was in my power absolutely, to whom could I address him? What company can I wish him to keep? What friendships can I desire him to contract? Such is the universal profligacy, such is the character and conduct of the young people of distinction, that I am really afraid to have them near my children. I shall even be in more pain for my daughters than I am for my sons, for the behavior of the women is indecent, low, and much against their own interest by making themselves so very cheap."

Three years passed. The prince was seventeen. Still the anxious mother deplored the neglect of his education.

"His book-learning," said she to the same friend, "I am no judge of, though I suppose it is small or useless; but I did hope he might have been instructed in the general understanding of things. I once desired Mr. Stone to inform the prince about the constitution; but he declined it to avoid giving jealousy to the Bishop of Norwich [official educator]. I mentioned it again, but he still declined it as not being his province."

"Pray, madam," asked Dodington, "what *is* his province?"

"I don't know, unless it is to go before the prince up stairs, to walk with him sometimes, seldomer to ride with him, and now and then to dine with him. But when they do walk together, the prince generally takes that time to think of his own affairs and say nothing."

The youth was, indeed, extremely indo-

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lent and stupid. At school he would have been simply called a dunce, for at eleven he could not read English with any fluency, and he could never have been induced to apply his mind to study except by violence. He never had the slightest notion of what Chatham, Burke, or Fox meant when they spoke of the constitution. If Mr. Stone had not been in dread of invading the Bishop of Norwich's province, and if the bishop had not been a verbose and wearisome formalist, their united powers could not have shown this young man the unique and prodigious happiness of a constitutional king in governing through responsible ministers. His "governor" during the last few years of his minority was Lord Waldegrave, whose too brief memoirs confirm the excellent report which contemporaries give of his mind and character. Lord Waldegrave could make nothing of him. Speaking of the prince at nineteen, he says he was "uncommonly full of princely prejudices, contracted in the nursery and improved by the society of bedchamber women and pages of the backstairs." He found the heavy youth an insufferable bore, and he was soon, as his relation, Horace Walpole, relates, "thoroughly fatigued with the insipidity of his pupil." The prince derived from his education only two ideas, one very good and the other very bad. The first was that he must be a Good Boy and not keep a mistress; the second was that he must be a king indeed.

An indolent and ignorant monarch who will not govern by ministers must govern by favorites. He has no other alternative but abdication. A favorite was at hand in the person of a poor Scotch lord who had married one of the richest heiresses in Europe, the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and her miserly husband. He had also, if we may believe Lord Waldegrave, "a good person, fine legs, and a theatrical air of the greatest importance." He was likewise fond of medals, engravings, and flowers; he pensioned Dr. Johnson and the dramatist Home; he really enjoyed some products of art, and was far from being either the execrable or the ridiculous personage which he was esteemed by men whom he kept from place. "Bute," said Prince Frederick, father of George III., "you would make an excellent embassador in a small, proud little court where there is nothing to do." He would have arranged the ceremonials, superintended the plays, been gracious to artists and musicians, smiled benignantly upon the court poet, bored the reigning prince, enchanted the reigning princess, amused her children, and ripened into a courtly and garrulous old Polonius, full of wise saws and modern instances. Above all, he would have upheld the prerogative of the prince with stanch sincerity. *Sois roi!*

There is something in the Scotch character that causes it to relish royal prerogative. To this hour there are in Scotland families that cherish a kind of sentimental attachment to the memory of the Stuarts; and we find Scotchmen as eminent as Hume, Carlyle, Lockhart, Scott, Wilson—men of distinguished liberality in some provinces of thought—unable to widen out into liberal politics. Bute was a lord as well as a Scotchman, not as ignorant nor as vulgar as lords in that generation usually were, but still subject to the lowering influences that always beset a privileged order; predisposed, too, by temperament to the worship of the picturesque, and now the cherished sharer of the shy, proud, gloomy seclusion of the family upon which the hopes of an empire were fixed. He showed them medals and pictures, he discoursed of music and architecture—two of his most pronounced tastes—and he nourished every princely prejudice which a wise tutor would have striven to eradicate.

This unfortunate youth, dull offspring of the stimulated lust of ages, was an apt pupil in the Jacobin theory of kingly authority. He was caught one day reading the book written at the instance of the dethroned James II. to justify his arbitrary policy; and there were so many other signs of the heir to a constitutional throne being educated in unconstitutional principles that Horace Walpole drew up a formal remonstrance against it in the name of the Whig families. This document, which was privately circulated, produced no effect. *Sois roi!* That remained the ruling thought in the mind of this ignorant, proud, moral young man, about to fill a place which conferred more obstructive power than any other in the world. If he had only been dissolute in that most dissolute age, he could have been ruled through his vices, but being strictly moral and temperate, he was, alas! always *himself;* and he had at his back the great voiceless multitude, who know by instinct that morality is the first interest of civilized human nature, and who honor it supremely even in this crude, rudimentary form. "Your dad is safe on his throne," said some boon companion of George IV., "as long as he is faithful to that ugly old woman, your mother." And wise old Franklin said, "If George III. had had a bad private character and John Wilkes a good one, he might have turned the king out of his dominions." Such is the mighty power of the mere indispensable rudiments of virtue, its mere preliminary corporeal conditions. A chaste and temperate fool will carry the day nine times in ten over profligate genius.

Riding in the park on an October day in 1760, a messenger delivered to the prince a note from the *valet de chambre* of his grandfather, George II. The prince had coolly

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arranged with this valet, while yet the king seemed firm in health, that at the moment of the old man's death he should send him a note bearing a certain mark on the outside. The king, a vigorous old man of seventy-seven, fell dead in his closet at seven in the morning, and this note bore the preconcerted announcement of the fact. The moral and steady young man, quietly remarking to his groom that his horse was lame, turned about and gently rode back to Kew. Upon dismounting he said to the man, "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary." At twenty-two years of age he was king. Except that he married, a few months after, a pliant, adoring German princess, his accession did not much change his mode of life. He still lived in strict seclusion, shut in against expanding influences, accessible at all times only to one man—him of the good legs and Jacobin mind, Bute, progenitor of the Pope's recent conquest, and Mr. Disraeli's hero, Lothair.

In the caricatures of the next fifty years we see the ghastly results. His first important act was to repel from his counsels humiliating superiority in the person of William Pitt, the darling of the nation, the first minister of the world, and one of the three great orators of all time. In his stead ruled a long monotony of servile incompetents, beginning with Bute himself, continuing with Grenville, and coming at last to Addington and Eldon, the king keeping far from his confidence every man in England who had a gleam of public sense, or a touch of independent spirit, or even a sound traditionary attachment to Whig principles. An immovable obstructive to the true interest of his country at every crisis, honoring the men whom the better sense of the nation did not honor, and repressing the men whom wise contemporaries loved, and whom posterity with unanimous voice pronounces the glory of England in that age, he kept the country in bad humor during most of his reign, put her wrong on every question of universal interest, lost the most valuable and affectionate colonies a country ever had, kept Europe in a broil for twenty-five years, and developed Napoleon Bonaparte into a destructive lunatic by creating for him a succession of opportunities for the display of his talent for beating armies which had no generals.

LORD BUTE.—1768.

A large proportion of the very caricatures of the period have something savage in them. A visitor to the library of the British Museum curious in such matters is shown ten huge folio scrap-books full of caricatures relating to this reign, most of them of great size and blazing with color. From a gentleman who recently inspected these volumes we learn some particulars showing the bad temper, bad manners, and bad morals of that time, all three aggravated by a king whose temper and morals were excellent. One of the first to catch the eye of an American is a picture, of date about 1765, called "A new Method of Macarony-making, as practised in *Boston*, North America," which represents two men tarring and feathering another, who has a halter round his neck. Of the pictures reflecting upon Lord Bute and the Princess of Wales nothing need be said except that they are such as might be expected from the caricaturists of that age. Many of the works of Gilray in the earlier years of George III. were of such coarseness, extravagance, and brutality that the exhibition of them nowadays would subject the vendor to a prosecution by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Our informant adds: "Their savageness and filth give one a very curious idea of the taste of our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers, only our ancestors male and female could hardly have been as bad as they are represented. Such hideous faces, such deformed figures, such monstrous distortion and debasement, such general ugliness and sensuality, oppress one with a feeling of melancholy rather than exhilaration. You might as well be merry over the doings of Swift's Yahoos, who are certainly not more offensive than some of Gil-

PRINCESS OF WALES—BUTE—GEORGE III.

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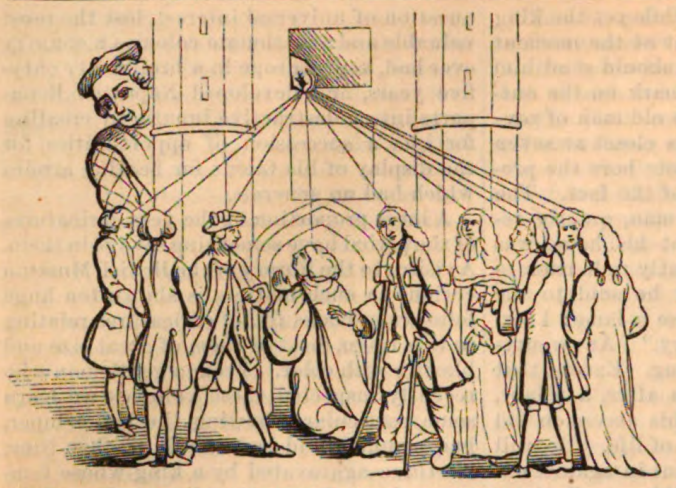

THE WIRE MASTER (BUTE) AND HIS PUPPETS.

"The power behind the throne greater than the throne itself."
London, 1767.

ray's men and women. Whether in home or foreign politics, he is equally unscrupulous."

Charles James Fox was the *bête noire* of Gilray. He reveled in depicting him and his friends in as odious a light as possible, giving him huge beetle-brows, heavy jaws, and a swarthy complexion. The famous Westminster election, at which the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire won a vote for Fox by giving a kiss to a butcher, supplied him with a rich source of caricature. Fox is drawn riding on the back of the lady; and again, sitting in a tap-room with the duchess on his knee; and in another picture, hobnobbing with a coster-monger, while the duchess has her shoes mended by a cobbler, and pays the cobbler's wife with a purse of gold. Fox chops off the head of the king; he is a traitor, a republican, a Jacobin, a confederate with the French, a forestaller, a buyer up of corn with which to feed the enemy, a sot, a gambler—every thing that is bad. His very death-bed forms the subject of a brutal caricature. The noblest traits of his political character are the points satirized. His great crimes apparently are that he loved freedom abroad as well as at home, that he strove for peace with France, and endeavored to do justice to Ireland. For this he is depicted as the secret ally of Bonaparte and as the instigator of Irish rebellion. The ghosts of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, the Sheares brothers, Emmett, and other Irish martyrs are made to pass before Fox's bed, and point to *him* as the cause of their rebellion and their fate. When Burke went over to the Tories he then became the favorite of Gilray, who before had generally represented him as a Jesuit, because he demanded justice for the Catholics. Now he is the savior of his country, and the terror of Fox, Sheridan, and Priestley. Sheridan is depicted as a blazing meteor with an extremely rubicund nose. There is a picture of the Titans attempting to scale heaven, in which George III. figures as a comical Jupiter launching his thunderbolts at the Whig opposition. Queen Charlotte is shown as a miracle of ugliness. The prodigality of the Prince of Wales, who first appears as a handsome young man with long, powdered hair, totally unlike the high-shouldered, curly-wigged, royal Turveydrop of later days, is contrasted in companion pictures with the alleged parsimony of his parents. He is represented reveling with inordinately fat but handsome women, who get drunk, hang round his neck, and indulge in familiarities. The popular hope that marriage would reform him suggested a large drawing, in which the slumbering prince is visited by a descending angel in the likeness of the unhappy Caroline, at whose approach a crowd of reprobates, male and female, hurry away into darkness. Thomas Paine did not escape. In a picture entitled, "The Rights of Man; or, Tommy Paine, the little American Taylor, taking the Measure of the Crown for a new Pair of Revolution Breeches," he is represented as the traditional starveling tailor, ragged and slippered, and armed with an immense pair of shears. He crouches to take the measure of an enormous crown, while uttering much irrelevant nonsense. This precious work is "humbly dedicated to the Jacobin clubs of France and England."

Bound with such pictures as these are a vast number by inferior hands, most of which are indescribable, the standard subjects being gluttony, drunkenness, incontinence, and fashion, and these in their most outrageous manifestations. They serve to show that a stupid king in that age, besides corrupting Parliament and debauching the press, could demoralize the popular branch of art. The visitor, turning from this collection of atrocities and ferocities, finds himself relenting toward the unfortunate old king, and inclined to say that he was, after all, only the head noodle of his kingdom. Every improvement was mercilessly burlesqued—steam, gas, the purchase of the Elgin marbles; popular prejudices were nearly always flattered, seldom rebuked; so that if the caricatures were of any use at all in the promulgation of truth, they served only as part of the ordeal that tested its vitality.

We do not find in this or in any other col-

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lection many satirical pictures relating to the revolution which ended in the independence of the American colonies. There was, however, one gentleman in London during the earlier phases of the dispute who employed caricature and burlesque on behalf of America with matchless skill. He is described in the London Directory for 1770 in these words, "Franklin, Benjamin, Esq., agent for Philadelphia, Craven Street, Strand." The effective caricature placed at the beginning of this article was one of the best of a long series of efforts to avert the impending conflict. He loved his country with the peculiar warmth that usually animates citizens who live in a distant outlying province. His country, when he designed that caricature and wrote the well-known burlesques in a similar taste, was not Pennsylvania, nor America, nor England, but the great British Empire, to which William Pitt, within Franklin's own lifetime, seemed to have given an ascendency over the nations of the earth similar to that which Rome had once enjoyed. It was, however, only on the coast of North America that Britain possessed colonies loyal and free, not won by conquest nor by diplomacy, and therefore entitled to every right secured by the British constitution. Franklin loved and gloried in this great country of which he was born a citizen. He deplored the measures that threatened the severance of those colonies from the mother country, and would have prevented the severance if the king's folly had been any thing short of incurable. The most wonderful thing in the whole controversy was that the argument, fact, and fun which Franklin wrote and inspired, from 1765 to 1774, had only momentary influence on the course of events. "Against stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain."

His twenty "Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One," published three years before the caricature, inculcated the same lesson. A great empire, he remarked, was in one particular like a great cake: it could be most easily diminished at *the edges*. The person, therefore, who had undertaken the task of reducing it should take care to begin at the remotest provinces, and not till after they were lopped off cut up the central portion. His twenty "Rules" are merely a humorous history of the British colonial policy since the accession of George III.: Don't incorporate your colonies with the mother country, quarter troops among them, appoint for their governors broken gamblers and exhausted *roués*, despise their voluntary grants, and harass them with novel taxes. By such measures as these "you will act like a wise gingerbread baker, who, to facilitate a division, cuts his dough half through at the places where, when baked, he would have it broken to pieces." Franklin also wrote a shorter burlesque, pompously headed, "An Edict of the King of Prussia," in which that monarch was supposed to claim sovereign rights over Great Britain on the ground that the island had been colonized by Hengist, Horsa, and others, subjects of "our renowned ducal ancestors." The edict, of course, ordains and commands precisely those absurd things which the government of Great Britain *had* ordained and commanded since the planting of the colonies. Iron, as the edict duly sets forth, had been discovered in the island of Great Britain by "our colonists there," who, "*presuming* that they had a natural right to make the best use they could of the natural productions of their country," had erected furnaces and forges for the manufacture of the same, to the detriment of the manufacturers of Prussia. This must be instantly stopped, and all the iron sent to Prussia to be manufactured. "And whereas the art and mystery of making *hats* has arrived at great perfection in Prussia," and "the islanders before mentioned, being in possession of wool, beaver, and other furs, have presumptuously conceived they had a right to take some advantage thereof by manufacturing the same into hats, to the prejudice of our domestic manufacture," therefore we do hereby forbid them to do so any more.

We call this piece a burlesque, but it was burlesque only in form. Precisely such restrictions existed upon the industry of the American colonists. It was part of the protective system of the age, and not much more unjust than the parts of the same system to which the descendants of those colonists have since subjected themselves.

An ignorant man at the head of a government, however honest he may be, is liable to make fatal mistakes in the selection of his ministers. He naturally dreads the close inspection of minds superior to his own. He has always to be on his good behavior before them, which is irksome. He shares the stock prejudices of mankind, one of which is a distrust of practiced politicians. But as the poorest company of actors will get through a comedy with less discredit than the best amateurs, so an administration of "party hacks" will usually carry on a government with less odious failure than an administration composed of better men without experience in public business. George III. had, moreover, a singularly unfortunate trait for a king who had to govern by party leaders—his prejudices against individuals were inveterate. Lord Waldegrave remarked "a kind of unhappiness in his temper" while he was still a youth. "Whenever he is displeased his anger does not break out with heat and violence, but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to his closet, not to compose his mind by study and contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy

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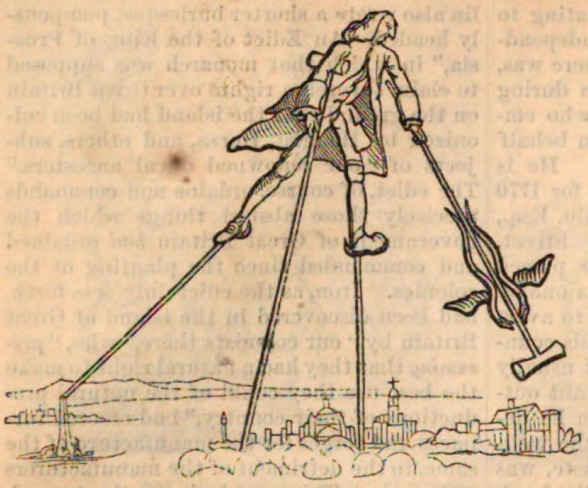

THE GOUTY COLOSSUS, WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM), WITH ONE LEG IN LONDON AND THE OTHER IN NEW YORK.—LONDON, 1766.

enjoyment of his own ill humor." And when he re-appeared, it was but too evident that he had not forgotten the offense. He never forgot, he seldom forgave. "The same strength of memory," as Earl Russell once wrote of him, "and the same *brooding sullenness* against those who opposed his will, which had been observed in the boy, were manifest in the man."

This peculiarity of character always prevented the formation of a proper ministry, and shortened the duration of every ministry which was approximately proper. During the first ten years of his reign his dislike of William Pitt, the natural chief of the Whig party, confused every arrangement; and during the next twenty years the most cherished object of his policy seemed to be to keep from power the natural successor of that minister—Charles James Fox. The ascendency of both those leaders was such that to exclude them from power was to paralyze their own party, and prevent the free play of politics in the House of Commons. It reduced the poor king at last to pit against Napoleon Bonaparte a young rhetorician of defective health, William Pitt, the son of the great minister.

That renowned "coalition" between Lord North and Mr. Fox in 1783, the theme of countless caricatures and endless invective, illustrates the confusing influence of the king. During the whole period of the American Revolution, Lord North, as the head of the ministry, was obliged to execute and defend the king's policy, much of which we now know he disapproved. Naturally he would have been an ally of Fox years before, and they could either have prevented or shortened the conflict. The spell of the royal closet and the personal entreaties of the king prevailed over his better judgment, and made him the antagonist of Fox. At length, the war being at an end and North in retirement, England saw those two men, whose nightly conflicts had been the morning news for ten years, suddenly forming a "coalition," united in the administration, and pledged to the same policy. As we trace the successive steps which led to the alliance in the memoirs and diaries of the time, we discover that it was not so much the coalition as the previous estrangement that was unnatural. The public, however, could not be expected to see it in that light,

Fox. Lord North.

THE MASK (COALITION).

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and an uproar greeted the reconciliation that greatly aided the king in getting rid of the obnoxious Fox. The specimens of the caricatures to which it gave rise, presented on page 196 and on this page, are two out of a great number still procurable.

In France, more conspicuously than in England, kingship broke down in that century. Louis XV., born in a private station, might have risen to the ownership of a small livery-stable, in which position his neighbors, commenting upon his character in the candid manner of French neighbors, would have epitomized him as a cross, proud pig. Those dull kings who finished kingship in Europe possessed but one trait which we usually associate with the kingly character —pride—and this was the single point of resemblance between Louis XV. and George III. Once in his life, it is related, Louis XV. uttered a few words with a vivacity approaching eloquence. "Would you believe," said he to Madame De Pompadour, "that there is a man in my court who dares to lift his eyes to one of my daughters?" He was blazing with passion at the thought of such flagrant impiety.

And was there ever, since sacred Childhood first appealed for protection to the human heart, a child so unhappily placed as that baby king, an orphan, with a *roué* for a guardian, a smooth, insinuating priest for preceptor, and a dissolute court conspiring to corrupt him? The priest, who represented what then passed for virtue, taught him virtue out of a dreary catechism, still extant, which never yet elevated or nobly formed a human soul—a dead, false thing, with scarcely an atom in it of sound nutrition for heart or mind. But Cardinal Fleury had some success with his pupil. Thirty years after, when Pompadour was supplying him with fresh young girls of fourteen and fifteen, bought from their mothers by her for this purpose, the king's conscience would not permit him to go to bed until he had knelt down by the side of the timid victim, and required her to join him in saying the prescribed prayers.

The courtiers were not less successful in their endeavors. At the tender age of six years they provided for him an entertainment which gave the old Marquis de Dangeau the idea that they had formed the *purpose* of "drying up in him the very source of good feeling." They caused thousands of sparrows to be let loose in a vast hall, where they gave the boy the "*divertissement*" of seeing them shoot the birds, and covering all the floor with bloody, fluttering, crying victims. He doubtless enjoyed the spectacle, for at sixteen he shot in cold blood a pointer bred by himself, and accustomed to feed from his hand. So rude was he at seventeen, the chroniclers tell us, that the courtiers used all their arts to give him *du goût pour les femmes*, hoping thereby to render him "more polite and tractable." The precise manner in which a bevy of illustrious princesses and duchesses sought to *débaucher le roi* during one of the royal hunts is detailed in the diaries and satirized in the epigrams of the time.

HEADS OF FOX AND NORTH.

"In a committee on the sense of the nation, Moved, that for preventing future disorders and dissensions, the *heads* of the Mutiny Act be brought in, and suffered to lie on the table to-morrow."—*Fox's motion in Parliament, February*, 1784.

The ladies, long frustrated by the "ferocity" of the youth, who cared only for hunting, succeeded at last, and succeeded with the applause of all the court. "Every one else has a mistress," remarks Barbier, advocate and magistrate; "why shouldn't the king?" It was a long reign of mistresses. Changes of ministry, questions of peace or war, promotions and appointments of generals and admirals, the arrest of authors and nobles—all were traceable to the will or caprice of a mistress. Frederick of Prussia styled Pompadour, Petticoat the Third, which some one was kind enough to report to her; and when Voltaire, whom she "protected," conveyed to the Prussian monarch a complimentary message, he replied, coldly, "I don't know her." Maria Theresa of Austria, a proud and high-principled lady, stooped to recognize her existence, and wrote her civil notes. If there is any truth in the printed gossip of the innermost court circles of that period, it was this difference in the treatment of the king's mistress which made France the ally of Austria in the Seven Years' War.

Would the reader like to know how affairs go on in a court governed by a mistress? Then let him ponder this one sample anecdote, related by the *femme de chambre* of Madame De Pompadour, showing how she, *femme de chambre* as she was, obtained a lieutenant's commission in the army for one of her relations. She first asked "madame" for the commission, but as madame was in full intrigue to remove the Minister of War, this application did not succeed. "Pressed by my family," the *femme de chambre* relates, "who could not conceive that, in the position in which I was, it could be difficult for me

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ASSEMBLY OF THE NOTABLES AT PARIS, FEBRUARY 22, 1787.*

"Dear objects of my care, I have assembled you to ascertain with what sauce you want to be eaten."
"But we don't want to be eaten at all."
"You are departing from the question."

to procure a trifling commission for a good soldier, I asked it directly from the minister himself. He received me coldly, and gave me little hope. On going out, the Marquis de V—— followed me, and said: 'You desire a commission. There is one vacant, which has been promised to a *protégé* of mine, but if you are willing to exchange favors with me, I will yield it to you. What I desire is to play the part of Exempt de Police in *Tartuffe* the next time madame gives it in the palace before the king. It is a *rôle* of a few lines only. Get madame to assign that part to me, and the lieutenancy is yours.' I told madame of this. The thing was done. I obtained my lieutenancy, and the marquis thanked madame for the *rôle* as warmly as if she had made him a duke."

Generals were appointed to the command of expeditions for no better reason than this. That Pompadour drew thirty-six millions of francs from the "royal treasury," *i. e.*, from the earnings of the frugal and laborious French people, could easily have been borne. It was government by mistresses and for mistresses, the government of ignorant and idle caprice, that broke down monarchy in France and set the world on fire. Of the evils which corrupt rulers bring upon communities, the waste and spoliation of the people's money (though that is a great evil in so poor a world as ours, with such crowds of poor relations and so much to be done) is among the least. It is the absence of intelligence and public spirit in the government that brings on ruin.

"As long as I live," said Louis XV. one day to Madame De Pompadour, "I shall be the master, to do as I like. But my grandson will have trouble." Madame was of the same mind, but gave it neater expression: "After us the deluge."

The world is familiar with the tragic incidents of the sudden collapse of the monarchy. Except during the Reign of Terror, which was short, the caricaturists, whether with the pen or the pencil, played their usual part. It was almost impossible to caricature the abuses of the times, so monstrous was the reality. The "local hits" in Beaumarchais's *Marriage of Figaro*, played with rapturous applause a hundred nights in 1784, were little more than the truth given with epigrammatic brevity. When the saucy page, Cherubin, confessed that he had behaved very badly, but rested his defense upon the fact that he had never been guilty of the slightest indiscretion in *words*, and so obtained both pardon and promotion, the audience must have felt the perfect congruity of the incident with the moral code of the period. In Figaro's famous discourse on the English *God-dam* there is, indeed, a touch of caricature: "A fine language the English; a little of it goes a great way.

* Champfleury. *Hist. de la Caricature sous la République*, etc., p. 5.

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The English people, it is true, throw in some other words in the course of conversation, but it is very easy to see that *Goddam* is the basis of their language." When he descants upon politics he rarely goes beyond the truth: "Ability advance a man in the government bureaus! My lord is laughing at me. Be commonplace and obsequious, and you get every thing." Figaro gives the whole art of French polities in a few words: "To pretend you don't know what you do know, and to know what you don't; to hear what you understand, and not to hear what you don't understand; and especially to pretend you can do a great deal more than you can; often to have for a very great secret that there is no secret; to shut yourself up to mend pens and seem profound, when you are only empty and hollow; to play well or ill the part of a personage; to spread abroad spies and pension traitors; to melt seals, intercept letters, and try to ennoble the poverty of the means by the importance of the ends—may I die if that isn't all there is of politics." It is a good hit of Susan's when she says that vapors are "a disease of quality," only to be taken in boudoirs. A poor woman whose cause is coming on at court remarks that selling judgeships is a great abuse. "You are right," says the dolt of a magistrate; "we ought to get them for nothing." And how a Paris audience, in the temper of 1789, must have relished the hits at the hereditary principle: "It is no matter whence you came; the important question is, whither are you bound?" "What have you done, my lord, to merit so many advantages — rank, fortune, place? You took the trouble to be born, nothing more." We can fancy, too, how such touches as this might bring down the house: "I was thought of for an office, but unfortunately I was fit for it. An arithmetician was wanted; a dancer got it."

THE ESTATES.—PARIS, 1789.

All men, as Mr. Carlyle observes, laughed at these jests, and none louder than the persons satirized—"a gay horse-racing Anglomaniac noblesse loudest of all."

The first picture given in these pages relating to the French Revolution, "The Assembly of the Notables," is one of the most celebrated caricatures ever produced, and one of the best. Setting aside one or two of Thackeray's and half a dozen of Mr. Nast's, it would be difficult to find its equal. It may be said, however, that the force of the satire is wholly in the words, which, indeed, have since become one of the stock jokes of French Joe Millers. The picture appeared in 1787, when the deficit in the revenue, after having widened for many years, had become most alarming, and it was at length proposed to tax the nobility, clergy, and magistrates, hitherto exempt from vulgar taxation. But the Assembly of the Notables, which was chiefly composed of the exempt, preferred to prolong inquiry into the causes of the deficit, and showed an unconquerable reluctance to impose a tax upon themselves. It was during this delay, so fatal to the monarchy, that the caricature appeared. There must have been more than one version of the work, for the one described by Mr. Carlyle in his *History of the French Revolution* differs in several particulars from that which we take from M. Champfleury. Mr. Carlyle says: "A *rustic*

MIRABEAU.*—PARIS, 1789.

* Champfleury. *Hist. de la Caricature sous la République*, p. 81.

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THE DAGGER SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—1793.

is represented convoking the poultry of his barn-yard with this opening address, 'Dear *animals*, I have assembled you to advise me what sauce I shall dress you with,' to which a *cock* responding, 'We don't want to be eaten,' is checked by, 'You wander from the point!'"

The outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 menaced Europe with one of the greatest of all evils—the premature adoption of liberal institutions. Forever vain and always fruitful of prodigious evil will be attempts to found a government by the whole people where the mass of the working population are grossly ignorant and superstitious. The reason is known to all who have had an opportunity of closely observing the workings of such minds. They can only be swayed by arts which honest intelligence can not use, and therefore they will be usually governed by men who have an interest in misleading them. Great Britain was nearer a republic than any other nation in Europe; but England, too, needed another century to get the tap-room reduced, the people's school developed in every parish, and the educated class intensely alive to the "folly of heaping importance upon idiots."

Edmund Burke was the man who, more than any other, held England back from revolution in 1792. Rational appeals to the rational faculty could not have avail-

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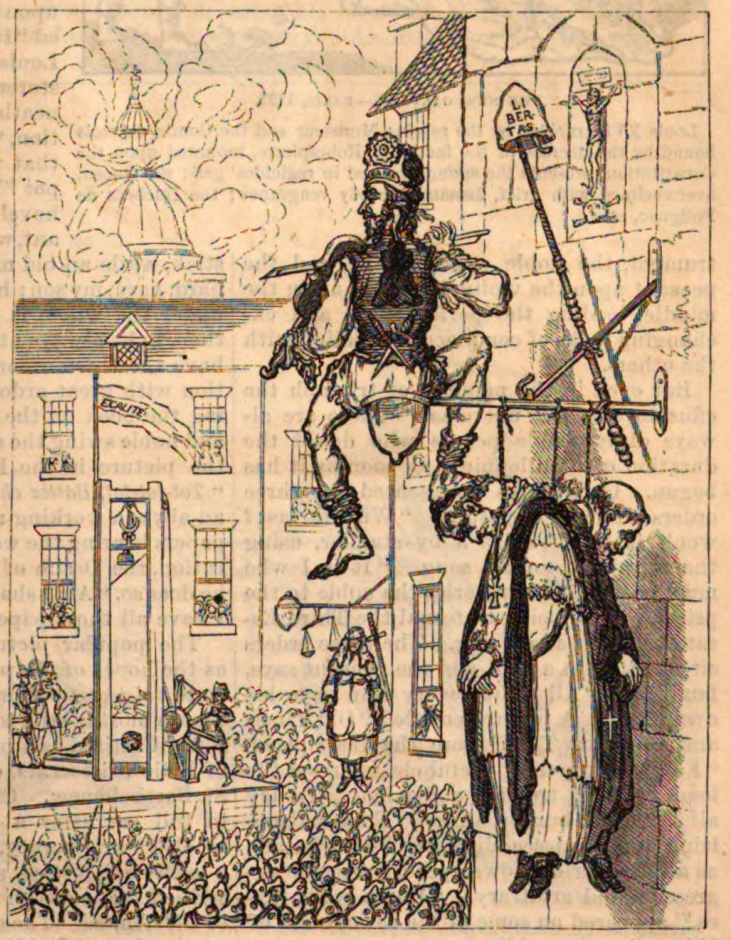
ed. Appalled at what he saw in France, Burke, after thirty years' advocacy of liberal principles, and assisting to create a republic in America, became a fanatic of conservatism, and terrified England into standing by the monarchy. He was alarmed even at the influx of Frenchmen into England, flying from *La Lanterne*, and he gave vehement support to the Alien Act, which authorized the summary expulsion from the kingdom of foreigners suspected by the government. Vehement? Some of his sentences read like lunacy. It was in the course of this debate that the celebrated dagger scene occurred which Gilray has satirized in the picture on another page. A wild tale reached his ears of the manufacture of daggers at Birmingham for the use of French Jacobins in England, and one of them was given him as a specimen. It was an implement of such undecided form that it might have served as a dagger, a pike-head, or a carving-knife. He dashed it upon the floor of the House of Commons, almost hitting the foot of an honorable member, and proceeded to declaim against the unhappy exiles in the highest style of absurdity. "When they smile," said he, "I see blood trickling down their faces; I see their insidious purposes; I see that the object of all their cajoling is blood." A pause ensued after the orator had spoken a while in this strain. "You have thrown down a knife," said Sheridan; "where is the fork?" A shout of laughter followed this sally, which relieved the suppressed feelings of the House, but spoiled the "effect" of Mr. Burke's performance.

In the French caricatures that have come to us from the period of the Revolution (many hundreds in number) every phase of the struggle is exhibited with French *finesse*. There is even an elegance in some of their Revolutionary caricatures. How exquisite, for example, the picture which presents the first protest of the Third Estate, its first attempt to be Something in the nation which it maintained! We see a lofty and beautiful chariot or car of triumph, in which king, nobleman, and clergy gracefully ride, drawn by a pair of *doves*. The Third Estate is merely the beaten road on which the whole structure moves. Nothing could more elegantly satirize the sentimental stage of the Revolution, when the accumulated abuses of centuries were all to disappear amidst a universal effusion of brotherly love, while king, lords, and clergy rode airily along as before, borne up by a mute, submissive nation! When at last the Third Estate had become "Something" in the nation, a large number of sentimental pictures signalized the event. In one we see priest, noble, and peasant clasped in a fervent embrace, the noble trampling under foot a sheet of paper upon which is printed "Grandeurs," the priest treading upon "Benefices," the peasant upon "Hate." All wear the tricolor cockade, and underneath is written, "The wish accomplished. This is as I ever desired it should be." In another picture priest, noble, and peasant are playing together upon instruments, the priest upon a serpent-shaped



THE ZENITH OF FRENCH GLORY—A VIEW IN PERSPECTIVE.—GILRAY, LONDON, 1793.

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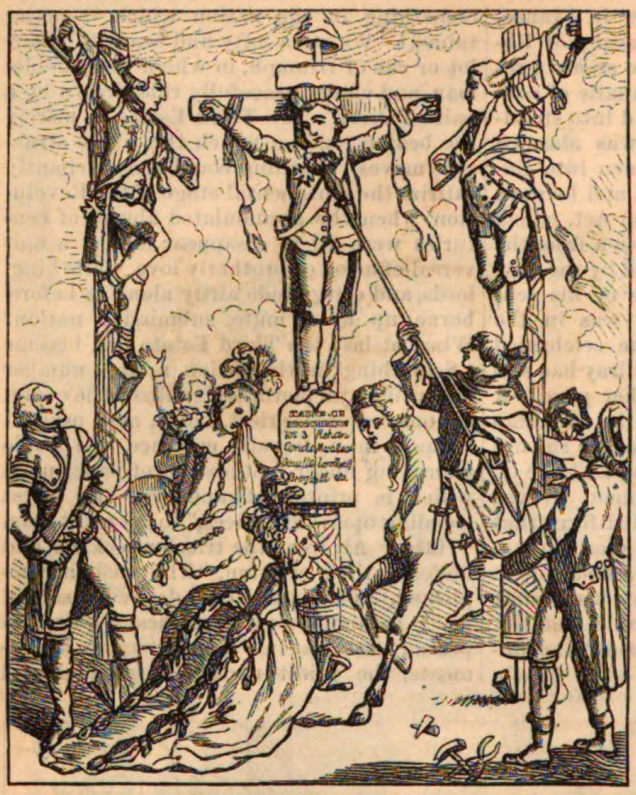

THE NEW CALVARY.—PARIS, 1792.

Louis XVI. crucified by the rebels; Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois bound by the decrees of the factions; Robespierre, mounted upon the Constitution, presents the sponge soaked in regicides' gall; the Queen, overwhelmed with grief, demands speedy vengeance; the Duchess de Polignac, etc.

trumpet, the noble upon a pipe, and the peasant upon the violin, the peasant, in the middle, leading the performance, and exchanging looks of complacent affection with the others.

But even in the moment of triumph the effusion was not universal. There are always disagreeable people who doubt the duration of a millennium as soon as it has begun. Caricatures represented the three orders dancing together. "Will it last? won't it last?" sings a by-stander, using the refrain of an old song. "It is I who must pay the fiddler," cries the noble to the priest. From being fraternal the Third Estate became patronizing. The three orders sit together in a café, and the peasant says, familiarly, "All right; every man pays his own shot." A picture entitled "Old Times and the New Time" bore the inscription, "Formerly the most useful class carried the load, and was trodden under foot. To-day all share the burden alike." From patronizing and condescending, the Third Estate, as all the world knows, speedily became aggressive and arbitrary. "Down with taxes!" appeared on some of the caricatures of 1789, when the public treasury was running dry. An extremely popular picture, often repeated, exhibits a peasant wearing the costume of all the orders, with the well-known inscription, so false and so fatal, "A single One makes the Three." An ignorant family is depicted listening with gaping eagerness to one who reveals to them that they too are of the order of which they have been hearing such fine things. "*We* belong to the Third Estate!" they exclaim, with the triumphant glee of M. Jourdain when he heard that he had been speaking "prose" all his life without knowing it.

But peace and plenty did not come to the poor man's cottage, and the caricaturists began to mock his dream of a better day. We see in one of the pictures of 1790 a father of a family in chains, with his eyes fixed in ecstasy upon a beam of light, labeled "Hope." In another, poor Louis XVI. is styled "The Restorer of Liberty," but underneath we read the sad question, "*Eh bien*, but when will that put the chicken in the pot?" A devil entering a hovel is set upon by a peasant, who pummels him with a stick, while an old man cries out, "Hit him hard, hard, my son; he is an aristocrat;" and under the whole is written, "Is the devil, then, to be always at our door?" Again, we have the three orders forging the constitution with great ardor, the blacksmith holding the book on the anvil, while the priest and noble swing the sledge-hammer. Under the picture is the French smith's refrain, "*Tot-tot-tot, Battez chaud, Tot-tot-tot.*" From an abyss a working-man draws a bundle of papers bearing the words, "The New Constitution, the Desire of the Nation," saying, as he does so, "Ah, I shall be well content when I have all those papers!"

The popular pictures grew ill-tempered as the hopes of the people declined, and the word *aristocrat* became synonymous with all that is most hostile to the happiness of man. A devil attired as a priest, teaching a school of little aristocrats, extols the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Citizens and soldiers are in full cry after a many-headed monster labeled "Aristocracy." An ass presides over a court of justice, and the picture is inscribed, "The Ass on the Bench; or, the End of Old Times." The clergy came in for their ample share of ridicule and vituperation.

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RARE ANIMALS; OR, THE TRANSFER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY FROM THE TUILERIES TO THE TEMPLE. CHAMPFLEURY, 1792.

"What do we want with monks?" exclaimed an orator from the tribune of the Assembly in 1790. "If you tell me," he continued, "that it is just to allow pious men the liberty to lead a sedentary, solitary, or contemplative life, my answer is, that every man can be sedentary, solitary, or contemplative in his own room." Another speaker said, "If England to-day is flourishing, she owes it in part to the abolition of the religious orders." The caricaturists did not delay to aim their shafts at this new game. We see nuns trying on fashionable head-dresses, and friars blundering through a military exercise. The spectacle was exhibited to Europe of a people raging with contemptuous hate of every thing which had from time immemorial been held in honor.

As time wore on, after every other order in the state had been in turn the object of special animosity, the royal family, the envied victims of the old state of things, became the unpitied victims of the new. Until their ill-starred attempt to escape from France in June, 1792, there remained some little respect for the king, and some tenderness for his children. The picture given elsewhere of the crucifixion of the king was published by his adherents some months before the crisis as figurative of his sufferings, not as prophetic of his fate. But there was neither respect nor pity for the unhappy man after his blundering attempt to leave the country. An explosion of caricature fol-

PRESIDENT OF A REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE AMUSING HIMSELF WITH HIS ART BEFORE THE SESSION BEGINS.—PARIS, 1793.

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ARISTOCRAT AND DEMOCRAT.—PARIS, 1793.
Aristocrat. "Take care of your cap."
Democrat. "Look out for your queue."

lowed. Before that event satirical pictures had been exposed only in the print-sellers' windows, but now, as M. Bayer records, "caricatures were sold wherever any thing was sold." The Jacobin Club, he adds, as often as they had a point to carry, caused caricatures to be made, which the shop-keepers found it to their interest to keep for sale.

A large number of the pictures which appeared during the last months of the king's life have been preserved. At an earlier stage of the movement both friends and foes of the monarchy used the satiric pencil, but now there was none to take the side of this bewildered family, and the pictures aimed at them were hard and pitiless. The reader has but to turn to the specimen given on another page, which was called forth by the transfer of the royal family from their home in the Tuileries to their prison in the Temple, to comprehend the spirit of those productions. In others we find the king represented as a blind man groping his way, as a baby, as an idiot who breaks his playthings and throws away his crown and sceptre. The queen excited a deeper feeling. The Parisians of 1792 appear to have had for that most unhappy of women only feelings of diabolical hate. She called forth all the tiger which, according to Voltaire, is an ingredient in the French character. The caricaturists liked to invest her with the qualities and the form of a tigress, living in a monstrous alliance with a king-ram, and becoming the mother of monsters. The foolish tale of her saying that she would quench her thirst with the blood of Frenchmen was treated by the draughtsmen of the day as though it was an unquestionable fact.

Never was a woman so hated as she was by infuriate Paris in 1792. Never was womanhood so outraged as in some of the caricatures of that period. Nothing relating to her had any kind of sacredness. Her ancestors, her country, her mother, her children, her love for her children, her attachment to her husband, were all exhibited in the most odious light as so many additional crimes against liberty. Need it be said that her person was not spared? The single talent in which the French excel all the rest of the human family is that of subtly insinuating indecency by pen and pencil. But they did not employ this talent in the treatment of Marie Antoinette when she was about to redeem a frivolous life by a dignified death. With bald indecency they presented her to the scorn of the public, as African savages might exhibit the favorite wife of a hostile chief when they had brought her to their stinking village a captive, bound, naked, and defiled.

And so passed away forever from the minds of men the sense of the divinity that once had hedged in a king. But so congenial to minds immature or unformed is the idea of hereditary chieftainship that to this day in Europe the semblance of a king seems the easiest resource against anarchy. Yet kings were put upon their good behavior, to hold their places until majorities learn to control their propensities and use their minds.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

An ancient sage, once on a time, they say,
Who lived remote, away from mortal sight,
Sustained his feeble life as best he might
With herbs and berries gathered by the way.
"Can any other one," said he one day,
"So poor, so destitute, as I, be found?"
And when he turned his head to look around
He saw the answer: creeping slowly there
Came an old man who gathered up with care
The herbs which he had cast upon the ground.

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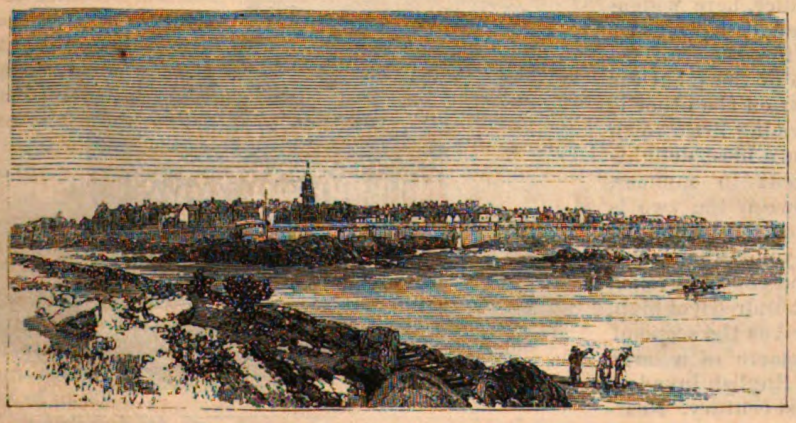
WANDERINGS IN BRITTANY.

ONE who sees Brittany for the first time should enter it at St. Malo. It is good to follow in the paths of the saints. St. Maclou or Magloire came to St. Malo; when he died, the place was called after him, and the name, for reasons to the writer unknown, was abbreviated to Malo, accent on the last syllable. The city entirely covers a small peninsula that is joined to the main-land by a spit two or three hundred yards wide at low water, and of course less at high water. The harbor lies on the inner side, and a vessel entering must pass through a channel resembling the circumference of the letter U before it is fairly in port, where it is safe from the severest gale that ever howled on that inhospitable coast. But to reach that snug haven a ship must first run a perilous gauntlet of shoals, shelves, reefs, and channels, more or less concealed at flood tide, but which reveal themselves with grim distinctness when the tide is down. The city is entirely surrounded by lofty walls, completed in the time of Anne of Brittany, and still in the most perfect preservation. The uniformity of these machicolated fortifications is rendered picturesque by several lofty and interesting towers, while an elevated and airy walk around the walls gives one a promenade of rare beauty and attractions. On the exterior view one has the port, crowded with vessels of various rigs and nations, and lively with the ring of shipbuilders' mallets. Farther on one sees St. Servan, a suburb of St. Malo, although a distinct municipality, connected with it at low tide. At high water communication between the two places is maintained by a platform perched upon an iron trestle-work fifty feet high, moving on rails laid along the bed of the channel, and only exposed for one or two hours in the twenty-four. The machine is drawn by chains, and might be

THE LITTLE COW-KEEPER.



ST. MALO.

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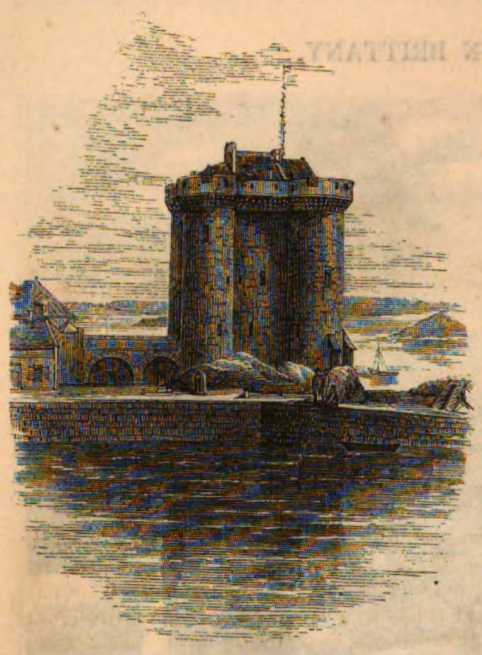
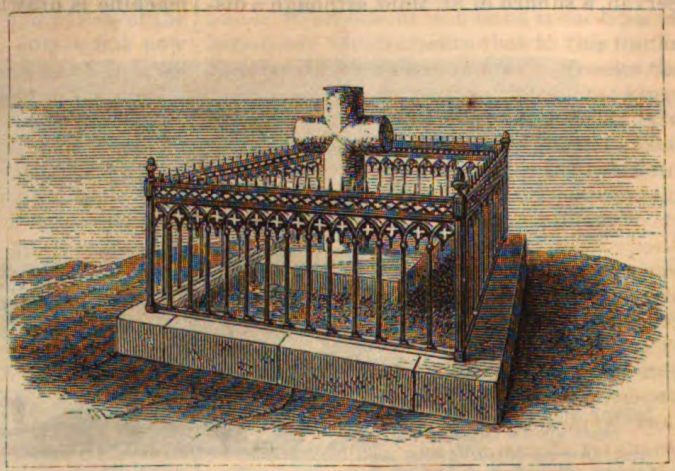


TOWER OF SOLIDORT.

adopted advantageously, one would suppose, on some of our narrow ferries. The chief antiquity of St. Servan is a castle called the Tower of Solidort, built in trefoil shape by John of Montfort to restrain the ambition of the Bishop of St. Malo. Bishops then, as now, seemed occasionally to forget or ignore their sacred office, and preferred to grasp after civil power. But the bishop was only stimulated to increased energy by this implied threat, and, being ever on the watch, caught the governor, Soli by name, napping one day; Soli awoke to find the castle in the hands of the Bishop of St. Malo, and the castle has since then been called Solidort—Soli caught napping. St. Servan is also the scene of a great battle between the Emperor Maximus and the Celts. Proceeding on his walk, the traveler comes in sight of the beautiful river Rance, here widening to an estuary as it empties into the sea. On one side of the mouth is St. Malo; on the other is the charming little town of Dinan, a most delightful retreat in summer, and between the two is St. Servan. In the distance beyond Dinan looms the grand cape of Fréhel, several hundred feet high, and noted as the scene of the massacre of a large body of English invaders in the last century. Nearer are the islands fortified by Vauban, La Cauchée and Cézambre. In the foreground, on the brow of the rocky isle of Grand Bey, and overlooking the vast ocean, is the grave of Châteaubriand. Farther on we complete the circuit of the walls, and come to the magnificent beach, where the marine painter may study some of the grandest rollers of the Atlantic, and the bather—and many resort hither in summer for that purpose—may enjoy every advantage desirable for sea-bathing. This walk on the walls never wearies; each day presents new attractions; not the least interesting to the lover of the picturesque are the peaked and time-battered old houses which crowd together and jut one story beyond another almost over the ramparts, as if to get the sea air and view.

But when one enters the gates, and picks his devious way up and down dark lanes, he finds a city composed of lofty stone houses crowded together in the most compact manner, redolent of various unsavory smells, and noisy with street cries and the clatter of sabots, of which one hears more and more as he penetrates into Brittany. Here, too, the women begin to show faces plump and red as Baldwin apples, flaunting odd head-dresses of white cambric starched stiff, while over the shops and at the street corners calvaries and figures of the Virgin and Child are common, and priests and soldiers are met at every turn. Evidently one has at last jumped into the Middle Ages, into a land where the motto, "Liberté, égalité, fraternité," which has sent so many myriads to the guillotine, has as yet little practical meaning—a land where for untold ages the Druids and Velledas held the people with a grasp of iron, and where since then the crosier and the cowl have ruled and still rule with a sway as arbitrary and scarcely less stern. Before day breaks over the pointed roofs of the mediæval town the great bell of the cathedral summons the faithful to matins, and the click-clank of sabots is heard far and near



GRAVE OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

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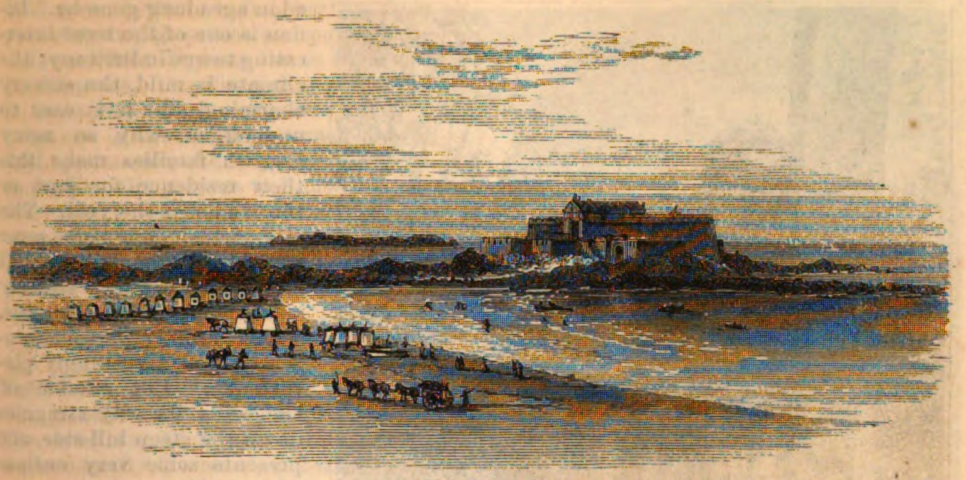

BATHS OF ST. MALO.

along the dusky streets leading to the sanctuary.

St. Malo has been in former days famous for its privateers. Here was born Dugnay-Trouin, who, as the French say, "chassé les Anglais sur toutes les mers," and whose statue stands in the Place. Here also, in the Hôtel de France, Châteaubriand was born—a fact inscribed over the gate of the hôtel. The capture of the city has often been attempted, once by the Duke of Marlborough, but its position and fortifications have always rendered it impregnable—"above insult," as Hume puts it.

One may go from St. Malo to Dinan up the Rance by steamer, or by diligence, of course by land. I chose the latter method, and spent several hours shaking over roads more or less passable. Starting early in the morning, a capital opportunity was afforded of seeing the peasants going to St. Malo to market. For miles it was a constant stream of people on foot or driving carts, chiefly women. I may mention here that throughout Brittany, owing to the conscription, the exodus of young men to Paris, or other causes, the women are every where and in almost all departments of trade to be seen in the majority. What we call women's rights have been practically adopted in France for centuries, the constant wars having drained the supply of men.

It was therefore with intense entertainment, and yet with a pensive feeling of sadness, that I contemplated the groups of peasant women hurrying to market that day with their wares, shod in enormous sabots, and taking crane-like strides, any thing but graceful, and the more noticeable on account of the brevity of their black kirtles, exhibiting legs thin, sinewy as

GOING TO MARKET.

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A BRETON GIRL.

an athlete's, and covered with coarse black hose. Those who rode drove little donkeys of extraordinary activity and thickness of hide, judging from the meekness with which they bore the cudgeling of these feminine Jehus. The vigor displayed by some of these matronly viragoes in thwacking their steeds made me cry mentally for the unfortunate lads whom a mysterious Providence might have placed under their tutelage. One young virgin near six feet high stalked beside a demure beast scarce taller than a Newfoundland dog, and when the obstinate brute chose to go out of the track, she would push him, load and all, to leeward with a vigor that was absolutely astounding, and boded ill for the marital happiness of her future husband.

The road to Dinan is quite pleasing, and passes through Châteauneuf and several hamlets sufficiently dirty to give the traveler a foretaste of the filth and squalor for which Brittany enjoys a reputation almost equal to its historic celebrity.

Giving a long fusillade of extra cracks and flourishes to his whip, the driver urged his horses across a fine viaduct spanning the valley of the Rance, and through the old gate under which Du Guesclin and so many other famous steel-clad warriors have passed in ages long gone by. Dinan is one of the most interesting towns in Brittany; the climate is mild, the scenery charming, and it is easy to understand why so many English families make this their residence for part or the whole of the year. The city, which numbers some 8000 souls, is built on a hill 300 feet high, and is entirely surrounded by the old walls, which are very well preserved and exceedingly picturesque. But outside of the walls the city straggles down the steep hill-side, and presents some very curious groups of houses and narrow, winding, and, let it also be added, filthy lanes along the banks of the Rance, which is here especially pleasing. Inside the walls are some of the most curious old houses in the province. In one of them lived Du Guesclin and his wife, the Lady Tifane. In the place where his statue now stands he fought a famous duel *à l'outrance* with Sir Thomas Canterbury. The history of Dinan is intimately connected with the feudal times, and one who is familiar with the stirring pages of Froissart will find himself, from this place onward through Brittany, constantly reminded of some scene vividly impressed on his memory from boyhood. The church of St. Sauveur, which seems never to have been completed, still offers much to interest the student of mediæval architecture; the interior view from the apse is very striking. On a tablet in the wall of one of the aisles one may read with profound interest the epitaph, "Cy git la cœur de Messire Bertrand du Guesclin, qui fut autrefois Connétable de la France," etc. His body was buried at St. Denis. The church of St. Malo is also a beautiful building, the flying buttresses very venerable and graceful, while the interior, only entirely completed within a few years, is equally effective. At Dinan one begins to perceive that in addition to its historic associations and Druidic, feudal, and Roman antiquities, in which it is surpassed by no other part of France, Brittany is above all a country of beautiful churches. Every city presents one or more of rare excellence, while almost every country parish possesses a village tower carved of granite, overgrown, it may be, with the hoary lichens of ages, and falling to decay, yet still beautiful, and in striking contrast to the rough, thatched, squalid hovels hud-

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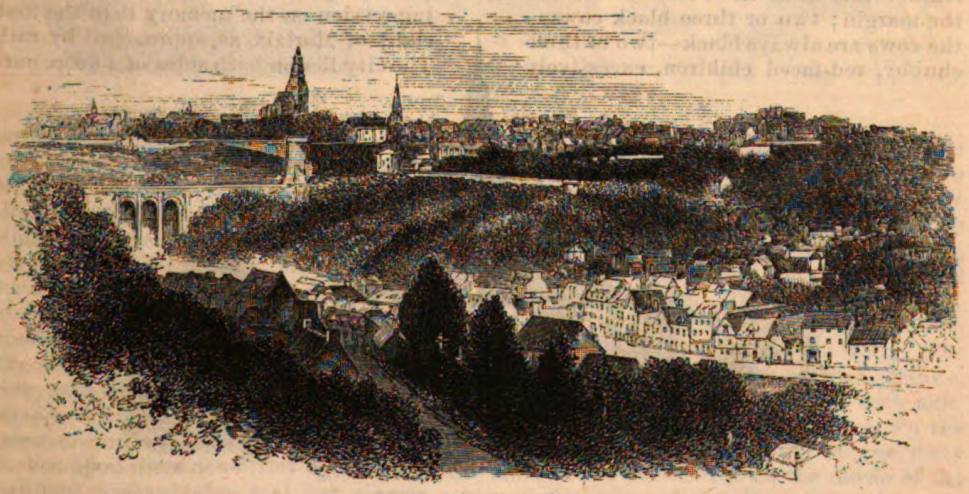
dled around them, indicating by their aspect extreme ignorance and poverty.

From Dinan I proceeded to Pleine Jugon by diligence. A priest sat opposite me—it is astonishing how numerous these black robes are in that country—rather stolid on first appearance, and spending the first hour in reading the prayers to himself in an under-tone. I was afraid I should find him but a poor traveling companion, a regular muff. But after leaving the first halting-place he became very communicative, and showed himself polite and agreeable, if not quite as conversant with matters abroad as an average English or American clergyman; but Frenchmen generally take little interest in foreign affairs unless relating to the Church. The army, the Church, and the theatre are topics usually discussed, and those who discuss one generally know little of the other, always excepting the theatre and the opera. My friend professed himself very well satisfied with the progress of Romanism in America. "They are building many fine churches there," he said; and according to the gospel as practiced in Brittany, perhaps his satisfaction was well founded.

At Pleine Jugon we took the cars, passing or touching at various points of much historic interest, among them Lamballe, the former seat of the princes of that name. The Princess of Lamballe, it will be remembered, was the intimate friend of Marie Antoinette, and shared the fate of the royal family. I was informed on good authority of a fact of which I had been before ignorant, that the unfortunate princess was a Freemason, and that a few of her sex have for many years belonged to the order in France. After Lamballe comes St. Brieuc, an interesting old sea-port town, carrying on a large trade in exporting the eggs, vegetables, and butter of the interior to England. From thence we came to Guingamp, a really charming and very quaint little city of the olden time, on

GATEWAY, DINAN.

the idyllic banks of the Trieux, which, as it murmurs through pastoral meadows, hardly suggests in its gentle music the blast of clarions, the ring of steel mail, or the roar of cannon which mingled here when De Montfort stormed the frowning battlements of yon city, and put out the eyes of all the garrison, or when Henry IV. and the League here hurled their forces against each other, buckler to buckler, falchion against falchion, and war-horse against mailed steed, in the



DINAN.

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FEMALE COSTUME, NEAR DINAN.

rush and din and confusion of a great but indecisive battle.

The railroad from here passes over an exceedingly broken country, and is very finely and skillfully engineered. The aspect of the landscape is pleasing, often hollowed into deep valleys almost amounting to gorges, and is probably as striking as any Breton scenery. The highest land in Brittany is not over fifteen hundred feet high, and generally much lower, so that its beauty consists rather in choice little bits encountered here and there in some half-hidden nook —a little stream, a quiet pool, an old mill, a hovel and several barns of granite, with thatched roofs green with fresh moss; several hay-stacks, a few pollard willows and feather-like elms in a slender row along the margin; two or three black cows—the cows are always black—two or three chubby, red-faced children, excessively dirty as to person and raiment, tending the aforesaid cattle; a woman of similar description in sabots the size of canoes, turning over a heap of muck; a nondescript bull-dog, with cropped ears and tail and a very rakehelly make-up generally; two or three gray horses, tandem—the horses are usually iron-gray—with enormous collars covered with sheepskins, drawing with rope traces a huge wain loaded with hay or manure, and a driver in an equally enormous, excessively rusty black velveteen sombrero with long ribbons, a blue blouse, leather leggings, and sabots the size of scows, and cracking a whip with the gusto of a Western bull-whacker, and displaying almost as rich a *répertoire* of choice Breton oaths: such are the usual and most interesting features of man and nature in the land of Lancelot du Lac, the land where King Arthur fought, fell, and passed to the land of Avilion. The landscape is often marred by the minute subdivisions to which it has been subjected by the French laws of inheritance. The hedges and stone walls, crossing in all directions, make it look too often like a checker-board, and the almost entire absence of what we should call forests renders this more apparent. What trees remain in Brittany are, with few exceptions, planted along the territorial lines, while the branches are carefully lopped to within a few feet of the top to serve for fire-wood, and also that the foliage may not keep the sun off the fields: in Brittany one needs to be economical of sunlight. It is a land often obscured by mists; even in summer cool gray skies prevail, and frequent showers weep over the battle-fields of this much-contested soil. The appearance of land and sky is more sombre than gay, more sad than cheerful, often lonely where most populated, for what with wars continuing from age to age, and other causes, Brittany is but thinly peopled at the present day.

It is difficult to imagine any thing better adapted to produce a vivid and startling impression on the memory than the first sight of Morlaix as approached by rail. The city lies on both sides of a deep, nar-

CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR.

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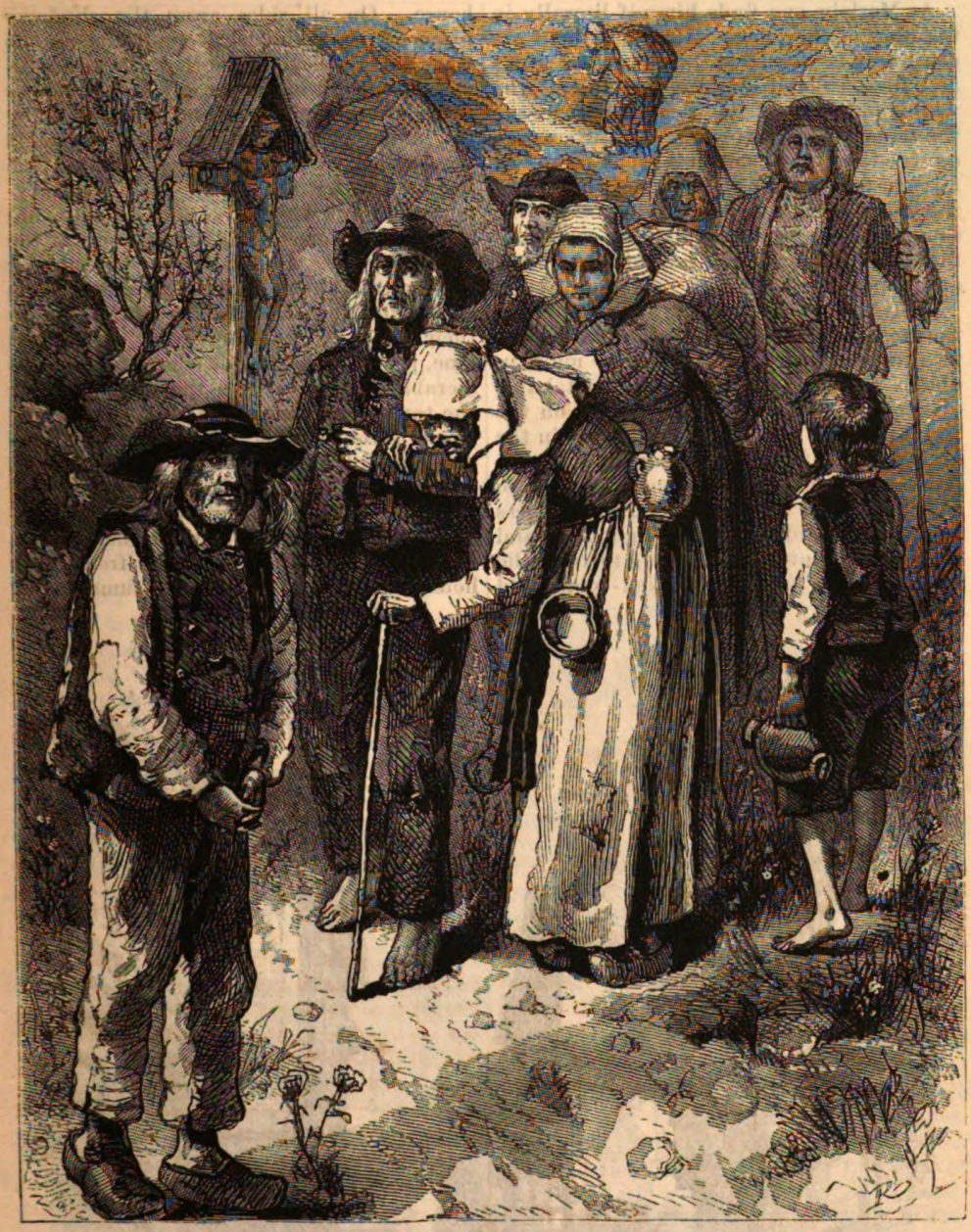

BRETON BEGGARS.

row valley, and the railroad springs across the chasm on a magnificent viaduct three hundred feet high. Entirely unprepared for any thing of the sort, the traveler suddenly finds himself taking a bird's-eye view of a city of the Middle Ages. There it lies, three hundred feet below, almost as if it were in the days when Mary Queen of Scots passed through here on her way to Holyrood and the scaffold. The precipitous, winding, narrow, darksome streets, the peaked roofs, misshapen by time and studded with curious dormer-windows, are still there as when she looked upon them centuries ago, when with brilliant pageant she and her cortége of knights and ladies swept through Morlaix with laughter and song. Should it be a festal day or a fair, the sight is still more unique, for the square is then crowded with booths and peasants in various costumes, and is positively white with the starched caps of the women. The city is divided by the river of Morlaix, an estuary up which ships come into the heart of the town. The banks of the river are faced with granite, and afford a fine promenade on each side. A smaller stream dashes roaring down the streets of the city, bringing to the dirty lanes of the crowded town the music of the pure fountains whence it came.

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At Morlaix one finds himself literally in the land of the sabot. Almost without exception it is worn by all—of various forms and sizes, colored or uncolored to suit the whims or purse of the wearer, but always the sabot. The clatter when the streets are crowded is almost deafening. A crowd of forty or fifty women walking together down the quay from the fair gives exactly the sound of the tread of cavalry, the same confused and indescribable ring of many hoofs on the pavement.

Early the Sunday morning after my arrival the great bell of the cathedral awoke me. It was still dark as midnight, but the multitudinous sound of sabots gave unmistakable evidence that the city was already on the way to mass. I was soon ready to join the army of the faithful. How can I describe the impression made by the scene presented to sight, or rather to hearing? The darkness was made visible by a dim light here and there at long intervals blinking through the small window of some peaked-roofed old house. On all sides arose the shadowy forms of venerable and decrepit houses, one story jutting beyond another, the eaves almost meeting toward the sky, where two or three stars shone serene and undisturbed by the pother of this little world of ours. It was among such scenes that Doré got the inspiration for the weird groups of sky-pointing roofs which give such an astonishing effect to some of his illustrations of the *Wandering Jew*. Dusky shapes were moving through the gloom all in one direction, often only distinguished by the white caps on their heads, while from every street and lane, paved alley-way or court, down innumerable stairways from the city above or the town below, now loud, now far off, now two or three together, then hundreds in harmonious hubbub, came the stamp and ring, the click-clank, click-click, of an army of sabots. I could think of nothing but Robert Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and the description of the children from every house and lane following the summons of

STREET IN MORLAIX.

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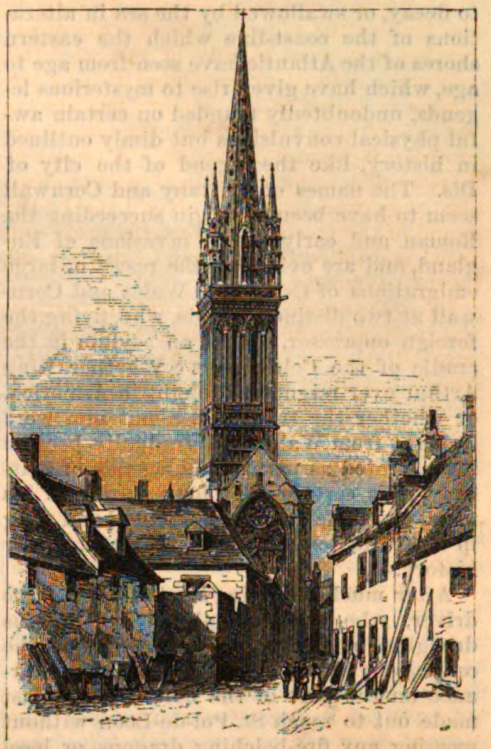
the irresistible bagpipe of the mysterious musician. Over every sound, as if to render the scene solemn and impressive instead of ridiculous, the great bell of the cathedral tolled louder and louder as we approached the porch, which was thronged with a vast multitude surging like a tidal wave into the aisles, dimly lighted and almost suffocating from the smoke of incense and candles blending with the breath of such a dense mass of human beings, all kneeling so close together I could hardly find room to stand; and still they crowded in. The devout character of the audience in a city like Morlaix left no room to doubt their sincerity, or that in Brittany at least the grasp of Rome over the masses is still very much what it was five hundred years ago. When I turned to leave, it was with difficulty I could reach the street. The women, and not a few men, were kneeling in the porch, on the steps, and in a line reaching some way down the street. It is true that on this day was celebrated "La Fête aux Rois," the "Feast of the Kings," but I was told that such was the general character of the audience attending mass, and that at the cathedral it is celebrated thrice every Sabbath morning, besides vespers, and twice at every other church in the city.

While at Morlaix I took occasion to visit St. Pol-de-Leon, a small town twenty miles from the railroad, in a northerly direction, on the coast-line. The ride was pleasing, without presenting any striking features.

HOUSE INTERIOR, MORLAIX.



SPIRE OF NOTRE DAME DE KREISKER.

The spire of the Kreisker was visible for many miles before we reached it. We were now traveling "all down the lonely coast of Lyonnese," so associated with the names of King Arthur, Lancelot, Guinevere, Tristram, and Isolt, and others whose names are emblazoned on the magic pages of legend and song. Brittany, the Armorica of old, is now divided into five departments—Finisterre, Morbihan, Ille-et-Vilaine, Lower Loire, and Côtes-du-Nord. Up to the French Revolution it retained the old territorial names and boundaries established by race or political events from the earliest times. First was Cornouailles or Cornwall, which included the district of Leon or Lyonnese at the north, and is now represented by Finisterre, the most western department. Tréguier is now substantially represented by Côtes-du-Nord; Vannes, in some respects the most picturesque district of Brittany, is very nearly indicated by the Morbihan. The other two departments, although included in the modern limits of Brittany, are somewhat in excess of what it covered in the times of Cæsar, who first introduced this old fastness of the Celtic race into history. When he entered the country he found the Venetii at Vannes a powerful nation, able to send two hundred and fifty large galleys to battle with the fleet of the Romans. Many kings, dynasties, and dukes, after the Roman conquest and subsequent overthrow of the Roman yoke, ruled part or the whole of Armorica; many cities existed, now gone

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to decay, or swallowed by the sea in alterations of the coast-line which the eastern shores of the Atlantic have seen from age to age, which have given rise to mysterious legends, undoubtedly founded on certain awful physical convulsions but dimly outlined in history, like the legend of the city of Dis. The names of Brittany and Cornwall seem to have been of origin succeeding the Roman and early Saxon invasions of England, and are evidently the result of large emigrations of Celts from Wales and Cornwall at two distinct periods, who, flying the foreign oppressor, sought an asylum in the cradle of the Celtic race. Whether King Arthur ever reigned or fought in Armorica, or whether the traditions about him were brought from Wales and gradually became incorporated as part of the legends of Brittany, it is certain that for many ages his name and fame have been credited and sung in this wild, lonely land as part of its early history.

After much whipping on the part of the driver, who was stimulated by copious draughts of *eau-de-vie* and cider of the *coupe gorge* brand, and much patient endurance on the part of the horses, we at last made out to reach St. Pol-de-Leon without meeting any fire-belching dragons, or losel knights dragging virgin princesses into durance vile, and with a falchion—in our day it would be called an umbrella—wet only with showers, I leaped impatiently from the carriage, and hastened to survey the Church of Notre Dame de Kreisker, whose miraculous spire is the most beautiful in France. St. Pol-de-Leon is the Assisi of Brittany, almost entirely an ecclesiastical town. Here formerly was the see of a bishop, with seminaries where large numbers of students, called cloareks, studied for holy orders. The place still owes its importance entirely to the convents and churches which yet remain. The Kreisker church is the chapel of the college, a small building, pretty, but not specially noteworthy; but the daring genius who built it, and whose name has, alas, perished, seems to have then obtained permission of the fathers to carry out an inspiration which may have been the aspiration of his life. On the four piers supporting the roof at the juncture of the nave and transept, presenting a base only thirty-three feet square, and supported at the corners alone, he reared a tower three hundred and ninety-two feet high—a tower of most exquisite proportions, and while very elaborate, yet preserving truly artistic breadth and purity of outline. From the ceiling, which extends across the piers and forms the floor of the spire, one looks up to the finial at the extreme top, through a hollow shell of stone tracery-work nearly three hundred feet high, and entirely clear of brace or buttress, pier, beam, or bracket—nothing to break the astonishing sight but the doves flying in the dizzy cavity, or the sun flashing here and there through the open carvings, while the wind breathes from age to age a grand æolian chant through that organ of granite, that seems to the beholder as if it would topple over with a light breeze, but which has withstood the storms of five hundred years.

ANCIENT CHIMNEY, TIME OF FRANCIS I.

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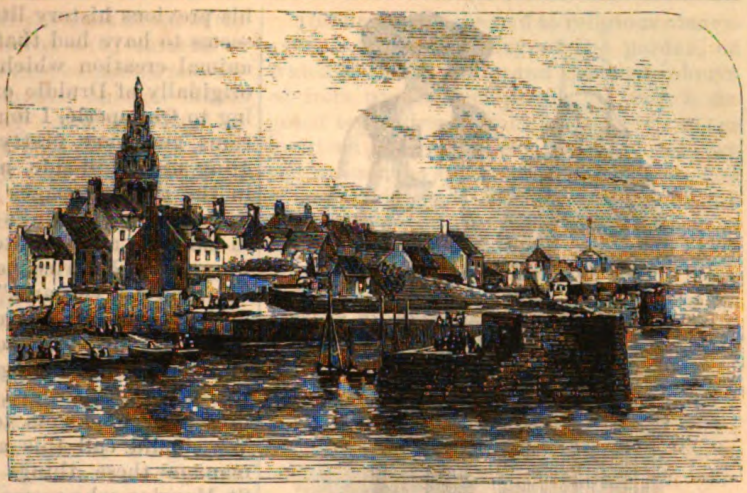
One can ascend to the gallery by a very narrow passage inside of the wall itself, often opening without protection on the interior of the spire, and so small that no man of over average size would have any chance of either getting up or down. The view from there is of course very extensive, and in some respects very interesting. Near at hand was the little fishing port of Roscoff, from which Queen Mary sailed, and where Prince Charles Edward landed when flying from England. Beyond lay the island of Batz, with its splendid light-house. Farther still the grand coast-line of Brittany could be clearly discerned, the land of Tréguier, Lannion, and the famous Seven Islands of Perros-Guirec, where Breton legends tell us King Arthur held the court of the Table Round. In one of those mysterious, often mist-enshrouded, islands called Agalon, or Avalan, the true Breton yet believes is the land of Avilion, where the good king still dwells entranced. Just below, and immediately adjoining the college of which Kreisker is the chapel, we overlooked from our lofty position a convent whose inmates can well say, "All hope resign who enter here," for, having once taken the vows and entered within its barred gates and windows, the unhappy prisoner can never more pass out until they bear her forth in her coffin to that silent land where neither vow nor cloister is of any avail. We could see the nuns walking in the grounds of the convent, which were surrounded by a lofty wall, like gardens where the wives of the Sultan take the air on the Bosphorus.



ROSCOFF.

The Cathedral of St. Pol is another beautiful edifice, claiming careful study. The exterior, flamboyant Gothic, is excellently preserved, and the façade is flanked by two fine spires of open-work; the interior, recently restored, is really beautiful, although it would be greatly improved if mellowed by stained glass in all the windows. Being a festal day, the church and streets were crowded with peasants in holiday attire and holiday sabots. It was noticeable that the men were generally very handsome, while the women were of inferior mould—a fact I have observed to be the case among the peasantry of most countries where the women work in the fields, Italy and England excepted, while as soon as one enters the cities he finds the balance again inclining the other way. The costumes of St. Pol differ slightly from those of other parts of Leon; in fact, almost every district and town of Brittany presents some local peculiarities in the dress of both sexes, although it must be added that the distinctive and often rich and picturesque costumes of Brittany are gradually giving way to the more convenient if less showy fashions for which Paris gives the law to the rest of Europe. Those who would see these old costumes before they have been entirely relegated to the past must visit Brittany soon. In the eastern part of the country they are now mostly confined to varieties of head-dress, with occasionally a richly embroidered belt or vest on festal occasions; but in Finisterre, around Brest and Douarnenez, and among the sailors and fishermen, the old costumes are still much worn, and are often quite rich in form, color, and embroidery. The wearing of the hair long over the shoulders by the men, or undressed sheep-skin cloaks, except in Finisterre and the inland regions around Carhaix, is confined chiefly to old men who do not care to alter life-long habits. The language of the people is still the old Celtic or Breton, allied to that of Wales, and reputed to have been the language spoken in Paradise—a fact of which I am unable to speak with certainty; a Welshman can make himself understood in many parts of Brittany. And yet it is not a little singular that, as with costumes, so with language; each town and district has a dialect of its own, while the dialect of Tréguier so far differs from that of Cornouailles or Vannes as to be to a degree unintelligible to those of the west and south of Brittany. The fact must also be admitted that in the eastern parts and in the larger sea-ports the Breton is much modified, and sometimes almost confounded with the French. In Finisterre Celtic is still the general language, while

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COSTUMES OF FAOUET.

some are still found there and in the interior who do not even understand the French, as I can state from personal observation.

Leaving St. Pol-de-Leon, Morlaix, and that very interesting region abounding in beautiful churches, calvaries of extraordinary elaborateness, like that of Guimiliau, which a young Breton lady described to me as "tout à fait délicieux," and many spots of historic and legendary interest, I came to Landivisiau, and saw beyond, perched on a lofty precipitous crag by the peaceful waters of the Elorn, the remains of the castle of Roche Maurice, one of the finest bits in Brittany. Landerneau I found to be an antique town of some seven thousand inhabitants, with narrow streets and curious houses, but prettily situated on each side of the Elorn, which here winds through meadows very inviting to the sauntering wayfarer or fisherman. Brest I left on the right, having visited it once before, and also because, excepting its splendid port and modern fortifications, it presents few points of interest. It was a "château fort" in feudal times, and was honored by an assault at the hands of De Montfort, but little of this now remains. Quimper I found to be a very charming city on the Odet. It is clean, and the streets display a certain modern coquettish air that is not out of harmony with the remains of ivy-covered walls and towers and clumsy but picturesque luggers moored to the quays. The Cathedral of St. Corentin is one of the largest, best-preserved, and most beautiful buildings in Brittany. The towers are especially worthy of study, and the building is so situated on the Place that it can be advantageously seen. The choir curiously curves toward the northeast. St. Corentin was, or is at present, a Breton saint. Of his previous history little is known, but he seems to have had that sympathy with the animal creation which looks as if he was originally of Druidic extraction. Proceeding to Quimperlé, I found here another curious and very pretty little town, struggling up a hill-side, and often mentioned in the glowing pages of Froissart. A famous *pardon*, or saint's festival, is held here in summer, appropriately celebrated in the forest of St. Maurice, because it is called the "Pardon des Oiseaux." It is essentially a bird festival, for all kinds of birds, not only fowls, but orioles, woodpeckers, larks, and various woodland songsters, are brought on this occasion in cages, and are bought and presented by lovers to their sweethearts. We should call this a bird fair, but they manage these things better in Brittany. St. Maurice, who seems to have been a bird-fancier, possibly a naturalist and taxidermist, has been named the patron of this festival. Such a saint is indeed one worth having! Political economists pretend that the division of labor is comparatively a modern device, suggested by the higher civilization and increasing needs of society in these latter days. It is time that these gentlemen should be informed that they labor under a mistake. One has but to look over the saints' calendar of Brittany to find that ages ago the system of the division of labor was introduced into heaven, and to each saint was assigned a specialty to which he was to devote his undivided attention for the remainder of eternity. To one is awarded the cure of lunatics, to another the charge

MALE COSTUME, PLOUARET.

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of rheumatics, another yet must listen to the prayers of those afflicted with earache or chilblains; one takes care of lambs, and another protects dairy-maids; another makes a specialty of healing cows, or horses, or pigs; and veterinary surgeons may stand aside, for in Brittany their fees are small compared with those paid at the shrine of St. Mathurin, the patron of sick cows. If only St. Eloi had been consulted and well feed when the epizootic was in New York, how much might have been saved! As things are managed in Brittany, the doctors have but a poor time of it, while the saints grow rich, or the priests who tend their shrines. The Church of St. Anne at Auray is called the milch cow of the Bishop of Vannes, such is the wealth it brings into his coffers. For every possible need of succor a saint exists to grant the aid required; as, for example, a legend on one of the stained windows just put up in the shrine of St. Anne runs as follows: "Santa Anna, port assuré aux navigateurs." While the saints thus have their allotted departments, the Virgin Mary exercises general superintendence over this corps of ministering spirits, and affords a source of final supplication and aid in extreme cases; hence no one need apply for assistance to Christ or God, who are thus quite set aside in the conduct of human affairs.

The dances at the "Pardon des Oiseaux" are of a character indicating their Druidic origin. Dancing, such as the *ronde* or the *gavotte*, forms an important element at all the festivals of Brittany, accompanied by song, often the favorite Breton rhyme beginning

"Ann hini goz,
Ehé ma douce,
Ann hini goz, eh! sur."
"Ai courgerue pas,
N'um sangeant;
Ann hini ionankt,
E ar goantur,
Ann hini goz, eh! sur," etc.

The first day is sacred to religious observances; the second day of the pardon, on which national traits and customs inherited from pagan times have full play, is devoted to making amends for the piety of the previous day; wrestling matches between the champions of villages or districts, and games established by long traditions, arouse the interest and passions of the assembled multitude to a pitch which prepares them for the dances, in which every one, of high or low degree, of character good, bad, or indifferent, joins without reserve. The musicians, already well moistened, are placed in the centre of the arena, armed with the binion, or bagpipe, and bombardo, and with a barrel of cider within arms-length. The music proceeds with an energy truly astonishing, and the dance goes round with ever-increasing vivacity. The variety of costume and the enthusiastic performances of these pious bacchanals render the scene very entertaining, and toward the close peculiar to a degree. "L'on peut dire que le champ de la fête n'est lui-même qu'un immense cabaret," says a writer whose church predilections and strong advocacy of the fêtes de pardon would lead him to avoid exaggeration. Notwithstanding the religious character of the festival, it often terminates in an orgy where scenes are enacted that will hardly bear allusion. "Mais il n'en prouve pas moins la foi vive dont le Bas Breton est animé," says another writer.

I could not help noticing at once on proceeding from the northern to the southern part of Brittany the different physical type of the people, while again both north and south have types of their own. In the Côtes-du-Nord both men and women are distinguished by a remarkably high color and black hair. About Morlaix and Leon the complexion, while still rubicund, is more delicate, the skin more clear. At Quimper the complexion is still more fair, often

SCALA SANCTA ON A "PARDON" DAY, ST. ANNE'S, NEAR AURAY.

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BOY OF QUIMPERLÉ.

nearly colorless, while the hair verges to a brown, and the women are of a different and more refined style of beauty. This continues along the southern sea-board; but at Hennebont the type again so far alters as to lose the delicate features of the west, and continues so beyond Vannes. In the interior toward Carhaix the blonde type seemed to predominate, without much beauty to boast of.

At Quimperlé I took passage in the very uncomfortable carriage of the courier for Carhaix. Two other passengers shared the vehicle with us, and there was only one horse to draw the clumsy machine along roads not always as smooth as desirable, although macadamized. We soon struck into solitude, and kept it until we reached Le Faouet, meeting occasionally groups of long-haired peasants in Breton costume, and sometimes passing a cluster of hovels. At Le Faouet we put up at the "Lion d'Or" auberge, on the Place. We found a very old, antediluvian little town here, ranged around a square, a convent in one corner, and strange rows of quaint houses jutting over the street, leaning their chins or lower stories on squat pillars.

At Carhaix one is in the heart of Brittany, far from railroads, and near the primitive civilization. It is a place of local importance on account of its curious fairs, although claiming little over 2000 inhabitants. Whether larger formerly or not, it was relatively more important. It was a walled town, and was besieged by De Montfort. Richard Cœur de Lion fought a battle here. Roman and Druidic remains are also not uncommon in the neighborhood. Quite recently the workmen laying a new road discovered a Roman cemetery containing many vases, urns, gold ornaments, and the like. The towers of the two churches, although much dilapidated, are also quite worth attention. In the place is a bronze statue of Latour d'Auvergne, by Marochetti. His real name was Théophile Malocret; he was born here, and died at the battle of Neuburg, in 1800. So fine a monument looks quite inappropriate amidst such surroundings. Auvergne was a brave, conscientious, patriotic soldier, whose merits often made him a fit subject for promotion, which, however, he steadily refused, preferring to serve his country in the ranks, in which he had enlisted. In consequence he received the title of "le premier grenadier de la France," and, to honor his memory, after his death his place was always retained in his chosen regiment, and at regimental roll-call his name was always the first called, and the reply was as uniformly, "Mort au champ d'honneur." A street in Paris has also been named after him. Some of the finest traits of the French character are illustrated by the impressive story of Latour d'Auvergne.

The country around Carhaix is very broken, hills and valleys rising and falling in graceful forms like ocean waves, and fading away in silence and solitude in the pearly

A COMMON SCENE IN BRITTANY.

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VIEW IN HENNEBONT.

gray of the dim distance, like an ocean horizon. Every where the hills are shorn of the primeval woods, but good pasturage, tillage, and some game give value to the land. However, the chief interest attaching to Carhaix at the present day is its peculiarly Breton aspect. Here things remain much as they have been for centuries. The onward wave of progress has hardly been felt here. Primitive ignorance and superstition continue to rule the mind, and primitive customs and costumes obtain. The hovels are huddled together without much attempt at regularity, the cow and the pig sleep under the same roof with the family, separated at best by but a moderate partition, and one can see at a glance the realities which gave rise to the saying, when one meets a Breton, "Je ne savais pas les cochons si sales." It is but two or three years since they abolished the custom at Carhaix, which still holds in many hamlets, of disinterring the skull after it has been in the grave-yard a while, and having scraped it clean, labeling it with the names and titles of the deceased, and placing it in a sort of little kennel in the church porch as a species of *memento mori*, as well as an honorary mode of remembering the defunct *chef de famille*. Here women visit the neighboring menhirs in hope of overcoming sterility; here a tailor still continues to be only the ninth part of a man, being usually some unfortunate whom deformity or feebleness of constitution incapacitates for hard labor. He goes from house to house, and repairs or makes new clothes, and serves at the same time as a retailer of village news and a marriage broker—a go-between who is *au fait* regarding the means or attractions of this or that swain or damsel, and contrives all the arrangements which result in the marriage contract.

It was ten at night when I started from Carhaix to ride fifty-eight miles to Quimperlé. From this place, passing by L'Orient, interesting only as a naval station, I went to Hennebont. From boyhood the name of this place had stirred my fancy with strong emotion, for which I was indebted to old Froissart's graphic account of the siege of the castle by Charles de Blois, and the gallant defense, to which the Countess de Montfort contributed by her presence and spirited character.

In those days Hennebont was only a château fort strongly situated and fortified. In our day it is a charming town of eight thousand inhabitants, lying on each side of the Blavet. But much of the old walls and houses still exists, including several wonderfully picturesque gates and towers well draped with ivy. The church is externally one of the most noteworthy and beautiful buildings in the province, but the interior seems never to have reached the intentions of the architect, probably for lack of funds. The ships come up into the town, and the washer-women beat their clothes by a stream that runs through the shady square. The women of Brittany have a frame made ex-

FISH-WOMEN OF MORBIHAN.

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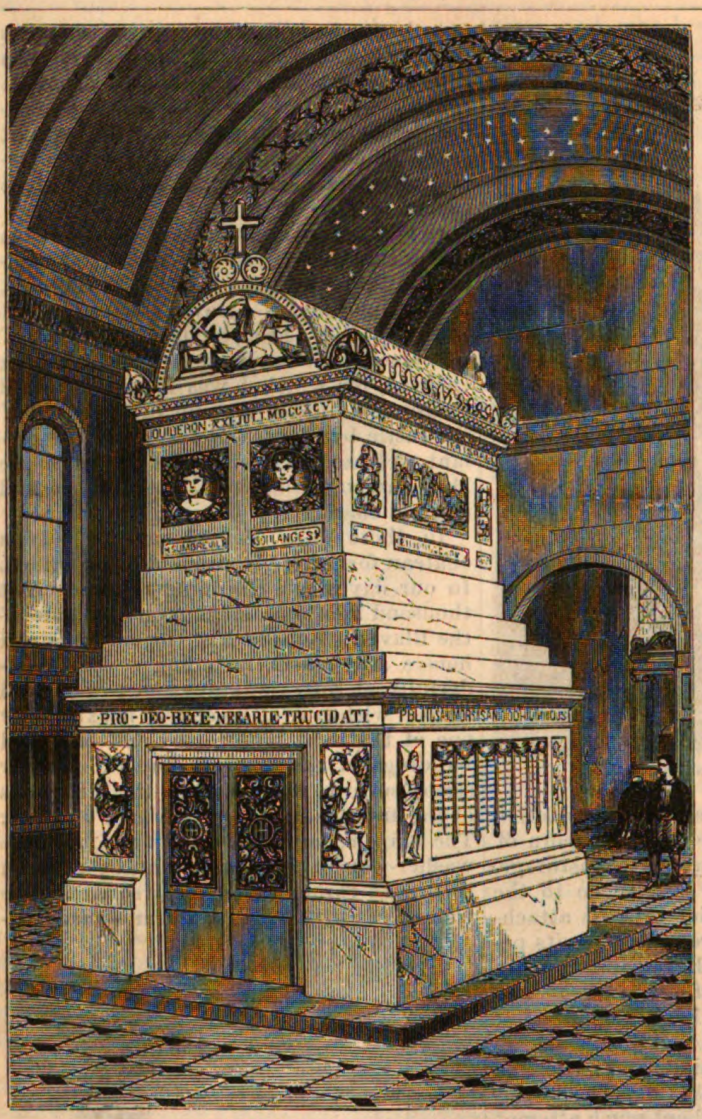

TOMB OF THE MARTYRS OF QUIBERON.

pressly to kneel upon when washing clothes. At Hennebont the women walk through the streets spinning, with distaff under the arm, or knitting, while they balance loads of milk jars on the head or immense loaves of bread, one on top of the other.

Regretfully leaving Hennebont, I arrived at Auray, the centre of a district offering more to interest the archæologist and historical student than any other part of Brittany. Vannes, within eight or ten miles of Auray, is the chief town of the Morbihan, and the seat of a bishop. As its name indicates, the Venetii, the most considerable tribe of Celts of whom history gives us any account, also made that city their capital; but I found Auray, on the whole, a more central spot from which to visit the extraordinary Druidic remains, which, while common throughout Brittany, are more numerous and more important around the Sea of Morbihan or Gulf of Vannes than in any other part of Europe. Auray itself is a place of much interest. The old town is on the steep side of a hill two or three hundred feet high, and spreads across the river, where most especially are the narrowest streets and most ancient and picturesque groups of houses I saw in Brittany, with the exception of a few at Rennes and Morlaix.

Immediately on entering Auray one finds that three points of interest, three historic facts or legends, give an air to the place, invest it with a certain importance which it would otherwise lack, and render it a centre of attraction which draws the religious devotee or the tourist in increasing numbers from year to year. If the stranger calls for a carriage to see the lions, it is at once assumed that he desires to visit the Tomb of the Martyrs at the Chartreuse Convent, including the battle-field, close at hand, which decided the war of the succession, or the church and shrine of St. Anne, or the menhirs and dolmens of Carnac. In these three spots, within a radius of ten miles, are illustrated the pagan, chivalric, and modern history of Brittany, and the superstitions, religions, and races which have held sway from prehistoric times to the present day. Druid, Roman, saint, knight, sans-culotte, chouan, cromlech, calvary, stone arrow-head, battle-axe, and bayonet are here "in one red burial blent." I doubt if any place in Europe exists which within the same space affords such variety of historic events, seems so suggestive to the imaginative mind, calculated to arouse alternately mysterious awe, wonder, enthusiasm, contempt, hate, admiration, horror, and pity stirred from the profoundest depths of the soul.

Attached to the convent of La Chartreuse is the Chapelle Expiatoire, which includes the Tomb of the Martyrs of Quiberon, as they are and may without injustice be called.

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Our limits forbid more than the briefest outline of an episode which is at once one of the most chivalric and heroic, and one of the most painful and disgraceful, in the history of France. On the one side, devotion pure and elevated, even if to a degree misdirected; on the other, ill faith and cruelty without parallel in modern history.

In a southwesterly direction from Auray extends the long, low, desolate spit of sand called the Peninsula of Quiberon, exposed to all the gales and melancholy mists which beset that gray Breton waste of land and sea. There, June 27, 1795, an English fleet landed a corps of émigrés composed of the best blood of France, spared thus far by the guillotine. They were commanded by D'Hervilly, and latterly by Sombreuil, who was the brother of her who quaffed a goblet of human blood during the massacre of the 2d of September in order to save her father's life. Sombreuil arrived with reinforcements toward the close of the ill-fated expedition, in season to take command, and sacrifice his life for a cause and an army already doomed. The chouans, or peasantry, flocked to the royal standard, and a force of ten or twelve thousand was soon collected, which would have swelled to a large army but for the incompetency of D'Hervilly. Much precious time was wasted, and when the royalists were at last ready to move, Hoche, the ablest general of the Revolution, appeared, and, by a series of masterly movements, hemmed in the invading army, and forced them back on Quiberon, where they were caught as in a trap. The failure of concerted movements, caused partially by lack of confidence in the royalist general, resulted in the defeat of the émigrés near Fort Penthièvre, after heroic efforts. Treachery did the rest. Fort Penthièvre, the key to Quiberon, was given up by traitors. A heavy gale was blowing when Hoche made the final attack, which drove the ill-fated royalists to the extremity of the peninsula, and while some were able to escape to the English fleet, many perished, dashed against the rocks, in that fearful night when nature seemed to combine with man to increase the horrors of fratricidal war. Nothing was left but to surrender or fight to the last man. Sombreuil, who was in command after the fall of D'Hervilly and the dastardly flight of Puisaye, the next in command, advanced beyond the lines and held a parley with Hoche. A surrender was agreed upon.

Tallien, the member of the Assembly who had been detailed by the government to be present to give his sanction to the proceedings at the surrender expected, then returned to Paris with General Hoche, after having given his acquiescence to counsels of mercy. But there the courage of both these men gave way in face of rumors concerning their lukewarmness or infidelity to the cause. With a perfidy which is but partially palliated by the state of affairs, when to be suspected was to be condemned, they both abandoned the prisoners of Quiberon to the tender mercies of the Jacobins, Tallien even descending so low as to suppress an appeal he had made in favor of mercy, and to urge the execution of the whole number. The Assembly sent orders that all over sixteen years of age should be shot. The executions were superintended by a tiger named Lamoine, and took place simultaneously at Vannes, Auray, and Quiberon. Every day at noon for thirty days the unfortunate captives were taken out by thirties and by forties, ranged facing a deep trench, and shot, and as they fell in the trench they were left, whether alive or dead, and the dogs were allowed to pick their bones. Many atrocities accompanied these wholesale executions. The number murdered was upward of five thousand. In four successive centuries the French people have horrified Christendom with the vespers of St. Bartholomew, the dragonnades of Louis XIV., the noyades of Carier, the 2d of September of Danton, and the Commune of 1871, but all these yield to the cold-blooded edict which for thirty successive days deliberately murdered five thousand fellow-countrymen—all these yield to the disgrace attaching to French honor when the government and generals deliberately broke the word given on the field of battle. This, too, it must be also remembered, was done by the better men of the French Revolution months after Robespierre had gone to his account.

After the Restoration, in 1814, the curé of Auray collected the bones, until then left unburied as they had fallen in the trenches, and deposited them in a subterranean vault under the Chartreuse Convent at Auray, which he had purchased and made an asylum for deaf-mutes. Marshal Soult and other leading men also interested themselves in raising a subscription, and with the means thus obtained the Chapelle Expiatoire was built adjoining the convent, inclosing under its roof the tomb of the martyrs. The tomb is patterned after the Roman funereal type, and is very elegant and impressive. Numerous appropriate and touching mottoes are inscribed on the faces of the tomb. "GALLIA MOEREUS POSUIT" is on the front. On each side, on a tablet of black marble, are graven in gold letters the names of nine hundred and fifty-two, known to have fallen in that massacre. Above are bass-reliefs of Sombreuil and D'Hervilly. The attendant was a mute, and thus no unseemly words disturbed the solemnity of the place or the thoughts suggested. After lighting a lamp, he opened the doors of the tomb; an aperture two feet square was revealed in the pavement. Through this he lowered the light into the crypt below, and disclosed a

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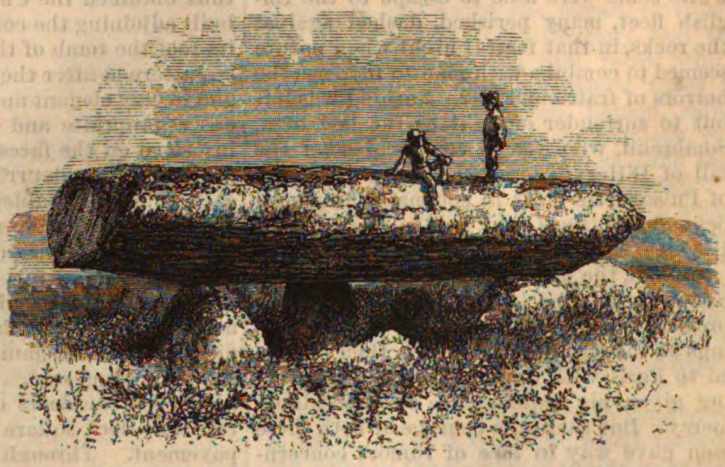
STONES OF CARNAC.

sight which one can never forget to his dying day. There, in a confused heap, lay the bleached bones of over five thousand murdered men. In that vault lies the arraignment and condemnation of the French Revolution. I left the place the more sadly, because I could not help feeling, from all I have seen of the French people, that the fearful scenes of the Revolution have left no lasting or valuable impression; that the blood shed so profusely in those awful years was poured out in vain.

A ride of half an hour by a very pleasing road took me from Auray to the shrine of St. Anne, the mother of Mary. In 1623 the saint revealed to Yves Nicolazie the spot where her statue, an effigy of wood, lay buried, and directed him to induce good Christians to rebuild her chapel at Bocinno, where it had lain in ruins for near ten centuries. Without going into all the particulars, which form a prolific narrative, it is enough to add here that the chapel was eventually rebuilt, and, together with a holy well adjoining, and a scala sancta, became the resort of the most numerous and remarkable pilgrimages in Brittany, which have received an additional prestige by the attendance of such pious and exemplary Christians as Louis XIV. and Louis Napoleon, besides an innumerable multitude of other kings, queens, dukes, countesses, and burgesses and peasantry without end. It is stated that as many as eighty thousand have been known to assemble at St. Anne at a single festival.

The Morbihan is crowded with Druidic monuments; wherever one turns he comes across a menhir or a dolmen. Near Auray, and especially in the contiguous hamlets of Carnac and Plonharnel, the largest numbers of remains are found. A word of explanation as to terms may not be amiss here. Menhirs or peulvans are long stones, generally upright and standing alone in a field, although often found in clusters. Sometimes, like the menhir at Locmariaquer, they attain an enormous size; it is now overthrown, but when upright stood a single shaft sixty feet from the ground! Breton women have not yet abandoned a custom of pagan times; they still resort to menhirs to cure sterility. It is quite common to see a menhir by the road-side surmounted by a rude stone cross, and doing a service quite different to that for which it was originally hewn out of the quarries.

At Auray I took the boat for Belleisle. A steamer of forty tons and eighteen horse-power leaves every day to carry the mails—wind and weather permitting, may be well added, considering the size of the vessel and the extreme violence of the seas she has sometimes to encounter. We glided down the Auray River into the Sea of Morbihan, as the bay is called, which receives the estuaries of Vannes and Auray, and is studded with barren but not unpicturesque islets. The scenery on the river-banks pleased me more than any I saw in Brittany; oak woods, mossy and venerable and untouched



CÆSAR'S TABLE, OR TABLE OF THE MERCHANTS, LOCMARIAQUER.

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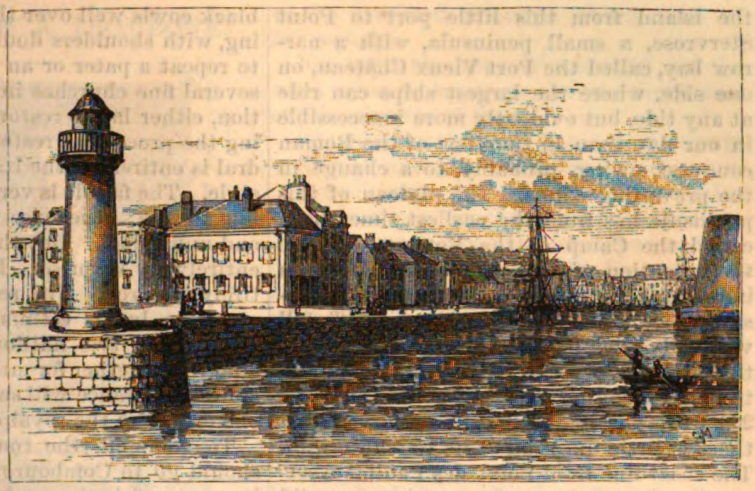
by the axe, gave a bit of antique forest land quite unusual in Northern France. It was amusing to see the fishing and market boats rowed and sailed by women, rough, stout, and rosy, sometimes a little touched with liquor, and jolly, and with only one man at most on board.



PALAIS, BELLEISLE.

Passing out of the Sea of Morbihan, we kept for a while under the lee of Quiberon, the wind being southwest. But on getting abreast of the Teignouse Light, in the channel between the rocks on which it is perched and the reefs which skirt the little islands of Gouât and Hedic, we encountered a most tremendous and irregular sea, for which this spot is noted when the tide, under-tow, and sea-waves conflict with each other. A very stiff breeze was blowing, and the little boat, although buoyant, buried herself in a way astonishing to behold. They made sail on her as soon as possible to keep her steady, and stood away to the eastward, taking the sea more abeam, until we got under the lee of Belleisle, when we came to on our course, and arrived there toward night. I stepped ashore with the proud consciousness of being, so far as I could learn, the first American traveler who ever landed on the island. Belleisle-en-mer is the pet name applied to this quaint little isle some twelve miles long by five in width. Every thing here is in miniature, and there is little of the very striking or impressive character belonging to many of the Atlantic isles; in two days or three one can see it all, and yet there is a certain nameless charm about it which is both novel and piquant. The climate in winter and spring is milder even than that of the main-land of Brittany, besides being more free from fogs, more sunny, more bland; for an invalid nothing can be imagined more agreeable or soothing than some of the cheerful sunny days of charming little Belleisle during two or three seasons of the year. The prevalence of easterly or land winds and absence of shade in summer make it rather warmer than is generally the case on islands, although quite bearable, while the fine beaches on the northeastern coast afford fine bathing-places, much resorted to by those from France whose means or tastes lead them to avoid Boulogne or Biarritz.

Palais is the chief, in fact the only, town of consequence. It is situated on a long narrow port, protected by a mole, and inaccessible at half tide, but the inner port is always provided by flood-gates with water for vessels of moderate size. The entrance and the whole land side of the town are admirably fortified by massive walls and bastions, designed by Vauban. Vessels of any size can ride in the roads in the heaviest weather. Palais is entirely a modern town, having been built chiefly during or since the time of Louis XIII. But the island has a history dating back to the earliest periods. It was originally covered with forests, and governed by the Druids, who left important monuments, most of which have been destroyed.

The chief business of the island has always been the fishery of sardines. During the season, which is in summer, many fishermen from the main-land flock to the island, and near a thousand boats, large and small, are engaged in laying the nets. The fish are, for the most part, cured at Palais. Besides these boats, a number of extremely picturesque *chasses-marées*, or two-masted luggers, admirably effective, whether on the gray-green sea of the Bay of Biscay or in a marine painting, are owned at Belleisle, and are engaged all the year round in dragging for turbot and lobsters.

The island is divided into four parishes, Palais, Port Philippe, Bangor, and Locmaria. Each of the three country parishes has a nucleus where the parish church stands, and collects around it the peasantry on fête days and Sundays. Besides this nucleus, the houses of each parish are scattered in little knots of five to ten houses a quarter to half a mile apart; I counted at one time fourteen within a radius of a mile and a half. Port Philippe alone numbers thirty-five of these miniature villages. At this place is a harbor with a mole and light-house. A beautiful valley continues across

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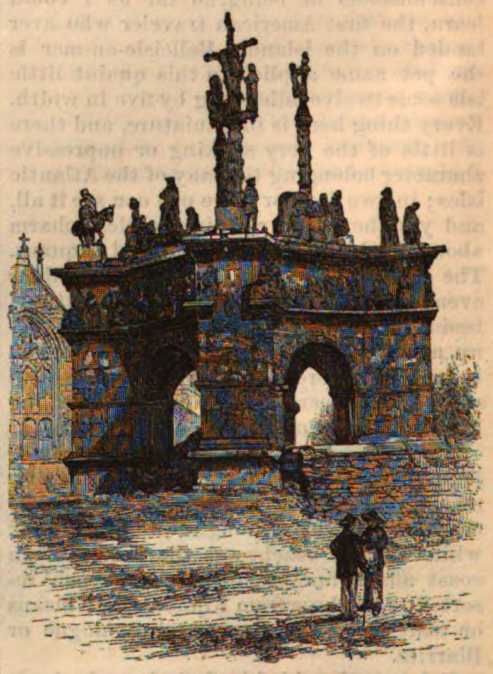
the island from this little port to Point Stervrose, a small peninsula, with a narrow bay, called the Port Vieux Château, on one side, where the largest ships can ride at any tide, but evidently more inaccessible in our day than in the time of the Roman conquest, owing, probably, to a change in the prevailing winds. The plateau of this peninsula has from the earliest times been called the Camp of the Romans. Before the invention of cannon it could afford an impregnable position for 5000 or 6000 men—say, a legion. On the sea side the cliffs fall vertically over 100 feet every where, while the land side is protected by a rampart and trench extending entirely across, perhaps 200 yards; it is excellently preserved, and there is little question of its Roman origin. The coast-line from Point des Paulins westward to Locmaria on the east is very wild and grand, generally perpendicular, presenting some very remarkable rocks and cliffs, and a notable souffleuse near Vieux Château. The islanders graphically call the western surf that breaks all the year round on the cliffs, "la mer sauvage." In Bangor is a light-house 165 feet from the ground and 302 above the sea, constructed in the most massive and careful manner, and lighted by a Fresnel light of the first class. The lantern is finished on the interior with polished slabs of variegated marble. It is worth a visit to Belleisle to see this light-house, which is probably the finest in existence, unless we except, perhaps, the one at Cordouan at the mouth of the Gironde, built by Henry IV., if I remember rightly.

Vannes, the chief town of the old Venetii and of the modern Morbihan, is still surrounded by the picturesque walls and towers of the days of chivalry, and the cathedral offers some points of interest; but after what I had seen at Auray, I found less to detain me at Vannes; at the same time, it is the centre of many Druidic remains, and some very interesting excursions may be made from here on foot or by carriage.

Rennes, on the Vilaine River, is not far from the eastern boundaries of Brittany. Here one can advantageously terminate his Breton trip. Its name, it is claimed, proves that it was a city of the Redones. Two centuries ago the larger portion was burned, and it is now, at first sight, a modern city, a provincial Paris, of 40,000 inhabitants. But spite of its modern airs, Rennes is still Breton at heart and in character, and a stranger who devotes a day to inspecting it will be rewarded by discovering among rows of new buildings, and in streets and squares apparently recent, the finest peaked roofs to be seen in Brittany, so far as my observation goes. Such admirable types of the picturesque are rare any where. I do not recollect seeing elsewhere dormer-windows more resembling Capuchin friars pulling their black cowls well over their eyes, and standing, with shoulders doubled up, in a corner to repeat a pater or an ave. Here also are several fine churches in excellent preservation, either lately restored or now undergoing the process of restoration. The cathedral is entirely in the Italian or Renaissance style. The façade is very effective, with two fine towers; otherwise the exterior is bare and unfinished. But the interior takes one entirely by surprise. It is now being entirely restored. The renovation is not yet complete, but is estimated to cost considerably over two millions of francs. It is doubtful whether for mere magnificence any church in France will surpass it, unless it be one or two of the royal chapels.

To complete the round of Brittany we should go to Combourg, Cancale (noted for its oyster fisheries and curious fishermen), Nantes, Pleyben, Baud, and, in fact, to a hundred other places which are as well worth seeing as any thing I have described, always excepting Auray, which, with its vicinity, seems to me, on the whole, the best worth visiting and thoroughly exploring of any place in Brittany.

For the rest, the climate of the country is mild—milder than that of Normandy, for example—being influenced by the sea on three sides. In summer never very warm, in winter never very cold, and unvisited by snow or frost to any appreciable degree, the most I have against it is that the sky is often overcast. But to some this is no objection, and it is certainly quite in harmony with the historic associations which invest every acre of Brittany.



CALVARY OF PLEYBEN.

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THE STORY OF A TROMBONE.

"IT is not to be endured," I said to the proprietor of that great gloomy lodging-house over town. "My rest is disturbed, my waking hours tortured, by this rasping fiend of a horn! The blast of this trumpet over my head is worse to me than that of the angel Gabriel to a condemned soul. You may, if you please, charge me for their empty room, but either this man and his wife leave the house or I do."

"Make yourself easy, Mr. Van Tassel," said the proprietor. "They shall leave when their month is up."

I went back to my room, counting the days of the fortnight left them, as the woman in the fairy tale told over the fatal beans.

On looking from my window at the bit of blue sky visible between the high walls of the factory and the tenements close by, I found a swarm of sparrows rapidly descending upon the window-sill above mine, voraciously intent upon a liberal supply of bread-crumbs, dealt out to them by the delicate and shapely hand of a woman. A little boy from the opposite tenement waved his crutch to the birds, and smiled his little, wan, sickly smile. I suppose in the whole of his lifetime, which was not more than the seven years I had lived there, he had not, like myself, seen such a sight.

That night the man, contrary to his custom, remained at home, and, despite the closed windows and the high wind outside, there came to me note by note a quaint old hymn of Heber's, and a little French song, of which the chorus, "Jamais, jamais," sung in the clear, sweet, sonorous voice of the woman, seemed freighted with the lost hopes of the wretched creatures within reach of her melody.

Not until the hour of midnight did the wind cease to bring me the prolonged toot of this monster of brass!

"They enjoy it, then," I said, as I went to bed: "so much the worse for them."

A week after, we had one of those sudden changes of weather for which our climate is alike famous and detestable. The sun came out bright and warm, light fleecy clouds floating over a blue sky. The dingy squalor of the city shone miserably in the brilliancy of a summer solstice. My mouldy room became suffocating with fetid vapors, and as I leaned out of the window to breathe the air, a subtle perfume fell upon my nostrils. So faint, so sweet, it seemed almost dead, and, with the only warm heart I had ever known, buried out of sight. Straight down from heaven, whither that pure soul had fled, came the almost forgotten fragrance, and looking up, I was suddenly blinded by a smart shower from a watering-pot held by that same lavish hand over a box of mignonette that rested upon the broken old stones of the window-sill.

I uttered an involuntary exclamation; over popped a braided head.

"Pardon!" said the lips, smiling the free, frank, ardent smile of a woman.

I drew back and held my breath in sudden bewilderment.

For ten long years I had been dead to curiosity or care concerning my fellow-creatures. The world might have been decimated by famine and pestilence, and I would have been as impervious to pity or terror as a fossil imbedded in antediluvian strata. But this word and this smile, seeming to come straight from the motive power that fed starving birds and watered fainting flowers, caused me to wonder as to the limit of this perennial fount of generosity at the top of this dingy building in the heart of the seething city.

"How happy," thought I, "is this wretched enthusiast of a man above me! With this woman for his wife and this crooked piece of brass for his foible, he can defy the wrath of the world! It is not necessary," I added, with a twinge of remembrance for the waning days of their fortnight, "that they should remain here and distract to the verge of insanity one so much more desolate than they." So the days went by. There were but three left, when, as I sat writing at my table one morning, there came a faint rap at the door. I heard again that one word, "Pardon," and had suddenly before me the braided hair, the shining eyes, the sweet full lips, of that woman from the room above.

The pen dropped from my hand. I got upon my feet.

"I must speak to you," she said, "because

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the man below tells me it is your complaint that drives us from here. I care not for myself; but my poor father, it will break his heart."

"Your father!" I stammered; "why, that is different!"

"What is different?" she repeated, with a slight stamp of her little foot upon the floor. "We have made the room so pretty with new paper, and the red curtains make a pleasant glow. The windows are so scoured that the sun comes bravely in upon my box of mignonette; it is a marvel to see. Alas, Sir, I am at my wits' end. Why is it that people can not enjoy so sweet a thing as music? We have been driven from one place to another because of our dear trombone."

"Trombone!" I repeated. "Ah, that is different!"

"Different!" she echoed; "and always different! What is it that you mean? My father must practice, or he will not keep up to the leader's exactions. I thought, indeed, that this back chamber, so high and so aloof from the rest of the world, we might call our own. How is it, Sir, that you are so cruel because of the divine language of our dear trombone?"

"You see it is different—" I began. A heat gradually gathered under my shaggy whiskers and mounted to my forehead. My eyes fell before the full, frank gaze of this young woman. Her simple plaint touched my heart.

"Sir," she said, "three times you have said different, and only different. In the name of Heaven what does that one word mean?"

"It means," I said, gaining courage to enjoy her presence, "that when I complained of your—your father's instrument, I thought it was a French horn: now I detest a French horn."

"That is wrong, Sir."

"Yes, perhaps so; but, you know, some people have strange idiosyncrasies, and mine is a hatred of the French horn. All other music I adore; and as for the trombone, there is nothing in the world so delicious to me. The other night, and all the days that your good father was kind enough to play, I have listened with my soul in my ears; and that sweet refrain of yours of 'Jamais,' it brings the tears to my eyes."

"Then we need not go?" she said.

"No, no," I said, shuddering at the thought of such a thing. "I will see to it at once, Miss—Miss—"

"Thérèse: my name is Thérèse, and my father's name is Rigaud."

Her foot was already upon the threshold.

"Perhaps," I said, with a sort of desperation, "your father would allow me to come to you sometimes and listen to the trombone?"

"Some people like it so much better at a distance," she replied. "I myself think the room is too small."

"That is perhaps because, Miss Thérèse, you do not love the trombone as I do!"

"No doubt," she said; a little half smile dawned upon her lips, and she fled away through the corridor.

The room suddenly grew cold and chill. She had taken all the warmth and sunshine away with her.

I went immediately down to the proprietor and withdrew my complaint.

"You see," I said, "I thought it was a French horn, and my hatred for that instrument is of so intense a character that I can not live under the same roof with it. Now a trombone is another thing."

"Is it?" said the proprietor, with his finger upon the page of his account-book, and his pen dripping with ink. "I can't tell 'em apart; but there's one thing I know when I see it, and that's a handsome face. That wheezy old Frenchman owns a blamed good-looking daughter; she's as proud and touchy as Lucifer, but that don't hurt her any. I like to see a woman's chin well up. Old Parleyvou is fat as a porpoise, but he's game as a Spanish fighting cock. I like it; it suits my style." And he plunged his knuckle into the ink again.

When I went back to my room it seemed haunted with the ghost of a vanished happiness. I could not write because of the face of Thérèse upon the paper before me. Her serious but fine features had caught the imprint of a sad, sequestered life. The marble whiteness of her skin, her long eyelashes blacker than her hair, the curves upon her well-cut lips, made her expression one between tenderness and severity.

Fancy me, if you can, in a pea-jacket patched upon the right arm by my own fingers, a pair of high boots capable of carrying me through the mire and ice of the streets, my rough and shaggy beard and long yellow hair like the mane of a sick lion, my sour and cynical face, my thirty-three wasted years—fancy me thus lavish with time and money, for these are synonymous with a copying clerk, in struggling to divine how the hours are spent by a young woman in the room above me.

At length I gained entrance there, and partook of the hospitality offered me by the father of Thérèse.

No matter how or when it began, I felt as one in a dream the subtle power of a fragrance that exhaled from a flower box in the window. I saw in bewilderment the battered walls covered with a gay paper; the spiders' festoons ruthlessly swept away; a clear bright sunlight, streaming through windows polished like gems, falling upon the hair of Thérèse, making the ends of her long black braids take a tawny hue like

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mine, lighting up the peacocks' tails in the chintz-covered furniture, and mingling itself with the red blaze of the fire, but, above all, glowing and flaunting upon the crooked brass loins of the big trombone, which, belching out note after note upon the palpitating air of the room, made the very walls to tremble, the rats to flee from their old quarters, their hair upon end, their tails standing straight out with terror as they fled away through the wainscoting. I became in time, on these occasions, part and parcel of the brazen monster. Its hollow tube connected itself with the semicircular canals of my inner ears, and wave after wave of thundering melody drowned all other sense but that of sound. The beautiful face of Thérèse swam before my sight; the cheeks of Monsieur Rigaud became like huge balloons; the peacocks' tails seemed to expand upon the backs of the chairs; hot streams of blood mounted to my brain; my head dropped upon my hands. "Enough, enough, monsieur!" I cried, my hands trembling, my knees shaking, tears streaming from my burning eyeballs.

"THE CHEEKS OF MONSIEUR RIGAUD BECAME LIKE HUGE BALLOONS."

He dropped the accursed instrument and held out his hands to me.

"Thou art after my own heart," he said; "thou lovest the music, as I do, to adoration."

"Yes," I faltered, "but I can not stand too much of it. The ecstasy is too divine; it overpowers me."

Then he fell to talking of Thérèse, telling me for the hundredth time that his beloved child had promised him never to marry; that while he lived she would be happy with him, of course, and at his death he had made arrangements for her entrance into a religious house, there to spend the rest of her days with the good Sisters.

"We have put by the necessary money, Mr. Van Tassel; with it we have nothing to do; it is as if we knew not of its existence. I can not tell you what joy it makes me to think of it; it is a weight off my heart."

And placing his pudgy hands upon his breast, he raised his eyes to heaven, while my own heart beat to desperation.

Was, then, this present dull seclusion of hers only to be changed for the gray desolation of a convent?

When I dared to cast my eyes upon the drooping form of Thérèse, it seemed to me that her lips quivered, and her long eyelashes shone with tears.

This was the price I paid for breathing the same air with Thérèse. We seldom spoke to each other, for when even the great head of Monsieur Rigaud nodded in slumber, it seemed to her and to me that the shining maw of the monster at his side yawned vindictively for every word that might fall from our lips.

One wild March night I had lain awake thinking of all these things, wondering if indeed it could be that Monsieur Rigaud could always have his way; that the days should creep into months, and the months into years; that I should live for the torture of the trombone and the simple joy of sleeping under the same roof with Thérèse; and that at last it should all come to an end, that Thérèse should go to the good Sisters, and I—"I should go to the devil," I repeated to myself, savagely, because the thought pained me so.

It was then I first felt a sense of suffocation, and raising myself in bed, found the room suddenly filling with smoke from the little window that led into the hall.

I sprang to my feet, hurried on my clothes, and rushed to the door, to find the hall filled with a dense hot vapor, to hear a peculiar crackling sound, mingled with the rush of hurried feet and stifled voices below.

All at once the house, the street, that quarter of the city, became a pandemonium of noise, of terror, of madness, and confusion. Even as I flew to the door of Thérèse, and burst in with the strength of despair, a terrible tongue of flame shot before my sight through the corridor below. My breath came in stinted stabs, cut as it was with fear for Thérèse, and the suffocating smoke.

I caught Thérèse from her little couch in the closet, which I had so often fancied but

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never seen, and tied her well up in shawls, despite her cries and remonstrances. The poor child's one thought was for her father, who, naked and trembling, paralyzed with terror, stood in the middle of the floor with one hand in the leg of his wide pantaloons, the other waving wildly in the air.

"Mother of God!" cried poor Monsieur Rigaud, "we are lost!"

"My father! save my father!" cried Thérèse, struggling to reach him.

How could she think, with my soul in as big a blaze of love for her as the one burning in the building below—how could she think I would risk one hair of her beautiful head for the craven body of her father?

I fled with her to the front-room, from whence alone we could escape to the street. A ladder was already at the window.

"My father! oh, my father!" still cried the foolish child; and putting my face close to hers, I said,

"My sweet Thérèse, I will save him if it costs me my life."

Then the frightened girl put her lips to mine, and clung sobbing there, accepting the sacrifice of my life, and even her own, for the poor fat Frenchman in the back chamber.

But a pang rent my heart when I put her into the arms of the man upon the ladder yonder, with the iron cap and the eager eyes.

How should I save Monsieur Rigaud, when the corridor below was like the yawning pit of hell itself, and the immense body of the musician like a millstone about my neck?

But life was sweeter to me since I had felt upon my lips the warm rapture of the first kiss of Thérèse, and I shoved Monsieur Rigaud before me with lusty velocity. We reached the room, the window; the ladder was still there, another iron cap, two more eager eyes.

"Shove him over," cried the brave fireman. I thought we were saved, when suddenly Monsieur Rigaud refused to go without his trombone. His two hundred pounds were immovable. "Throw him out!" cried the man from the ladder.

But I could not murder Monsieur Rigaud. He planted his feet firmly upon the floor.

"'I WILL NOT LEAVE IT TO PERISH,' HE CRIED; 'MY DEAR TROMBONE!'"

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"I will not leave it to perish," he cried; "my dear trombone!"

"To perdition with him and his bone!" shouted the fireman, using even a stronger word. "Leave him to roast, and save yourself."

"Go! go!" I said at last, driven to frenzy, "and I pledge you my honor you shall have your trombone."

He kissed his hands to me, his fat legs already descending the ladder, while I plunged again into that fiery crater for the demon that shone calm and serene in the midst of this holocaust of death and dismay. "Come, then," I said, catching the brass monster by the throat, "let us do the best we can." When I got back, the ladder was gone! Tongues of fire were bursting from the second story.

"The roof! the roof!" shouted a man through his trumpet.

I scrambled up by teeth and legs and hands, dragging with me my enemy, leaped six feet across a neighboring alley, only to find the tin roof melting beneath me, and all around a sea of flame.

I had, then, to die because of this shining fiend, already warm with the reflection of the heat about us. If to save Thérèse my life had been given, or even to rescue her father—if my last sigh had been exhaled upon her pure young heart filled with a love born of gratitude, I could have yielded it up without a murmur; but to preserve this cruel piece of mechanism—it was too much!

I ran to the back of the building to escape the lurid light and heat, and saw the roof of an extension full thirty feet below, as yet untouched by fire. A thought came to me like a revelation.

"Thou brazen monster," I said to the trombone, "for the first time in thy life thou shalt do a generous action!"

And as I took it in my strong hands and bent the end so that it formed a curve, I felt just one little pang for the soul of poor Monsieur Rigaud, that must have bent with the brass body so dear to him.

Then I sprang over the yawning chasm, hooking the curved end of my companion to the window-sill below; from thence another story, and the extension was gained. Soon we reached the back-yard together, the trombone and I, and made our way into the main street to find our old abode a mass of smoking ruins. The late tenants had taken refuge in the station-house near by.

Thither I went, upon my shoulder the bent, bruised creature that had saved my life. As I thought of all—how that I was walking, strong of limb, untouched by fire or fall, to see my beautiful Thérèse, and the trombone, alas! to reach its master so lifeless and forlorn—my soul was melted within me.

"Trombone," I said, holding it close to

"THEN I SPRANG OVER THE YAWNING CHASM."

my neck with a caressing movement, "I am sorry for thee, my poor comrade; but one of us had to go, and thou dost not know what it is to love Thérèse!"

I began then to feel a terror lest Monsieur Rigaud should so mourn the death of his trombone that the project would be hastened for placing Thérèse with the good Sisters. So, taking it in my hands, I examined it closely, and found no rent in it; its sturdy sides clung firmly together, and there was only one severe curve the more. A faint hope entered my heart as I reached Monsieur Rigaud.

"Do I see thee again?" he cried, stretching out his hands, but not to me—to the trombone upon my shoulder.

He took it in his arms, big tears falling from his eyes upon its bruised and battered side. "Miserable that I am," he cried, "my trombone is wounded, is dead!" And his great head fell upon his breast.

As for me, while I stood there I felt within my hand slip another, warm, throbbing, magnetic with life and love; a faint sob of joy fell upon my ear, but I did not dare look upon Thérèse, lest, my heart being so full, I should fall to weeping over her, like Monsieur Rigaud over his trombone.

"Monsieur Rigaud," I cried, with desperation, "it is only bent, not broken. Try it; see if its heart beats yet; perhaps it may still live!"

He looked over at me with a gleam of contempt upon his fat face, begrimed with

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smoke and tears. The word "imbecile" escaped his lips, and with a mocking movement, in which, nevertheless, I could discern a forlorn hope, he put the tube to his lips.

A prayer ascended from my heart, and from the lovely girl by my side. I prayed to the trombone, Thérèse to Heaven.

"Ah, my brave trombone," I said, "wilt thou be mute now, when a blast from thy loins will give me eternal joy?"

And suddenly the firemen stopped swearing, the women wringing their hands, the children crying; each and every faculty was given over to a solemn and sublime peal that floated out from the mouth of the trombone and sought the hearts of its hearers. It spoke of hope and consolation, and, to me, of a joy unspeakable. Despite its battered side it lived, our dear trombone!

When the last peal had died away, and the firemen again commenced to swear, the women to wring their hands, and the children to cry, Monsieur Rigaud turned to me.

"Thou hast saved the life of my child and that of my dear trombone," he cried, altogether forgetting his own two hundred pounds that I had with such difficulty pushed through the corridor.

And knowing how forgetful he was, and that perhaps to-morrow he would be in a different mood, I said on the instant, bravely,

"Monsieur Rigaud, I have the honor to ask of you the hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle Thérèse."

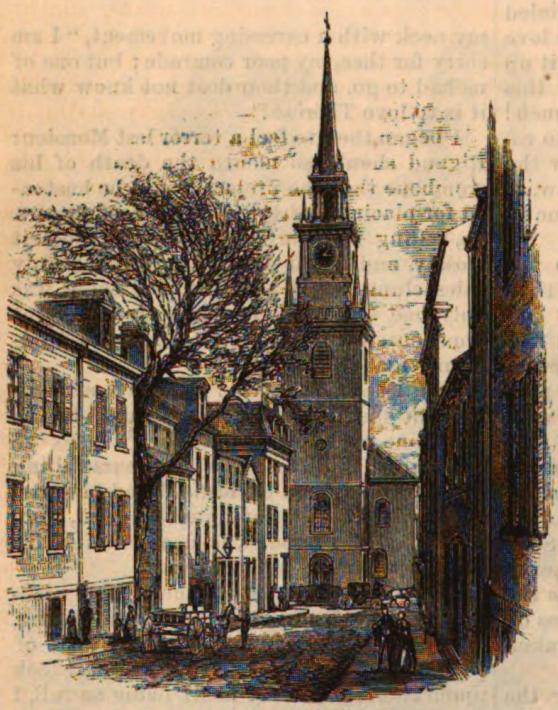
I did well, for he spread out his fat fingers with a gesture of benediction.

"Perhaps it will be best, my children," he said, "to take the money I had reserved for the good Sisters, and build for us a house, with all the doors and windows upon the ground-floor. It is not wise to climb so high, when the demon of fire may at any moment be sapping the foundation. Have I reason, do you think, my children?"

"You have indeed reason," we replied, with enthusiasm. And only this spring the house was built, a little way out of town, where all the birds of heaven can sing and the flowers of the earth may bloom for my sweet Thérèse.

As for the trombone, Monsieur Rigaud can not be fonder of it than I.

ECHOES OF BUNKER HILL.



CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

ONE must live within the sound of church bells to know the full charm and power of their chimes. They are like good and true friends, whom you find out not by any casual introduction, but by life-long familiarity. These chimes talk to you with their sweet, strong music quite in their own way, and although, like some of our best friends, they may not have a great many changes, but harp a good deal upon the same old notes, they seem to us always new as they send out their stirring vibrations upon the air with the changing hours and seasons, just as the kindly greetings of home or the "good-morning" and "good-evening" of neighbors never wear out, but gather blessings with years. There is something very private and personal, and at the same time very sweeping and universal, in the voices of these bells. Tremulous as harp strings, clear as bugle tones, commanding as cannon thunder, these chimes whisper in your ear, while they call upon the whole neighborhood and bring the whole multitude together within the spell of a melody that carries the heart of ages and the fellowship of human kind in its ring.

I lived in my childhood and youth within such a spell, and from my home at the foot of Bunker Hill, on the banks of the Mystic River, I used to hear the chimes of old Christ Church, Boston, as they swept from that tall spire across the harbor and Navy-yard to Moulton's Point, where stood the frugal house which my upright and industrious father built with his own hands, and to which we

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retreated after his death led us to leave a better house built by him on the hill-side. I remember especially how those bells used to ring at Christmas-time, especially on Christmas-eve, and they are the earliest voices that told me of a historical Church more winning and comprehensive, if no less assuming, than the Puritan shrine where I was baptized under the ministry of the famous Dr. Jedediah Morse, whose name now rests more upon his geography than his theology, and whose son has girdled with speaking wires the earth that his good father embraced in his books and maps. I have heard those bells at times for nearly threescore years, and they never said more to me than one night not long ago this last winter, as I was going to sleep under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, and these dear old chimes came to my drowsy ear, put away slumber for some time, and set me to thinking and then dreaming of the old times and the new, and of the strange ties that bind them together, a thinking and a dreaming that were not broken but completed by waking in the morning with the same music keeping company with the light of dawn. I do not wish to be sentimental, or to bore you with personal reminiscences of my old home and friends and town, but I can not forget what Christ Church bells have said to me while I am writing of Bunker Hill and its echoes; and that old belfry and its chimes have a great deal to do with the facts of my story, and with its philosophy too.

I.

The rector, the wardens, and the vestry did not know it at the time any more than did the lifeless bells, but none the less those bells, as soon as their full chime was completed, and the inscription on the first bell, in 1744, twenty-one years after the building of Christ Church, was crowned by that on the eighth bell, "Abel Rudhall, of Gloucester, cast us all, Anno 1774," had a great prophecy in their notes, and began to ring in the birthday of a great nation in this New World. I suppose that they were rung at Christmas, 1774, and at Easter and at Whit-Sunday, 1775, and that their Whitsun peals proclaimed to the whole neighborhood the new lawgiving of Christ not long before June 17, 1775, and had a return, not wholly a retort, but in part an echo, from the cannon of Prescott and his raw recruits within the rough extemporized fortification on Bunker Hill; for Bunker Hill has had something to do with the new lawgiving of the nations, and has not been wholly left out of the ministry of love which fulfills the law of Christ. It is said that from this steeple, which was visible from a great distance, warning was given of the intended march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord. Paul Revere's narrative states that on Sunday, April 16, he had been to Lexington by desire of Dr. Warren to see Hancock and Adams, who were at Rev. Mr. Clark's, and that on Tuesday evening, April 18, after a number of British soldiers had been seen marching to Boston Common, he was sent again by Dr. Warren to Lexington to tell those flaming patriots what mischief those soldiers were probably bent upon doing. Revere went, and returned at night through Charlestown, where he met Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen, whom he promised to inform of the movements of the British by signals from the North Church, and who told him afterward that they saw the signals. So this old belfry speaks to us now of the first struggles of the provincial yeomanry at Lexington and Concord; and it is said that General Gage looked out from its commanding height upon the burning of Charlestown and the battle of Bunker Hill.

No doubt that among the thousands who turned their eager eyes from the high places of Boston toward the Mystic River some looked from that belfry, and very likely they climbed to that height early in the morning, very soon after the guns of the British man-of-war *Lively*, that was then anchored opposite the present Navy-yard, opened her fire upon the American works, which a thousand plucky men, who had seen a spade and pickaxe before, had thrown up in a night. There was probably a great deal to see during the day, especially during the forenoon, before the smoke of the battle and the flames of the burning town darkened the sight. They could see there at noon the several regiments marching through the streets of Boston to their places of embarkation, and the two ships of war moving up Charles River to join the others in firing on the works. They could, by glimpses of the harbor and by the sound or the silence of the cannon, get some idea of what was going on. The blue flag was displayed as the signal, and from Long Wharf and the North Battery the fleet of barges, with field-pieces in the leading boats, moved toward Charlestown. The redoubled roar of the cannonade could not wholly hide with its smoke the brilliant spectacle, the scarlet uniforms, the glittering weapons, the bright artillery, the regular motion of the boats, the jets of flame, the clouds of smoke—a sight such as Boston had never seen before.

I will not try to tell over again the story of the battle, for it is in every school history. It is enough now to know that at one o'clock the British army landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and immediately formed in three lines, while the barges returned to Boston for more troops, who arrived at three; that the British, some three thousand strong, advanced upon the American works; that they were driven back

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DR. JOSEPH WARREN.

with fearful slaughter; that they advanced again, with the flames of the burning town to veil their movements, and were again repulsed; that they rallied again with reinforcements against the Americans, who were not only worn down with labor and fasting, but out of ammunition; and at about five o'clock, after this bloody conflict of an hour and a half with raw volunteers, these picked soldiers of the British army took possession of the hill that had served them for a retreat on the famous 19th of April, with more than a thousand dead and wounded as the price of their victory, among these 226 being among the killed. The Americans had 140 killed, 271 wounded, and 30 captured, or 441 in all, in a force probably not exceeding fifteen hundred men actually engaged. The British, by the most truthful accounts, had less than four thousand men engaged on the field, according to Mr. Richard Frothingham's excellent history of the battle, but he apparently does not include the sailors and gunners in the British ships who were so active in the fight, and who killed the first American in the fort.

That was a sad evening for Boston and all the people around it. The sun that went down in splendor behind the ruins of that burned town, after that day of summer loveliness, shone upon a Golgotha of death. British and Americans who had been in arms against each other were one now in the pain of wounds, the agony of bereavement, and the need of the Divine Comforter. The chimes of Christ Church did not probably ring out after the din of battle had ceased and night came on, but they must have tolled when Major Pitcairn's body was brought there for the burial service, and interred under the church. He was a brave and kindly man, who has apparently been misunderstood, and identified with acts of atrocity which he abhorred. His name heads the large list of British officers who were killed or wounded in the battle—thirteen killed and seventy wounded, a proportion so large as to put this battle on a footing with the carnage of Quebec and of Minden. The losses on the American side were not so many nor so conspicuous, but one man fell whose death was life to his companions and his cause, and, with all allowance for local and personal friendship and patriotic exaggeration, there is no doubt that when Dr. Joseph Warren died, New England liberty had its martyr, and America had a hero who fought for her thenceforth with weapons that are not carnal, and with a valor that knows no weariness and wants no food or clothing or arms. Warren was a noble man, and did a great deal for the patriot cause, but his life and his death meant more than he or any body else knew at the time. He was, as we shall see, a text out of the book of humanity and of God that history was then unrolling.

Precisely what this Bunker Hill battle did at the time for our people and the world it is impossible for us to say, but it was clearly a great power alike in the march of events and of ideas. The fight did not begin in speculative thinking, but it was a plain, matter-of-fact struggle of a thousand or two New England provincials, who were at heart freemen, against some four thousand British soldiers who were sent to put them down under the foot of the throne and Parliament of England. But as all laws begin in some matter-of-fact case, so all intellectual progress starts in some practical point, and thinking amounts to little until it feels the spur of action. An act of Joseph Priestley revealed oxygen and created chemistry the year before this battle, which oxygenated ideas and made a new era in history. Here in America Bunker Hill gave the shock that brought the colonies to their feet, and roused them to the consciousness of unity. As a piece of strategy or tactics it amounted to next to nothing on either side, for the stand of the Americans on that hill was a doubtful step, alike hard to keep and, if kept, by no means a decisive one; while the assault upon the Americans by the British, who had ships and cannon to assail their foes in the rear or to starve them out, was a reckless exposure of life. But none the less this battle was a great event in the quality of the struggle and the significance of the result. For the first time the Americans and the British came together in open warfare, and when it was proved that the Americans could stand the fire of disciplined British troops, and drive them again and again to retreat, the die was cast, the end was sure, and the cool, clear head of Washington, who two days before had been made by the Continental Congress commander-in-chief, saw

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what it meant, and said, "The liberties of the country are safe."

On the day of the battle Congress elected its four major-generals—Ward, Lee, Schuyler, and Putnam, with Horatio Gates as adjutant-general. Four days (June 21) afterward Thomas Jefferson entered Congress, and the next day brought news of the Charlestown battle, which put fire into his ideal statesmanship, and made Patrick Henry say, "I am glad of it; a breach of our affections was needed to rouse the country to action." "Americans will fight," wrote Franklin to his English friends: "England has lost her colonies forever." In England there were great echoes to the guns of Bunker Hill, and in spite of the protest of Chatham and the Whigs, the king and Parliament were stirred to new measures of aggression. How much the best heart of the mother country sympathized with the struggling colonists we have no ample means of knowing, but it is certain that the thousand raw recruits who gathered at Cambridge on the evening of June 16, and heard the prayer of President Langdon, had a deep sense of their English birthright, and of their just claim to the government of impartial law, with exemption from the rule of arbitrary power. Josiah Quincy, Jun., when he listened, on January 20, 1775, to Chatham's memorable speech in the House of Lords, listened for his countrymen as well as for himself; and there is nothing in his journal that those rough farmers in their motley homespun and their odd medley of weapons could not fully understand and answer to. The England that could receive such words from her noblest statesman as these had not lost the blood of Cromwell and Milton, or forgotten the treachery of the Stuarts: "My lords, these three millions of Whigs—three millions of Whigs, my lords, with arms in their hands—are a very formidable body. It was the Whigs, my lords, that set his Majesty's royal ancestors on the throne of England. I hope, my lords, there are yet double the number of Whigs in England that there are in America. I hope the Whigs of both countries will join and make a common cause. Ireland is with the Americans to a man. The Whigs of that country will, and those of this country ought to, think the American cause their own. They are allied to each other in sentiment and interest, united in one great principle of defense and resistance against tyranny and oppression." The vote went against Chatham's motion in favor of recalling the troops from Boston, but his speech, with those of Lord Camden, Lord Shelburne, and the Duke of Richmond, is proof enough that our people were right in their protest both as Englishmen and as New Englanders, and that it was not merely their new local liberty, but their old English birthright, that led them to their stand against despotism at Bunker Hill.

What these men were in their personal character, their culture, and in their relations to their age, we can judge quite well by their education in their peculiar town organizations, their schools, and their churches. They had been brought up under positive laws, with town officers elected by themselves, and having full authority in each township, with no desire to break their historical relations to the provincial authorities or the British government; they had been well taught at school and in church, and their leaders were generally men of good education, most of them graduates of Harvard College. Warren, Hancock, and Samuel Adams, the ruling spirits of the gathering storm, were Harvard College men, and so were General Ward, who headed the list of major-generals, and Samuel Osgood, his aid, who was with him near the field during the battle, and afterward so conspicuous under the administration of Washington for his ability and integrity in the Treasury and the Post-office. These men, both the rank and file and the leaders, were undoubtedly full of the modern spirit, and their uprising against British aggression had echoes from the liberals of Europe, and certainly helped on the freethinking of the Illuminists, as well as the reforms of the philanthropists. Their success was welcome at the court of Frederick the Great, who liked liberty of thought and of action when it did not cut into his own royal prerogative; and the patron of Voltaire was the friend of America. France, of course, could not be indifferent to so important a blow at the dominion of England, and Vergennes immediately sent Bonvouloir on a mission to America, while the egotist and dreamer Rousseau, then at Paris a greater power than Vergennes or his master, Louis XVI., the prophet of democracy with peerless style, had here in young Thomas Jefferson an emissary stronger than a score of Bonvouloirs—an emissary who was to put the ideas of the "Social Contract" into letters of flame in the Declaration of July 4, 1776, under the spell of battle that pointed ideas with bayonets and loaded them with powder and ball. Voltaire at Ferney was no stranger to the struggle that was to introduce him to Franklin; and even Goethe, the serene artist and poet of the future, then a young man, in the fever of that storm and pressure period, and just made famous by the romance of *Werther*, had in 1773, two years before, been greatly stirred by the story of the Boston tea-party; and he could not have been indifferent to its bloody sequel. The masters of the rising age of human culture, Kant, Herder, and Lessing, although not then known by their chief works, were full of sympathy and hope for free institutions, and ready for every

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cheering word from the new republic, whose cause they afterward so heartily vindicated.

So Bunker Hill belongs to modern times, and had more to do with modern thinking than its heroes knew. The new age was beginning, and they were a part of it. The characteristic elements of the nineteenth century were in them; and this century, as has been well observed of the century that reckoned from the birth of Christ, actually began about thirty years before its nominal date. Not merely a new nation, but a new humanity was beginning to be—not a new language was growing up, but a new reading of all tongues, with fresh and flaming emphasis to all words that stand for the rights of man, the claims of reason and conscience, the largeness of nature, the worth of liberty, the majesty of justice, and the benignity of God. There may have been, and there undoubtedly was, some one-sidedness and extravagance in this new vocabulary; but all these words and ideas were needed, and the chimes of the old church bell, that discouraged war and moderated passion and pleaded for the duties of man and for the grace and sovereignty of God, bore witness in their swell and their cadence to the lawgivers and the prophets who had been scourges of oppression and champions of liberty and law.

The radical thinkers of America have within sixty or seventy years had their strength within the sound of old Christ Church bells, and within the range of the sound of Bunker Hill guns; but there was not much overt radicalism among the patriots who fought the battle. They had not broken fellowship, like the German and French Illuminists and the present Free Religionists, with the old church and Bible. Nor have their successors, who most shortened the old creed, cut short the commandments. They were brought up to find all liberty inside of the Bible and the meeting-house, and their clergy went with them in their uprising. Even Warren, who was a zealous Freemason, and called St. Andrew's Lodge his *alma mater*, appears to have been an old-fashioned church-going man, and with Hancock and other patriots who accepted the civic side of Puritanism more than the theocratic side, he attended Brattle Street Church, and was one of the famous line who have made that old parish sacred from that day to our own, with its record of Buckminster, Everett, and Palfrey in the pulpit, and Webster, Otis, the Lawrences, and Kirkland in the pews. Colonel Prescott, who led the Americans from Cambridge to Bunker Hill, and was not apparently very ecclesiastical in his tone, was conservative in his principles, and of an aristocratic family, with no radicalism. But because they kept their free principles within ecclesiastical bounds, they none the less belonged to the new times, and their bullets opened the war that destroyed the Bastile and the Inquisition, upset the Pope's temporal throne, and made the world new. Puritan orthodoxy itself went valorously into the new movement on its civic side, and not only opposed the British bishops, but stood up for the rights of man, as in Samuel Adams, who was as liberal in his political code as he was straitlaced in his theological creed—a Jeffersonian, yet a Calvinist. In fact, the liberty spirit of New England was never an ungodly spirit in those times, and it has not been such since. The Puritan renounces his birthright when he turns from the God of his fathers, and the movement men of this race have spoken in his name, if not always wisely. Warren, who died at the age of thirty-four, seems, without knowing it, to have anticipated all the great outbreaks of liberty, and guarded against their excess by the variety of his services and the rectitude of his spirit. School-master, physician, orator, legislator, major-general, he was a friend of all classes, and probably alike as a physician, a Freemason, and a patriot he was much among the mechanics, and had much to do with settling practically their relation to the new liberty, and making labor and property friends in the rising government. The watch-word of those two dangerous factions in Europe, the Jesuits and the Internationalists, has been the Cross *or* the Trowel, as if labor and faith were bound to fight against each other for very life. The true watch-word is the Cross *and* the Trowel; and if New England did not like the sign of the Cross, she contended for what it means, and her mechanics have never separated the trowel or the hammer from the Bible in their interpretation of the gospel of Him who worked at the carpenter's bench before He preached upon the mount and healed by the way-side.

It is well to shun all exaggeration, but a man who lived his early life on this very battle-field, and whose early church and school were on the ground that was burned over by the British shells from Copp's Hill, may be excused for regarding this chapter of American history in its most generous relations, and hearing its echoes to the fathers of the old civilization, and its voices to the new ages that have echoed their cheer. We give a sketch of the old town of Charlestown as one might see it from Beacon Hill, from which it was drawn. The original Bunker Hill is on the left; Breed's Hill, the historical Bunker Hill, in the centre; and Moulton's Hill, where the British landed, is on the right. The church is the old Puritan temple, on the site where John Winthrop and John Harvard once worshiped. There were men in Boston on the 17th of June, 1775, learned and thoughtful enough to read the scene before them in the wis-

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VIEW OF CHARLESTOWN AND THE BACKGROUND FROM BEACON HILL.

dom of history and the hope of prophecy. Boston had no artist like Kaulbach to pencil the shapes that loomed up among the night shadows over those four hundred homes in ashes. But the shapes were there before every open vision; and the Hebrew lawgivers and prophets, with Moses and Isaiah; the Greek and Roman masters of intelligence and virtue, with Socrates and Zeno; the apostles of Christian faith and inward religion, with Paul and Augustine and Calvin; the heroes of Germanic manhood, with Hermann and Luther; the founders of English loyalty and manhood, with Alfred and Cromwell—these shapes all were there for those who had eyes to see them upon that cloud of smoke in the light of those pillars of fire. That burning town meant as much as burning Jerusalem, but meant more hope and less despair. New life was to rise from those ashes. The raw recruits who were driven from that rude fortress were intrenching themselves more wisely on Prospect Hill, Washington was on his way to Cambridge, Dorchester Heights were to be occupied by his command, and before April came round again the last of the soldiers and ships of Great Britain had disappeared from Boston, and the siege of the Puritan capital was raised.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

II.

It is dangerous for a Boston or Charlestown man to undertake to tell what shapes his imagination sees from the great future that was then beginning to open upon that neighborhood; and instead of trying to put visions into form, I will be content to let History speak for herself in two scenes that are echoes of that Bunker Hill fight. The first of these is from June 17, 1825, fifty years after the battle. I was there, a school-boy, just in my teens, and I remember well the magnificence and the excitement of the occasion, which had, it was said, 50,000 people in the assembly, Daniel Webster for orator, and Lafayette as principal guest.

The preparations for laying the corner-stone of the new monument had been watched eagerly by our boys, and we went every day when we could to see what progress had been made. I remember well the bright day, the great multitude, and the magnetic spell of the orator's voice, little as I could make out of his words, as I listened from the rear of the amphitheatre in which he spoke, and as I crept under the floor, I believe, that I might hear more distinctly. That was Daniel Webster who was speaking, and that was his voice: it was enough for me. We boys could take in the whole drift of his oration when it was published, and could say with him, as he closed, "Thank God, I—I also am an American!"

There was an echo indeed to old Bunker Hill! The monument of brick and wood, twenty-eight feet high, that had been erected by the Freemasons of Charlestown in 1794, had done good service in its day, and now its place was to be taken by a massive obelisk two hundred and twenty-one feet high and thirty

THE OLD MONUMENT.

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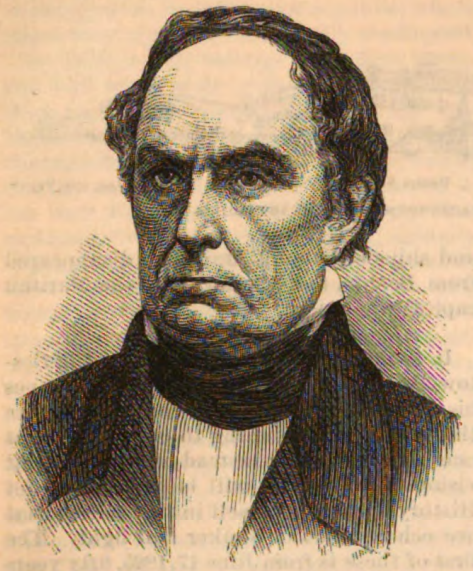

DANIEL WEBSTER.

feet square—a structure that answers well to the pluck that threw up those fortifications and manned them with such might. In the broader bearings of this demonstration we must not forget its local associations, nor fail to connect the new Boston and Charlestown with the men and scenes of 1775. In looking over the list of names in Richard Frothingham's *History of Charlestown*, before that date, I find some that were familiar to me fifty years afterward, and whose descendants took part in this jubilee—such names as Devens, Harris, Edes, Frothingham, Foster, Larkin, Austin, Breed, Stevens, Call, Adams, Hurd, Russell, Rand, Goodwin, Hooper, Calder, Symmes, Newell, Wait, Gorham. I remember some characteristic men who seemed to keep up the costume of the old time, such as David Stetson, with his suit of drab or snuff-color, Thomas Rand, with his queue and small-clothes and shoe-buckles, and General Austin, in his sheriff's uniform, with gold-lace and buttons and white top-boots. Charlestown of course took great pride in this movement, but it was not by any means confined to her citizens, and the officers of the Monument Association—Daniel Webster, Thomas H. Perkins, Joseph Story, Edward Everett, John C. Warren, G. Stuart, Washington Allston, George Ticknor—show well the character and range of interest in the enterprise.

We can not fail to see that this echo of Bunker Hill came from the aristocratic and conservative elements of Massachusetts society, and we may well be glad that it was so, alike from the weight of their influence and the worth of their testimony. Wealth and culture, social position and name, were on the side of patriotism, and joined in an act that committed them to liberty as well as law. It was a wholesome act at that time, when there was danger of a somewhat churlish conservatism, and the greed of trade had joined with the traditions of caste in checking the free instincts of the nation, and New England, not wholly by principle, had won back the Presidency to one of her sons. The monument meant "the United States" in their liberty and union, as the battle meant the "protest of the provinces" against bondage and misrule. Daniel Webster, the orator, spoke (then in 1825, and in 1843, eighteen years after) well the word of the occasion, and it gave him fuller swing than some of the themes that he handled, and was worthy of the champion of Greece and the South American republics. Our America needed that noble oration, with its statement of the essential principles of government, and its plea for local rights and national order. Europe needed it too, in that time of reactionary thought and policy, ten years after the victory of Waterloo, that had crushed Napoleon, had built up the Holy Alliance—when in Russia, Germany, France, and England the spirit of rational progress was so held in check, and the Pope, who domineered over Italy, thought it safe for him to bully all Christendom. It was a good thing for Lafayette to hear and to take back with him to France, whose despot he had defied when in power and defended in exile, whose rightful liberty he had always defended in a manner worthy of his first American service, and whose law he was soon so nobly to vindicate at the head of the National Guard at the downfall of the Bourbons in 1830.

Daniel Webster's oration was Bunker Hill echoed in eloquence. Let us not forget him now, nor fail to see his virtue and own his power because he had faults and infirmities. A great lawyer, an English jurist in the solid caste of his mind and the temper of his associations, he was a great liberator, and all that he did to bind the Union together in bonds of constitutional law he did for the liberty that the Union vindicates, and against the slavery that the Union has crushed. He spoke and did more than he knew, and his word had echoes beyond his purpose or his will. He who fires the cannon or strikes the bells may do it or not as he pleases, but when he has done it, the report and the chimes are not his to control. He may own the gun or the bell, but he does not own the air which carries the vibrations, or the ears that are open to the sound. So the orator owns the speech-making organs, but not the speech after it is made. Daniel Webster has been practically the master-teacher of the nation in its essential law, and his speech was greater than the speaker knew. Before Jackson sent the Old Ironsides, the frigate *Constitu-*

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tion, to look after nullification at Charleston, Webster had been that same Ironsides in the Senate, and his guns, that floored Hayne and Calhoun, have never ceased their echoes, and were heard above the rebel cannon when Fort Sumter was assailed. He put the great national principle into shape, and when he spoke the word it went forth with a power not his own. He owned the speaking power, but not the power of the speech, which belonged to the nation and to the race. It is well that our fellow-citizen, Gordon W. Burnham, means to put his statue in our Central Park in stately bronze upon a massive pedestal of New England granite. It is a good thing to do at our Centennial Jubilee, to put the statue of the great orator and jurist of the nation there in the heart of the metropolis which he defended, and next to William Shakspeare, who embodied the life of regenerated England in the drama, and to Walter Scott, who has joined the ancient loyalty with the new humanity in his romance.

In thus rambling away from Charlestown and Boston to New York to illustrate the influence of the Bunker Hill orator of 1825, I do not forget the number and importance of his neighbors, and I wish that I could show the growth and prosperity of the population then. From 17,000 in 1775 Boston had increased to about 50,000 in 1825; Charlestown had increased from between two and three thousand to about 7000, and this, too, in spite of the Navy-yard that had seized her best wharf privileges on the water-front, and the State-prison that had cramped her enterprise on the other side, toward Charles River. Great was the prospect that the orator looked upon from his stand in the amphitheatre then, and lordly was the landscape that was commanded by the Christ Church steeple and reached by its bells. There was nothing in that celebration for that old church to mourn over, for the orator spoke the good English of her Bible and her Prayer-book, and did not assail the piety of her creed nor the charity of her prayer for unity, peace, and concord between all nations.

III.

The end was not yet. The two or three millions had become twelve, the thirteen States had become twenty-four, and there seemed nothing more to do but for the country to go on as it had been going since peace with Great Britain was established. "We can win no laurels in a war for independence," said the orator on that day. But look and listen once more, and hear the echoes of Bunker Hill in 1875 to 1775 and fifty years afterward.

A change, indeed, has come over that neighborhood, the country, and the world within that time. The word which the cannon and the church bells ring out now is, "The United States, a free nation," great among the nations of the world. The immense assembly on the Battle Hill; the shipping in the harbor; the flags of all countries; the lines of railroad and telegraph that converge here from every quarter of the country and from under the sea; the guests from all the American States and from the national capital; the ministers of foreign governments; the colored men—once slaves, and hearing the roll-call there, but not from the slave-driver's mouth—who march under our flag with the step and the rights of freemen; the orator of the day, who was a major-general in the war for the nation, and who is a judge in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Boston herself, now a great city in the spread of her territory, the affluence of her wealth, the splendor of her culture and her fame, adding five towns with Bunker Hill to her domain, and waiting for Brookline and Cambridge to come under her rule—all these things show that a new day has come, and repeat thousandfold the echoes of the cry for liberty a hundred years before. I confess to a certain feeling of loneliness in all this grandeur, and every Bunker Hill boy who remembers with me the Boston and Charlestown of fifty years before must miss many faces that are now no more in the world. The notables of Boston have all passed away, and I may call to mind the men who then gave Charlestown name, energy, and wisdom. James Walker was the light of the pulpit; William Austin, Paul Willard, Leonard M. Parker, and others shone at the bar; Abraham R. Thompson, J. Stearns Hurd, William J. Walker, gave character to medicine; Cornelius Walker, who still lives, was head of education; Edward Everett was our orator and statesman. They have gone, all but the old school-master, but are not forgotten; and the old town kept an honorable record to the last, and gave a good report of its schools and its finances when, in January, 1874, it made over its allegiance to Boston, with whose interests business had long made its prosperity identical.

What is Bunker Hill to say now for itself? I do not know, as I am writing, what the oration will be, but I know the orator well, and can tell the spirit of the speech from the spirit of the speaker. The man who bears in his veins the blood of two Presidents; he who has been true to the conservatism as well as to the liberality of his fathers; he who stood up against slavery and secession, and also against despotic centralization; he who tried to spare the point of Southern honor without losing the point of Northern principle by the masterly peace measure that the madness of the hour would not understand, and perhaps the logic of events, greater than the arguments of statesmen, could not accept; he who coun-

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CHARLES DEVENS.

seled moderation at home, and who had courage and sagacity abroad—Charles Francis Adams—would have fitly spoken the voice of a hundred years of Bunker Hill, and his name was brought forward in that connection. Robert C. Winthrop, whose ancestor, Governor John Winthrop, first landed at Charlestown, was invited to deliver the oration. He declined the honor, and Charles Devens brings to the post the fame of a brave soldier and the character of a spotless judge. War and peace, or rather peace after war, speaks its word under the shadow of that obelisk. I knew Charles Devens forty years ago, when he was a black-haired, rosy-cheeked boy, the pride of his father, who still lives, and of his mother and sister and brother, who are gone. I thought well of him, and expected him to be a vigorous and useful man, but not such a man—not a commanding soldier and a leading jurist. He had caution and balance on the paternal side, and the Devens family has had a good record for prudence and success for many generations. The daring came more from the mother's side; and the Lithgows, to whom she belonged, have been a brave and enterprising race, who have made their mark upon their time, and one of them held command and lost blood at Saratoga in the Continental army. Here is the orator, at once a soldier and a judge, to speak to the nation now from Bunker Hill. As he goes to his rostrum he must pass the New Soldiers' Monument on Winthrop Square, and carry the impression of that figure of America crowning her soldier and her sailor with him to the statue of Warren, and to the obelisk on the heights.

The orator himself represents what he ought to say, and he is an echo of Bunker Hill. The new war was a legitimate consequence of that old fight, and the new peace ought to be a still clearer echo. The battle obelisk says, "We fought against invasion, and for a country strong enough to keep off the invader from abroad and to secure property and life at home." The war for the nation said, "We must stand up for the dearly bought government which we have won, and not permit its destruction to rob us of security at home and of defense against aggression from abroad." So the guns of Bunker Hill had echoes from the batteries of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, Antietam and Gettysburg, Nashville and Petersburg. Washington was once more at Cambridge, and the old struggle of the provincials was crowned by the defense of the Union, the uprising of the nation, and the downfall of slavery. But the soldier who represents the war is the judge who is the mouthpiece of law and the guardian of peace. Bunker Hill meant peace, and its echoes mean it now. The old Continentals there stood up for local liberty as well as for general order, and that local liberty we are to have throughout the length and breadth of the land. The flag that waves over North and South and East and West carries protection in its Stars and Stripes; and New Orleans and Charleston are to have the rights of American citizenship and the defense of the Constitution and the laws as much as Boston or New York or Chicago.

Let us have peace, in the full sense of the word, and, after this hundred years of analysis and antagonism, let us try to put all good things and good people together, and make the new age that is now beginning a jubilee to our country and mankind. Let the Christ Church steeple salute the battle obelisk with good cheer, and welcome the fair and square and high manhood which it represents into its true relations with the affairs of government and society, and with the gospel and kingdom of God. The old guns said to despotism, "No, we won't." Then that plucky negative can only be set aside when the church chimes, that seem to say, "Yes, you will," call the people to a loyalty that is free as well as reverent, and to a faith humane as well as godly, that shall bless us beyond our thought or dream.

THE SENTINEL.

He paces round the fortress wall
For hours and hours together;
Afar his ringing footsteps fall.
Through wild and wintry weather
He paces round the fortress wall
Hours and hours together.

So Love doth guard the loving heart
For years and years together;
Grief can not stay nor anger start,
Whatever be life's weather.
So Love doth guard the loving heart
Years and years together.

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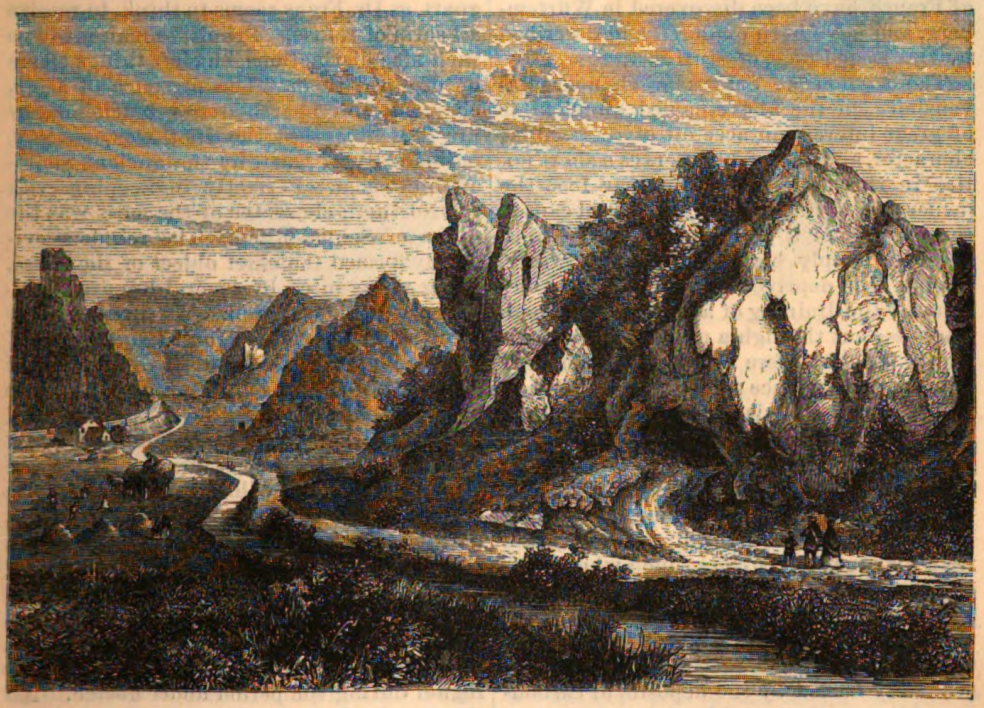
THE STONE AGE IN EUROPE.

By CHARLES RAU.



ENTRANCE TO THE HOHLEFELS CAVE, WÜRTEMBERG.

IV.—THE TROGLODYTES.—(*Continued.*)

THE stations of the reindeer period in France are not confined to the valley of the Vézère, many others having been discovered in different parts of that country; but as we can not attempt any thing like completeness in these pages, we have selected as the subject of the preceding article that group which is considered the most interesting on account of the important facts resulting from its exploration. A few words, however, must be devoted to the cave of Bruniquel, situated on the left bank of the river Aveyron, in the Department of the Tarn-et-Garonne, and not far from Montauban. This cave, explored by its owner, the Vicomte de Lastic, proved exceedingly rich in animal remains and manufactured objects, which lay beneath a crust of stalagmite. Flint flakes, nuclei, and implements abounded, and about a hundred barbed harpoon-heads of horn were found, many of them ornamented with designs of animals. There occurred also bone needles and pins, and portions of implements made of the tusks of the mammoth. Pottery was totally wanting in this cave, as it was in those which have thus far been described. The people who lived in Southern France during the reindeer period apparently yet lacked the knowledge of forming vessels of clay. Remains of the reindeer were very numerous, representing, according to Professor Owen, more than a thousand individuals, while those of the horse amounted to a hundred. The fauna comprised, generally speaking, thirteen species of quadrupeds, six of them extinct; four of birds (sea-eagle, falcon, raven, partridge); one species of fish (salmon); and sixteen species of Atlantic and Mediterranean shells. The presence of the marine shells indicates that the troglodytes of Bruniquel sometimes visited both sea-boards, from which they were not very far distant, bringing home the shells they had gathered there. Lastly, there must be mentioned among the remains obtained from this station a number of fragments of human skulls and other bones, which were found below the stalagmite of the cave.

The reindeer was not wanting in Germany during the period under consideration. As far as known, the range of this animal in Europe extended from the Baltic provinces of Russia to the foot of the Pyrenees; how far it wandered in a more southern direction has not yet fully been ascertained. Reindeer remains, especially antlers, have often occurred in Mecklenburg, where they were found in peat bogs, during the draining of ponds and the construction of high-roads, and in the course of labors of similar nature. But these discoveries merely proved

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that the animal lived at one time in the north of Germany, and had no reference to its co-existence with man.* Of late years, however, several stations, analogous to those of France, have been discovered in Würtemberg, and have been explored and described by Dr. Oscar Fraas, of Stuttgart.

The station at Schussenried, near Ravensburg, in the above-named kingdom, is of great interest on account of its peculiar character, and therefore deserves a short notice in this article. In the year 1865 the owner of a mill in that neighborhood caused the digging of a long and deep trench, in order to supply his mill-race with water, having been deprived of that necessary element by the draining of a neighboring pond. The fosse cut through a mass of gravel, evidently brought there by glacial action, and forming at this place a depression or hollow, which contained a deposit of relics, presently to be described. This deposit, it must be understood, occurred, as far as we can judge from the profile drawing before us, about twelve feet below the surface of the soil, being covered by a layer of calcareous tufa from four to five feet thick, upon which rested a bed of peat of still greater thickness. The hollow containing the relics, of course, was open at the time when men left there the traces of their presence, which were gradually buried by the deposits of carbonate of lime and vegetable matter just mentioned, to come to light again, ages afterward, almost in the shape of a geological formation. The relic bed consisted of broken bones of animals, charcoal, ashes, blackened hearth-stones, flint implements, and various manufactures of reindeer horn, the whole enveloped by fine sand, and, strange enough, by *moss* of a dark brown color, and, owing to its constant contact with percolating water, in such an excellent state of preservation that Professor Schimper, of Strassburg, an authority on mosses, had no difficulty in recognizing the different species. None of them flourish any longer in the plains of Germany, but they are still found in Alpine regions near or above the snow-line, and in Norway, Lapland, Spitzbergen, Labrador, and Greenland. "There can be no doubt," says Fraas, "that mosses are much surer tests in determining the character of a climate than the movable animal world which is not fettered to the soil. Mosses are much more affected by changes in the temperature, by humidity, and other atmospheric agents, than quadrupeds, and the value of these vegetable remains in their bearing on the antiquity of the deposit should not be undervalued."

* Cæsar's remarks concerning a one-horned animal living, as he says, in Germany have been thought to refer to the reindeer. His description, it is true, answers in some respects; yet it is not quite certain, after all, whether he really alludes to that animal.

The locality was, to all appearance, a camping place where the ancient inhabitants cooked their meals and manufactured implements, and not merely a place set apart, as Dr. Fraas seems to think, to receive all sorts of refuse. Primitive man made no such nice distinctions, but left things where he dropped them. The presence of ashes, charcoal, and hearth-stones blackened by fire indicates that the spot was *inhabited*, periodically at least, by the ancient Suabian huntsmen. Perfectly in keeping with the Northern character of the moss was the fauna of Schussenried. The reindeer evidently formed the chief object of the chase, being represented by several hundred individuals at this station. We further have to mention the glutton, and two species of fox no longer to be found in Germany, but confined to high latitudes. The presence of a small kind of ox, of a large-headed horse, the brown bear, wolf, and hare, would furnish no additional evidence of a severe climate, while the wild swan, which was a favorite game of the Schussenried hunters, points again to such a state of temperature. This swan, which now visits Würtemberg merely as a bird of passage, and falls so rarely a victim to the sportsman that the killing of one is reported in the newspapers, seems to have been an inhabitant of that region during the period under notice. All these animals were eaten by the ancient people, who likewise broke the skulls and bones to secure their contents. This was done by means of round pebbles about the size of a fist, and bearing the marks of their use, which are also visible on the bones. Such primitive hammers occurred in great abundance. No remains of the dog were found, nor bones showing the traces of having been gnawed by that animal: these men probably possessed no domesticated animals of any kind. Not a single fragment of pottery occurred among the rubbish, and hence it may be inferred that the reindeer hunters were yet unacquainted with the fabrication of earthenware. Like the troglodytes of the Dordogne, they made an extensive use of the antlers of the reindeer, fashioning them into weapons and tools which, being more or less similar to those already described, need not be specialized in this place. Even the pierced baton-like articles were present, though not embellished with designs of animals, like those of the cave-men of the Vézère. As for the numerous articles of flint found at the Schussenried station we can not make any statements, no drawings or precise descriptions of these objects being given in the account of Dr. Fraas, from which our data are extracted. None of them, however, were polished.

Dr. Fraas has explored several Suabian caves in which remains of extinct animals and of the reindeer occurred associated with

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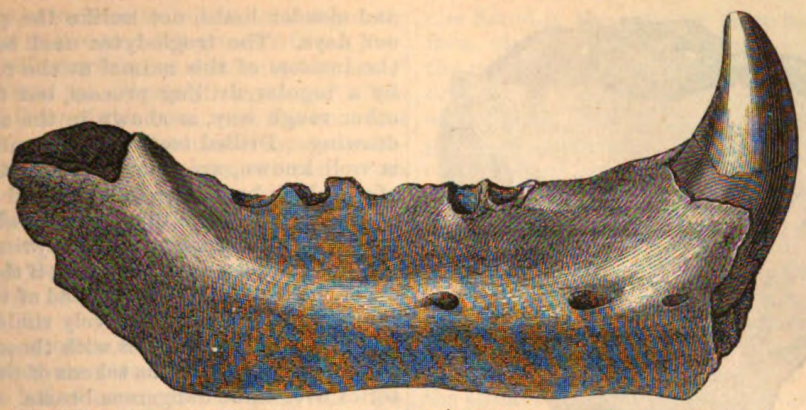

IMPLEMENT MADE OF THE JAW OF A CAVE-BEAR (NEARLY HALF SIZE).—HOHLEFELS CAVE.

objects wrought by man. We will give some account of the remarkable cave in the Hohlefels, or "hollow rock," in the romantic valley of the small river Ach, near Blaubeuren. This station is not a rock-shelter or grotto, but a real cave, about a hundred feet high, and, including some lateral galleries, nearly of the same length and width. The entrance, situated ten feet above the brook, is eighty feet long, and sufficiently high to render access easy. The natural adit being somewhat crooked, no light penetrates into the cave, which therefore served as the refuge of a multitude of bats. These nocturnal creatures hung in clusters from the vaulted roof, and their whispering was the only sound heard in this lonely place. Years ago the cave had been visited at times by an old itinerant dealer in petrifacts, who hunted there for fossil bears' teeth, many of which are still preserved in the collections of Würtemberg. He marked his specimens as being derived from a cave near Blaubeuren, yet he never told the purchasers in what cave he had found them, and died without revealing his secret. Long afterward the Hohlefels cave was identified as the locality where the old man had obtained the fossil teeth. Though the floor and walls of the cave are always wet, there is no trickling water that could cause the formation of stalactite properly so called, thin layers of friable matter being the only calcareous deposits at this place.

When Dr. Fraas commenced his operations in the fall of 1870, he was under the impression of examining one of those ancient dens of bears so frequent in Germany, and flattered himself with the hope of finding soon the skulls of bears and their complete extremities. Though he exhumed at the outset bones of the reindeer and rhinoceros, he still clung to his first view, supposing these remains had been dragged into the cave by bears. Shortly afterward, however, he came, to his surprise, upon objects unmistakably fashioned by man, such as pierced horse teeth, worked reindeer horn, small pieces of pottery, and flint flakes, and it became now evident that this cave was not merely a den of bears, but a primitive human habitation belonging to a period of remotest antiquity. This circumstance heightened the importance of the exploration, which was now carried on with the greatest minuteness. After having removed a superficial layer of black mould intermingled with charcoal, Dr. Fraas reached a bed of wet yellow loam or clay, in which he caused a long and broad trench to be dug. This loam, which formed the "archæological stratum," that is, the matrix containing relics, was examined to a depth of twelve or thirteen feet, beyond which it still reached farther downward, though yielding no longer remains in sufficient number to warrant further digging.

The principal game of those Suabian hunters evidently was the bear, which furnished not only meat and marrow, but also in his dense fur the clothing that enabled his human destroyers to withstand the rigor of a low temperature. The remains of several species of bears were found in this cave, but those of the cave-bear (*Ursus spelæus*) occurred in greatest abundance. Their skulls had been broken for removing the brain, and hence Dr. Fraas was unable to obtain a single entire bear's skull in this cave. The Suabian troglodytes made a curious use of the lower jaws of these animals. They broke or cut them in two halves, and further modified them by the removal of some portions, thus producing implements which doubtless were employed like hatchets in skinning and dismembering the killed animals. Many of the bones found in the Hohlefels cave show the deep impressions left by the sharp corner teeth of these transformed bears' jaws. The occurrence of a single jaw thus prepared would furnish no evidence of such a use; but as many specimens trimmed in the same way have been found at this place, there can be no doubt as to their application as implements or as weapons, even if there were no corroboration in

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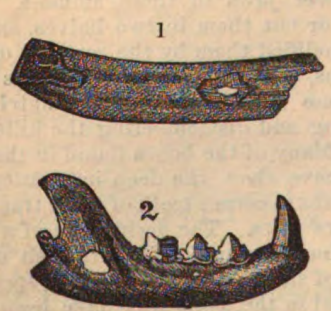
REINDEER SKULL TRANSFORMED INTO A VESSEL (NEARLY HALF SIZE).—HOHLEFELS CAVE.

the fact that corresponding tools have occurred in French caves and elsewhere. Primitive man, restricted as he was in his resources, necessarily hit, independently of place, upon the same expedients to satisfy his simple wants.

The reindeer was represented in this cave by about sixty individuals, mostly young animals. The men of the Hohlefels made its compact horns into points, apparently arrow-heads, and into piercing tools, serving as needles in the manufacture of skin garments. These representatives of needles are not provided with eyes like the well-formed articles of the same class in the caves of the Vézère, but simply consist of pointed rods scraped into shape with a sharp-edged flint. Reindeer skulls were sometimes converted by these cave-men into dippers or drinking cups, the manufacture of which required but a series of blows with the hatchet of bear's jaw, by which the superfluous portions were removed. Yet, notwithstanding this rude labor, the primitive vessels produced by it are not badly made, showing that a certain sense of neatness is inherent in man, and manifests itself even in a very low stage of his existence.

Next in frequency to the reindeer was the wild horse, a small race, with a large head



AMULETS FROM THE HOHLEFELS CAVE (HALF SIZE).

1. Pierced tooth of a horse. 2. Pierced jaw of a wild-cat.

and slender limbs, not unlike the pony of our days. The troglodytes used to pierce the incisors of this animal at the root, not by a regular drilling process, but in some other rough way, as shown in the annexed drawing. Drilled teeth of wild animals, it is well known, are often worn as trophies of the chase by savage hunters, and in such cases are indicative of personal valor and success. In accordance with this principle, it would have been more becoming if the hunters of the Hohlefels cave, instead of wearing the teeth of the comparatively timid horse, had decorated themselves with those of the great bear or the lion as tokens of their victories over these dangerous beasts. Yet no pierced teeth of such animals have been discovered in the cave, those of the horse being exclusively treated in this manner. Dr. Fraas therefore regards, with justness, as we think, the pierced horse teeth as amulets, which were worn from some superstitious motive, and he draws attention to the peculiar esteem in which, according to Tacitus, horses were held among the ancient Germans. "The well-known superstition," says this valued author, "which in other countries consults the flight and notes of birds, is also established in Germany; but to receive intimation of future events from horses is the peculiar credulity of the country. For this purpose a number of milk-white steeds, unprofaned by mortal labor, are constantly maintained at the public expense, and placed to pasture in the religious groves. When occasion requires, they are harnessed to a sacred chariot, and the priest, accompanied by the king or chief of the state, attends to watch the motions and the neighing of the horses. No other mode of augury is received with such implicit faith by the people, the nobility, and the priesthood. The horses upon these solemn occasions are supposed to be the organs of the gods, and the priests their favored interpreters." Dr. Fraas also refers to the custom still prevailing among the German peasantry of nailing horseshoes to the doors of stables and barns as a protection against witchcraft. The reader will remember what Lartet and Christy say concerning the frequency of delineations of the horse in the stations of the Dordogne, and the importance attached to that animal by the ancient hunters of the Aquitanian district.

To judge from the number of remains of the bear, reindeer, and horse, these animals were chiefly hunted by the troglodytes, bones of other quadrupeds being far less frequent in the Hohlefels cave, as, for instance, those of the urus and another bovine species of small size, perhaps the musk-ox, and of the mammoth, rhinoceros, wolf, fox, antelope, otter, and a kind of hog not yet identified. The cave-lion was represented by a much-injured lower jaw and a few oth-

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er bones, which indicated an animal greatly superior in size to a full-grown African lion. "How this terrible cat succumbed to man," says Fraas, "is certainly a mystery." The other felines of this cave were the lynx and the wild-cat. The first-named carnivore became extinct in Würtemberg not many years ago, the last one having been killed in 1846. The wild-cat still survives in that kingdom. It is worthy of remark that a number of lower jaws of the wild-cat found in the Hohlefels and other Suabian caves were pierced for suspension at the broader extremity, a circumstance illustrative, as in the case of the pierced horse teeth, of some strange belief among the troglodytes. Remains of the hare are exceedingly scarce. Was this animal, owing to a superstitious prejudice, rejected as food by the ancient Suabian hunters, as it is even now by the Laplanders and other Northern populations who are generally not very choice in the means of satisfying their hunger? We shall have occasion to refer again to this apparent repugnance to the hare among the primitive populations in other parts of Europe. The Mosaic law, it is well known, pronounced the hare unclean, and the ancient Britons, according to Cæsar, abstained from eating its flesh. We draw particular attention to the absence of remains of the dog and of any other domestic animal in the deposit of the cave. The number of bones of wild swans, geese, and ducks indicates that these birds were much hunted by the cave-men, who, it seems, did not disdain even the smaller species of the feathered tribe. There occurred in the cave some human bones bearing the unmistakable traces of having been gnawed by wild beasts, doubtless by bears. "Such distinct evidence of the work of the carnivores," says Dr. Fraas, "would lead to the conclusion that there were times when the bear was the sole master of this retreat, into which he dragged his victims—men, horses, oxen—in order to tear them or to gnaw their bones." Man, it may be assumed, often became the prey of those terrible beasts, among which he had to carry on his struggle for existence.

Allusion having been made to the implements of reindeer horn which were found associated with the animal remains in this cave, little more need be said about them. The drawings given by Dr. Fraas represent, with the exception of handle-shaped blunt articles, evidently used in skinning animals, and of piercers, hardly any well-defined tools or weapons, and unless we adopt the view that the troglodytes possessed better implements, which they took care not to mingle with the rubbish, they must be considered as rather deficient in mechanical skill, and far inferior in that respect to the reindeer hunters of the Dordogne. The stone articles found in the cave are mere flakes split from blocks of jurassic flint occurring in the neighborhood, and in no way altered or brought to a definite shape by the process of chipping. They were evidently the simple tools employed for fashioning the articles of horn and bone. Though heavier stone implements have not been met in the cave, it is obvious that its ancient inhabitants could not have dispensed with them, and their absence may be merely accidental. Indeed, Dr. Fraas mentions among the discovered objects a reindeer skull from which the antlers had been detached by means of a sharp heavy stone, probably a hatchet, the strokes of which are plainly visible. It appears somewhat strange that these exceedingly primitive people were acquainted with the manufacture of pottery—a fact proved by small fragments of vessels which Dr. Fraas found commingled with the animal remains and objects shaped by the hand of man. According to his express statement, the digging operations were carried on in a part of the cave that never had been disturbed, and the small pieces of earthenware, consequently, must be considered as coeval with the other relics. The sherds themselves, consisting of hardened clay mixed with sand, were too small for allowing any conjecture as to the form of the vessels when in a perfect state.

Recent explorations in Poland have shown that the primitive inhabitants of that country were rude hunters and troglodytes like the tribes occupying, as we have seen, the more western districts of Europe. Not long ago a cavern, situated in a valley three leagues distant from Cracow, was examined by Count Zawisza, who discovered there numerous remains of animals, partly belonging to extinct species, and, in addition, the unmistakable evidences of the former presence of man. The cave, which occurs in jurassic rock, is about forty-three feet wide and sixty-two deep, branching off at its farthest end into two lateral galleries, respectively forty-six and nineteen feet long. No water penetrates into the cave, where, consequently, stalagmitic formations are not met. Having dug through the upper part of the floor, which consisted of vegetable earth, mould, and *débris*, the explorer came upon ashes (indicative of a hearth), flint implements, and split bones of the reindeer, cave-bear, horse, elk, and other quadrupeds. At a greater depth the flint implements were of larger size, and there appeared broken bones of the mammoth, together with molars and a small tusk of that animal; also an amulet or ornament of ivory, and perforated teeth of the cave-bear, wolf, fox, stag, and elk. The accumulations forming the hearth reached to a depth of four feet, and exhibited no marked stratification. In the larger gallery were found

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many bones and horns of the reindeer and elk, a large tusk and other remains of the mammoth, and numerous instruments of flint, but no traces of a hearth. This place seems to have been used as a sort of ossuary by the troglodytes. The smaller gallery, which is very narrow and low, has not been carefully examined.

During the excavations nearly two thousand chipped flint implements resembling those from the Dordogne caves were obtained, and the frequent occurrence of nuclei proved that instruments had been made in the cave. The flint employed by the troglodytes is identical with the kind occurring in large nodules in the jurassic formations of the neighborhood. From the total absence of broken pottery in the rubbish of the cave it may be inferred that its ancient inhabitants were unacquainted with the manufacture of clay vessels.

Among the animal remains obtained in this cave we mention first those of the mammoth, consisting of tusks, molars, several shin-bones, a pelvis, and various other portions of skeletons, which belonged to three individuals. Bones of the brown bear, aurochs, stag, roe, and wild boar were rare, but very numerous those of the cave-bear, reindeer, elk, and a horse of large size. The wolf, common fox, arctic fox, hare, badger, squirrel, mouse, goose, and a wading bird (represented by an artificially notched bone) complete the fauna of this primitive resort of man. The fact that the dog is not enumerated in the list can not surprise the reader, who is aware of the absence of its remains in corresponding cave deposits of Southern France and Würtemberg. This animal, as will be seen, became attached to man at a later period of the Stone Age. Dr. Fraas, to whom the animal remains of this locality had been submitted for examination by Count Zawisza, noticed that the Polish cavemen, like those of Suabia, were in the habit of utilizing the lower jaw of the cave-bear by transforming it into a rude kind of hatchet to be used for dismembering game, or as a weapon when occasion required. A few human bones were discovered among the rubbish; but these, as well as the bones of the wild boar, roe, and goose, have, according to Dr. Fraas, a more recent appearance than the rest of the remains, and may have been brought to the cave by animals of prey, such as wolves and foxes, at a period subsequent to its occupation by the ancient hunters.

A second cave, in the neighborhood of that just described, has been explored by Count Zawisza. This cave too had served as an abode of man, but apparently in later times, as indicated by its fauna—aurochs, horse, stag, wild boar, and roe—and by the presence of rude hand-made yet ornamented pottery, and of a few polished stone axes which lay among chipped implements of flint.

Quite extensive cave researches lately have been made in Belgium, at the expense of the government, by M. Edward Dupont, the worthy successor of Dr. Schmerling, whose important labors were brought to the reader's notice in a preceding article. M. Dupont's explorations comprised a great number of caverns situated in the valley of the river Lesse, a tributary of the Meuse, and more than half of them have furnished unmistakable traces of prehistoric man. These caves contain, in descending order, beds of brick-earth with angular pebbles, and stratified clay with coarse gravel, corresponding, according to M. Dupont, to similar, or rather the same, deposits in the valley, in which, he thinks, the water reached at times a height sufficient to wash its contents of earthy matter, clay, and gravel into the caves, often surprising the troglodytes, and compelling them to sudden flight. The older strata inclose remains of the mammoth, rhinoceros, and cave-bear, sometimes associated with rude flint hatchets, while the upper layers are chiefly characterized by bones of the reindeer and knife-shaped flakes of flint. It remains to be seen whether the views of the Belgian savant will be generally adopted by European geologists, some of whom, we are bound to say, hesitate to accept his conclusions.

Want of space prevents us from giving a *résumé* of M. Dupont's discoveries, which would alone furnish sufficient material for an extensive article. A few remarks only can be offered to the reader. The Belgian reindeer hunters, like those of the Dordogne, inhabited caves and manufactured their tools and weapons of flint, reindeer horn, and bone, yet without that degree of skill which is displayed in similar works of the French troglodytes. As far as we know, nothing has been discovered that would indicate an artistic tendency, excepting an unintelligible drawing on a piece of reindeer horn, and two small exceedingly rude statuettes representing squatting human figures without arms, all found in a cave called Trou Magrite. These people subsisted, it seems, entirely by the chase, the horse, reindeer, chamois, goat, ox, boar, brown bear, fox, hare, several kinds of birds, and some species of fish principally constituting their bill of fare. They disposed of the bones of their game in the manner now sufficiently familiar to the reader. In the cave of Chaleux M. Dupont found the teeth of forty horses, and so many bones of this animal that a large wagon was required to remove them. He collected in the same cave twenty-two pounds of scorched or roasted bones of the common water-rat, which proves that these primitive people contented themselves with such small animals when nobler and more substantial

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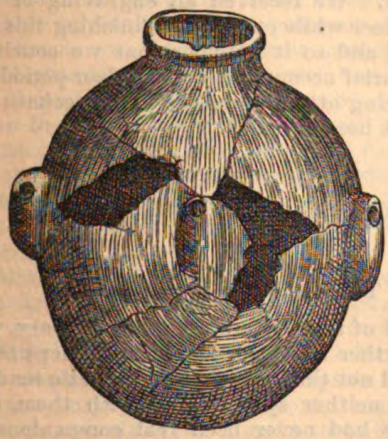
game was not to be had. Many remains of man were discovered by M. Dupont in the course of his explorations; so, for instance, in the Trou de la Naulette a lower human jaw, supposed to belong to the age of the mammoth, and distinguished by a deficient development of the chin, "exaggerating," according to M. Dupont, "those points in which the most inferior of the living races are distinguished from ourselves."

The Trou du Frontal is supposed to have been a sepulchral place of the reindeer period. Here were found the bones of sixteen human individuals, children and adults, but only two skulls in a sufficient state of preservation to allow comparisons. These skulls are not elongated, but round, and one of them is remarkable for an extremely oblique position of the teeth—or prognathism—a feature considered as characteristic of inferior races of man. The bones lay mingled together in a recess of the cave which was originally closed by a stone slab, like the burial grotto of Aurignac, and contained also a hearth, around which was scattered the refuse of meals, probably held in honor of the dead. In this cave were found the fragments of a rude clay vessel which, after its restoration, presents the form given in our drawing. It has a rounded bottom, and is therefore provided with pierced projections to facilitate suspension. The occurrence of pottery, it should be stated, was not confined to the Trou du Frontal, other Belgian stations having likewise furnished fragments of earthen vessels.



RESTORED EARTHEN VESSEL.—FROM THE TROU DU FRONTAL.

The latest, but certainly not the least interesting, discoveries relating to the reindeer epoch were made in Switzerland during the year 1874. Two caves in the neighborhood of Schaffhausen, one of them near the railroad station of Thayngen, had long been known and frequently visited, though never with the intention of exploring them, until two gentlemen, Messrs. Merk and Joos, were seized with the prevailing enthusiasm for cave researches, and dug into their floors in order to ascertain what they contained. The exertions of these explorers were rewarded by the discovery of two important stations of the reindeer period, analogous to those with which the reader is acquainted. The Thayngen cave, in particular, has yielded an abundance of animal remains and of manufactured objects, affording additional means for interpreting man's mode of life during the epoch which we have been attempting to describe. It is undoubtedly one of the most interesting prehistoric retreats as yet discovered in any part of Europe. To judge from the number of remains of the reindeer, horse, and Alpine hare, these animals were chiefly hunted by the Swiss cave-men; for, though the classification of the bones and teeth is not yet completed, the presence of at least four hundred and thirty hares has been ascertained, while the reindeer remains thus far point to two hundred and fifty individuals. The fauna of this locality further comprises the stag, elk, wolf, several kinds of fox (among them the arctic fox), the glutton, brown bear, aurochs, mammoth, rhinoceros, and cave-lion, the last-named three species indicated by rather scanty remains. Cave-bear and cave-hyena seem to be wanting. Among the birds white grouse, ducks, and swans predominate, and their bones (which contain no marrow) have been left entire; the large bones of quadrupeds, however, invariably appeared in fragments, and the pebbles used for breaking them were lying among the refuse. It should be mentioned that the deposit in the cave of Thayngen contained no traces of the dog or of other domestic animals, which, as the reader knows, are generally missing at the stations of the reindeer period. Had they not yet made their appearance in Europe at this epoch? However that may be, we shall meet them hereafter as the associates of the more advanced prehistoric inhabitant of that part of the world.

In technical ability the troglodytes of Thayngen were equal, to say the least, to the reindeer hunters who have left their traces in the caves and rock-shelters of Southern France. Like the latter, they employed the antlers of the reindeer as the material of which they manufactured their needles, piercers, and arrow-heads, and these tools and weapons are said to be worked with an astonishing degree of precision. The implements for making them consisted, as in other corresponding localities, of flint flakes, many of which were found imbedded in the floor of the cave. There too were met specimens of prehistoric art in the shape of representations of animals drawn on reindeer horn or on plates of brown coal, and even carvings are not wanting. Among them a drawing of a zebra-like animal traced on horn, and a bone sculpture supposed to

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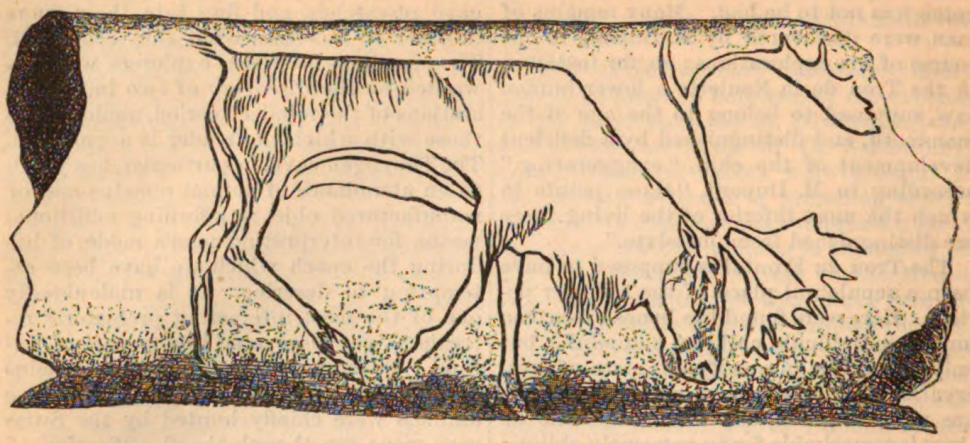

FIGURE OF A BROWSING REINDEER ENGRAVED ON REINDEER HORN (NATURAL SIZE).—FROM THAYNGEN, SWITZERLAND.

be an imitation of a bovine, are mentioned. But the most notable object of this class discovered in the Thayngen cave is a delineation on a broad piece of reindeer horn, representing a reindeer in the act of browsing. This drawing betokens no small degree of skill, and undoubtedly ranks, for the present, as the best of its kind transmitted to us from those remote times. The designer evidently was a Landseer among the troglodytes. We place a copy of the drawing before the reader, who has become acquainted with the most remarkable productions of a similar character derived from the stations of the Dordogne, and is thus enabled to make comparisons. The representation, it will be seen at once, is not a correct one in an artistic sense, but nevertheless an admirable work, when the circumstances under which it originated are taken into consideration. We received an engraving of the reindeer while engaged in finishing this article, and so it happens that we conclude our brief account of the reindeer period by drawing attention to the best specimen of art it has furnished.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER III.

KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

WHILE Garth is thus idly engaged, with no prospect for an hour or two to come of doing any thing of more active interest than to apply brush to canvas, we can hardly be better occupied than in casting a historic fishing line into the deep lake of the past, and catching a few stray facts regarding the young artist's childish vicissitudes.

Captain Brian Urmson, the Revolutionary warrior, had nearly reached his seventieth year when Garth began the world. Since the loss of his daughter Eve, some ten or twelve years previous, the captain had led a sombre life. But when his favorite son, Cuthbert, returned from his travels and settled at Urmhurst, his gloom lightened; nor did Cuthbert's speedy marriage with Parson Graeme's daughter check this improvement. The departure to Europe of Golightley, the child of the captain's second marriage, was a further relief, for the grim soldier understood not the young man's æsthetic tendencies, neither sympathized with them, and there had never been real companionship between these two. When, finally, sweet young Mrs. Urmson began to grow indolent and inactive, when her husband consulted her lightest wish with anxious solicitude, and when a strange female appeared in the house with noiseless foot and undisputed sway, the captain became as cheerful an old gentleman as any in the county. He would sit for hours in his oaken arm-chair beneath the shadow of the porch, his stern face softened ever and anon with a smile, or, catching sight of Mrs. Urmson moving languidly and dreamily about, he would hasten up with rugged gallantry, begging her to lean on his arm or permit him to support her to a seat. At other times he would draw Cuthbert and the strange female mysteriously aside, and question them in hoarse whispers as to how soon they might expect—and would it not, ten to one, be a girl—a little girl, like Eve, Cuthbert—like my little Eve

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—eh? in a tone half appealing, half exultant, accompanied by a husky little giggle, which sometimes brought tears to Cuthbert's kind gray eyes.

No doubt these last days were the happiest of Captain Brian's life, which had been a vehement and tumultuous one, not unshadowed by suspicion of crime. Happy, too, no doubt, for him that he died before knowing the issue of his hopes. For one night, after a long talk with Cuthbert, during which the old man had opened his heart more than he had ever done before on many subjects, and had spoken at great length regarding his two marriages, and about the lost Eve, he went with a heavy step to his room, and the next morning was found on the floor beside his bed, in a kneeling position, dead. So far as was known, it had never been his habit to pray, and it is not impossible that death may have come up with him in his first effort heavenward, mercifully unwilling to let so rare an opportunity pass unimproved.

It was on the afternoon of this same day that Garth was born. The midwife, with an independence of the traditions of her order such as does credit alike to her discernment and her originality, at once pronounced him the image not of his father or mother, but of his grandfather. This opinion was afterward confirmed by the judgment of persons wise in such matters, and most of all by Garth himself, who, as he advanced from an infant jelly to the solider flesh and blood of babyhood, showed ever more unmistakably the embryo form and features of the deceased warrior.

Minister Graeme, the gigantic pastor and patriarch of the district, and descendant of that Puritan divine who had accompanied Neil Urmson from England—Minister Graeme, who had married the captain twice, besides burying him, and who, having married his own daughter Martha to Cuthbert, had added to his good offices by performing baptism on their son—this good man was now a frequent caller at Urmhurst, and sat in council with the young husband and wife, giving them the benefit of his vast experience and enormous wisdom on many subjects, but generally with a bearing upon the character and education of little Garth.

"He's the genuine old Urmson again—no mistake about that!" rumbled the old gentleman, in his bass voice, after a chuckling inspection of the small red-faced personage who sat on his mother's knee. "Not a bit like you, son-in-law. I recollect, when you were born, folks said the old Urmson type was dying out, that Captain Brian was the last of them. But not a bit of it! Your brother Golightley, some folks thought, was going to be one of them. He had the cleft in his chin, to be sure, but not the eye, not the skull, and as to the figure, not a sign of it. Ah, the captain should have seen this little fellow before he died; twelve hours longer would have done it—think of that! But the Lord knoweth best—there's no mistake about that."

"Is Garth so very much like his grandfather?" asked quiet Mrs. Urmson.

"There was jealousy in that question: she wants him to resemble me, with my pointed beak, and bald forehead, and consumptive tendency—don't you, Cotton?" said Cuthbert, smiling. Her name was Martha, but her husband, in recognition of her skill and diligence with the darning and knitting needles, dubbed her Cotton Martha, and, diminutively, Cotton.

"I would like him to have your eyes, at any rate," returned she. And indeed Cuthbert had the pleasantest, kindest gray eyes in the world: and his other features kept them well in countenance; for his aquiline nose was beautifully shaped, with a particularly delicate point, which he was in the habit of stroking with the tip of his forefinger in mischievous moments; and his mouth, though there was sometimes a good deal of genial satire in its curve, was always in sympathy with his eyes.

"He's the image of him," rumbled in the ponderous tones of the gigantic pastor, ignoring this minor prattle of the young married people, and taking up the original question, "and of his great-great-grandfather, and of his great-great-grandfather's father before him—that's old Captain Neil himself. Why, Mattie girl, I recollect how my father (who died only thirty years ago, at over a hundred)—I recollect his telling Brian in my hearing (we were both lads at the time), often and often, that Brian's grandfather, Ralph, was as like him as two hymn-books. My father knew Ralph Urmson well in his younger days—about a hundred and twenty years back; and he used to say that every body called *him* his father's own son. But Ralph was a sad dog; and folks feared him more than his father, and liked him less. He had only one friend, it was said, and was believed to have killed him in some mad quarrel or other. And for that matter, there used to be a saying that every Urmson would kill the man he loved best."

"Father!" exclaimed Martha, reproachfully.

"Hand me down that big pistol from over the fire-place in the chamber, my dear," said Cuthbert: "I shall shoot both Garth and your father, for fear of making some mistake between them."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the stentorian minister. "No, no, son-in-law, you're not the kind of Urmson the saying applies to; but as for your boy there, I wouldn't answer for him; you must look sharp after him, Mattie girl. Ha! ha! ha! Well, but there's something in it, after all. There

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was Neil, you know, to begin with; then Ralph; after Ralph—let me see—there wasn't an out-and-out Urmson after Ralph until your father was born; and it would be hard to tell who his best friend was. Peradventure they met during the Revolution—but there, forgive me, boy: no one thought better of your dear father than I did. We were boys together."

Cuthbert had only looked a little graver than usual, and he presently said,

"I have heard of the saying before; and, if I remember right, it was with that very same old pistol over the fire-place, which Captain Neil brought from England, and Captain Brian carried through the Revolution, that these several tragedies were consummated. I wonder whether it be loaded now?"

Sweet Cotton Martha shuddered and clasped Master Garth to her bosom, thereby awakening the young gentleman from the nap he had been enjoying during the conversation. To be awake, in his philosophy, was to be hungry; and he accordingly proceeded to seek, with impatient and imperious cries, the bounteous source of all his nourishment and consequent happiness. Having presently attained it, he blissfully subsided into the enjoyment of his sensations, and the talk went on.

"Don't you fret your little heart, Mattie," said Mr. Graeme, in answer to the somewhat disturbed expression which still dwelt on his daughter's ordinarily serene face. "It was but a jest. If he looked twice as much an Urmson as he does, the Lord has given him a soul of his own—and a good mother, though I say it."

"Cotton, my dear, do not allow your just anxieties to be cajoled by any such sophistry," interposed Cuthbert. "When I was a little boy your father taught me my lessons, and I had a good chance then to find him out. He is not a bad man, socially and humanly speaking, but his metaphysics and philosophy are not what they might be. In those early days I frequently argued with him, and exposed his fallacies; but as fast as I converted him at one end he relaxed at the other; there is no producing any permanent impression on a man seven feet high and weighing twenty stone."

"Haw! haw! haw! and what has that to do with it, I'd like to know?" demanded the venerable stentor.

"You see, my dear, he doesn't know. He has never read Dr. Combe's phrenology, but is ready to pronounce it humbug at a venture. He thinks that body and soul have no necessary and intimate connection, but have come together in a wholly accidental and illogical manner; in short, that any soul may jump into any body it happens to come across, just as the body may afterward go to a shop and jump into a ready-made suit of clothes, which, ten to one, would have suited somebody else better."

"A good way you have of putting things!" growled the minister.

"He thinks," continued Cuthbert, gently fingering his nose tip, "that spirit and matter, having been so unfortunate as to run foul of each other, are making a very awkward job of their enforced companionship. This is why he sees no connection between his twenty stone and his rejection of rational arguments; and this it is which emboldens him to tell you that Garth's looking like his ancestors may have nothing to do with his being like them."

"'Ou muzzer's pet," said Mrs. Urmson. Mr. Urmson arched one eyebrow after a fashion peculiar to himself, and went on:

"For my part, I rejoice that the Urmson soil has lain fallow in my generation, in order to produce so strongly flavored a crop in the next one. I not only think that Garth is the image of his ancestors, but I hope as much as I believe that his leading traits of character are like theirs; that he has the same imperious will, the same pugnacity and vehemence, the same fierce and violent temper. I hope he has in him all the evil tendencies peculiar to the Urmsons, in the strongest form."

These latter words, and the altered tone in which they were spoken, startled both of Cuthbert's hearers. Martha, always reticent and undemonstrative, fixed her eyes on his face with a look between doubt and consternation. The minister turned himself in his seat and bellowed out, "What d'ye mean, Cuthbert? Are you crazy?"

After a pause Cuthbert said: "A family may be considered a man of larger and longer growth, of character vastly more rich, complex, and pregnant, but of no less distinct an individuality than ordinary men's. The family is young, grows up, and prospers or dies; its years are generations, each with its event and experience, inevitably bearing on the future. In the fullness of time comes a year when all the evil of the old Adam is arrayed against so much of the divine goodness as from age to age has been able to force its way out through the crust of the human nature. Then the great decisive battle is lost and won."

"I knew you were a heretic before," grumbled old Mr. Graeme; "you've been one ever since you could speak. But it's a new heresy to wish evil to our own children, and I don't see what this talk has to do with it."

"Well, let me have my heresy out. When a man has in him the making of a fine devil, it is a sign of his high angelic possibilities—angels not being directly put together of good qualities, but barely saved after a desperate struggle from their natural devilishness. The peculiarity of this struggle against Adam is that both sides must of

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necessity use the same weapons; and be the weapons strong or feeble, the chances must ever be, in so far, equal for every human being. As for the power and skill that wield them on the angelic part, these, of course, can only be divine, and vary as the person."

"What weapons do you mean, dear?" asked gentle Martha.

"I mean the faculties and the passions of the mind and heart, which are potent for good as for evil. Now our Urmson Adam is a very stubborn fellow; but since there is no record in our history of any Urmson who was utterly and unrestrainedly wicked, we may infer that the decisive battle has not yet come off, and that there is still a chance to vindicate the angel. He in whom the struggle takes place must be thorough Urmson—a compendium of the race—no diluted inglorious semi-alien like myself. The uglier and more determined a foe he makes himself, the better worth conquering, and the happier the victory—if it fall on the angelic side. Does it show me an unnatural father, my little Cotton, that I pray this good destiny may be our son's? I wish him evil in his nature that he may build up a lofty character."

Probably no explanation could have been so lame as not to win Cotton's approval of her husband; and accordingly she now smiled forgivingly upon him, while two tears rolled down her comely face and dropped on the plump cheek of the unconscious baby. Meanwhile the large pastor was scratching his head (on which the white hair grew as thick and bristly as in the heyday of youth), knitting his brows, and growling to himself.

"You're a queer fellow, son-in-law, and you have queer ideas—no mistake about that!" he remarked at length. "Well, allowing for your heresy, which you'll outgrow, I hope, there may be something in your idea, though you expressed it badly. Humph! So it takes a devil to make an angel? Maybe so; but though you're as poor a show for a devil as any man I know, I won't say but if all Urmsons had been like you it had been better for them." With this enigmatic statement, the Reverend Mr. Graeme upheaved his towering form from his seat in the oaken porch, where the discussion had passed; and having kissed the mother and child and grasped the father's hand, he swung off through the late August afternoon, carrying well his seventy years. The little family stood watching him till he was hidden by the westward forest, and then, with a lingering glance at hazy Wabeno, entered the house in great tranquillity of spirit.

Despite the presages of a momentous destiny, the baby Garth acted as though eating and sleeping were the sole duties of life, and grew strong and wholesome accordingly. One of his earlier exploits was to cry for the American flag which his grandfather had brought home from the wars, and which was festooned over the fire-place in the nursery. For some time his longings were not understood; but his inarticulate demands continuing day after day, with increasing explosions of resentful wrath, his mother, at her wits' end, finally pulled down the historic bunting, more in despair than hope; and having carefully shaken the dust of years out of its folds, surrendered it to the despot. He graciously received it, and seemed to desire no better plaything; he clutched at the bright colors with his brown little fists, occasionally emitting sounds of profound approbation which only his mother professed to understand. The flag was afterward draped over the hood of his crib, and appeared to exercise a most soothing influence both on his dreams and his temper.

Mrs. Urmson always maintained that his affection for it was based on a pure love of beauty. But the minister, whose interest in the young compendium of his race looked forward to different issues, explained it otherwise.

"Love of beauty! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed he, in scornful thunders. "Do you take Garth for a young lady, to be tickled by the colors of a ribbon? No, no; he's no such molly-coddle! Garth has his grandfather's spirit—the spirit of Seventy-six, that smote the oppressor hip and thigh, and made us the greatest nation of the earth. Patriotism—that's it! He loves the Stars and Stripes because they're the flag of his country. If it had been the banner of England, now, he'd have rent it asunder and cast it into the fire."

"In my opinion," said Cuthbert, "you both of you misapprehend the matter, and alike do injustice to the profundity of Garth's meaning. The truth is, he recognizes in the Stars and Stripes the philosophic law of existence. He perceives the inevitable connection of the two emblems, and would convey to us his belief that the higher ends of life are never to be attained without suffering."

"I suppose you mean that you're going to flog him to make him a good boy?" rejoined the minister.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Urmson.

"If he requests my assistance in that way, I should not feel justified in withholding it: I am his father, and bound to serve him as occasion may require until he is able to do for himself."

"Of course he'll be always begging you not to spare the rod," threw in the ironic minister; "it's a way boys have."

"Seriously," said Cuthbert, "I shall take pains to explain the matter to him. If he can once be got to see that naughtiness necessarily implies punishment, the great point

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is gained. Any thing like arbitrary authority would be thrown away on a young gentleman of his make: the only way is to bring himself to bear against himself—to deliver him over to the keeping of his own conscience. I shall encourage him to apply to me only in extreme cases; but when he does tell me that he needs a whipping, I shall lay aside personal considerations, and drub him soundly."

"He'll be no such fool, depend upon it," said Mr. Graeme, nodding his white head at Master Garth, and chuckling.

"I hope otherwise," answered Cuthbert. "Look at his head. The cerebellum is very large, to be sure, and there are great bumps behind the ears; but it is well arched along the top, and the forehead is good. He will have reverence for law as well as for his own free-will."

But the minister, who was always exasperated by any allusion to phrenology, persisted in his scorn; and even Mrs. Urmson was secretly pleased to think that her beloved son was to be his own disciplinarian. She could not help arguing from the premise of her own tenderness, which did not allow the use of suffering, but was ever ready to enlarge the boundaries of forgiveness: and indeed, so far as she was concerned, Garth was a spoiled boy as long as she lived.

Nevertheless, Cuthbert's plan was not wholly unsuccessful, and certainly no other would have succeeded better. The little man was violent, passionate, and headstrong; and these traits being developed a good deal in advance of his reasoning faculties, gave his well-wishers plenty of trouble. But his nature was essentially reverential; and since his liberty was respected and no attempt made to break his will, he began presently to show symptoms of interest in the progress of his moral struggles, and to listen to such demure hints concerning the best methods of prevailing against his enemies as his father from time to time let fall. A notable triumph for Cuthbert was Master Garth's first solemn and spontaneous request to be put in the corner; nor was his satisfaction less at the young gentleman's evident mental discomfort when, having sinned, his unregenerate will held out against that severe but just remedy. By sure degrees the small warrior found out that the pangs of conscience were more dreadful than other pangs, and were, moreover, sure to become worse the longer the antidote was withheld. As he grew older, the corner gave way to other prescriptions better calculated to meet his deeper needs; as for the rod, its grim services were required but once; but it hung in the closet where Garth's playthings were kept, as a sort of *memento mori*. His father had first handed it over to his safe-keeping when Garth was five years old, accompanying the gift by a grave explanation of its use and properties, and adding the earnest charge not to allow any mistaken tenderness for the parental feelings to interfere with a request for its application should that ever become desirable.

"It will hurt us both, Garth," said he, "but we must not forget that the wrong will hurt us more."

Garth, deeply impressed, listened in solemn silence, and did not forget. The occasion, however, whatever it was, did not arise until more than two years afterward, when, after an inward contest extending its dreadful length from the morning of one day to the afternoon of the next—a contest observed with no light interest by Cuthbert, Martha, and the minister—Adam got the worst of it. Obedient to the mysterious and awful summons, Cuthbert repaired to the nursery, leaving Martha in tears and venerable Mr. Graeme puzzled and silent, nor was his own composure by any means undisturbed. He found Master Garth, flushed, exalted, ashamed, but resolute, standing in the centre of the floor, silently holding out the rod. It was a trying time indeed, and for a moment the father's heart faltered. Nevertheless it must be done; and inwardly resolved to be as gentle as he dared, he was making the simple preparations for the ceremony, when Garth said, breathing quick through his clinched teeth, "Hard, papa; do it hard!"

Abashed at what seemed a detection of his unfaithful purpose, the unhappy executioner did do it hard, in fear and trembling. The victim squirmed, grunted, and gnashed his teeth, the pain being much sharper than he had anticipated; but he made no attempt to escape or otherwise curtail the proceedings. All was over at last. The father, with an irrepressibly guilty feeling, helped the little man adjust his toilet, amidst a silence broken only by the spasmodic sighs of yet tumultuous emotion. But though Garth was constitutionally reticent of speech, Cuthbert half suspected him on this occasion of a pardonable resentment against the unwilling medium of his suffering.

However, as they were leaving the ill-omened room together, he felt his sleeve pulled, and looking down, beheld a crimson little phiz turned up toward him.

"Papa," said the smaller sufferer, in such broken utterance as mental and physical disorder permitted, "I'm sorry—you—had to do it."

"So am I, Garth."

"I didn't—know how to do it. Now I know—I'll do it—myself—next time." And with this the heroic tension gave way in a flood of tears.

Cuthbert, expecting to hear something

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very different, at first failed to grasp the matter, but when the grand truth burst upon him, he caught up Master Garth in his arms with a betrayal of enthusiasm alien to his usual demeanor, and still less in keeping with the *rôle* of impassive, impartial Fate which he professed to enact.

"Hurrah! old fellow; Adam won't soon get over that knock, I think. That's something for Grandfather Graeme to hear, and mamma may spoil you now if she can." So, after all this anxiety and pain, the four passed a merry afternoon, and at the end of it partook of a jolly supper, in spite of a certain delicacy on Garth's part about sitting down to table. The rod was preserved, and, indeed, exists to this day, but was never used again. As for the minister, he could only scratch his head and rumble out that Garth's happening to let himself be imposed on was no argument in favor of phrenology in general or of any thing else in particular—objections to which Cuthbert listened with a smile of irritating complacency and a gentle fingering of the nose tip.

But though there was reason for encouragement, there were still many strands in the nature of the youngest Urmson twisted awry. His conscience was sensitive and his honor pure, but the idea of study made his sunshine a darkness; and as for his taciturnity, instead of lessening, it grew upon him. The open air drew him like a magnet. He knew the woods much better than his lessons. In summer he loved to lie on his back in the grass, and let the torrid sun pour its heat and light straight down upon him. He had an admirable talent for laziness, a gift of preoccupation, and a genius for wonder. In short, he caused his grandfather continual anxiety.

"Better teach him the deaf-and-dumb alphabet," growled the reverend octogenarian: "the boy has no tongue, but he's clever with his fingers."

"Garth has sense, father, I'm sure," said Martha, quietly darning.

"How can he have sense if he don't talk? A little nonsense would do him no hurt to set his sense going—eh, son-in-law?" chuckling at his epigram.

"Possibly," was Cuthbert's suave suggestion, "he is silent from policy. The negroes say that monkeys will not talk lest they should be forced to work. Or, more likely, he values the few ideas that get into his head too highly to betray their whereabouts by speech. Only those who imbibe the world readily find much to say."

Martha glanced covertly at her husband's arched eyebrow, and continued her darning with a smile. The simple pastor answered:

"Wrong principle! Good talking never lost an idea. Here am I, eighty last birthday, and have done about as much talking as most folks, I guess—I'm none the worse for it. Silent for fear of losing his ideas! Ha! ha! haw! Might as well stop pruning grape-vines for fear of losing grapes."

"I was only giving Garth's probable argument. But, to say the truth, I'm afraid he's not sincere in his silence."

"Well, now you're beyond me," said the minister, shaking his head, after some cogitation.

"For instance, then, I have known people who could talk from morning to night, and yet be, properly speaking, more silent than Garth. That *is* silence; merely to say nothing is but a make-shift at it. Garth has often, in my hearing, held his tongue in such a way that I actually fancied he had talked to good purpose. Could any thing be more annoying? What shall be done with him?"

"Send him to school!" exclaimed the minister, with as much briskness as if he had not given the same advice many times a day for the last five years.

"He would corrupt the scholars. I dare not assume such a responsibility. Ah, you don't half know what the boy is. Last Sunday afternoon he disappeared. I shouldn't have minded it, only he had on the new clothes which Cotton had just made him. I found him, after a long search, on his back in the swamp, with his head underneath a rhodora bush. He said the flowers looked better from that point of view than from any other. And if you will believe it, he wouldn't take a single blossom home with him: they looked homesick in the house! Absurd boy!"

"Humph! Very odd, there's no mistake about that."

"Oh, that is a trifle. The other morning I was awakened about four o'clock by one of my toothaches, and going into his room for the medicine chest, treading softly not to disturb him, there he was in his night-gown, staring out of the open window, and so absorbed that he was not aware of me till I went up to him and asked him what had happened. He pointed out to the eastern horizon. It was just on the brink of sunrise, and there were some yellow, red, and purple clouds spread over the sky. He had got up on a cold May morning to see that!"

"Dear me! dear me! that doesn't sound much like an Urmson, does it?"

"You've not heard half," rejoined Cuthbert, charmed at the effect he was producing. "You have noticed that kaleidoscope of his; he was never without it till quite lately. I supposed he had broken it or lost it, and wondered he did not miss it more. But yesterday *I* missed one of the glass prisms off the old candlestick. I suspected Garth, but said nothing; and this forenoon I found him sitting in the sun, throwing the seven colors on the blank-leaf of the *Faerie Queene*.

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He was delighted with the thing, and looked upon it as a discovery of his own."

"The *Faerie Queene*—what's that?"

"Oh, a book of antiquated poetry, which I believe the boy knows by heart. But what could you expect our good school-master to make out of a fellow like that?"

The good minister sighed, and rubbed his wrinkled brow. "We must trust in the Lord, son-in-law. Maybe he'll outgrow it. I'm glad to see you keep a good heart about it, though you see his short-comings as clearly as a stranger might. He's a stout, broad-shouldered lad, anyway, and as sweet a disposition as ever I knew."

Upon this Martha arose and kissed her father; and Garth coming in at the moment, with his dark tangled head and his scarlet boating shirt, even the unsympathetic Cuthbert was fain to look at him with a certain kind of tolerance, to say the least—although he knew that the prism was in the young gentleman's pocket, and saw the *Faerie Queene* in his hand.

The Faerie Queene had first revealed herself to Garth about a year before, and he had fallen completely under the power of her enchantment. The sway and music of the verse charmed him, he knew not why; and from the Red-cross Knight to Sir Calidore he lived in every one of the gallant champions, engaging with tragic sympathy in each adventure, putting his whole heart into each mighty sword-stroke and lance-thrust, and trembling a thousand times over for the fate of every wronged and lovely lady. It was all real to him—more real, indeed, than the actual rocks and trees among which he lived, for he transformed the former into enchanters' castles, and the latter into giants or friendly or hostile warriors, according to the need of the hour, and thought them much more intelligible and companionable under this guise than they had ever been before. Whenever he went out of the house, it was with the certainty of encountering such perils and achieving such knightly deeds ere dinner or supper time as would take a month to recount and a whole squadron of ordinary Arthurs and Artegals to rival. No event or act of his daily life could be so trifling but a touch of imagination could lift it to the height of romance and chivalry. But, in short, every true boy between seven and fourteen is a Don Quixote at heart, and will act it out according to the extent of his capacities and opportunity.

Garth chanced to be well provided in both respects. He could imagine any thing; his time was more at his disposal than any one except Mr. and Mrs. Urmson considered good for him; and, finally, there was in the vast garret extending over the whole top of the house enough remains of old armor and other warlike apparatus to furnish forth half a dozen knightly Garths. Here were the steel caps and breastplates, the swords and battle-axes, that had glanced so brightly in the sunshine when, two hundred years before, Captain Neil had first taken possession of the site of Urmhurst. They were rusty now, with only enough of the original lustre remaining to show how resplendent they must once have been. The dusty beams which slanted through the cobwebs of the garret windows tried with ill success to mirror themselves as of yore in the corroded surface of the steel. Garth, when he first discovered the armor, mistook the red rust for blood, and was lost in awful speculations, till grim foemen in deadly struggle peopled every corner of the dim garret.

However, subsequent visits accustoming him to the congenial horror of his fancies, he presumed so far as to provide himself with rotten-stone, oil, and wash-leather, and was presently hard at work furbishing up the ancient harness with a view to entering the profession of knight-errantry forthwith. For a time the woods and streams knew him no more, and it was several days before even his father found out where he bestowed himself. Cuthbert too in his boyish days had spent many a secret hour in this same garret, though his attraction had been not toward the armor, but toward a great mound of curious and dusty literature, the heedless accumulation of unknown Urmson generations, from which the studious youth had extracted much information as to the past history of the race, shared probably by few or none then living. But as for Garth, who was at once more material and more imaginative than his father, the massive metal, spiritualized by his fantasy into the accoutrements of a faery knight, was greatly preferable to rolls of mouldy history and quaint statistics. He scrubbed away, therefore, and the rotten-stone served every purpose of the most unmitigated enchantment. The faded arms shone once more, reviving under the influence of a chivalric soul. The splendor of old had come again, brightened by the light of to-day, and in turn ennobling it. Garth, in the purified armor of his ancestors, his young fervent face glowing boyishly heroic beneath the steel head-piece, the ponderous battle-axe heavy in his guiltless hand, must have been a fair sight to look upon, which it were churlish of the old garret to keep to itself. Amidst many secrets it could have known none pleasanter than this.

Whether, had it depended on Garth alone, the secret would ever have been promulgated to the world below stairs, is open to question. Possibly not, for within the boundaries of his ideal realm he was shy of human presence and criticism, and seemed to find actual mankind the only element in creation which the philosopher's stone of

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his imagination could not transmute at will into fairies or hobgoblins. But his father, who could divine pretty well what was in the boy's mind, climbed the garret stairs at this juncture, in the character of Sir Guyon, and plunged with such zest into the enchanted lore that taciturn Garth was soon placed somewhat in arrears. Not less, however, was his delight at so unexpectedly encountering a kindred spirit—one who not only knew all his circle of knights and fair ladies, and shared his high hostility against magicians and champions of evil, but who was learned in the laws of chivalry and the etiquette of knighthood—important matters whereof Garth was almost entirely ignorant.

That was a happy afternoon which the two spent together in the old garret; it were hard to choose which enjoyed it most. Garth thought he had known his father before, and certainly he had felt his sympathy and returned his love in a degree which put all other loves and sympathies—save the tender adoration for his mother—quite in the shade. But this day opened up a wholly new vein of companionship between them. The universe was henceforward wider and deeper than it used to be, and there were glimpses of harmonious meaning underlying it. As regarded the personages and episodes of his faery poem, the very intensity of their realness in Garth's mind was built upon an undefined, intuitive feeling of something symbolic in their quality; and when his father, perceiving this, ventured to raise a little (rather by hints and suggestions than directly) the veil of the allegory, the boy's eyes grew brighter, and he held his head high. The best that he had dreamed was come true—and more! Certes, this was a noble, valiant world men lived in.

Encouraged by such countenance, Garth had little hesitation, armed as he was, in following his father down stairs, and making his knightly obeisance before his mother's footstool. Gentle Cotton Martha, who had a feminine timidity in such matters, was dismayed at so warlike an apparition, and could not divest herself of a feeling that it foreboded some grievous bodily harm to her beloved boy himself. This did not, however, altogether get the better of her maternal admiration of his aspect; and by-and-by she could even notice that though his helmet fitted well, his breastplate was much too big for him, not to mention his leather doublet, and she devised and executed such alterations as in course of time turned him out a well-appointed hero. His father remarking that a man in his situation must be provided with a lady-love, Garth, with a sort of indignation that there should even be a question on the subject, said, putting his arm round her waist, "Mamma is my lady-love!"

"I would do battle with you for her, were I younger," said Cuthbert, after a pause; "but, as it is, I shall resign her with what grace I may. Cotton, my dear, Garth is your knight henceforth. Give him a favor for his crest, and bid him be right, faithful, brave, and true, in deed and word, as a champion of yours should be, in his campaign against the powers of darkness. Garth, you have chosen well. But take warning by the Red-cross Knight, and let no false Duessa lead you astray from the true mistress of your soul."

Garth only looked in his mother's eyes, as she fastened to his steel cap the blue silk kerchief from her throat. That ceremony over, he kissed, not her hand, as the etiquette of chivalry in strictness demanded, but her lips, heartily. With no more ado, he then sallied out, for the first time since donning his accoutrements, into the open air and sunshine.

"The old gentleman makes quite a fine appearance, does he not?" said Cuthbert, smiling. "His arms, like St. George's, bear the cruel marks of many a bloody field, though arms till this time did he never wield. Well, God bless the boy!"

"Is it wise, husband," questioned Martha, smiling too, but with half a sigh, "to train our boy to love such things? His forefathers were all violent men, and he inherits so much of their adventurous spirit, their warlike daring—does it need fostering?"

"It is the old story of the corner and the birch rod over again," replied her husband. "Garth has those traits you speak of strong within him, too strong to be crushed out, and the best that can be done is to marshal them on the right side. I have talked with him, and he understands the allegory of self-conquest—that Garth the unregenerate is his sole true enemy. I bade him lay on and spare not; give no quarter; cut, hew, foyne, and thrust his bettermost—in short, to thrash himself without mercy fifty times a day if necessary; and if this old Puritan armor, which has withstood the shock of Prince Rupert's Cavaliers, helps him to feel the reality of the struggle, it will be well worth the polishing he has given it, not to mention other good results."

A few minutes afterward Cuthbert, who had remained in the porch watching the shadows of the great white clouds travel along the valley southward, now crossing the pasture and the wood beyond, presently darkening for a moment the bright surface of the lake, anon sweeping slowly down the meadowed river basin, and finally mottling the distant sides and crest of slumbering Wabeno, was recalled to himself by a flash of reflected sunlight dancing in his eyes. He looked a moment, and then called to his wife.

"Here goes your champion, my lady, in proper trim. He has got out old Dobbin,

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made himself a lance out of a hay-rake handle, and is riding off to slay the dragon. Mount to the turret at once, dishevel your hair, and pray that the dragon do not eat him up!"

Garth, riding slowly (for old Dobbin had abated much of his youthful fire), passed gleaming beneath the shadow of the wood, and was lost to sight, and his father resumed his meditations. Nearly an hour had gone by, when, hearing hoof-tramps, he turned his eyes once more in the direction of the forest.

"Cotton, my dear, come quickly!" he cried. "Your champion is returning, to all appearances victorious. He has rescued a fair lady from thralldom, and she is riding behind him with her arms about his waist. The giant, the owner of the castle, he has vanquished and taken prisoner, and forced to accompany him on foot and assist the lady in keeping her seat. Ah, my poor Cotton, I'm afraid you have a rival already!—no Duessa, though, let us hope."

Meanwhile Mrs. Urmson had come out on the porch, and, shading her eyes with her hand, was looking westward at the approaching group.

"It is father; and that little girl—oh, Madge Danver! Some more medicine for her poor mother, I suppose."

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the stentorian patriarch, as they came up. "So you're really alive? Madge and I thought we'd lost our way after leaving the village, and had wandered into the century before last; and I was all ready to meet my grandfather. Ho! ho! ho! Captain Neil Urmson here was kind enough to take the third cousin of his great-great-great-grandson on behind him. If there wasn't a couple of hundred years difference in ages, I should really be anxious about the old fellow's heart—eh, son-in-law? Oh, ho! ho! ho!—eh, Mattie girl? Ha! ha! haw! haw! ho! Jump down, my little dear—that's right! Yes, Mrs. Danver has her hip again, Mattie wants your Bryonia. Well, captain, whenever you come back from the stable your remote posterity will be glad of a chat with you!" and with another roar the minister led the way into the house. The jolly old soul had been cogitating this bit of humor for the last mile or so of the way, and certainly he got the full flavor out of it.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW GARTH WENT TO A PICNIC.

SINCE the world grew old she has taken to ridiculing many things which her youth held sacred. Crabbed age and youth can not live together; whichever is in the minority must appear ridiculous, and youth is in the minority just now; and the deeds and thoughts and emotions of that part of the community which we agree to call children are despised, slighted, or, at best, laughed at. Why, Heaven knows; for the reason commonly given is that a child's feelings are transient, that maturity forgets them. It is too true in most cases, and too sad, it might be supposed, for laughter. The aroma of heaven abides with us but a few years; we come to smell of the earth, and then, too shrewd to mourn our unspeakable loss, we lay to our souls the flattering unction of a grin. Meanwhile we are at a loss to imagine why Africans and Mongolians choose to carve their idols of such hideous forms; but perhaps the angels, if ever they take note of the aspect of such things as we correct Caucasians see fit to honor and propitiate, are more than as much nonplused at the eccentricities of our own taste and judgment.

One of the most entertaining things in this kind is calf-love, so called; in other words, the fresh, fragrant, purely passionate, wondering homage of the human being who has newly discovered human nature to be twofold, for the opposite element of the tender mystery—the lovelier, diviner Eve. There is, nevertheless, hardly any thing else so beautiful, so touching, so sacred, as this first bashful self-devotion of an innocent-minded boy to a girl. It is the accomplishment of that ideal which all the great poets of time have striven to express, never with full success. It is refined beyond the scope of any of our words, beyond the memory or belief of most of us. Such a delicate thing can not be deliberately recalled or described; in fine moments we catch a distant echo or gleam of it—in a happy strain of music, a sudden insight into nature; a moment, and it is gone, and we say, with the memory of a memory, Lo, there!

All this is vastly entertaining. Another amusing feature of calf-love is the sadness, the mute pathos, that attend it. Your boy is your only true sighing lover: he sighs whether his suit prosper or not. The reason is that boys know nothing about the soul; they mistake spiritual for bodily perceptions, spirit and matter being in them so soundly united; yet the very exquisiteness of those perceptions teaches the vanity of mortal consummation; the gross body stands in the way, yet the boy's philosophy affirms the body all. Fairer cause for divine melancholy could not be. This love feeds perforce on dreams and visions; even the beloved must not come too near—an actual embrace degrades the visionary one, is too much, because showing plainly that there can never be enough. Later in life we cleverly temper such failures with gossip of immortality; but boys live only in the present, and can not but regard death as the mere annihilation of warmth and heat which it appears to be.

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Transient in a sense it always is—not that the quarry is necessarily given up; but, if followed from youth to manhood, pursuer and pursued deteriorate: the course is away from the sun, and the divine halo which at dawn transfigured the beloved one vanishes as she is possessed: it becomes known that she and her transfiguration are twain.

That Garth—to make practical application—should be a marked victim of this absurdity is the almost logical outcome of his known character and condition; and a certain grave intensity of nature in him, not outwardly demonstrative, would be likely to deepen the foundations of his constancy. It hardly needed that he should have been trained to the folly pitch by solitude, leisure, and the *Faerie Queene;* and it must be credited purely to his good luck that he happened upon so rare and fascinating a little beauty as Madge Danver, rather than some slow-witted, coarse-featured hobbledehoy. For Garth's woodland adventure bore, in due season, its proper fruit; and though by no means a hasty growth, and though he himself was the last to comprehend its genesis and existence, it ripened nevertheless, and served its allotted purpose.

The first unsuspected germ of the passion was perhaps sown by the little witch on that afternoon when she clung to her companion's steel-clad waist, the great horse bearing them onward together to a common destination, while the reverend and venerable giant strode behind them, lending to their union the support and countenance of the church. Be that as it may, it was as long a-growing as the knotted oaks of the porch; and the victim was eleven—twelve—thirteen—had entered his fourteenth year—before he had fairly realized what was the matter with him. And even then, as will be seen, the realization was born of an accident.

Meanwhile, the effect of the latent sentiment on his behavior was peculiar. He had been childishly and simply acquainted with Madge from as long as he could remember; she had passed into his sight and out again as little heeded and remembered as a columbine growing in the cleft of a rock beside the wood path; if there were any feeling, it was of slight boyish aversion, because there was that in the vivacious, confident manner of the little thing which jarred against something of an opposite tendency in the reserved nature of the boy. But whereas his aversion, if it really existed, had never made the shadow of a difference in Garth's comings and goings, he now began to develop a morbid intention to keep out of Madge's way. Distraught, silent, and solitary beyond his wont was he; but he positively fled from the face of this bright-eyed, piquant little maiden. Strange to relate, he seemed to take her with him in his flight, insomuch that the remotest solitude was full of her; her eyes invaded his reveries, and her sprightly tones made an inward echo to all forest notes. Familiar scenes and experiences underwent an inexplicable transformation—they looked, meant, interpreted this same small personage—who but her! Unconsciously all he did or thought respected her. It was strange—when before had such a thing been heard of? Garth believed himself the subject of a hitherto unparalleled destiny, and stood in some awe of an individual so distinguished. Yet these were but preliminary symptoms.

To solve the paradox, that, despite his undeniable avoidance of Madge, her idea so haunted him, he devised the ingenious plan of observing her, himself unseen; and thus, perhaps, catching the witch in the very act of brewing her spell. Accordingly, instead of betaking himself to genuine retirements, he climbed trees beneath which Madge must pass, slipped behind rocks, or from afar diligently observed her playing about in her cottage garden. Still the mystery was not enlightened, rather the contrary. He finally began to ask himself not why thoughts of her pursued his privacy, but wherefore that privacy? What was Madge that he should avoid her? What himself that he should affect his own company? Why met they not as of yore, before that adventure with Dobbin, before the time of the knights and ladies of Gloriana's court? Those ladies—was there not some resemblance, some relationship, between Madge and them? Was there not about her, after all, something ineffably divine, beautiful, lovely? Ah, was she not the sweetest being on earth? Was not he dismally unworthy of devoting himself to her service? Would she accept him for her knight? and if she did so, was not the conquest of the whole earth, with the sun and moon to boot, absurdly inadequate spoil to lay at her dainty feet?

But, again, was this incomparable being really nothing but Madge? The doubt recurred more than once. It was odd, certainly, that her perfections should have so escaped his recognition during their early acquaintance; but then Garth was undeniably older now than heretofore, and, as it seemed to him, immensely wiser, more penetrating, more awake to the veiled truths of life, than before he had read the *Faerie Queene* and worn his ancestor's arms. Not Madge, but his own blindness, had been at fault—not but that time might have developed Madge too. The fundamental argument underlying all this was, of course, that human beings are insoluble mysteries, both to themselves and to one another, and that just enough of the mystery is apparent to justify credulous persons in almost any extravagance of belief. However, it may fair-

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ly be doubted whether at that epoch Garth really saw his mistress so plainly as either before or afterward. She wore another aspect to his imagination than she actually possessed. He endowed her with graces filched from the faeries. This was previous to any palpable intimacy. There is a potency in flesh and blood which, once it has been felt, moulds to its definite form all such fancy-born traits and lineaments, and, if not improving them, gives them a more constant influence on the mind than the fairest phantoms can exert.

Here was a critical moment of the disorder. Had the nearer acquaintance of the two children depended on Garth's motion only, it might probably not have taken place, his own invincible shyness and Madge's unconsciousness standing in the way. The passion would have expired without having more than half existed, and the lover's ideal have resumed its abeyant state, pending some new concrete object whereon to lavish its shadowy wealth. In short, unless spectre and substance, Gloriana and Madge, were compelled into one by a stimulus external both to the latter and to Garth, they would surely work apart, and presently know each other no more. Garth might wander in the woods through long summer afternoons, filled with delicious thoughts of he scarce knew whom; he might cut her name on the birch-trees with his jackknife, wholly unaware that such a thing had ever been done before; he might pronounce it with a thrill —"Margaret Danver"—and fancy the sun shone the brighter for it; in bolder moments he might whisper, "Madge!" with a throb of the heart and a glance around lest the birds and insects should have overheard him. Meeting her unexpectedly, he might be sensible of a tremor in his knees, an inability to command his lips either to smiles or gravity, his tongue to the simplest form of greeting. Nevertheless, the enchantment would be purely ideal, and by-and-by some April shower would dissolve it away, leaving only a wonder that it had ever been.

This Margaret Danver, it should be observed, was of French extraction, being, in fact, the descendant of an Acadian family which, after their expatriation, had wandered to New Hampshire and settled in the little village of Urmsworth. Garth's great-grandfather, who had been a mighty farmer, is said to have had dealings during the second quarter of the last century with the D'Anver of that epoch, likewise wealthy in lands and herds, and it may have been the recollection of those transactions which led the friendless exiles to the Granite State rather than elsewhere. They arrived in a pretty destitute condition, but being kindly assisted by the village people, contrived, in the course of the succeeding five-and-twenty years, to achieve a tolerable competence. At the outbreak of the Revolution Pierre Danver, the son of the first settler, had eagerly taken sides against the English, and he and Brian Urmson—at that time a youth of nineteen—had marched with Ethan Allen to Ticonderoga. The two young men bade fair to become brothers in arms; but a few months after this first adventure Pierre was disabled by a gun-shot through the lungs, and was fain to go home, while Brian, having attended him thither, remained just long enough to engage himself to Pierre's sister Marie, and then was off again, and, after many wild adventures on land, took service on board a privateer, whereof he subsequently became commander. When the war was over he returned to Urmhurst in time to receive the dying breath of his aged father. He entered into possession of the estate, considerably enriching it by a judicious expenditure of the prize-money won on the seas; and finding Marie still true to him, he married her, in spite of an obscure rumor of some previous entanglement in Virginia, and they lived together happily enough for upward of twelve years, when Marie died. They had but one child—Cuthbert. Such was the relationship of the families.

A certain degree of intercourse was always maintained between them, but after Marie's death it could hardly be called close. The Danvers were, after all, only peasants, and though Marie had possessed a lovely simplicity and worth of character, which counteracted all disadvantages of station, her kindred were tolerably commonplace. An event, moreover, which occurred when Captain Brian had been six or seven years a widower could scarcely fail to impair the mutual cordiality. This was his unexpected marriage with an unknown person, apparently a lady of good family, somewhat advanced in years, but still beautiful. She had suddenly appeared in the village of Urmsworth, no one knew whence, nor was there any servant or companion to be questioned on the subject; but she had lost no time in making inquiries as to Captain Urmson, or in driving over to Urmhurst, in Parson Graeme's buggy, to make him a call. Within a month she and the captain were made one; and the only key to the mystery had to be sought in the lady's name, which was Maud Golightley. It never fairly unlocked any thing, though the old story of the captain's Virginian affair was revived for a time, and an attempt made to connect with it the name of Golightley. But, altogether, the Danvers were perhaps justified in feeling a little hurt, and as Brian had never been given to conciliating people, the breach gradually widened, like the cleft in the Urmhurst threshold stone.

Maud Urmson survived her marriage but three years, having given birth to two chil-

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dren—Golightley and Eve. The captain, who had been strangely devoted to her, became terribly morose, and the villagers stood more in awe of him than ever, and for a good many years the Danvers and he had little or nothing to say to one another. Cuthbert was the only one who attempted to keep up social amenities: he was, about that time, a pleasant young man of twenty and over, with the reputation of great learning, and the undeniable possession of winning manners, a genial disposition, and a conversational faculty no less varied than charming. "Not a bit of an Urmson," was the general verdict, intended as a compliment. Cuthbert traveled to Europe some eight or nine years after his step-mother's death—it was the spring of the year in which Eve Urmson was lost—and did not come back for a long time. His marriage with Martha followed close on his return; the grim captain departed a twelvemonth later; and from that period the old intimacy with the slighted cousins began to be restored to more than its original condition. The Danvers had not prospered much of late, and Cuthbert and his gentle wife found opportunity for many kind acts. Madge, the only child, some years younger than Garth, was much beyond her age in both mental and physical development, easily leading her class at school, and though not a large child, being quite a little woman, and very active and skillful in dancing, skating, and such like exercises.

She was a general favorite, especially among grown people. Her beauty, which was of a thoroughly French type, doubtless went far to recommend her. But she had a confidence and *élan* of manner highly captivating in such a little personage, stopping short, as it did, of any thing like the vulgar self-assertion and precocious importance of many so-called clever children. Madge was full of French idioms, so to say; much more so than any member of her family had been for some generations back. She had tact, good humor, neatness; instead of being all at loose ends, she had a flavor and accent of her own. Her very costume, without being exactly conspicuous, could only have belonged to the little woman herself, and attracted an amused and pleasant attention. Indeed, Madge never wanted for notice, nor was she disconcerted thereby: she was not born for seclusion, and the eye of the world was any thing but terrible to her. There was a touch of worldly wisdom in her composition, coming to the surface but seldom, and having an indescribably piquant effect, which hugely diverted her elderly circle of acquaintance; and she was, moreover, gifted with a certain caressing quality of voice and bearing, employed only on special occasion, which might have flattered an icicle or coaxed a flint.

Among people of her own years her average reputation was perhaps less favorable. Every boy in the village from the age of ten to fifteen had, it is true, been infatuated by her, and most of them, perhaps, had seen reason to believe that she fancied them in return; but whether it were due to that infirmity of human nature which distrusts a regard that is not also a preference, or to a misapprehension of the character of Madge herself, who could not help being generally attractive, or to the selfish stupidity of boys who could not distinguish between kindly affability and a more particular sentiment, certain it is, at all events, that not a few of her former admirers spoke bitterly of her, and sarcastically of such of their fellows as were still under her influence. Neither their resentment nor their cynicism, however, was built upon so secure a foundation but that five minutes' attention from Madge would utterly dissipate it. She was so naïve, so frank, so trusting, and, on occasion, so dependent, that it had been brutal to resist her. That she was not to be held to the same laws as other girls was the verdict of those who had suffered most from her vicissitudes.

So much for the boys. As for the girls, it must be admitted that they betrayed an uncharitable spirit toward "that little French thing," as they called her. Madge had small experience of those intimate, effusive, whispering, mysterious, anti-masculine girl friendships which are less rare a sight than, from the amount and intensity of sentiment involved, might be supposed possible. Of this neglect envy was too plainly the cause. Girls—the term is meant rigidly to exclude all young women above the age of fifteen—seldom love a girl who surpasses them on their own ground, with their own weapons, and according to their own rules. Should she happen to be admitted to an intimacy, it would be from an interested motive, which gratified, she would be dropped. It is consoling to reflect that Madge, however dependent on the male sex, was abundantly able to take care of herself with her own. She never seemed to feel a necessity for exchanging hearts with a petticoated confidante. Nay, there was a sparkle of mischief sometimes in the glance she would bestow upon a group of feminine critics inplacably regarding her Frenchified way of monopolizing the most agreeable boys.

In these intrigues and jealousies Garth had no share. He knew nothing about them. He contemplated Madge as a thing apart, unapproachable—one whose relation to earthly places and people was accidental and of no significance. That any body should presume to talk of liking or disliking her would have been to him inconceivable. Without a bit of self-conceit, more-

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over, it never occurred to him that any third person could come between them. The sacredness which invested her in his eyes must, he thought, be as patent to every body, but for him alone was reserved the slender possibility of ever venturing to offer her homage. Unworthy though he was, the matter lay only between him and her. Destiny had spun some mystic thread, uniting her star to his earth, not to another's. This glance at Garth's attitude is essential to an appreciation of what follows. He was now fourteen years old; his worship of Madge was at its height, his avoidance of her most anxious. He was probably the only available youth in the neighborhood whom Madge (if she thought about the matter at all) could honestly believe beyond her power to captivate. She was often at Urmhurst on errands for her invalid mother, and must often have seen the dark-browed silent boy; but she fancied he did not like her, and however much she may have wished to overcome his aversion, she had never found her opportunity. She had felt his eyes for a moment, he had muttered something, and was gone. Besides, for once in her life, Madge may have found some one of whom she was a little afraid.

Her opportunity and his revelation were nevertheless fore-ordained. It had long been a practice of the Urmsworth school-children to picnic every Michaelmas-day in a certain woodland tract two or three miles up the river on which the village was situated, and which emptied into the lake lower down. It was a romantic spot, a natural landscape garden, beautifully diversified. The journey thither in the morning was made in wagons, hay-carts, on foot, or horseback, with much laughter, singing, and jollity. The day was spent as happily as falls to the lot of most days, and the return home as much resembled the allegoric pictures of the "Triumph of Autumn," whether in poetry or on canvas, as it was within the possibilities of real life to resemble unreal.

Old Parson Graeme had been the inventor of these merry-makings, and by no means the least uproarious of the merry-makers. His stentorian "Haw! haw! haw!" was always the nucleus of the fun; and the Michaelmas picnic, with the parson left out, would have been like autumn stripped of autumnal leaves. Happily such an anomaly had not yet occurred; and the reverend patriarch, at the age of eighty-four, seemed almost as hearty, and was certainly quite as jolly, as at any time during the last twenty years. It had been an aim of his ever since Garth was able to run alone to get him to the picnic. He was of opinion that what the young gentleman needed was to mix freely with his fellow-creatures. It was for this reason rather than with a view to his book-learning (which, as he was well aware, could be left to no one more safely than to Cuthbert) that he had advocated Garth's attending school. Once fairly brought face to face with boys and girls, the minister was confident of the speedy cure of Garth's shyness, taciturnity, indolence, and other peculiarities. However well-grounded his confidence, he had never yet had an opportunity of bringing it to the proof. Garth would not go to the picnic, nor any where else where there were many people, and his peculiarities, of course, remained—the minister declared they grew worse. But Cuthbert would not interfere, and there was nothing to be done.

When, therefore, the good old gentleman, shortly before Michaelmas, cornered Garth in the barn one afternoon, and began to harangue him on the vital necessity of his joining the picnic party that year, he was astonished at the latter's replying briefly that he would do so. "Recollect, you've promised it," said grandfather, as soon as his surprise allowed him to speak. "No backing out! Well, you're a good lad; and you may look back in future years on next Michaelmas as the day which first started you fairly on the journey of real life. Hitherto you've only been playing. You're a good lad; and I hope I may yet live to see you graduate at Bowdoin College, as I saw your father before you."

Garth might have said, had he been in the habit of describing his sentiments, that the cause of his unexpected answer did not originate in any such disinterested desire for what his grandfather considered improvement. The truth was, he was going because Madge had asked him to do so. The little witch had unexpectedly encountered him in the wood path that very morning; he had been too much agitated to attempt escape; and she being, as it seemed, herself a trifle taken aback, said the first thing that came into her head.

"Will you come to the picnic next Saturday, Mr. Garth?"

"If you say so," Mr. Garth contrives to reply, his heart beating hard: no knight that he can remember, who was worthy of the title, having ever dared refuse a boon to his lady-love.

"Oh yes!" exclaims the witch, with a charming smile, and thinking this strong-looking young Urmson, with his flushed cheeks, wild hair, and glowing eyes, altogether as nice a boy as any in the village. She would willingly have entered into conversation with him, but Garth had quite as much as he could manage for that time. He bowed his head and hurried away, all aflame with his incredible adventure, to ponder it in deepest baths of solitude. "But what makes him so queer, I wonder?" ejaculated Madge to herself, a little piqued at his abrupt departure. "Sam Kineo, he would not

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have so run from me; I am sure of it. Garth looks like him a little, if his hair were straight and his forehead less great. Sam is the more complaisant. Garth—will he come to the picnic, then? I will be kind to him, and Sam will then be so fierce—mon Dieu! But Garth too can be fierce, I think."

Sam Kineo was a boy with Indian blood in him, a black-haired, swarthy, active fellow, with a quick shining eye, accounted the best skater, runner, and hunter in the county. He was about fifteen, well grown; but the school-master and the minister rather shook their heads over him, though they had cordially espoused his cause when he first made his appearance in Urmsworth, a bright-looking child of five. The elderly Indian woman who had carried him through the winter wilderness on her back, and had sunk down near the minister's door, exhausted with the weary anguish of a broken knee, told a wild tale about the seduction of a daughter by a faithless white man, of a consequent tragedy, and of her flight northward with the child. Leaving the veracity of this story to shift for itself, the kindly minister attended the physical needs of the crippled woman, and would have adopted the child; but to this the old squaw demurred. Nevertheless, the little fellow was instructed in the rudiments of school learning, and even in his catechism; he was, "to speak accurately, deficient rather in application than in native intelligence," as the school-master put it. The Indian woman took up her permanent abode in a little hut on the outskirts of the village, where she practiced medicine and popular necromancy, and came to be considered one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. Sam—who looked much less of an Indian than his behavior showed him to be—lived with her in the hut; but when about thirteen years old he was, with great pains, apprenticed to a gunsmith. Though fonder of using a gun than of making one, the trade suited him tolerably well. By degrees he came in contact with the social life of the village, accommodated himself to it with a facility that belonged to certain aspects of his character, and soon became popular at dances, and still more at skating and sleighing parties. His half-tamed cleverness, added to his undoubted physical prowess—these, and perhaps another quality or two related to them—especially recommended him to Madge. A flavor of wildness was a tonic after so prolonged a diet of civilized natures. She smiled upon him, being, indeed, not indifferent to material virtues, whether in herself or others.

Garth and Sam were acquainted, though in an unconventional fashion. They knew each other's names, had certain similarities of taste and knowledge, communicated with one another on such subjects as were of common interest more freely by signs, grunts, looks, and innuendoes than would have been possible by the ordinary civilized method. Sam surpassed Garth at this sort of speech, and in the instinct and sagacity due to his Indian strain; but in degree, not in kind. Garth, with the higher part of his nature omitted, might have rivaled Sam's craft more closely than as things stood. Properly speaking, there was no intimacy between the lads, though they sometimes went on long hunting expeditions together, Sam with his rifle, Garth with his eyes only. Probably the former looked more sharply into the latter than Garth into him, and perhaps fancied he knew more about him than was actually the case.

Any one acquainted with these boys' characters, with their respective attitudes toward Madge Danver, and her disposition toward them, might easily have foreseen that a meeting between the three at this juncture would be apt to have interesting issues. As it happened, however, no such well-informed person was at hand, and when, on Michaelmas morning, Sam, Garth, and Madge severally set their faces toward the picnic ground, it was with no warning nor suspicion on any body's part of what was to come of it.

HIGHEST.

Fly away, swallow, fly into the blue,
I nor the hawk can follow.
I've been nearer the heaven than you,
Nearer the secret the wise men knew,
Nearer the dawning where dreams come true,
Higher than star or swallow.

Down the waves of a beautiful bay
I drifted into my heaven.
Down through a shoreless, shadowless day,
Under the gates that seemed lifted for aye,
Under low music by winds borne away,
Into the folding even.

All the sailing the watch had been kept
By eyes of a passionate glory,
Till mine could wonder they ever had wept,
Till the nameless tumult stilled and slept,
And out of its travail a new life crept,
Born of that wordless story.

Till the measureless joy and the golden peace
And the crimson sunset blended,
And we drifted, drifted into the peace,
Drifted into the sunset fleece,
Into the depths where currents cease,
And storm and swell are ended.

What if we fell from the heaven we knew,
Thou and I, O swallow?
Sing—you have caught a roulade new,
Touched with a rapture fine and true—
Sing, afar in that infinite blue,
Bird nor arrow follow.

I, who fell from a grander flight,
Keep through awful losing
Glimpses of a loftier height,
Reaching up through loss and night,
Reaching never beyond the sight,
Since that wondrous cruising.

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THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Ninth Paper.]

COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

WHOEVER desires to understand the commerce of this and other lands, and to perceive its true order and meaning, must first consider what words stand for—what commerce and manufactures really are in their simplest form. One to whom the word "manufactures" brings only the conception of vast factories for the working of cotton, wool, or iron has but the faintest idea of what constitute the true manufactures of the nation; and one to whom the word "commerce" brings up only the image of an ocean steam-ship laden with goods and wares from distant ports, or a train of cars drawn by a powerful engine bearing many tons of merchandise to far-away places, has an equally faint impression of the vast scope even of our inland traffic.

Commerce is an occupation in which men serve each other; it is an exchange in which both parties in the transaction gain something which they desire more than the thing they part with. It may sometimes be that the desire which is satisfied on the one part or the other is one that had better not be served: that is a question of morals with which we are not now dealing. Such exchanges are, however, the exception. The traffic in commodities that work permanent injury constitutes but an insignificant proportion of the vast exchanges of the world; true commerce in useful things lies at the very foundation of human welfare. Unless a good and wholesome subsistence is possible there can be neither spiritual, intellectual, nor æsthetic culture, and such a subsistence is only possible to the mass of men by means of an exchange of products. All commerce is the aggregate of small transactions. The milkman who brings the daily portion of milk to him who dwells in city or town represents a commerce of vast proportion, almost equal in this country, in its aggregate value, to the whole sum of our foreign importations. The value of dairy products consumed in the United States or exported in the form of cheese and butter is more than four hundred million dollars. The milkman is the representative of one of the branches of commerce which has grown to this vast proportion during the century, and in which the people of the United States have shown the greatest originality. The cheese factory represents a manufacture born of thrift and enterprise only, and our exports of cheese exceed ninety million pounds a year.

How little the true function of commerce has been understood may be proved by the fact that only within the century has it been admitted among English-speaking people that there can be any mutual service in the matter. In this country even to this day this truth is but obscurely perceived, and hence the nation with which we have our largest transactions, our mother country, is often called our natural enemy by otherwise intelligent persons, because she tries to supply some of our needs at a low cost to us; yet had the true nature of commerce been comprehended a hundred years ago, war between us and England would have been as impossible then as it would now be infamous and absurd. It was a want of knowledge as to the true function of trade that caused the Revolution.

The year 1776 witnessed the publication of two documents of very great importance to the welfare of humanity, one of a purely public character—the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America; the other, the work of a single man, a poor Scotch professor, a treatise on the causes of the wealth of nations, by Adam Smith. It may be affirmed almost with certainty that had the book been printed fifty years earlier, the Declaration of Independence would never have been issued, because the wrongs which made it necessary would have been remedied without resort to war. Had the simple principle of mutuality of service been accepted, had it only become a part of the common knowledge of the English and the colonists that all commerce, whether among the people of the same state or between different states and nations, only exists and can only be maintained because it is profitable and beneficial to both parties, no English ministry could have been supported in the measures which were undertaken to prevent the establishment of manufactures and to restrict the commerce of America. It was the enforcement of these measures through a long series of years that gradually sapped the allegiance of the people of America, and finally led to the violent resistance of acts of minor importance, which in themselves would have been insufficient to provoke rebellion. The colonists were ready to pay money, but resisted the perversion of the power of taxation.

Viewed from a commercial stand-point, the war of the Revolution, therefore, was a terrible blunder, caused by a series of erroneous theories as to the true nature and function of trade on the part of the English statesmen who had controlled the government of Great Britain during the previous century.

They were imbued with the false idea

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that in commerce what one nation gained another must lose, and their policy in dealing with their colonies was controlled by the same false assumption. Their great navigators had been many of them only buccaneers under another name, their merchants and ship-owners found no infamy in the slave-trade, and their conquests in the East had begun in motives of personal and selfish aggrandizement. Throughout their history it had become apparent only to a few obscure students or to one or two enlightened merchants that there could be greater gain in liberty than in restriction or slavery. How much of the true spirit of liberty our Puritan ancestors gained from the Dutch among whom they dwelt so many years might be a question well worth investigating. The policy of the rulers of England in regard to their own people was of the same character as toward us, and it may not be charged against them that they enforced upon us any more injurious or unjust measures than they inflicted upon themselves. To the student of political science no lesson is more clearly indicated by the acts of Great Britain during the eighteenth century than the extreme danger and unfitness of restricting the control of government and the right of suffrage to the possessors of property only. Through a long series of years England was governed by those whose claim to rule was based mainly upon the possession of property; during this period war was chronic, the profession of arms the one that gave the most influence and distinction, and the theory of government was the rule of the few for the alleged protection of the many, but the result was the privation of the many and the aggrandizement of the few.

The profession of the merchant and the tradesman was considered ignoble, and many of the great commercial and manufacturing cities were not represented in the government. Even the rude lesson imposed upon England by the success of the American colonies in achieving their independence was not at once comprehended, and for fifty years more she struggled with economic error, and under a false system of social philosophy sought to regulate and control the commerce of the world by restrictive statutes, carrying on gigantic wars, and burdening the English nation with the larger part of that enormous debt which even to this day retards its progress, and is one of the main causes of the poverty of so large a portion of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Not until 1824, or nearly fifty years after the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*, did its truths become so well understood as to cause even the beginning of reform; at that date, under the lead of Huskisson, began the series of changes which have relieved English commerce from the shackles of meddlesome legislation, but only within ten years has even her commerce been truly free and prosperous. In 1820 there were over two thousand acts on the statute-book of Great Britain unrepealed, which had been enacted at various dates for the regulation of commerce.

It seems passing strange that England should have maintained her false theories in the face of such evidence as was presented in the history of the Dutch Republic. A century before Adam Smith's work was published the great merchant of London, Sir Josiah Child, gave his list of reasons why the Dutch were more prosperous than the English. His reasons sound strangely modern, and are even in advance of our thought. He gave them in the following order:

Firstly. "They," the Dutch, "have in their greatest councils of state *trading merchants* that have lived abroad in most parts of the world, by whom laws and orders are contrived and *peaces* projected, to the great advantage of all men."

Have the United States yet learned this first rule of prosperity during our first century of life as a nation?

Secondly. "Their law of *gavelkind*, whereby all the children possess an equal share of their father's estate."

Thirdly. "Their exact making of all their native commodities, and packing of their herrings, cod-fish, and all other commodities."

Fourthly. "Their giving great encouragement and immunities to the inventors of new manufactures and the discoverers of new mysteries of trade, and to those that shall *bring* the commodities of other nations first in use and practice among them."

Fifthly. "Their contriving and building of great ships to sail with small charges."

Sixthly. "Their parsimonious and thrifty living."

Seventhly. "The education of their children, as well daughters as sons; all which, be they of never so great quality or estate, they always take care to bring up with perfect good hands, and to have the full knowledge of arithmetic and merchants' accounts; and in regard the women are as knowing therein as the men, it doth encourage their husbands to hold on to their trades to their dying days, knowing the capacity of their wives to get in their estates or carry on their trades after their death."

Eighthly. "The lowness of their customs and the height of their excise, which last is certainly the most equal and indifferent tax in the world."

Ninthly. "The careful providing for and employing the poor."

Tenthly. "Their use of banks, which are of so immense advantage."

Eleventhly. "Their toleration of different opinions in matters of religion."

Twelfthly. "Their *law-merchant*, by which

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all controversies between merchant and tradesman are decided in three or four days."

Thirteenthly. "Their law for the transference of bills of debt from one man to another."

Fourteenthly. "Their keeping of public registers of all lands and houses sold and mortgaged."

Lastly. "The lowness of interest on money with them."

The jealousy on the part of England of the prosperity of the Dutch had, prior to the date of the last publication by Sir Josiah Child in 1691, caused them to enact the navigation laws, and these laws had then already caused two wars, as the result of which the first funded debt of Great Britain took form. The same jealousy continued, and the same ignorance of the true theory of trade led to the enforcement of the navigation acts and the restrictions upon the trade of the American colonies. Resistance ensued, and the colonies became a nation. But the people of the mother country failed yet to see the error of their system, and again attempted to enforce the same bad laws against us, thus leading again to the last war with Great Britain. At last, slowly and surely, the English people learned the lesson that the malign effect of such restriction was as injurious to themselves as to the people whom these acts had made their enemies. One by one they were repealed, and with each repeal England went onward toward the end she had failed to compass before. In liberty she has supremacy over every sea.

We also have succeeded in what we aimed at; we have maintained our navigation laws; but our ships are few and scattered, our steam marine has mainly existed through subsidies, and our flag is unknown in harbors and cities where the flag of other nations daily comes and goes at the mast-head of a gallant ship or a noble steamer.

We have the lesson yet to learn. A hundred years hence, by which time it is to be hoped the people of this nation will have intelligently grasped the simple theory of trade, it is not to be doubted that the declaration of principles by Adam Smith will be recognized as of supreme importance to the human race, while the Declaration of Independence will be looked upon even by the citizens of this country only as an important incident in the history of the Anglo-Saxon people, and the war which then ensued will be proved and acknowledged to have been caused mainly by a want of knowledge of that economic science of which Adam Smith was the first great expounder. If the people of this nation could but now respond to the grand forecasting of that true and humane statesman W. E. Forster, who lately visited us, and form an Anglo-Saxon alliance for the liberty of commerce, for the repression of slavery, for the doing away of privateering or piracy upon the seas, the end of all war among civilized people would be at hand, and the grand vision of the prophet would be realized—"They shall beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

To him who shall among us succeed in making this vision a grand and living truth will come deserved fame as great as ever yet belonged to any one among us; but that good time has not yet come, and will not come until the simplest principles of political science are made a part of common education.

We do not undervalue the Declaration of Independence when we recognize the fact that the vast material progress in this country during the century now about ending has ensued from only a partial realization of the principles of liberty therein contained. Our fathers threw off the fetters of British domination, but continued the restrictions of English thought, and they thus hampered themselves and us from within with the very trammels they had resisted from without.

It was not until the framing of the Constitution in 1787, and the adoption of the provision that no State should enact any law restricting commerce between the States, that even a true union was established.

Never before that time had commerce upon a grand scale, and through vast regions differing widely in soil, climate, and condition, been freed from restriction. And because of this partial liberty has the material welfare of the people of this country been so well assured as to blind them to the evils of the system that has prevented an extension of our foreign commerce on an equally grand and profitable scale. Although the framers of the Constitution itself may not have fully comprehended the importance of this act, or the truly scientific basis on which they built, they did so organize and assure a system of absolute free trade between the States that even the corruption of slavery failed to break the union.

The Union exists to-day partly because the people of the West would not permit the traffic of the great Southern water-way of the continent to be under the control of a foreign nation, lest it should be obstructed by custom-houses. When they presently realize the other fact that it is as important to them to have the traffic of the great Northern water-way through Canada as free from obstruction as the Southern water-way now is, another onward step will be taken, and another barrier to our full prosperity will fall—not this time, however, by violent means.

In treating the subject of our commercial progress during the past century, it is not worth while to waste time and space upon

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mere commercial statistics which any one may compile, but rather to note the changes in policy and method that have occurred, and to see how far we are behind the position we might have held had we not been in some measure blinded to our opportunity by the very ease with which we have achieved great though but partial success.

As was once said of the policy of Austria in its treatment of Hungary, the bad line of custom-houses with which we have surrounded ourselves has caused us "to be smothered in our own grease." Long anterior to the year 1776 the infant manufactures of America had come into existence, and had obtained such a vigorous growth as to cause the utmost jealousy in the mother country. In 1750 the production of iron and steel and the manufacture of steel tools and iron wares had become so well established in America as to induce hostile legislation, and England prohibited the erection of rolling-mills and steel furnaces, and attempted to stop the domestic commerce in and the export of their products. This was one of the many acts which culminated in the separation of the colonies from England. The records of the owners of the Cornwall Iron Mountain, in Pennsylvania, prove the working of the ores long anterior to the Revolution, and one of the carefully treasured documents now preserved in the office of the mine is the account current between the former owners and the commissary-general of the patriot army, wherein they are credited by the government with shot and shell, and charged with Hessian prisoners at thirty pounds a head, whose services they bought for the term of their being held as prisoners of war.

Our ancestors were clothed in homespun, and the endeavor to stop commerce in wool and woolen cards was one of the most vexatious restrictions imposed by the mother country.

Our forefathers established a prosperous traffic among themselves, and sent commercial ventures in their small vessels to various ports of the world. But this was not to be permitted. The laws of England forbade her colonies to trade with the colonies of France and Spain. The power of taxation was invoked to prevent it. Naval officers were made custom-house officers, not so much to collect revenue as to stop traffic altogether, just as the civil officers had previously attempted to stop our manufactures.

What we have failed to perceive is that the measures which only provoked animosity when imposed from without are equally mischievous when enacted within.

We have not yet learned that restrictions upon commerce are most injurious to those who enforce them, and by continuing the same navigation acts we have compassed the very result that Great Britain failed to accomplish by war. In one century we have reduced ourselves from the position of a dreaded maritime people to a position of comparative insignificance upon the sea. At the end of a century of vigorous life and effort we remain but a province, unable to keep our own flag at the mast-head of any fleet of modern vessels.

But let us turn from this sorry picture of perverted force and ignorant striving to imitate the long since discarded methods of England, to the far more satisfactory consideration of the result of our domestic commerce and the prosperity that has ensued from its unrestricted character. It has been fortunate for us that within our own limits we possess such diversity of soil, climate, and condition as to have prevented the restrictions upon foreign commerce from producing the same bad results as the restrictive policy caused and culminated in in Great Britain in 1841. At that time "the system which was supported with the view of rendering the country independent of foreign sources of supply, and thus, it was hoped, fostering the growth of home trade, had most effectually destroyed that trade by reducing the entire population to beggary, destitution, and want. In the manufacturing districts mills and workshops were closed, and property daily depreciated in value; in the sea-ports shipping was laid up useless in the harbor; agricultural laborers were eking out a miserable existence upon starvation wages and parochial relief, and the country was brought to the verge of national and universal bankruptcy."

As we are now about to enter upon the hundredth year of our existence as a nation, this dark picture will only partially apply to those identical branches of industry which the government has especially attempted to promote by restrictive statutes. Depression rules the hour among the mills, the mines, and the iron-works; strikes prevail in the factories; bloodshed is common at the mines; but the stove-maker, the wood-worker, the tinsmith, the wagon-builder, the blacksmith, the plow-maker, the millwright, the harness-maker, and their companions are busy and tolerably well employed, and these are the ones who constitute the vast army of manufacturers who must exist in every civilized community.

It is true that the depression in a few great branches of industry more or less affects all others, but it is also true that those special branches of industry are now the most depressed that have been most protected, as it is called, by the government during the last half of the century just ending.

We have only to glance at the vast force of free and industrious manufacturers and artisans, who are to be found in every corner of our fair land, to perceive how a free

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inland commerce thrives and how true manufactures flourish in spite of and not because of the restrictive statutes.

The great centres of manufacture and of agriculture are not to be found where they are usually sought, and the true and great diversity of our industry and the extent of our commerce may be most fully realized by tracing them out. The census of 1870 gives us the data, and by it we find that the centre of manufacturing industry is in the city and county of New York, whose product of manufactures in the year 1870 exceeded $332,000,000 in value; next comes Philadelphia, $322,000,000; next, St. Louis, $158,000,000 (in 1870, since increased to $239,000,000 in 1875); and then follow Middlesex County, Massachusetts, $113,000,000; Suffolk County, Massachusetts, $112,000,000; Providence County, Rhode Island, $85,000,000; Hamilton County, Ohio, $79,000,000; Baltimore County, Maryland, $59,000,000; Essex County, New Jersey, $52,000,000; San Francisco, California, $37,000,000; and in smaller sums we find the manufacturing arts wherever cities, towns, or villages exist.

Again, in agriculture the pre-eminence is not to be found in the West, where it would usually be sought, but in the list of counties producing the largest aggregate value each in its own State we find that Pennsylvania is at the head, while others follow in the following order:

Lancaster Co., Penn.....	950 sq. miles	...	$11,815,008
St. Lawrence Co., N. Y....	2900 " "	...	9,508,071
Worcester Co., Mass.....	1500 " "	...	6,351,411
Hartford Co., Conn.....	807 " "	...	6,220,911
La Salle Co., Ill.....	1050 " "	...	5,502,502
Oakland Co., Mich.....	900 " "	...	5,154,231
Burlington Co., N. J.....	600 " "	...	4,908,839

Then follow the rest of the champion counties in agriculture, indicating as little of the commonly assumed order as to position and section as the manufacturing and mechanic arts.

The exchanges of the products of these counties and States constitute our national commerce. It has been estimated that the aggregate of values moved over our seventy thousand miles of railroad in a year is over ten thousand million dollars, and for this service and for the transportation of passengers the sum of five hundred and twenty-six million dollars was paid in the year just ended. Yet all this vast movement is but for the supply of the simplest wants, and the utter futility of attempting to regulate or direct it by statute can be fully realized when we consider that it only exists because men choose to exchange bread for boots, beef for hats, pork for clothing, timber for dwellings, or the like. Thus commerce between States differing as widely as almost any section of the earth's surface in soil, climate, and condition, also differing widely in the rate of interest, in the incidence of local taxation, and in the wages of labor, has yet called into existence our seventy thousand miles of railway, costing nearly four thousand million dollars, by means of which exchanges of goods were made last year estimated at two hundred million tons. Free commerce between the states of a great continent has induced this diversity of employment, and this establishment of manufactures in the immediate neighborhood of agriculture which assures prosperity to the mechanic, the manufacturer, and the farmer alike, while at the same time progress in the method of transportation has caused neighborhood to consist not so much in proximity as in the elimination of time. This freedom of commerce, and the division of labor that ensues from it, have led to certain results in the distribution of population which call for a passing notice. The production of the cereal crops upon which our whole prosperity now depends has ceased to be a matter of manual labor to any great extent, but is carried on by means of machines of complex character requiring few hands to tend them in proportion to their product. Had it not been for these new methods the war for the preservation of the Union would have been almost impracticable, because the million of men who were at one time in the loyal army could not have been spared without risk of famine; but in fact such had been the increased power of production and transportation that during the war, had the crops alone been considered, it would not have appeared that a single man had left his home upon the fields.

A further result has come in this, that as a less number of hands are needed in the field, a greater number may be employed in the arts, and herein is an explanation of the greater relative increase in the manufactures of the country than in the products of agriculture. This, again, has led to a far greater concentration in towns and cities. The tendency to concentration has been to some extent counteracted by the homestead and land-grant system under which the public lands have been distributed, but it is to be doubted if even this cheap land has caused any great increase in the relative number of the agricultural population; the new lands have been settled by a portion only of the immigrants from abroad, and by the farmers from the East, who have only changed their place and their method of work.

Men who have once been engaged in the arts or manufactures seldom return to the field, but the country lad does seek the town or city. It can not be doubted that this concentration in cities and towns will continue, and that population will be more and more condensed in narrow spaces, drawing their subsistence from long distances, and exchanging, in ever-increasing abundance, the comforts and luxuries which

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they produce, for the food and fuel they consume; and with this condensation will come the more pressing need of solving the method of governing and administering great cities; of draining and ventilating, and of providing for the imperative necessity of parks, play-grounds, commons, and other wide, open areas, in order that, with these vast material gains that accompany free commerce and the division of labor, there may not be a grave loss in the moral welfare and in the physical vigor of the race.

The interdependence of our States and the service which each renders to the other find most homely illustration in a subject not fitted for poetic treatment, nor likely to appeal to the imagination—*commerce in hogs.*

The great prairies of the West grow corn in such abundance that even now, with all our means of intercommunication, it can not all be used as food, and some of it is consumed as fuel.

It often happens that the farmer upon new land, remote from railroads, can get only from fifteen to twenty cents per bushel for Indian corn, at which price, while it is the best, it is also the cheapest fuel that he can have, and its use is an evidence of good economy, not of waste. Upon the fat prairie lands of the West the hog is wholesomely fed only upon corn in the milk or corn in the ear; thence he is carried to the colder climate of Massachusetts, where by the use of that one crop in which New England excels all others—ice—the meat can be packed at all seasons of the year; there it is prepared to serve as food for the workman of the North, the freedman of the South, or the artisan of Europe; while the blood, dried in a few hours to a fine powder, and sent to the cotton fields of South Carolina and Georgia to be mixed with the phosphatic rocks that underlie their coast lands, serves to produce the cotton fibre which furnishes the cheapest and fittest clothing for the larger portion of the inhabitants of the world.

Here, then, is commerce, or men serving each other on a grand scale, all developed within the century, and undreamed of by our ancestors. The vast plains of the West, enriched by countless myriads of buffalo, can spare for years to come a portion of their productive force. Commerce sets in motion her thousand wheels, food is borne to those who need it most, and they are spared the effort to obtain it on the more sterile soil of the cold North. Commerce turns that very cold to use. The refuse is saved, and commerce has discovered that its use is to clothe the naked in distant lands. Borne to the sandy but healthy soils of Georgia and South Carolina, it renovates them with the fertility thus transferred from the prairies of Illinois and Indiana, and presently there comes back to Massachusetts the cotton of the farmer, the well-saved, clean, strong, and even staple which commerce again has discovered to be worth identifying as the *farmer's*, not the planter's, crop, made by his own labor and picked by his wife and children, to whom only a few short years since such labor was ignoble, and because thus well saved worth a higher price.

Had the custom-house officer stood upon the Hudson River and said to the farmer of Illinois, "Your corn and meat must not come here, lest by your cheap labor you ruin our farmers," as the custom-house officer of the United States now says to the farmer and miner of Canada, when they try to send food and fuel to New England; had the tax-gatherer watched at the bar of the harbors of Charleston and Savannah to make the obstruction greater, lest the meat packed in New England should affect the price of the poor freedman's pigs, and lest the fertilizers made in Boston and Philadelphia should stop the phosphate works of those cities, as the custom-house officer of the United States now attempts to stop the refuse salt of foreign production, even when only needed as a manure; had the revenue official of Massachusetts stood ready to make the cotton more costly, as the custom-house officer of the United States now doubles the price of wool of Canada—this commerce could not have existed, the men of the West could not have rendered service to New England, nor they to their Southern brethren, nor they again to the people of all lands and all climes.

The century has witnessed the establishment of the culture and exchange of cotton, the extension of civilization over the prairies of the West, and the infinite and complex movements which we feebly try to grasp throughout all their ramifications, whereby the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, and the soil that has been burned over and scathed by slavery renewed and made more productive than ever before; yet one of the chief instruments in this vast benefit, by which the general struggle for life has thus been made less arduous, has been nothing but a *herd of swine.*

Turning a moment from this homely phase of progress, let us glance at another vast change. Early in the century a few small ships or barks sailed from New England, laden with muskets, beads, tobacco, and bales of red flannel, their destination the North-west coast. Upon the voyage the goods were made up into packages containing each one musket, a few yards of flannel, and a small portion of beads and tobacco, each package the price of a bale of fur skins. Arriving at their destination, the vessel was laden with the furs thus bought, and then she slowly wended her way to China, where teas, purchased at about the same ratio of profit, were taken on board,

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and, after a long period passed without being heard from, the ship returned to Boston or Salem. Under this system tea was the luxury of the few; now it is the comfort of the million. And how does it now reach the consumer? A telegram from St. Petersburg to New York or Boston calls for supplies of wheat or barley for the Russian troops on the Amoor River, the merchant in Boston or New York sends the message to San Francisco, the grain is laden upon a vessel there, the banker's credit furnished by the Russian government is transferred in a moment to China or Japan, and within a few weeks the tea of China or Japan, brought over the Pacific Railroad, is being consumed in Chicago in exchange for the wheat or barley of California, of which the rations of the Russian troops may at the same moment consist.

Were it not for the barriers that we maintain between ourselves and other nations, by which most of our manufactures are made more costly than those of other countries, orders not only for wheat and cotton and other crude products of the soil, but for the finer products of manufacturing industry, would be telegraphed for in the same manner, and we should serve the need of untold millions now almost unknown to us, receiving back that abundance of foreign comforts and luxuries of which we are in part deprived by the folly of economic superstition.

We are deprived of them under the pretense that our laborers can not afford the consumption of foreign luxuries, but that all such importations impoverish the country.

The end of all commerce is an abundant and general *consumption* not only of the necessary articles of subsistence, but of the comforts and luxuries of life; and the material prosperity of the country is to be gauged by the amount of its annual consumption more than by the magnitude of its accumulations.

The figures of the census, by which it is attempted to measure the wealth and progress of the people, are utterly fallacious if taken by themselves, the true measure of material prosperity being the amount of comfort and of luxury that the wages of workmen, relatively equal in intelligence and skill, will purchase at different dates and in different places.

A century since the man who now enjoys leisure and abundance, and whose hours of labor are not overlong, would have been forced to work the livelong day for a bare and coarse subsistence, while many of the ignorant emigrants who now swarm throughout our land would have starved had they then attempted to come into the colonies.

The great difference in the condition of the mass of the people a century since and at the present time consisted in this, that then nearly all knew how to get moderate comfort from little means, partly because the labor of that day was nearly all of a kind that stimulated intelligence; there was much drudgery, but not the routine and monotony which now mark the condition of those who do the commoner sort of work. The Irish servant of to-day can obtain for her wages better clothes and more of them, is furnished with better food and more of it, and is better and more comfortably housed than the mistress of the house a century since; and these changes have come because the division of labor, the extension of commerce, and the improvements in means of transport have brought distant places near, and have increased production. The workman in the iron furnace, the weaver in the mill, the man who tends the machine in the boot factory, earns higher wages and may be able to live far better than the blacksmith, the cobbler, or the carpenter of old time. But he earns his subsistence in a far different way, and the abundance that he may enjoy may not be an unalloyed benefit. Why is not the man or woman of to-day who performs the drudgery of the world equal in thrift and intelligence to those who once did the work which they now do?

The reason is not difficult to find. The cobbler then used his brain as well as his lapstone; the blacksmith was an artisan, a leader in the church choir, and a chief speaker in town-meetings; the carpenter of that day was a craftsman; with poor tools, unaided by machinery, he was compelled to hew out his dwelling-place, and he built it firmly and well; the house and the man were built up together, and each was strong and true.

The housewife spun and wove the very cloth in which the family was clad, and as the web was woven, thrift and intelligence made part of the warp and woof. Each man and woman was the "builder of a brain" as well as of a home, and there could be no comfortable subsistence without true manhood and true womanhood.

Commerce has changed these conditions, and we are now at one of the half-way places. The same labor and the same intelligence that then gave but a subsistence, gained with arduous toil, but with much mental vigor, will now suffice to procure an ample competence and exemption from toil. The craftsman of the old time is the master of to-day, the housewife has become the mistress of a mansion; but the toiler of to-day is not the equal of the toiler of old time, and he could not then have subsisted at all. Commerce, invention, and the division of labor have increased abundance, but have also, to a considerable extent, separated the functions of those who work with the head from those who work with the hand; they have raised a large portion of

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the community to a higher plane of comfort and luxury than could have been even dreamed of a century since, and in so doing have made a place and created occupations for those who could not then have existed at all in regions or countries which now have a dense population; but these occupations are of a new kind, and many of the methods by which this comfort and abundance are obtained tend to deaden the intelligence and to promote a merely animal existence. May it not be that one of the causes of the uneasiness of those who toil, and who constitute the laboring classes of some sections, comes from the monotony of their work rather than from the want of material comfort? Man can not live by bread alone, and ten or eleven hours a day spent in watching a machine, while they may yield more bread and meat than the hand spinner and weaver of a century since ever earned, may yet be devoid of that use of the mental faculties that alone makes existence tolerable.

Where the operation of the machine tends to relieve the operative of all thought, the man or woman who tends it risks becoming a machine, well oiled and cared for, but incapable of independent life. The culture of the past was more diffused, but it was obtained by means of the very toil that was needed to gain subsistence, because the work itself called upon all the faculties, and was not a matter of routine; the culture and refinements of to-day come from leisure and opportunity more than from the development of men in the necessary work of their lives. May it not be possible that one of the causes of the great demand which exists for bad and sensational books and for exciting amusements comes from the dreary monotony of many of the necessary occupations of men and women, and that one of the most essential developments of commerce or of mutual service in the future will be in the direction of more ample provision for wholesome amusements? As has been well said by an eminent and truly orthodox divine, "Amusement is a force in Christian life;" and unless this need is well served by the saints, we may be very sure that it will be ill served by those whose title is not saintly. How to provide cheap and wholesome amusements for those who toil is one of the great problems of commerce which must be solved.

We have said that much of the necessary work of the laboring people fails to develop character. In a higher walk of life, even the merchants of former days, though their ventures were small, their vessels of but few tons, and though their gains would only have been those of the small shop-keepers of the present time, yet seem to have been men of a larger type and of finer mould than the great tradesmen of our time. The merchant's work then called for foresight, energy, and a wide comprehension; but steam and the telegraph are great levelers, and the success of the merchant of to-day depends more on routine, method, and capital.

The grander men of this time, who would once have been great merchants, are now the builders of railroads and great works, the tool-makers and the machine-builders, the masters of the arts of all kinds.

On the other hand, the theory of Malthus that population gained faster than the means of subsistence, and that men must die of war, pestilence, and famine in an ever-increasing ratio, finds as yet no warrant in the experience of men. Commerce has eliminated time and distance, while invention and discovery have yielded greater and greater abundance for each given portion of time devoted to the work of procuring subsistence; and the one great fact which especially indicates the progress of commerce in the century just ending is this, that more men may now live, and need not die, on any given area in the civilized world than was possible a century since. This is as true of parts of our own country as it is of other countries.

The "progressive desire" which distinguishes men from brutes has been met by ever-increasing power of satisfaction. But it is not sufficient to have achieved only the means of living: life must be made worth living to each and all.

We have said that the nation is at one of the half-way points: division of labor and the extension of commerce have increased the supply of all that men need for subsistence, while altering the conditions of much of the work, so that it has become monotonous drudgery. On the other hand, the uses that have been found for refuse and offensive substances have led to inventions that have removed the degrading conditions from many kinds of necessary labor.

If we consider society as a pyramid, the constant rising of the apex has opened the way for a broader and firmer base of useful employment, and it can not be questioned that the constant tendency is toward a steady reduction of the necessary hours of labor, and a constant increase of the opportunity for mental stimulus in the hours of leisure; hence, as the labor of production becomes more and more a matter of machinery and apparatus rather than of individual exertion of brain and muscle, the capability for enjoyment which all covet but few attain will surely come for the mass of men, but it must come from culture and education outside their work, and not in the work itself. Hence it follows that the need of our time is not so much the promotion of greater abundance of material things, because the abundance exists even at this very moment to the extent of plethora, but the removal of the obstacles which exist in the

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form of meddlesome statutes and constant attempts to hinder, by restrictive methods, that free exchange by which alone can even abundance be made a blessing.

It is a fact not to be gainsaid, that even at this moment the only conditions requisite to a comfortable subsistence for man or woman in this country are prudence, intelligence, health, and integrity. The question is not one of the supply of the things needed, but of the method of obtaining them; and yet our ever-increasing wealth is accompanied by increasing poverty; the attempt to protect, foster, and promote certain specified branches of industry by restricting exchange has enervated and emasculated those to whom the artificial stimulus has been given, and has obstructed the progress of those whose occupations could not from their very nature be included in the attempt to protect.

Added to these removable causes of harm we have another more subtle and vicious cause of a false and unjust distribution of the abundance of material things that we produce. We shall enter upon our second century of life as a nation under the curse of bad money. The most essential tool of our trade, the medium by which all the exchanges that constitute our commerce are made, is the dishonored promise of the nation. Issued under the stress of war, it continues to inflict the curse of war long after peace and plenty have become assured. Of it may be said, as was said of the legal-tender paper money of the Revolution, that it has polluted the equity of our laws, and turned them into engines of oppression and wrong; that it has corrupted the justice of our public administration; that it has enervated the trade, husbandry, and manufactures of our country; that it has gone far to destroy the morality of our people; and that it has done more injustice than the arms and artifices of the enemies of the Union for whose subjugation it was issued.

Thus does it appear that the century just ending, the first of the strictly commercial age, has been marked by greatly increased power over the productive forces of nature, and that the promises of the future material welfare of the nation are grand indeed. What we now need is greater liberty and a broader education, with instruction in what constitutes the true use of leisure, in order that there may not be the shadow of truth in the charge sometimes made that for a large portion of the community leisure is now but another name for license.

The legal obstructions to our true prosperity are maintained by the influence of the rich, and not of the poor; not willfully in the face of better knowledge, but because they are still misled as to the true function of commerce. We have provided well for the common education of the poor, and that provision is now our salvation. When we shall have as fitly provided for the higher education of the rich, when we shall have reversed the old order, and it shall be the conviction of every man born to fortune that only the idle man is ignoble, then will the merchant, the tradesman, and the manufacturer fill their true places in the order of events. Then will come the time when peace and good-will may reign among the nations of the earth, and when by means of free commerce there shall be for the millions yet unborn not only material comfort and welfare, but the opportunity fully enjoyed for general culture and refinement, coupled with mental and spiritual progress never yet attained.

BOSTON, MASS. EDWARD ATKINSON.

A PALACE OF COBWEB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SACK OF GOLD."

"I DOUBT if you ever marry at all," said Mrs. Ashby.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, my dear; and I have done my best for you."

"How kind of you! Consider me a *mauvais sujet*."

"When I say that you may never marry, I do not mean for lack of opportunity, and the most brilliantly attractive women sometimes remain single. Depend upon it, there is no more thankless task than that of the married woman who attempts to establish others as happily as herself."

"Every one can not find an Edward," said the girl at the window.

"I would not sneer, Elisabeth; it does not become you," responded the little matron, with dignity. "I have brought up whole platoons of eligible men for your inspection, but you would none of them."

"Did it ever occur to you that this very apparent marshaling of forces might be repulsive at the outset?" asked Elisabeth, composedly.

It was Mrs. Ashby's turn to flush now. What! were her tact and address in such delicate matters of diplomacy to be doubted?

"I have done my best. When youth, beauty, and wealth come together, it is natural to endeavor to forge the chain, for cold and lonely old age succeeds only too soon."

The girl came swiftly to the arm-chair, and gathered the little woman in her embrace. "Oh, my wee Queen Mab, do not bother your pretty head about such things. You secured the adorable Edward, and that is enough. Why try to manage the world?"

"I give you up," said Mab, smiling. "After all, I shall have the more of your society as an old maid; only promise me, dear, not to discover a vocation, not to take to charity schools and poodle dogs in a violent form." Thus Mab, bending over the sheet, tracing a delicate vine tendril in the water-color

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sketch before her, at the same time shot a tiny feathered arrow, venom-tipped. "Perhaps I can manage *you*, my lady. If I have not put you on your mettle for the evening, I am mistaken," she thought, while her downcast face revealed nothing of her meditation. "I have sometimes fancied—" began Mab, searching among the rainbow tints of her porcelain pallet for a fresh color.

"What have you fancied?"

"That you were already in love with somebody. Am I right?" she demanded, with a pouncing eagerness.

Elisabeth's eyes sought the carpet; a deep flush suffused her cheek; her fingers twined nervously in the links of a gold chain at her waist. "Perhaps," she said, irresolutely.

Mab's face grew hard, and she was very quiet as she continued her work. The girl hesitated as if on the verge of confidence, then moved away, a stately figure with flowing draperies.

Nature wore her most dazzling smile of beauty that day. The Ashby cottage, with its gables, pointed roof, bay-windows, and balconies, was only separated from a miniature beach by a slope of lawn, and beyond harbor extended to open Sound, one sheet of deep amethyst-blue to blend with the clear sky. Here was none of the purple haze of Mediterranean days, but the crisp, sparkling purity of the capricious American climate seen at its best. The mistress of the house had only to glance through the open windows to watch the steamers plodding past and the white sails skimming before the breeze, or, if wearied of the familiar prospect, to rest contented with a charming interior of neutral hues and muslin draperies, cool-tinted walls relieved by exquisite pictures, and flowers blooming every where to add the requisite color tone. She observed none of these things. A sob rose in her throat and choked her. She poised her brush over the branch of blossoms, labor of many a patient hour, and hurled it at the sheet, obliterating delicate grace with an unsightly blot. It was a very pretty exhibition of pure temper; but then Queen Mab had her trials which blinded her to the golden frame of her existence.

"These big, clumsy girls!" she said, with blazing eyes, as she tore up the ruined sketch, showering the fragments on the hearth.

This ebullition of wrath did her all the good in the world—it made her ashamed of herself and restored equilibrium.

"I will never give up," she soliloquized, setting her small white teeth firmly together; "they shall all tread the path of my choice. I am a spider—such an ugly little spider—and I will force my friends to tarry prisoners in my palace of cobweb. Arachne has many fellows in the human race, after all. Do we not use our wits on the other insects, and do we not spin our webs to catch our prey? And I must entangle a butterfly, that's Elisabeth; a blue-bottle, that's Edward; and a wasp—Huntly Sprague. Oh, what a fool I was to bring the girl here!" She shook a very tiny fist menacingly, and tripped away to the library, where her husband, the adorable Edward, was sorting fishing tackle.

A very handsome man, the adorable Edward, with regular features, fine eyes, and a yellow mustache drooping over a sensitive mouth. A gentleman of leisure, who only just escaped being *bonhomme* by reason of a good mind and some pet literary theories, as we shall presently see. Mab perched herself on the table, looking like a rose leaf that had drifted in from the garden on the summer breeze, and watched him pensively. "A penny for your thoughts, little woman."

"I am thinking what a stupid old dear you are."

"Thanks, my charmer."

"Besides, there is Elisabeth."

"Yes, I doubt but she will prove too many for you," said the husband, adjusting a hook. "Why not leave the girl alone? Here's a telegram from Huntly Sprague; the *Lurline* may be up to-night."

"You like Huntly Sprague?" She was looking at him steadily.

Edward shrugged his shoulders. "A good fellow enough, only we were very comfortable without him, to my fancy. Women are never satisfied to be quiet and alone."

Mab swung one satin-shod foot negligently, and made no response.

In the mean while Elisabeth Wayne had gone to her chamber with the distinct intention of fathoming that mysterious gulf, self, for the first time in her life. Passing the mirror, her attention was attracted to herself with a sudden horror. She plucked a gray hair from her abundant black tresses, and sat down, sick at heart, twining the harbinger of age about her finger. She was growing old, then—perhaps was sneered at already as a *passé* beauty. What did it matter? She would join Miss Orne in the project of founding a school for poor needlewomen at once—redeem her wretched life by one act of good. The gray hair brought a terrible reaction of humility; it was a conscience before which handsome Elisabeth abased herself with needless severity for all her wasted years. She despised herself for her vanity and coquetry, and she was in no mood to meet this Huntly Sprague, a man literally hunted by match-making society.

When one is fourteen years of age, awkward, shy, and painfully conscious of the shabbiness of one's gown, one does not forget easily a young man blessed with the reverse of these qualities, especially if he be

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associated with ridicule. Elisabeth was sure she must have looked like a sort of Tilly Slowboy in that nursery where she was permitted to take care of her more prosperous little cousin, Franklin Wayne, then a purple-faced, surly baby. How plainly she could trace the pattern of the nursery carpet even now, and as for the shabby gown, none of the rich fabrics worn by her in these days could ever efface *that* from her memory. She was singing to the rebellious Franklin, weaving together strains of melody after her own fancy, as she often did almost unconsciously. She sang because she could not help it, sometimes with rapture and exaltation to herself. The quality of her tones did not concern her.

A young man peeped in the nursery door, jaunty, *insouciant*, and curious—in a word, a college Sophomore.

"Who sings here?"

The nurse-maid turned red and pale. "I do," she stammered.

"It never can be *you!*"

Tilly Slowboy rose to her feet, her tongue refusing further utterance in the presence of this merry, well-dressed young gentleman, who turned away, laughing boisterously. She did not discover that she was holding the baby upside down, in her confusion, until a gurgling sound from the afflicted infant warned her of the danger of apoplexy. The laughter stung Elisabeth to the quick. It was all very well for Huntly Sprague to laugh, born with a golden spoon, the inheritor of millions, while she was mean and poor and neglected. The merriment of the student might have been forgotten long ago, had it not been associated with a dreary period in Elisabeth's life, when she was cast on the world by the death of her parents, to find a place in her aunt's nursery. Since then times had changed; old John Wayne, most cynical of bachelors, adopted the orphan niece, swept her away to a dingy house full of massive plate and quaint china, educated her after his own fancy, and on this stalk of crabbed system bloomed the magnificent blossom of maidenhood, full, luxuriant, and unexpected. Old John Wayne exhorted his young heiress at his best: "Beware of fortune-hunters; never let your own vanity blind you to motive in your fellow-creatures. A fig for beauty! gold attracts more suitors any day." This was the frost doubt that nipped the bud.

Charming heiress, in whom the embryo Tilly Slowboy was no longer recognizable, scanned her world critically, and being endowed by nature with the flexible weapon of coquetry, measured while never lowering her lance. She had come so very near loving several men, believing in their devotion, when old John Wayne seemed to rise from his grave with gesture of warning.

As for Huntly Sprague, she often met him in society, herself a masquerader. He knew nothing of John Wayne or his legacy; years of travel had erased all the trivial incidents of home life. She detested the very thought of him, self-satisfied millionaire, who could laugh at a poor young nurse-maid because she was shabby and poor. Let the match-makers hunt him—a man brutal and cruel beneath the surface! Why could not Mab have left her Elysium undisturbed?

Gray-haired *passé* beauties always have recourse to art. Miss Elisabeth's maid must display many dresses before a suitable one could be chosen, and the coiffure must be especially elaborate. Queen Mab's little arrow still rankled; she had put the girl on her mettle for the evening, as she predicted.

The *Lurline* was coming up the harbor—daintiest of yachts—and a man on her deck swept the distant cottage with his glass. Elisabeth sat on the balcony outside her window, two white arms folded negligently on the parapet, her eyes dwelling on the distance dreamily. A gorgeous portrait framed in the telescope thus unexpectedly, the lustrous black of hair and eyes contrasting vividly with the creamy brunette tints, which merged softly into the golden carmine hue of robe, and the pink flush of opals clasping wrist and throat.

"I had no idea of her beauty; these brunettes are so variable. She knows how to pose well, too. I suppose Mrs. Ashby—good little soul—has invited me here to meet her; but I don't think I am quite prepared to fall into the toils of the goddess just yet."

Huntly Sprague lowered his glass, with a curious smile, and lighted a cigar. Knew his own value? Perfectly well, and it was through no fault of the *beau monde* if he did not. In early youth Huntly Sprague had served an apprenticeship curiously like that of Elisabeth Wayne. The grandmother, shrewd, parsimonious, and worldly-wise, from whom he had inherited his millions, had early inculcated the principles of old John Wayne, only reversing the sex. Huntly's lesson read, "Beware of artful girls and intriguing mammas, who would make you the tool of their extravagance." Having escaped the whirlpools of school-girl sweethearts in college days, the young man had very readily assimilated the lesson by reason of a mocking, satirical vein, and now in his maturity he was less than ever disposed to barter away freedom.

"I can't do nothing with the Portagee, Sir. I think he ain't quite right in his head," said the steward.

"Dismiss him if you like," replied the master.

Pedro came cringing to his side—a short, broad-shouldered lad, sallow and sinister of expression.

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"Stay for the cruise," he implored. "Me be good; no understand."

"No more of your tricks, then, and you shall be put ashore when we return to New York."

A small white form waited on the lawn; the radiant opalescent figure was not there. To the subtle thrill of vanity which lured Elisabeth to pose on the balcony succeeded swift disgust. She was at her old pranks again. That gray hair! When the *Lurline* had dropped anchor, Mab sought her guest. Elisabeth lay on her couch in a wrapper reading a novel, the raven tresses hanging down on her shoulders.

"Not precisely ill, dear," she said, airily, turning a page of her book; "only dull and uninteresting; a drag on the spirits of any dinner-table."

"I could shake you," said Mab, passionately.

Elisabeth laughed provokingly.

Queen Mab's tiny hand, ivory-white, and tipped with rose, lay on Huntly's broad palm; he raised it to his lips gallantly.

"I hope the Sybarite is prepared for rustic simplicity," said the hostess, as serenely as if exasperating Elisabeth were not in *négligé*.

"I am prepared for fairy-land where you preside." Mab studied the grass a moment, then raised her eyes ingenuously to his face.

"I have half a mind to take you into my confidence," she whispered, with the prettiest air of mystery. "I have invited a young lady to assist me in entertaining you."

"Only one?" queried Huntly, elevating his eyebrows.

"Of course you think I have designs on you, monsieur. Aha! you look guilty at the suggestion. I make my confession: I invited here the only girl I ever knew who was worthy of you, but I am convinced you will both play at odds. I expect nothing better. She has opened the ball already by indisposition."

Huntly Sprague was as nearly surprised as it was possible for feminine vagaries to move him. Elisabeth Wayne had been on the balcony fifteen minutes ago.

"Is it a sudden indisposition?" he inquired, gravely. "You have not told me who she is. A sister just like yourself, I trust."

"My dear soul, you do not suppose that I am to be caught with that sort of chaff at my age, do you? Edward drove down to the pier, in case you landed there."

Some art may be veiled under great apparent frankness. Huntly Sprague studied the little woman in gauzy draperies at his side as they walked slowly up to the house.

Cords could not have bound Elisabeth to her couch; she was peeping through the shutter at the new arrival with pitiless scrutiny. He was growing stout; Heavens! his black hair was profusely threaded with gray; and she was sure his nose was longer than it used to be, imparting a Hebrew character to his physiognomy. Perhaps his gold came from Hebrew ancestors, who knows?

Dinner was only saved from complete failure by the good-humored zeal of Huntly Sprague, who assumed his *rôle* with such easy tact that he seemed always to have occupied it. Edward chafed at Elisabeth's absence, and persisted in sending various delicacies up stairs to tempt her appetite. Her whims did not concern Huntly Sprague in the least, but he could not help wondering how she would look seated opposite, beneath the soft light of wax tapers, as if she had risen from the desert mirage, the tropical glow lingering about her raiment. After dinner, the balmy evening on the lawn, with the moon silvering the calm waters of the harbor, where the *Lurline* dipped and swayed, and Huntly Sprague, lounging beside his hostess, talked such sentiment as the night evoked. A little boat, curved like a shell, darted swiftly from the beach below, and entered the silver track which formed a pathway from the *Lurline* to the shore. There were laughter and merry voices in the boat, chiefly a woman's musical tones. Mab's brow contracted. It was Elisabeth, rowed by Edward, and the two were enjoying the exploit.

"Oh, how I wish that I was dead!" was the despairing cry of a soul, while rosy lips still prattled with Huntly Sprague.

Presently Elisabeth came gliding over the lawn. "We have been admiring your yacht, Mr. Sprague." She held out her hand indifferently.

"I hope you will try the little craft tomorrow. Yachting suits my mood; it is the nearest approach to human happiness we poor mortals can enjoy: a desultory drifting into harbor, and seeking other shores when weary. The power of personal volition is enjoyed independent of all circumstance."

He peered at the girl in the moonlight. She was pale, languid, inert, with some indistinguishable gray drapery clinging about her. Elisabeth's soul was doing penance in mortifying the flesh.

"A nice temper, I will lay two to one," he reflected.

"Have you had a pleasant trip, dear?" inquired Mab, in the meekest of voices, as Edward joined them.

"Capital. I lured Elisabeth out," replied Edward, triumphantly, his glance wandering to the figure on the rustic seat.

"Edward is so good as to understand me," said Elisabeth, in a low tone.

Four commonplace persons gathered on a moon-lit lawn, belonging wholly to our day, and seen without the softening halo of years, yet each a separate sphere of individuality zealously guarding secret thought. Huntly

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Sprague lighted a cigarette and formed a resolution.

"Will you dance, Miss Elisabeth?"

"No; I am too old to dance in warm weather."

"Delightful. So am I, and I have not met with such a sensible young lady for an age. Let us select a place out here and forget the world."

"Mab will lose us."

"And if she does? Would you not trust to my protection for that walk home under the trees?"

"Provided a more charming woman did not interfere and divert you," she flashed back, with her most dazzling smile.

They were seated in a sheltered corner of the wide hotel piazza, watching the dancers, who moved like the changing colors of a kaleidoscope, seen through the windows, and Huntly Sprague was leaning over Elisabeth's chair, toying with her fan. A week had elapsed, and still the *Lurline* rocked idly in the harbor. He had acted on his resolution with a vengeance by following Elisabeth like a shadow, tempting smiles, insisting on sharing the ladies' amusements in all things. The sight might have brought old John Wayne from his grave, only that Huntly was rich. What did it mean? Queen Mab was radiant; Edward moody.

"Miss Elisabeth, we are friends?" coaxingly.

"I hope so," she answered, demurely.

"When will you sing for me?"

"Possibly never."

None so blind as those who will not see: Mab sailed home, unable to discover her guests. "I would not do it often; the ruse is very transparent, but it will serve for once," she reflected.

Time flew. The revelry broke up. The couple in the corner were amazed to find it twelve o'clock. A drop of rain fell on Elisabeth's bare neck as they entered the path under the trees. She refused his proffered arm coolly: she must gather up her dress. A flash of lightning blinded them, followed by a sharp peal of thunder directly overhead, and a rending crash of falling branches. Huntly sprang aside, drawing his companion with him.

"It's only a bit of broken wood," he said, calmly.

Elisabeth's hand touched his face in the darkness; her breath fanned his cheek. "Are you hurt?" she whispered, clinging to him.

He kissed the soft palm impulsively.

"We must run to the house; the storm is coming," she said.

He overtook her in the path. "Don't elude me in that fashion. Elisabeth, what brought me to this place?" he demanded, abruptly.

"The tide, I suppose."

"You ridicule every thing I say. Never mind: I rather like your badinage. I must call it the tide of destiny, since I found you."

"Say rather the urgent invitation of one of the silliest little women of your acquaintance. I presume even you enjoy adulation —*n'est ce pas?*"

"Has romance died out of the world?"

"I think so—and here is my muslin as limp as a rag."

In the dining-room he made her drink a glass of wine, although her cheeks already glowed, and her eyes were wonderfully bright. The rain dashed against the pane.

"Romance has died out of the world, but I would have braved the storm gladly with you under the trees," he whispered.

"Measure a thousand times, and cut once," responded Elisabeth, archly.

"Heavens! that was my grandmother's favorite maxim."

"And my uncle's."

"I was reared upon it."

"*Moi aussi.*" Elisabeth gave him her hand frankly at last. "If that was your training, I am sorry for you," she said, gravely.

"I see clearly now why I came," holding the hand firmly, and looking at her.

"On the contrary, you are a long way from the solution," withdrawing her fingers coldly.

Queen Mab was playing "Village Swallows" by way of discreet invitation to the parlor when the *tête-à-tête* should have ended. Edward was trying to discern outward objects through the darkness. Mab beamed a bright greeting; it was so stupid in her to have missed them. Huntly Sprague felt a thrill of doubt and alarm. Had he gone too far in the tilt of arms with Elisabeth? Slumber did not visit the four occupants of the cottage that night.

Edward Ashby had married the prettiest maiden he ever saw, when she was seventeen and he twenty-one. It had been a runaway match of the romantic order in addition. In all these succeeding ten years the little wife had very cleverly kept pace with the situation. It was her pride and delight to make herself so necessary to the comfort of her lord in a thousand unobtrusive ways that he would find himself utterly helpless without her. Time and her own good sense naturally gave a practical turn to marital affection, but while Queen Mab rested secure on this most durable foundation, Edward held the sentimental portion of his nature aloof from her. Living among his books, as ample leisure allowed, he became so far imbued with the influence of great minds as to believe he could imitate them. Poverty would have made him an author, a genius. Now he might only wield the pen in a *dilettante* fashion. The most well-bred woman may be bored with her

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husband's writings; Mab was bored, and Edward did not forgive her. Adroit as she fancied herself to be, she committed the fatal error of wounding his self-love in a vulnerable point. Edward believed in his own ability, and wished his wife to believe in him.

Failing that, he turned for sympathy elsewhere, feeling himself unappreciated. The sympathy came in a very dangerous form: Elisabeth Wayne, envious of the domestic peace of these two, weary of society, seen at her best in the quiet cottage, and unconsciously investing her intercourse with Edward with that caressing softness of tone and manner which she would have practiced on the groom, in lieu of better material, from sheer force of habit. Edward was inthralled. Tom Hood sang, as the refrain to all possible slights, "I'm not a single man;" hence the double fascination of Elisabeth's smiles.

"I have caught my blue-bottle," thought Mab, as her head pressed the pillow. "You may struggle and buzz, my dear Edward, but you are already a prisoner in my palace of cobweb. Oh, the vanity of man, to suppose that a girl would have any eyes for him after Huntly Sprague came!"

The latter sat late at his window; he seldom retired before two o'clock. The rain had ceased, perfumes floated from the flower beds below, the sea moaned, and the *Lurline* lay in shadow. Somehow the yacht had become a part of his life, a fate to bear him where he should be, and carry him swiftly away from danger. He would leave to-morrow: Queen Mab must fight her own battle alone.

"I should like to punish the girl for the mischief she is doing, though. If ever I marry, it will be when I find a wild flower that has bloomed in seclusion for me alone, not one of these full-blown roses which have yielded fragrance to hosts of men."

Elisabeth was addressing her image in the mirror mockingly. "Very well done, Tilly Slowboy. Mind that you are not hoodwinked by the flattery lavished on every woman. Huntly Sprague can no more help a delicate *empressement*, a beseeching tenderness of manner, than he can cease to breathe. He follows you about, Elisabeth, because you pique him by indifference."

Then she cast herself on her knees in wild abandon. "I would give any thing in the world in exchange for his love, to be the centre of his life."

Next day the two ladies stood on the deck of the *Lurline* in the most natty of yachting costumes. A light breeze filled the sails, the waves curled in crisp foam in their wake, glorious sunshine sparkled over sea and land.

"Let us not return until we have made the tour of the world," cried Elisabeth.

"You are my prisoners for at least four days," said Huntly, lightly.

What of his resolution to quit his friends this morning? The weather had tempted him to abandon it in favor of a cruise with the ladies. Besides, it was absurd to run away and leave a poor little woman in the lurch. At the dainty lunch in the luxurious cabin Elisabeth was observed to grow pale and silent. Nothing ailed her; she was tired. Pedro stood opposite, and in glancing at the sallow face Elisabeth had caught an expression, fleeting, sudden, menacing. Pedro was gazing with hatred at his master. Vague fear sickened her.

The steward, wiry, solemn, and unimpressionable, fell a victim to Elisabeth's wiles that afternoon. He was observed whispering behind his hand to the young lady, who smiled affably.

"If he is an ill-tempered boy, you must watch him. The race is treacherous," she said, confidentially.

Night found them sheltered in a little cove, fashioned by nature to hold such pleasure craft. Crystal clear water lapped gently against a miniature breakwater, and reflected the stars in ripples of broken gold.

"The night would be perfect if Elisabeth would sing," suggested Edward.

No, Elisabeth would not sing.

"A woman's voice is our nearest approach to the heavenly choirs, I believe," said Huntly, musingly. "I have followed every great singer in the world. Perhaps my first incentive to such worship was the lullaby of a little nurse-maid, heard when I was a lad. By-the-bye, Miss Elisabeth, if Mrs. Christopher Wayne was your aunt, my *diva* was enshrined in her nursery."

"Yes — my aunt. The nurse-maid was some Tilly Slowboy, I suppose," said Elisabeth, quietly.

"Hardly that. Shy and awkward, but with such sweetness of tone! it thrilled even a careless boy to listen. I laughed immoderately too. You should have seen the baby!"

"You laughed at the girl," said Elisabeth, languidly.

"No, I did not. Permit me to say I was not such a brute even at nineteen. The baby looked like an alderman after dinner."

"May I sing for you?" asked Elisabeth, suddenly, looking into his eyes.

Mab averted her head to conceal a smile. Huntly moved uneasily; he wished he had left that morning. Then Elisabeth sang, her voice rising pure and sweet on the still air as she wove strains together after her own fancy, sombre, light, sad, and gay, while her lips framed words about the Lurlei maid, then melted into silence again. She was leaning over the bulwark. Huntly rose abruptly and went forward.

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"You sang my verses. Oh, Elisabeth, that was kind!" murmured Edward. "You are my Lurlei maid."

"Poetical license," she retorted.

"No, I have never known but one."

Elisabeth shrank away from him with sudden fear. All her world was out of joint. She joined Huntly, who was watching her sternly.

"How unreal life must become, floating on summer seas like this!" she said.

"Unfortunately, we carry our natures with us," he replied, half irritably.

He was slipping out of his groove of action, and did not feel sure of the ground.

"I should like to land."

"Complimentary! In four days, mademoiselle."

"Your tone is strange: have I done any thing wrong?"

The pure face was raised to his in the twilight; he had only to stoop and touch the tremulous scarlet lips. How many men had already kissed her?

"Measure a thousand times, and cut once," quoted Huntly Sprague, his eyes growing steely cold.

Fortunately the *Swallow* had sought the same sheltering inlet. Who so glad to see fellow-yachtsmen as Elisabeth? She must visit the other yacht, and praise its beauty. Of course they would lunch with Mr. Maynard.

"Let us race to the buoy. I pledge my locket as a prize," she said, gayly.

"Will you forgive me for my untimely jest?" inquired Huntly, as he assisted Elisabeth on board the *Lurline* once more.

"Never!" How the large eyes flashed and the thin nostril quivered!

The contestants weighed anchor, the *Swallow* gaining the lead, until, as they rounded the breakwater, sails filled in the welcome breeze, and the two vessels danced over the waters almost abreast. In the excitement of this child's play Mab held her breath, Elisabeth's color deepened, and even the solemn steward exhibited a high degree of nervousness.

"Why can't we go straight ahead?" demanded Mab, impatiently clapping her hands as the *Lurline* tacked.

"Once more, and the buoy is reached!" cried Edward.

The *Swallow* seemed to flutter white wings in defiance preparatory to darting ahead and rounding the goal. Then a cheer rent the air, and the race was over. Elisabeth presented her locket gracefully. No one could doubt her delight in the *Swallow's* victory.

Mab slept. Elisabeth was aroused to intense wakefulness by a sudden presentiment of danger. Was it nightmare? Her heart was throbbing wildly; her hands were icy cold. She sat up, and gazed silently into the outer cabin, where a lamp swung. The boy Pedro glided along the wall like a shadow. To snatch a cloak and follow him was her immediate impulse.

The *Lurline* rode at anchor; the deck was deserted. Stay! Huntly Sprague was leaning over the railing, smoking, and the boy was creeping noiselessly behind him. The sight froze the blood in the woman's veins. She opened her lips, and was voiceless; a faintness stole over her. She alone was awake to warn the man who would never love her. Well, thank God, it was her privilege. Elisabeth was no coward, and she did nothing by halves.

"Save yourself!" she cried at last, recklessly grasping Pedro with all her feeble strength.

The boy turned on her, and, in frantic haste to escape, hurled her overboard. The dark waters surged above her head, and then all was night. When she again opened her eyes she was lying in the cabin, with Queen Mab cooing over her.

"Huntly Sprague is dying to speak with you. I can scarcely keep him from storming the door."

"Mab, I wish to go home this very hour. We can land and take the train. If you are human, come with me, and keep these men out of my sight. What has become of Pedro?" with a shudder.

"He escaped in the small boat while every one was splashing overboard after you. What a fright you gave us!"

"A fright that saved murder possibly. I am going home."

And she went, evading gratitude with the check, "I only did my duty."

Left on board the yacht, the two gentlemen could not reunite the thread of daily interest, broken so unexpectedly. The steward worked himself into a white heat of anger.

"That Portagee! The young lady watched him from the first, and begged me to watch him too. She might ha' got drowned for her pains." And the master did not rebuke him.

Two months later Huntly Sprague stood in the sombre parlors of old John Wayne's house, his manner a trifle excited, his glance wandering impatiently to the door, which presently admitted radiant Elisabeth, in mellow golden carmine robe, opals clasping neck and wrist. "Measure a thousand times, and cut once," he said, taking both her hands, and stooping to kiss her.

Summer birds had fled before chilling autumn. Queen Mab sat beside a blazing wood fire in the cottage drawing-room, with two little scarlet slippers on a footstool. Edward drew a chair beside her.

"You have been very cross and cold this summer," he said, with a glance in which remorse and reproach were blended.

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"That means I have left him to write his own letters, sweeten his own coffee, and fill his own pipes," mentally added the little wife. "Let us begin over again, then," she said aloud, patting his hand softly. "Elisabeth and Huntly are to be married, after all."

"Well, he is a good fellow, and Elisabeth would be the most charming girl in the world if she possessed a trifle less vanity."

Queen Mab gazed into the depths of the fire.

"My wasp and butterfly have escaped," she reflected, "but the blue-bottle must always dwell in the palace of cobweb. Catch me ever inviting a handsome girl to visit me in the country again!"

MISS ANGEL.

By ANNE THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTERWARD.

ONE by one the spectators of this strange little tragedy took their leave, as spectators do. The play being over, they returned to their own interests. All that evening Angel and her father sat by the fire in the studio, silent, but not unmindful of each other's presence. Little Rosa was quietly playing in a corner alone. Angel held her father's horned old hand in her soft fingers.

They had had a long talk together; she had been quite open to him and without disguise.

Those well-meant deceits, those agonizing suppressions, by which people try to save others from pain—are they worth the grief they occasion? Very often the sense of confidence and security far outbalances any pain of frankness and even of condemnation expressed.

A father does not utterly resent any misfortune, however greatly to be deplored, by which his daughter is doomed to remain at his side. John Joseph held the pretty hand, with its pointed fingers, and looked at it with fatherly eyes.

"This is a painter's hand," he said, with a kind little caressing tap. "Where is thy cameo ring, Angelica, that the Lady Embassadress gave thee?"

"How can I tell you where it is?" said Angel, with a sudden burst of feeling. "De Horn took it away; he did not give it back to me. How can I tell you where he is? How shall I ever know where he is again?"

The old man knew not what to say to comfort her; he could only mutely caress the poor little trembling hand.

Angelica felt that the truth had now been owned. Now there was no longer any thing to conceal, and any truth faithfully faced is strength in itself.

She told herself, and she told the old man simply, that her life was spoiled, that she could not feel that vows spoken with all sincerity and seriousness were broken because circumstances had changed. She regretted it all, but there could be no change.

"If I had not been sincere in my feeling for that man, what excuse should I have had, father?" said she. "The feeling came to me suddenly; but it was no imagination. While he lives I shall ever feel bound to him. What excuse had I but my sincerity?"

It was in vain old Kauffman expostulated. Angelica shook her head sadly.

After this Angel fell into a strange, indescribable state of morbid despair. Her nobler nature was no longer called upon to act; her commonplace, every-day self failed to endure the daily pricks and the stings of pity, of officious sympathy, and half-concealed curiosity—she knew not how to bear it all.

If she had not prayed with all her heart for direction, she once said to herself, she could have better borne to be disgraced, to be ashamed of her actions, to be *branded*—so it seemed to her—for life. And yet she had only prayed to be helped to do right. She had not asked to be spared suffering. Her prayer had not been so fruitless as she imagined. That for which they all blamed and pitied her, for which she blamed herself, reflecting the minds of those she trusted, was not perhaps that in her conduct which most deserved condemnation. Her whole nature seemed changed. She who had courted attention now shrank from notice with sensitive terror.

In after-days she used to look back with strange pity and wonder at these sad and miserable times; but seen by the light of a brighter future, these old days looked different, nor could she ever quite remember their full depth of bitter dullness. Even to remember is scarcely possible, to put one's self back is sometimes a feat almost as difficult as to put one's self forward. Some one once showed me a drawing of Mendelssohn's. He had sketched his friend's house in loving remembrance of the hours he had spent there. "It is wonderfully accurate," said the lady who had preserved the picture; "but one window is misplaced: it is strange that, remembering it all so perfectly, he should have been mistaken on this one single point."

The windows of the past have a curious

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way of shifting. We look back at the stone walls which have inclosed our lives, and they seem one day to open. Perhaps afterlights force through and make a way. Perhaps the angels break in, as in that picture of Tintoretto's where the heavenly company bursts triumphantly through the massive walls and becomes suddenly revealed to the astounded Mary. So the angels of the past do sometimes reveal themselves long after.

Although Angelica shrunk from any allusion to her troubles, old Kauffman scarcely spoke on any other subject. He would return to it again and again, entreat her with tears and snuff to dissolve her marriage.

At such times her agitation grew excessive. "No, no," she said, "she had no power to break such a tie."

"But the marriage is no marriage," old Kauffman would cry, exasperated, and appealing to Mr. Reynolds, their constant friend. "Some one reads a service; there are no bans, no witnesses. The man had been married before. I, her father, am not consulted; the man disappears."

"There *was* a license," said Mr. Reynolds, slowly. "I have taken counsel's opinion. The previous marriage could not be proved. With you Catholics the law is strict; but I have no doubt that by an appeal to Rome—"

"I entreat you, dear father, dear Mr. Reynolds," interrupted Angelica, with passionate emphasis, "leave it; take no steps: you only give me more pain. I only ask to be left alone to bear my own burden, to injure no one else. Forget it all, father; I shall speak of it no more."

And she kept her word; but though she did not speak, she drooped; the blithe spirit was gone. Her friends were full of anxiety and solicitude. Lady Diana used to come day by day. Little Miss Reynolds used to arrive on tiptoe, slowly creaking the door-handle, as if a click of the latch would add or detract from poor Angelica's barrenness of heart. Every body had a different prescription, but none reached her as yet.

For some time Angelica seemed strangely altered; she had no word to utter, nothing to feel or to express. Such hours come to all: night falls, the winter of our discontent covers and hushes the songs and perfumes and blooming garlands of summer-time. She had nothing more to say to any body. She had said so much in so few words, felt so much in so few minutes, that now there seemed nothing left. She kept silence with her father; she would endure his solicitude in a dogged, stupid sort of way. One day Lady Diana folded her in her arms in a sudden burst of indignation. "My poor, poor friend!" she said.

"Yes," Angel answered, "and this is only the beginning: it gets worse and worse."

"The low-born, knavish, insolent wretch!" cried Lady Diana, whose own pride had been curiously touched by the remembrance of past occurrences.

"You have a right to be angry," said Angelica, blushing up angrily; "but he *did* love me. I am not his superior in birth. He loved me, not you," she repeated, with a strange, bitter laugh. The laugh went on, and then changed into a great flood of tears.

"You will see it differently some day," said Lady Di; "you do not remember how you have been insulted. Have you no dignity, no pride, to resent such treatment?"

"I think not," said Angel, hanging her head and speaking in a hard and dogged tone. "I am utterly and hopelessly disgraced. I see it in every face I meet. What use is there in speaking of it at all? Nobody can understand me, and even you will not understand that I can have some sincerity of feeling in my heart."

Her sorrow made her quite reckless of what she owed to other people, though not indifferent to their blame. It seemed to her as if all eyes were upon her.

It was not all imagination on Angelica's part when she thought that people were looking at her, counting her poor heart throbs, scanning her lonely tears. She was a well-known character. This curious romance crept abroad from one source and another. Gossip was better received in those days than now, and persons of a larger mind were interested in the private details which then took the place of those public facts in which persons are now absorbed.

Mr. Reynolds was discreet in vain; it provoked him to hear the poor girl's name in every mouth. Wherever he went he was cross-questioned and re-cross-questioned. Some blamed, some laughed—all talked.

Lady Diana used to bite her lips with vexation. But what can not one or two good friends accomplish? The influence of this man and this woman worked wonders in Angel's behalf. Their steady friendship saved her from the ill opinion of many who were ready to accept the first version that was given to them, and who felt it incumbent upon them to judge, with or without facts to go upon. Angel refused all invitations; she could scarcely be persuaded to go out into the street. Lady Diana was most anxious to carry her away then and there to her own country-house in Hampshire, of which mention has been made. But Angelica seemed to have a nervous horror of any change, any effort.

One day not long before these events a Mr. St. Leu, a barrister and art critic, had been speaking of some of Angelica's work to Mr. Reynolds. "It is graceful," the critic had said, "but overstrained and affected. Every thing is too *couleur de roseate-rose* for my plain common-sense. I know the old father; a friend of his, M. Zucchi, an Italian, gave him a letter to me. The fair Angelica

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I have not seen; but her work does not attract me."

"You have scarcely entered into her intention," Mr. Reynolds had said, gravely. "To her charming nature the whole world is a garden of happiness. She knows that sorrow exists. The wickedness of life—to us older people it is, perhaps, the only real sorrow—does not seem to occur to her. Perhaps it might be better for her pictures if she had less confidence, but for herself it would not be so well," said the painter.

One day, after poor Angel's tragedy, the two men met again by chance. "How is your friend Miss Kauffman?" the critic asked, quite kindly. "Poor lady! I fear her experience has been bitter enough to take the roses out of her garland for a long time to come. I am expecting a visit from her and her father at my chambers," he continued; "they are coming this afternoon, on business connected with the house they live in."

Mr. St. Leu's staircase led from under the covered way that crosses from Inner Temple Lane. The staircase abuts upon a quaint old wig shop, that can not be much altered since the days when Angelica looked in through the narrow panes at the blocks and the horse-hair perched upon their shining cranes.

"I will wait for you here, father," said she; "it is out of the wind. I do not care to go up." The nervous terror of meeting strangers was still upon her. She smiled to her father, and went and stood in the one sheltered corner of this windy place, waiting by the wig shop and leaning against the brick wall.

The colonnade divides two pretty old courts, piled with many lawyers and bricks and memories; with blue bags issuing from old doorways; red and brown and gray are the tints; quaint and slight the arches and peristyles, to some minds as quaint and graceful in their mists and wreathing fogs as any flaunting marble or triumphant Pompeian vista. For a long time Angel watched the passers-by; listened to the sound of the footsteps. It was a bitter day for all its spring promise: a fog hung over the streets, the wind came dry and dusty, piercing through the damp mist. Angelica waited, indifferent to it all; the weather made little difference to her in her strange depression.

Would any thing ever touch her again? she wondered. It seemed to her as if even trouble could not come near her any more. It is true that interest itself fails at times, and that life is then very saltless and ashy to the taste; but even this is a part of its experience, if honestly accepted.

Angel waited, listlessly watching two children descending and climbing the steps of a piled brown house with a vaulted doorway. She felt forlorn and out of place; other people were living their daily lives, and working to some end. She had none, no end in view, nothing to wish. Then she began to cry, feeling the utter hopelessness of it all. She could see no way out of it, no possible issue.

She had never taken into consideration that tide which flows and ebbs, that alternate waking and sleeping which belong to all living emotion. If our hearts did not beat with alternate pulses, they would not be alive.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE OUTER COURTS OF THE TEMPLE.

THE children were gone; a lawyer's clerk had paced the court and dwindled away. (I don't know if lawyers' clerks looked as old and worn a hundred years ago as they do now.) Angelica, with all her troubles, must have seemed a pleasant contrast to some of the grim and foggy figures that were wandering about this Temple court.

One big old man dressed in loose untidy clothes went slowly past, blinking at her from beneath a small scratch-wig that scarce covered his big head; he rolled as he walked along, portly, unsightly. There was a certain stamp of arbitrary dignity about him for all his shabby clothes and uncouth gestures. Angelica recognized the face and strange actions, for she had seen Mr. Johnson one evening at the play—that evening when Garrick acted Hamlet.

Now she shrunk away from his steady gaze. He passed on, and went up the staircase by which her father had just climbed. Then more smoke-colored figures went by with the minutes. Then by degrees the place became quite silent and deserted, except for certain ghosts of her own fancy, and drifts of smoke and soot, and an odd jumble of recollections.

Angelica sighed, from present chill depression as much as from any other cause. Some stir of pain seemed awakened suddenly; a sort of unreasonable retrospective sense of shame and grief came over her, and caused her to hide her face in her two hands for an instant.

In that instant a heavy step came down the narrow staircase, fell on the stones, came to her side, and stopped.

"Yes, father," she said, without looking up.

"Your father is above with Mr. St. Leu," said a voice.

It was not John Joseph's vibrating tenor, but a deep and measured note she did not know; and then Angelica raised her eyes, and met the full and steady look of two bleared heavy orbs, from which, nevertheless, a whole flooding light of sympathy and

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kindness seemed to flow. The ugly seamed face was tender with its great looks of pity.

"You are Mrs. Kauffman," said the man in this voice, with a sort of echo. "I told your father I would stay with you, my dear, until he had finished his business. I have wished to make your acquaintance," he continued, after a moment's pause. "I know to what straits we poor human creatures can be brought, and I confess that the recital of your story has moved me greatly."

There he stood still looking at her, and she timidly glanced at the lazy, well-known figure, at the heavy face with the indomitable fire in it, that light of the lamp burning through the bushel and darting its gleaming ray into one heart and another. Johnson's looks no less than his words carried that conviction which is the special gift of some people.

Angelica, who had of late so shrunk from strangers, felt suddenly as if this was a friend to whom she could complain; to whom it was possible to speak.

"My story! What do you mean?" she cried, impetuously (her tongue seemed unloosed). "Who do you take me for? Do you know my story? It is only foolery and disgrace. People look at me—not, as you do, with kindness—and I see their scorn; I feel their importunate curiosity, and know not how to escape from it all, from myself, my miserable life—"

"Hush, my dear! hush!" said this stranger. "There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow, although, somehow, it is so like virtue that he who is wholly without it can not be loved, by me at least. To be ill thought of in another person's mind is in itself no wrong-doing, although it may signify some discomfort to yourself. But believe me, my dear young lady," said the wise old man, "the world is not so scornful as you imagine; so unjust as it is peevishly represented. For my own part," he went on, "I love and respect you, disgraced, as you call it; whereas before there was a time when my sympathy was less. You have done no wrong; you have injured yourself, but no other person. In some ways disappointment is as good as success, for it does not prevent the sincerity of your good intentions, nor alter the truth of your feelings. To be mistaken is no crime. Many things turn out differently from our wishes. Can you follow me, my dear? Nay, you must not cry; you must not lose courage. A lifetime is still before you, and much hope for the future."

He took her languid hand, and held it between his big palms. He comforted her strangely, though she scarcely owned it to herself, or knew how this strange help reached her.

"Hope!" cried poor Angel. "What hope can there be for me? I know not how to escape my thoughts. I know not whom to trust, whom to love, what to do."

"Love your enemies; do good to them that ill use you," said the old man, solemnly. "Follow your own sense of right. Fear not to love, my dear; fear hate and mistrustful feelings; fear the idleness of grief; accept the merciful dispensation of Providence, which, by the necessity of present attention, diverts us from being lacerated by the past. It still remains for you to contemplate the future without undue confidence, but without unnecessary alarm, and with humble trust in your own efforts for right-doing, to determine upon the best, the most reasonable, course for a Christian to pursue, and to follow that course with courage and humility."

Some people have a gift of magnetism, of personal influence, which is quite indescribable, which belongs partly to the interest they take in the concerns of others, partly to some natural simplicity and elevation of soul.

Johnson's personality and great-hearted instinct reaches us still across the century that divides us from its convincing strength. What must that tender, dogmatic, loving help have been to poor little Angelica in her perplexity, as she found herself face to face with this human being, so devout and wise and tender in his sympathy!

Now at last she seemed to have found an ark, a standing-place in her sea of trouble. She looked up into the heavy face. She seemed to breathe more fully; the load upon her heart was suddenly lightened, and with a burst of tears she stooped and kissed the great brown hand.

"Oh," she said, "you have spoken words that I shall never forget. Heaven sent you to me. Now I feel as if I could face my life again."

The poor little thing's nerves had been overwrought, overstrung, all this long time. It seemed to her now as if this man had taken her hand and led her calmly to the encounter of terrors and alarms which she had not dared to face alone, and which vanished as she met them.

When John Joseph came down after his long conference with Mr. St. Leu he found Angelica brightened, smiling through tears. His old Angel was come back, with a softened light in her eyes and a sweetened tone in her voice.

"Father, how long you have been!" she said. "Not too long, not one moment too long. If you could know what this half hour has done for me!"

It had done this: it had restored her self-respect, her confidence in others.

John Joseph rubbed his hands, seeing her look of life renewed. The slight figure drifted less languid, more erect. There was

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hope in her steps. They passed out into the busy street, under Temple Bar, into the noisy haunts of men.

Angel's friend rolled off on his ungainly way. He was grateful and cheered himself, for to bless is in itself the blessing of some generous hearts. Do not I, who write, know of one dear woman's blessing, which fell not long ago, and which seemed like refreshing rain showering upon the dust?

When Angelica reached home that day every thing seemed to be changed. So much can one person sometimes do for another. Mr. Johnson's confidence seemed to have touched some secret spring, to have set her at ease, to have restored her self-respect. She set to work again with renewed courage. Every thing seemed possible again, even without the spring of hope. Resolve and patient endeavor came to her aid.

Some days, utterly dry and parched, she worked on from habit, hoping that the sap of interest was not quite crushed within her heart. At others, strung to happier measure, she seemed to be uplifted, to be able to put herself away. She had never painted better in her life than now; orders came in, and she was obliged to defer a long-promised visit to Lowdenham Manor, Lady Diana's house in Hampshire.

People are made up of so many contradictory feelings that when a person's conduct surprises us we forget how much circumstances have to do with the outward aspect of life. As the material facts change, the motive forces seem to turn into fresh channels; but it is the same force or weakness of character that drives the impulse. Angelica Kauffman was a woman born to be a slave, easily influenced by stronger wills, but still more by her stubborn ideas of sentiment. One trying ordeal was still before her; it was but meeting with an old tried friend.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANY MAN TO ANY WOMAN.

We mortals are very impatient beings, and we seem to have some instinct by which we often make bad matters worse, far worse, than they need be. Antonio added to poor Angelica's troubles by his return, by his utter and indignant sympathy. When he saw her looking unhappy, his grief for her trouble seemed to turn against her in its very intensity. They met by chance in the street one day; he was on his way to see her. She had been listlessly strolling in the sunshine with little Rosa, and the two were standing by the railings at the corner of the square, when they saw him crossing the street. He also looked worn and harassed, although he had come straight from sweet golden groves and perfumed skies. He had had a strange summons to Windsor, and was just returned from thence. He had found bad news enough that morning waiting his return to put out southern lights for days to come.

He did not speak at first when she gave him her hand. She was frightened by his manner.

"When did you come?" she faltered.

He was silent for a little bit, trying to span the gulf which had opened between them. He was unreasonable, indignant, angry with her, with fate.

"I came yesterday," he said. "I found a letter calling me to Windsor. There is sad news there. I must return. I scarcely thought of seeing you, but I could not keep away."

She gave him a reproachful glance. The look made him speak, though at one time in his anger against her he had thought all words were over between them forever.

"Come, come with me," said Angel, leading across the street to her house, of which the door was on the latch, and flitting up stairs before him into her studio, now once more filled with work, alive with her pretty dreams. She went up to her easel and untied her hooded cloak. It fell upon the floor at her feet, and she stood motionless with a hanging head.

Antonio began pacing the long room, then turned and came straight back to her.

"Unhappy girl," he cried, "what have you done?"

His melting voice, restrained by his grief for her trouble, seemed to pass over her as a wave of salt bitterness, but as he reproached her the two seemed drawn more nearly again.

"What madness befell you?" he cried. "Did you forget your father and all who love you? Were you bewitched, entrapped?"

Angelica for once seemed crushed, made dull somehow. She did not hold up her head, but stood looking before her with vacant eyes. Angelica! was this Angelica? It was not so much that she looked ill and changed; but some sharpness had come into her face, some dull cloud into her glancing blue eyes, some expression of distaste and weariness, that Antonio had never seen before. It cut him to the heart. His grief made him unjust. He began to pace the room in a sort of fury.

"What did you mean by it?" he cried again. "Had you no sense of honor left? no instinct of your own dignity, of your duty to us all?"

And his eyes brimmed over with tears, and he stooped and took her hand and kissed it with a tender respect which belied his words. "You would have done better if you had married me," cried Antonio, with a sigh —"I who went away because I thought it hopeless, and, fool that I was! could not

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consent to follow in your train as so many others had done. I had rather you had died. Oh, Angelica!" he cried, in a tone of such true sorrowful part in her sorrow that Angel, who had been angry and cold and indignant, now suddenly began to cry; and the tears did them both good, and washed away their bitterness of heart.

Angelica considered herself married, and nothing that any one could say could disabuse her of this.

"Perhaps I am not married; but when I took those vows upon me I was sincere, otherwise what excuse should I have had? Now let me at least fulfill that which I engaged to do. I should not know one moment's peace if I went against my feeling. As it is, I have a certain peace—a feeling of self-respect, which helps me. I must make up to my father for all I have made him suffer, and I must accept my life as it comes to me. Not the happiest lot, indeed, but a tolerable one compared to some," said Angel, taking Antonio's hand timidly.

But all the same, for a long, long time they were separated. "Oh, Antonio, I *did* love him!" she said. "It is all so sad; but you will not desert me." Antonio felt too deeply to be able to look on calmly, to meet John Joseph with patience. He could do no good; he seemed to re-open Angelica's wounds by his sympathy. It was no use that he should stay, so he felt. He went to Mr. Reynolds. It was some comfort to rail at fate in the company of another who had suffered also in some measure. He asked Mr. Reynolds question upon question. Once he lost his temper, and flew out with a burst of anger at the calm demeanor of the unruffled master.

"Forgive my importunity," he said, recollecting himself with an effort; "she is my dearest, oldest friend. I have been almost beside myself, and I ask myself, as if in a cruel dream, whether it can be true."

"I am afraid it is too true," said Mr. Reynolds, gravely. "It is most unfortunate, most distressing."

Antonio turned deadly pale and faint. His nerves were not of the same equal poise as the great painter's, and he could not face the ruin of his friend's life without the acutest physical suffering.

"But, after all, this marriage, as she calls it," he said, very slowly, "is, perhaps, no marriage. Some one read the service, but the whole thing was an imposture."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Reynolds; "he had procured a license."

"Under a false name!" cried Zucchi. "Surely *that* could not be legal?"

"We must have a lawyer's opinion," said Mr. Reynolds. "You may rely on me for leaving no stone unturned to release her; only her consent is necessary, and this she absolutely refuses."

"She is mad!" cried Zucchi. "What does she mean?"

"No one can deplore her strange infatuation more than I do," said Mr. Reynolds, gravely. "She considers herself married, and refuses to be set free. I myself have tried in vain to convince her of her mistake."

Antonio gave an odd flashing glance at his companion; then he hastily took leave and hurried away.

As I think of my story, from an abstract point of view, I seem to see something like a strong wind blowing and dispersing the clouds and vapors, and making way for the light. Angelica's dreams of love are to be followed by the visions of art, of works of intelligent practice.

We have seen Angelica in such saddened straits of late that it is a satisfaction to turn a page and find her in pleasant pastures again, and by still waters. She is in Lady Diana's kind keeping at last, and has come to Lowdenham Manor for a time. Miss Reynolds is also there.

It is evening, and they have all been sitting silent in the drawing-room: Miss Reynolds in her corner by the window; Lady Diana working at the table; and Angelica—poor Angelica!—she too had been at work, but her hands had fallen listless into her lap, and she sat watching the drops, the green lawn, with its little furnaces of geraniums. The water did not seem to extinguish these flames; it seemed, on the contrary, to feed and stimulate their fires. The room was faded and becabineted, but Lady Diana had no spare money to refurnish. She had been content to leave it as she had found it, with the great china pots of last summer's rose leaves, and other relics of its late possessors. It was Angelica who had plucked two jars full of China roses, and who had brought in a great burning gladiole bursting from its stem. Its red head was reflected in the convex looking-glass.

I don't know how long they had sat silent. The silence seemed to grow heavier and heavier as the minutes went by. Every thing seemed to make it worse. It had begun, as most silences do, by a word, but left unsaid.

"I hoped Lord Henry would have ridden over again to see us before this," said Miss Reynolds. "I don't know that we ladies are not better without him; but he talked to Angelica of coming to see how we were all getting on."

"I am sure he will come," said Angelica, "for he prom—for he told me the last time—"

"What should he come for?" said Lady Diana, quickly. She looked up so stern and so abruptly that Angelica gave a little start.

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"Why did you make him promise to come again?"

"It was his own proposal, not mine," said Angelica, wearily. "I want no company but that which I have," she said.

Angelica could hardly have told you herself how the days went by at Lowdenham Manor. The distant murmur of the sea reached them from time to time, but the days were green and still and even in their progress. Twilights lengthened into dawns, dawns into mid-day; but even the mid-day glares came shadowed and softened through the clouding branches. On most sides rose green hills, fringed and heaped with green bushes. Here a cow would be grazing high in the air, it seemed, climbing over the top of the elm-trees. The blue smoke of some cottage chimney would be spiring from some deeper hollow, spreading, melting, vanishing delicately away. Every thing seemed subdued and mellowed. The very tree stems were softly wound with ivy sprays. The old orchard walls were lined with lichen, as were the branches of the heavy fruit trees. The ponds lay clear, reflecting the greens and gentle blues and lilacs of the landscape. The bushes were overflowing with convolvuli flowering white. It seemed to Angelica like a place hidden in the heart of a labyrinth to which they had come winding by green lanes.

Angelica felt so safe, so peaceful here, far away from the world of doubt and sorrow in which she had been living so long. Did such a world still exist? Yes, perhaps; but not for her to-day.

This place to her was full of comfort. Any thing more startlingly beautiful might have been too difficult in her worn and exhausted state. Here by degrees a silent understanding seemed to have arisen between the poor tired woman and the sweet inanimate world to which a kind fate had brought her for sympathy and comfort. In proportion to the very pain she had suffered now came ease and peace and a sense of unspoken beauty. Alone here was not alone; every thing seemed too sweet and full of life, of natural affinities, of utter and completing loveliness. De Horn, as she still called him to herself, had traveled far out of her life. Angelica had no interest or part in his world, and yet—it was difficult to explain, nor did she attempt to do so—a sense of strange feeling to her heart, a union beyond all that had seemed to separate them so far asunder. She believed that with all his wrong and his lies, his low deceit, he had loved her truly; and thinking of this, she felt as if she had no need to forgive.

Lady Diana's friend, Mrs. Damer, came over while Angelica was at the Manor-house, and it was here that the Kauffman painted that charming portrait which is now in Miss Johnston's possession, of a person whose name has since become more famous than it deserved. Anne Conway was now the wife of Mr. Dawson Damer, the man of the hundred waistcoats.

Angelica carried the picture away and finished it in London, and the Kauffman and her model used to have many a discussion as they sat over their work. One day Mr. Reynolds came in, and found them in hot debate.

"Surely," cried Mrs. Damer—"surely an impression, however conveyed, is more valuable to the artist than mere imitation. I can often work better and more rapidly from my own mental recollections than by merely copying something which does not, after all, represent my idea."

Here the painter overcame the man of the world. "My dear young lady, that is precisely what (if you will forgive the liberty) I would warn you against. With all your great gifts, your sweet impulsive industry, and admirable feeling, it is only the study of Nature that can give any of us that mastery which we must all desire. Rules are no trammels to those who are working in the right direction."

"Is it not in Art as in other things?" said Angelica, blushing. "Is it not by submitting most completely to the laws of Truth that we best discover her intentions? Do you know," she went on, "I seem to have found out of late that obedience is best. Now as I paint," she said, smiling to her model, "the more completely I can obey the color of your beautiful brown hair and the pale hue of your cheek, the better my likeness will be."

And in truth Angelica never painted a better picture than this charming figure, languid and delicate, with clasped hands holding some flowers, which the young painter had placed in her sitter's lap. Mr. Reynolds praised the portrait heartily. He had a special reason for being anxious that Angelica should do credit to herself and her talent at this time.

"But surely," cried Mrs. Damer, "there are two ways of seeing things. If you only copied the signs without interpreting them, I am certain *your* pictures, Mr. Reynolds, would be vastly different to what they are, deficient of the *grand air*, which so especially belongs to them."

"Sometimes we are happy in our subjects, and they inspire us," said the painter, courteously. "But I fear, madam, that I must hold to my guiding principle, and seek for a calm and even pursuit of facts as they appear to me."

"Ah, you are right," said Angelica, with some emotion. "Let us be calm," she cried, excitedly. "Let us work and live tranquil and unshaken by the storms of passionate endeavor, thankful that we have friends to guide us, to help us on the right way."

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Mr. Reynolds was greatly touched by her sudden appeal.

"You, of all people," he said, "have the right to count upon your friends, and not only upon friendship," he said, very kindly. "Are you prepared for distinction?" he asked, smiling.

"What do you mean, Mr. Reynolds?" said Angel.

"I mean that never was there an age in which art flourished under more enlightened patrons or with more charming disciples," said Mr. Reynolds, with a bow to the two wondering ladies. But he would not say more, nor could they guess to what he was alluding. Had Angel been alone, he would have told her.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TO SHOW FALSE ART WHAT BEAUTY WAS OF YORE.

THE Society of Amalgamated Artists had existed for many years, but its spirit was not that to which the tranquil Reynolds inclined. Anger, jealousies, depressions, seemed to him as blasphemies against the creed they all professed. With all his quietness of nature, Reynolds could ill brook opposition. Noisy dissension was to him intolerable. The society had a way of selecting first one and then another victim for suspicion and persecution. At one of their annual meetings they deliberately excluded sixteen of their best members from the council. A certain number of those who remained immediately resigned their posts. Ill feeling was great on each side. Mr. Moser was accused by some; others defended him. It resulted in the proposal for instituting a new society, and during Reynolds's absence in Paris this autumn the scheme grew and gained ground. Moser, Chambers, and West waited on the King with propositions and outlines for new academies of arts to be instituted in London.

When Mr. Reynolds returned from abroad that autumn he had found the whole thing in train. The officers were named; a great meeting was convened. West came to request his presence in Wilton's house, where a certain number of painters were then assembled. Reynolds, it is said, hesitated and delayed. Whether from accident or purpose, tea was served an hour later than usual, and when he and his young companion reached the house at last, the meeting was on the point of dispersing. When the door opened and the two came in, they were received (says Northcote) with a sudden burst of acclamation, and Reynolds was with one voice proclaimed President of the new Academy. Can not one picture the scene? These bursts with which those who have the generous gift of divination hail the rulers among the people have always seemed to me among the most affecting incidents in life. Reynolds was touched and overcome by this sudden revelation of good will and good sympathy. From the Court he had received but small token of praise hitherto, but this was worth far more than any flare of fashionable adulation or passing success. This was the genuine tribute of the workers like himself, who knew and understood the value of the laurels they bestowed from their own store.

Mr. Reynolds walked into Angelica's studio that night after the meeting had dispersed. Little Rosa had fallen asleep in one of the big chairs. The faithful lamp was burning dim, the log was smouldering on the hearth, the room was warm and silent, the atmosphere serene. Angelica had opened her instrument, and had been singing some snatches of Mozart, to whose music her German soul responded. That tender melody between tears and laughter seemed at times to speak all the doubts and certainties of her indefinite life. The song ended to-night not in a chord, but in Mr. Reynolds, who came in to her music, breaking into the last few notes. "I have been very much moved to-night; so much so," said he, "that I came over here, dear lady, to see if your windows were alight, and if you had not a gleam of sympathy for a friend in your kind heart;" and then he told her in a few words what had happened to him.

It was a happiness to Angelica to listen to his story, and she made him tell her again and again what had been done, promising absolute secrecy for the present. But there are hours when sympathy is not always at command for those who can claim no hand to grasp their fortunes, no special ear to listen to their story. In the midst of their *tête-à-tête* the door opened, and old John Joseph came in, ushering another belated visitor—no less a person than Lord Henry, of whom mention has been made.

"Here is a gentleman who wants to consult you, my Angelica," said old Kauffman, without seeing Mr. Reynolds; and Lord Henry, with his conquering airs, advanced in all his usual confidence.

Mr. Reynolds soon took his leave. He had wanted her to hear what had befallen him, and she had listened with sweet looks and interest. Now he must give up his place in turn. "Pass on, pass on," says Fate to Mr. Reynolds. "This was your will: pass on, pass on."

The next time when Mr. Reynolds called upon Angelica, Lord Henry was also there; but the painters left him to Lady Diana, who was sitting, dressed in blue satin, on a supposed lawn, with a parrot, a puppy, and all the little W.'s in a group round her chair. (There is a charming picture by Angelica of the Duchess of Argyle of those days so

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depicted, a family group. It belongs to the lady the possessor of the Damer portrait, and is in the style which Zoffany has made famous.)

Angelica came forward wondering what new honor had come to her friend. He looked pleased and greatly excited, held a list in his hand, the list of the names of the new Academicians.

"See!" said he, smiling, and pointing with his finger. "Can you read the list of new Academicians?" and she read, "President, *Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt.*," and looked up with bright congratulation. Then the finger traveled on: "*William Hoare, Nathaniel Hone.*" Angelica read these, and then, with a pleased blush, she came to her own name and that of *Mary Moser*, to which the friendly hand was pointing. It traveled steadily to the very bottom of the page. "Here is also your friend M. Zucchi's name," said Mr. Reynolds. Angelica clapped her hands; Lady Diana came down from her perch; Lord Henry advanced from the other end of the room, affable and radiant, and he asked to see the list, which he perused with deep interest. I believe some vague hope had suddenly occurred that he might have been included in it, and that this additional honor might have been laid by him at Lady Diana's feet.*

In Zoffany's delightful picture we can see the Academicians as they were in life: can see them with their tights and their dignity. Sir Joshua with his sword, the model in his place upon the steps, the earnest faces of the groups standing in conclave. Here are wigs. Here is ceremony, and nature too. Two very forbidding ladies are hanging in effigy on the wall, one of whom it is difficult to recognize as the lovely original of Sir Joshua's portrait of Angelica Kauffman.

In 1768 women's rights were a willing concession to their desert, not an extortion and graceless boon. The figures as Zoffany has left them impress one somehow by a certain appearance of manly self-respect. The military costume of the age may have given a martial air to these peaceful warriors. There is a little drawing of Stothard's, fanciful, vivid, and delicate, in which we can peep at the Academy for 1768, with the people who are looking at the pictures as they hang in their places on the walls. There is the beautiful Duchess of Manchester, fresh from the artist's studio. There are landscapes smiling, ships sailing, big wigs, and bands gracing the walls. There is a traveler turbaned and bearded, perhaps out of compliment to the great Lady Hester of that time. The pretty dainty figures of the visitors trip across the floor; high nod their plumed head-gears, bright sparkle their buckled shoes. The young King gazes through his eyeglass. The court lady holds her slim fan. The old cocked-hat gentleman is absorbed in his own portrait, perhaps painted by young Lawrence, or by the great Gainsborough of Bath.

Angelica clings to her classical dreams. Her Hector and Andromache are much admired, so is her composition representing Venus directing Æneas and Achates. The gods and Greeks and Romans continue to rule our humdrum country. West's great picture of Regulus is a royal command. Lemprière comes to life as we read the list of that year's Academy.

In many and many an Academy did Angelica exhibit the works of her unremitting hands, her designs and her portraits, her gods and her heroes, Olympus in every attitude, in good work, in bad work, and indifferent. Still she labored on.

The woman lived on year by year, her youth passed; neither prosperity, sunshine, nor the winter storms of lonely regret could change her nature; she was happy and sorrowful, as others are. She responded to the calls of the children piping in the market, to the cry of the mourner, the song of those who rejoice. She was no mighty heroine, but she tried to be true to herself: what more can we ask of any human being? Tender to her father, faithful to her convictions, loving to her friends, and ready to their call.

Antonio heard of her at one time in the constant company of Lord Henry, that artistic soul; and Zucchi uttered some biting sarcasms, for which he was sorry almost as he spoke.

He had seen but little of her all these years. For his own peace of mind he felt it best to keep away; he lived alone, working at his own art, shunning general society, esteemed and respected by those few friends who knew him as he really was. His health was delicate; and a strange and sad vexation, which has no place here, but which concerned one of the kind young ladies he had known so intimately at Windsor (poor

* "The arts unrivaled shall remain
While George protects the polished brain,"

seems to have been the chorus of those days. George the Third received the deputation with encouragement and excellent advice, as we read he had once wished to establish an "Order of Minerva," for literary and scientific characters. The knights were to take rank after the Knights of the Bath, and wear a straw-colored ribbon and a star of sixteen points. "There was such an outcry," says a note to the Lectures on the Four Georges, "among the *literati* as to who should be appointed that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down among us." Another note tells us that the King objected to painting St. Paul's as a popish practice. "Accordingly," it continues, "the most clumsy heathen sculpture only decorates that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings were spared, for never were painting and drawing so unsound as at that time. It is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the parson) than to look at Opie's patchy canvases or Fuseli's livid monsters."

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Kitty, who died of some secret grief, people said), made him morbidly averse to all women's society.

One day Lord Henry's marriage to Lady Diana was announced. It took the town by surprise. Lady W. had become more and more complicated, her sensibilities were almost unendurable, and she had discovered at last that even Lord Henry could not understand them. They quarreled desperately, and poor Diana bore the brunt, and tried in vain to explain the mysterious misunderstanding. Lord Henry, in his distress, found in her unselfish nature and warm kind heart a clew to the shadowy tangle. Her tenderness touched some genuine feeling in the little Macaroni, who chose to confide in Angelica, and to be encouraged by her to hope. It was at Lowdenham that this romance had begun; but it was not until that very day when Angelica read her name upon the scroll of the Royal Academy that Lady Diana accepted Lord Henry's offer.

Meanwhile Angelica lived on alone and at work, not unhappy, although times and hours came when life seemed as long to her as to most people.

Rossi, who loses no opportunity of praising his friend, tells us that Angelica, besides her various accomplishments, was a woman of literary tastes and wide experience. Klopstock and Gessner were among her correspondents. Later in life we know how Goethe wrote of "that tender soul." When she read any noble historical anecdote, says her biographer, her face would brighten, her placid eyes would acquire a surprising vivacity. You could read in her speaking countenance all the passion, all the sublimity, of the author.

Angelica had saved money in all these years of hard work; she lived moderately, and invested her well-earned gains. One year she went to Ireland and painted viceroys, and came back cheered and enriched. There is also a vision of her at the dinner party at Dr. Baker's house, where the Hornecks and Reynolds appear, and to which Goldsmith is invited, and Kauffman besides, and the Jessamy Bride.

There are troubles in all estates, and Angel did not escape hers, notwithstanding all the help of friends and the sympathy which came to her. One painful incident we read of, which vexed her greatly at the time. Her father felt the circumstance more keenly for her than she did for herself. Horne, the painter, was accused of a deliberate attempt to calumniate her. "I would have answered yours immediately; but I was engaged in business," she writes, in answer to his denial. "I can not conceive why several gentlemen who have never deceived me should conspire to do so at this time; and if they themselves were deceived, you can not wonder that others should be deceived also, and take for satire that which you say was not intended. I was actuated not only by my particular feelings, but a respect for the art and artists, to persuade myself that you can not think it a great sacrifice to remove a picture that had even raised suspicion of disrespect to a person who never wished to offend you."

Old John Joseph was indignant almost beyond words. This incident added to his old trouble at leaving her unprotected and alone. Even little Rosa was gone now, for she married at seventeen, and the father and daughter were alone in the old house.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AND SO FAREWELL.

TEN years pass very slowly, very quickly too. The horizon widens, our hopes grow fainter and more fixed, our possessions increase, diffuse into distant points—possessions that have waxed and grown and filled our hearts. Some hopes have extinguished hope in a reality far dearer than any visions; others die away. As time goes on we find out our narrow fetters, we discover our gifts, we learn how much we can bear, how long we can wait, how much we can forgive, how much forgiveness we need from others.

Angelica had waited for ten years. To-day she was coming back to Lowdenham Manor once more—coming back the same woman, indeed, with the same preoccupations that she had brought long ago. She was older, that was all. She had been sorry and faithful and at work a little longer. Her pictures, alas! were not wonderfully better, though now and then some happy chance, some fortunate subject, resulted in a charming result that did the worker credit. She had her father still. He wore his old cloak, that scarce looked shabbier. Want was no longer at their door. Long, long ago she had repaid the money Lady Diana lent her. Lady Diana was now a poor woman, comparatively speaking, for she had married a husband with many expensive tastes and long-accumulated debts, which, however, did not greatly affect the happiness of a very united home. It was a real happiness to Angelica to see her friend in her home, and to keep an old promise to spend some days with the Belmores at Lowdenham. Some look of peaceful animation had come into Lady Di's pale face, some brightening of maternal pride into those two pale eyes. Lord Henry admired and respected his wife's intellect, and was led by her completely.

Angelica had been detained in London by one thing and another, and she and her father found themselves belated on the way. The coach had set them down at the near-

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est market-town, and now they came driving through the darkness, scarcely knowing whither they were going, through what dim fragrances and lights vanishing, and murmurs of overarching trees. The horses went slowly, stumbling up those steep lanes blazing with fragrant stars. The great stars that night seemed dropping heavily from the high heavens and flashing to meet the cool dark earth; then from the lanes they came into chillier regions, wild commons, shivering with invigorating breezes. Angelica sat half asleep on the high-perched gig seat, watching the horses' drowsy progress, dimly absorbing the suggestions of the new country, the visions passing by. Those of her brain seemed almost more vivid than the realities, now that the last lights of sunset had died away beyond the hills. She was stimulated and soothed by the change, by the fresh country air. She was going back to the past in some vague half-defined way; some dying call seemed to reach her now and then. When they stopped at last they could hear the cool roar of a torrent below, and then Angelica woke up, and John Joseph shivered and sighed by her side. "Father, are you ill?" she said. "Is any thing amiss?"

"What should be amiss?" said he, hastily, and as he spoke he patted her hand. Angelica thought his tone was strange; but they had started off once more, and once more came visions mingling with the indistinct charm of the present, voices that she had heard long ago, speaking and awakening her from one dim delicious dream to another.

They seemed to be journeying under a great torrent of stars that swept the heavens that night. Once or twice Angelica thought she could hear the distant note of the sea sounding through all the vague night perfumes and mysteries.

"Are you asleep, Angelica?" repeated old Kauffman, suddenly. "Are you warm, my child? Will you share my cloak? I have —I have been dreaming," he said. "Give me your hand. Ah! I can still hold it. Some day there will be only the old cloak left to shield my child. Angelica, I long to be back in the tranquil old places, to hear the horns of the goat-herds at Morbegno. I think I could live a little longer there. Ah! how I dread death!" he cried. "I do not fear to die," and he looked round at the great starry night; "but thou, who art so easily led, so ill able to judge—ah! it breaks my heart to leave thee alone."

He was changed and broken, as he had said. He began talking again rather excitedly about Italy, about his longing for warmth, for a little peace and ease before the end.

"Let us go, father," said Angelica, absently. "Why should we not go?"

"How can you and I, an old man and a weak woman, go alone all that long way?" cried John Joseph, pettishly.

"Dearest," said Angelica, "do not talk in this sad way. Do not fear for me. I know life now; I know myself," she said, a little shrilly, "and I know what friends I have. Is there not Bonomi, that good fellow, to advise?"

"Bonomi!" said old Kauffman; "he only thinks of Rosa from six in the morning until sixteen at night. Bonomi is no companion for my Angelica. You need a wiser, older man to rely upon; one mature in spirit, tried in affection, my child. Can not you think of some one whom we have known for long years and tried and proved an honorable, upright man?"

"Are you speaking of Antonio?" said Angelica, quietly. They had reached the end of the hill; a great sight of stars and purple blackness seemed to overflood the line of the horizon. The driver, who had been trudging at the horses' heads, now climbed his seat and cracked his whip; the horses started at a swift gallop. "Yes, father, Antonio is a good friend, and I am his good friend," said Angelica, trying to comfort the old man. Again old Kauffman sighs and shifts uneasily; something has been in his mind all day which he has not yet had the courage to break to his daughter. "I am afraid you are very tired," said she, tenderly.

"They will find me changed, greatly changed, Angelica," he answered, very dolefully; "broken in body, ill in mind. Time was when a little journey such as this would not have wearied me. Time passes; quick comes an end to life, to strength; then who will take care of my child?" he persisted, wistfully.

"Hush, hush, dearest," said Angelica, again putting her own arms round him. "We shall soon be at our journey's end."

"We are traveling to different places, Angelica," the old man said, solemnly. "I think I could go to my rest in peace if I could leave you in some good man's care. Otherwise I know not how to die—that is the truth—how to leave you alone in this great world;" and he looked about him at the night, the mysterious valley, the lights twinkling in the distance.

"Oh, father," said Angelica, faltering, "would it make you happy? How *can* I marry? You know it is impossible. You, who know—" She clung closer and closer to him. The thought of parting from him came for the first time with a bitter piercing pang that she could not escape.

Old Kauffman had worked himself up into one of his nervous states of agitation; he had not yet said all that was in his mind. "My child, I had not meant to tell you to-night what I have heard," he said; "but why should I delay? sooner or later you

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must face a terrible memory." He took her hand in both his. "You think yourself still bound," he said, solemnly. "That unfortunate man whom you call your husband is no more. As I left home a letter came to me from the village doctor who attended his last moments. It is signed by the priest. He is dead. A *gastrite* complicated by symptoms of heart-disease carried him off after a few weeks' illness." Then the old man's voice failed, and he began to cry, and it was Angelica's turn to soothe him.

He scarcely knew what he was saying, or what his daughter answered. All the stars were sinking in the black sky, the shadows passing like ghosts. All her past was pressing upon her, suffocating her, with strange reaction rolling up from the shadowy plains, resounding with the far-away moan of the sea.

It seemed but that minute that she had parted from De Horn, from the man whose ring she wore. "Dead, father?" she repeated.

"Yes, he is dead at last, my child," John Joseph answered.

Some nervous emotion seized her, and she screamed so strangely that the driver looked back, thinking she had called him. It was not grief she felt, it was not relief, it was scarcely emotion; it was a vivid awe-stricken sense of the dead presence. Time was not, space was not, for her at that solemn instant. She seemed to hear the voice, to see the dark-cut face with its rigid lines. It was a recognition; not a death, but a sudden life, after this long and faithful separation. It was wonder and emotion, and then a great burst of tears came at last to recall her to herself. They flowed as prayers unspoken for a little while.

A few minutes more and they were passing through the old gates and pine avenues that led to Lowdenham Manor. Then came the dazzle of lights in the hall, and the cordial voice of Lady Diana greeting the travelers; hands to help them from their high perch; wine, warmth, exclamations. How wearied they looked! What had happened?

"My dear creatures, you seem half dead, both of you," cries Lady Di. "Angelica, is any thing the matter?"

"I have just had some bad news," said Angelica, "which has moved me very much."

Lady Diana asked no more; led her friend to her own room, kissed her, and left her in quiet; and then Angel shut the door, fastened it close, and once more tears came to her relief, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. Some of her tears were grief, but others also flowed because grief was not. Grief was dead. It had died years before.

Coming back across the field next day, with Lady Diana and her children, Angelica had met her father pottering in the autumn sunshine, and coming slowly along the stubble path. He seemed in some excitement: he told Angelica that Antonio had been with him at the Manor.

"He is staying at the village inn, my lady," said John Joseph. "He finds me changed, Angelica, greatly changed — broken, my child, ill in mind and body. He!"

"He has seen the Bonomis," continued the old man: "Rosa is well and happy. Her husband has a good order. Oh, my lady, what a loss little Rosa is in our house! Some day you will have to part with your darling; but to part is happiness compared to leaving them alone unsheltered from the storm."

They had reached a little sunny bench overarched with hawthorn and mid-day shadows, where bronzed leaves and autumnal berries made a canopy against the rays. They all sat down to rest, facing wide fields, and breathing the sunny and corn-scented air. The water sparkled; there came a lowing of cattle and glistening of soft Alderney cows. A little baby bull was pawing the ground, and sending flying clouds of dust into the air. The sunny lights were on the river that flows into the sea hard by. The little houses and gables gleamed across the waters.

"My child," said the old man, "Antonio has brought us more letters from home; he says there is a packet for you." He took her hand in his trembling brown grasp, and looked wistfully from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. Silent, Angelica looked away, and her heart began to beat. The corn was reaped, the wheat being housed, and Death, the reaper, was at work among the sunny fields.

Lady Di knew all now. She could find no words to speak her sympathy. She thought of the day when she had met Angelica outside the chapel door as she turned to look at her. Ten years were scarcely written on her face, worn though it was with many lines that were written on it now. Angelica did not attempt to withdraw herself from this silent tender sympathy. She too was very silent all the day. In the evening, after dinner, she wandered out into the garden. She went on beyond the fields that led seaward. It was a west wind evening, wide with twilight; the trees seemed to be throbbing with quivering shadow. The birds up in black labyrinth of twigs sang no longer, but still chirped to the faint skies. The water streaked across the twilight. Some lamp burning in a distant village mingled its light with the evening rainbows. Wide, unrestful, and yet tranquil were her thoughts; longing, yet quiescent; grateful, after the beating storm, for a calm that was not indifference. Was it possible? Could it be that hope had not died with her happiness? Could a new tender tranquillity reach her still, growing out of the many

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winters and summers of her life as naturally as autumnal tints fall upon the heavy, dusty foliage? She went pacing on and on among shadows and twilights, past the black stems of the trees, across the soft, dim, turfy fields. She went and came, and came and went again: a lonely spirit, unrestful, unquiet, and yet grasping the calm of hope not fulfilled, perhaps, but realized; of love not exclusively her own, but love nevertheless. To-night for the first time the possibility came to her of a friendship more intimate, more tender, than that which had always subsisted between herself and Zucchi. This was what her father had meant. This was what perhaps Antonio meant. This was perhaps why he had come. She guessed it somehow. It seemed strange and wayward now to refuse, and to turn away from this home that seemed to open to her wandering spirit. And then, by the pathway leading from the house, came Antonio, looking for her, for his old playfellow and the companion of his youth.

"Angelica, where are you?" said Antonio, gravely. "They told me I might find you here. I have brought you a packet from home," he went on, slowly. "With your father's letters from home came this one, addressed to you." He put it into her hand, looking at her anxiously. He need not have been anxious. She was very pale, but no longer agitated. The parting was over, its cruel suspense was ended, dissolved into a strange evening peace, into a tranquillity that was tender, sorrowful, and full of reconciliation. The feeling seemed to spread, and to grow more and more indefinite and intense. A star came out over the heads of these two weary people, who had waited half their lives, and whose happiness was not over yet.

As Angelica opened the packet, Antonio stood by her side. Inside the paper was a small silken case, and inside the case a cameo ring, wrapped in a silver paper, upon which was written the word "*Farewell.*" That was all. But she knew the writing, and she knew the ring. How well she remembered it! Two or three great tears fell from her eyes upon the little head smiling unmoved in its diamond setting.

"It is the ring he took from me at the ball. They have sent it back," she said. "Oh, Antonio, what a strange, sad, wasted dream of a life it has all been!"

"It has been no dream," said Antonio, in his husky, passionate voice; and as he spoke he took the little ring out of her hand. "Angelica, I think the ring has come back to you," he said, "as a sign of your faithful heart. Will you take it again from *me* to-day? Will you let it be also sign of a love that is yours, that has never changed?" He put his arm round her as he spoke, and she did not try to release herself from his supporting grasp. She let her hand fall into his with the faith of one long tried, long wearied, reaching home at last.

It all seemed part of that wondrous twilight in which some sad and harmonious music was playing on from one modulation to another. It was no new tune to which she listened; it was only Antonio, who was telling her that she was free, free to surrender to his peaceful bondage, free to accept his tender care and domination; and so the hours went by, and the twilight mellowed and hushed into night, and blessed two people who had passed the brightness of midday, but who were young still, for they could yet hope and trust each other.

Many and many a sun rose for these two people, following the twilight of that evening. Many and many an after-day was blessed for them as they traveled on henceforth together, and the azure eyes weep no more for Zucchi.

One day not long ago a little boy, in a passion of tears, asked for a pencil and paper to draw something that he longed for and could not get. The truth of that baby philosophy is one which strikes us more and more as we travel on upon our different ways. How many of us must have dreamed of things along the road, sympathies and experiences which may become *us* some day, not ours—inward grace of love, perhaps, if not outward sign of it. This spiritual blessing of sentiment no realization, no fulfillment alone can bring to us; it is the secret, intangible gift that belongs to the mystery of life, the soul that belongs to its chaotic dreams.

From town to town, from state to state, from Rome to Rome again. Is that Angelica once more looking from some high terrace? It is early morning. A dawning city crowns the rising hill; night is still in the valleys, and the country floats before her eyes. She sees the laden bullocks coming, slowly dragging the heavy wagon, and crawling the mountain road into the light. The lamp still burns as it swings from the shaft; the driver's long goat-skin cloak flaps as he strides along. The great gates of the city on the hill are open to the market. The sunrise is growing invincible; it flashes from the eastern hills, striking every bird, flower, gable, every bronze-lit roof, every tendriled garden and slender shoot of vine. What matters the name of the ancient city? Some Bible land seems spread before Angelica's wistful eyes, with shrines and campaniles, and bells swinging against the sky, and saintly figures passing in the gentle eastern glories that come illumining and sanctifying one more day.

Then Antonio calls her from below; the horses are harnessed, the carriage is waiting which is to take them southward.

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So they pass on together, where work and pleasure call them, to Venice, to Rome, where, after old John Joseph's peaceful death, Zucchi led his wife.

Rossi gives a pretty description of the two in their after-life. They were united and yet themselves, and true to their different natures. If you watch them before a picture, he says, you see Antonio, gifted with eloquence, speaking with energy, judging, dissecting, criticising. Angelica silent, with animated eyes, listens to her husband, and gazes attentive at the canvas. You may read in her face, and see her true opinion there. She speaks at last, but it is to praise, for impulse inclines her to dwell on the beauty and charm of the works before her. Hers is the nature of the bee, continues her old biographer; she only sucks honey from the flowers. So the tender soul whom Goethe praised lived on. She did not long survive the protector whom she had chosen. "Poverty I do not fear," she writes, after Zucchi's death, "but this solitude is terrible." We may still read her touching farewell to Antonio written on the marble in the church of Rome:

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN,
DOOMED TO TEARS AND GRIEF, TO HER
SWEETEST, KINDEST HUSBAND,
NOT AS SHE HAD PRAYED.

And then before very long her own name is written upon the stone, and the grief and the tears are over.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREA DELLE FRATTE.

LAWYERS' cramped sentences, foolscap papers, six-and-eightpenny phrases, tell stories which people can still read written on yellow papers with time-worn ink. Loving feelings, interpreted into the technic of an attorney's clerk; stories of the fidelity of years, and their resignation; of love, long tried and crowned at last; of false vows; of well-kept promises. Certain good friends have given me some curious relics of a little history that I have been imagining through this winter's gloom, and which has grown at last to be so vivid to my mind that I can scarcely tell how much is true, how much is but my own imagination. When I look at the parchments signed, the marriage lines, the settlements written and sealed and witnessed by all these familiar names, *Anthony Zucchi* and *Angelica Kauffman*, in the presence of *Robert Palmer* and others, it almost seems to me like one of those often-told legends of sleeping people awakening with a token in their hand which the vision brought them in their dreams.

THE END.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

XV.

RESPONSIBLE people, whose misfortune it is to have lived under unstable and revolutionary governments, are apt to acquire a profound sense of the perils of public life and of every sort of political prominence. It is not strange, therefore, that the prudence of cultivating obscurity should become proverbial with them. The Haytians have this lesson preserved in many forms. Here are two:

Cabrite qui pas malin mangé nen pie morne.

The wild goat is not cunning that eats at the foot of the mountain; that is, near the thoroughfares and settlements of men.

XVI.

Couleuvre qui vlé vivre li pas promener dans grand chemin.

The snake that wishes to live does not travel on the highway.

Ovid has less effectively presented the same idea in a line written during his banishment, which perhaps more than any other that has reached us from him shows how much more wisely he wrote than he acted:

*Crede mihi, bene qui latuit bene vixit.**

So we say, *Far from court, far from care.*

The poet Tibullus went so far as to recommend us to keep our joys from the world:

Qui sapit, in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.

Seneca thus expands the same idea in almost the same words:

Sic vero invidiam effugies, si te non ingesseris oculis, si bona tua non jactaveris, si scieris in sinu gaudere.†

Qui struit in callem, multos habet ille magistros,‡ is a popular Latin form of the same aphorism, which the Germans have adopted with a slight improvement:

Wer will bauen au die Strassen
Muss die Leute reden lassen.§

The goat and the serpent in the Haytian proverbs may be taken to represent the widely opposite motives which actuate different persons in cultivating obscurity. One, and the noblest, of which the goat

* A life retired is well inspired.

† If you would escape envy, keep out of sight, do not boast of your possessions, and taste your joys in private.

‡ He who buildeth in the street
Many masters hath to meet.

§ Who will build upon the walk
Needs must let the people talk.

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may be taken as a symbol, is a just indifference to public honors and applause; a fear of their distractions or of their corrupting influence upon the heart and character; a modest sense of our ability to fill positions of responsibility.

It is to one of this class La Bruyère refers in one of his most profound reflections:

*"Celui qui un beau jour sait renoncer fermement ou à un grand nom, ou à une grande autorité, ou à une grande fortune, se délivre en un moment de bien des peines, de bien des veilles, et quelquefois de bien des crimes."**

The baser sort, symbolized here by the serpent, is a selfish unwillingness to give our time to the public service, a cowardly fear of the peril to our lives, fortunes, or personal consideration or personal comfort, or because of its interference with other plans for our personal profit or aggrandizement. The friendship of such is more to be feared than favored. This class is gently rebuked by Shakspeare in the first act of *Measure for Measure:*

"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues."

The man who voluntarily puts himself in the position to awaken the envy of his fellow-creatures may be suspected of placing too high a value upon the objects of their envy.

It is a wonderful fact, of which every day of our lives might furnish many illustrations, and one worthy of much meditation, that our virtues and spiritual graces, which are incomparably the greatest treasures and dignities of which we can become possessed, are never objects of envy. We may pasture those on the high-road, at the foot of the mountain, or where we please.

People try to deprive us of them sometimes, but never because they desire to appropriate them, nor can they ever succeed without our consent.

As we never envy another his spiritual riches, so we never repent of what we do with a single eye to the laying up of such riches for ourselves. In that sense what a field is here left for the exercise of all the best faculties of our nature in acquiring priceless treasures, the highest dignities, irresistible power, without once quitting that modest seclusion which is comparatively free from evil, which provokes no man's envy, awakes no man's lust, but disarms the one and starves the other!

* He who has the wit betimes firmly to renounce either a famous name, or great power, or a large fortune, frees himself in a moment from many troubles, from many anxieties, and sometimes even from many crimes.—*De la Cour.*

XVII.

Maite cabrite mande li; ous pas capable di li plainda.

'Tis the owner of the goat reclaims it. You should not blame him.

This is a proverb employed in the interest of the lender, and to discourage ingratitude toward those who have served us by loans of any sort, whether of money or of any other articles.

XVIII.

Zorèies pas lourd passé tête.

The ears never weigh more than the head.

That is, a man's curiosity is the measure of his intelligence. His interest in a thing is limited to his knowledge of its properties and attributes. To Peter Bell—

"The primrose by the river's brink
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

The Germans also say:

Wer einen Froschmagen hat
*Wird von Fliegen satt.**

Hence, by implication, the folly of talking over people's heads, or in trying to influence them by considerations which they don't comprehend. "All the wit in the world," says La Bruyère, "is useless to him who has none. The man with no ideas is incapable of profiting by the ideas of another."

XIX.

The obstinate and insubordinate are described as—

Gens qui tini zorèies yeaux plis hauts passé têtes yeaux.

People who have their ears above their heads.

XX.

Tang ou pancor passé la rivière pinga ou jouré maman caiman.†

Till you are across the river, beware how you insult the mother alligator.

Don't whistle till you are out of the woods, or, as the Germans say, *Lobe den Tag nicht vor dem Abend,* borrowed doubtless from the Latin, *A solis occasu, non ortu, describe diem.*

The Spaniards say: *Non mi digas oliva hasta que me veas cogido.—Call me not olive till you see me gathered.*

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off (1 Kings, xx. 11).

President Lincoln has given a world-wide currency to a proverb which is almost a paraphrase of the Haytian—*Never swop horses while crossing a stream.*

* He who has the stomach of a frog will fatten on flies.

† To appreciate the force of this proverb, it should be kept in mind that the Haytian creole regards an insult to his mother as the most inexpiable outrage he can receive. Mungo Park also notices this as a trait, and certainly one by no means the least creditable, of all the African race.

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XXI.

Si crapaud dîe ous caiman tini malziez, coèr li.

If the frog says the alligator has sore eyes, believe him.

The alligator with sore eyes, that is, unable to see his prey, is comparatively harmless. If the frog, who lives near him, and has most to fear from him, says he is blind, you may trust him. So we may trust a man's favorable testimony of an unfriendly neighbor.

There is a slight variation of this proverb which is also current:

XXII.

Tortue qui sorti bas de l'eau li di ou caiman gagné malszieux, coèr li.

If the terrapin that comes from the bottom of the water tells you that the alligator has sore eyes, believe him.

No fear need be entertained of the alligator, says Père Labat,* when he swims, for his paws must be supported to enable him to hurt any thing. For this reason he inspires no apprehension in places where the water is deep, only in those places where he can put his feet on the bottom or on the shore. When, therefore, a terrapin which swims in deep water tells you any thing about the alligator, it is evidence that the latter is in deep water, and therefore not dangerous. A similar lesson is taught by another department of the animal kingdom in the following aphorism:

XXIII.

Quand yo baille ou tête bef pou mangé, n'a pas peur zieux li.

When they give you an ox's head to eat, have no fear of his eyes.

XXIV.

The vanity of the black, which frequently tempts him to load his back at the expense of his stomach, to purchase superfluities while lacking necessaries, is perhaps no more common among the African than the Caucasian race, but its exhibition is apt to be more absurd.

It is a weakness, however, which has not escaped the barbs of Haytian satire. Their contempt for such folly is compared to that of the frog which, lacking water to drink, asks for a bath, or wanting a shirt, calls for drawers.

Crapaud li pas tini l'eau pour li boire li vlé gagné pour li bagner.

XXV.

Crapaud pas tini chemise ous vlé li poter caneçon.

The Germans draw the same lesson from the cat:

Du willst andern Katzen fangen, und kannst dir selbst keine Maus fangen.

You would hunt other cats, and can't yet catch a mouse.

Cicero* quotes from Ennius a line expressing the same sentiment, though as a proverbial locution it has little save its age to recommend it—*Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam.*†

Goldsmith, in his "Haunch of Venison," has embalmed the best English paraphrase of the two Haytian proverbs now under consideration:

"There's my countryman, Higgins, oh, let him alone
For making a blunder or picking a bone;
But, hang it, to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat.
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt."

XXVI.

Bef pas jamain ca dîe savanne, "Meci."

The ox never says to the pasture, "Thank you."

This proverb not only rebukes ingratitude for familiar favors or blessings, by placing the ingrates on a footing with beasts which have no intelligent sense of obligation, and are strangers to the emotion of thankfulness, but it also distinguishes between the ostensible good deeds which are the result of accident, or which originate in a selfish purpose, such as the feeding our cattle or poultry that they may one day feed us, from those which are the result of spontaneous and deliberate kindness.

XXVII.

Practical jokes and injudicious familiarities have given form and currency to the following caution:

Badiñen bien épis macaque, main pou en gâde manien laché li.

Joke freely with the monkey, but don't play with his tail.

Jocko's sensitiveness about his tail, which is notoriously his weak point,‡ serves admirably to show that there is nothing so amiable, so low, so familiar, that has not something about him or it that must not be trifled with. Every one has some sentiment which to him is sacred, some point of dignity, self-respect, or sensitiveness which may not be outraged with impunity.

This proverb also contains a warning against driving an adversary to extremities, against abusing an advantage. There

* *Nouveaux Voyage aux Iles d'Amerique*, vol. vii., p. 201.

* *De Divinatione*, i., 58.

† Though not knowing the way themselves, they pretend to point it out to others: the blind leading the blind.

There is another Latin proverb which conveys a kindred though not quite the same lesson: *Alienos agros irrigas tuis sitientibus.—You water others' fields, your own parched by drought.*"

‡ The Haytians also, when they wish to speak of one who has been heavily fined or harshly treated, say: *Yeaux péser la sous laché li.—They have pressed on his tail.*

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is a point with every body which it is not wise to pass, whether in joke or in earnest.

So the Haytians also say:

XXVIII.

Hai moune, main pas baie yeaux pañen pou chaier de l'eau.

Hate people, but don't give them baskets to fetch water in.

That is, don't impose upon them impossible duties nor insupportable punishments, for "with the tale of bricks Moses comes." Neither should we impute to people incredible crimes or acts inconsistent with their character, age, sex, or condition. As the French say: *Il ne faut pas faire cuire l'agneau dans le lait de la mère*—almost a literal translation of one of the prohibitions of Moses: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk," Deut., xiv. 21; Exod., xxiii. 19· xxxiv. 26.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editor's Easy Chair.

THIS number of the Magazine will be issued amidst the enthusiasm of the Centennial commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill, which may be justly expected to be one of the most imposing spectacles ever seen in the country. There will be gray-haired men there who were youths fifty years ago, when the corner-stone was laid, and Daniel Webster was the orator and Lafayette was the guest of honor. There will be an ample and jubilant representation of a nation of imperial power and magnificent extent, of a country washed by the two great oceans of the globe—a country and a nation which the exulting hope of half a century ago scarcely dared to anticipate. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the same good-natured self-command which marked the great crowds at the Concord and Lexington celebration will be witnessed at Bunker Hill. The elements of the crowd will, perhaps, be somewhat more disorderly, as the famous battle-ground is now within the city, but the conduct of the throng on the 19th of April showed that the State still held to its old traditions, and was a self-governing community.

The great day of the 19th of April will be always memorable to those who felt the exaltation of feeling which was its characteristic. There was indeed much discomfort. The wind was icy cold, and the multitude of persons overflowed all calculation and anticipation. The railroads did what they could, but no railroad could transport all Massachusetts and a large part of the rest of the country between seven and ten o'clock in the morning. The roads were thronged with carriages of every kind, and the highway from Boston to Lexington, and even to Concord, was like Broadway in its busiest hour. The people came as they came a hundred years ago, but in numbers beyond comparison. And the icy wind blew impartially upon all: upon the wandering boy who came as to a militia muster or county cattle show, and upon the President of the United States and his cabinet, upon Governors and Legislatures and Senators, and upon the august tribunal of which a pale aid said, with awe, to the chief marshal, "Good Heavens! Sir, the entire Supreme Court of Massachusetts is waiting round the corner in an ox-cart." During some parts of the day, and in certain places, order seemed impossible. The President was believed to have been lost, as it were, in a barouche which was separated from its escort, and members of the cabinet were reported to be engaged in vain efforts to get somewhere, and in animated colloquies with the police. One of them was said to have approached one of the stern guardians of public order, and to have told him, with some authority, to clear the way.

"Oh yes, I'll clear the way, my man; and I'll begin with you," responded the guardian, pushing the Secretary roughly, and exhorting him to move on.

"Evidently," said the other, "you don't know who I am. I am the Secretary ——."

"Oh yes," answered the firm defender of order, "we've had a good many of 'em round to-day." And again he urgently assisted the cabinet officer to move on.

Yet with all the confusion and the little inconveniences there was no ill feeling, and in all the throng no accident. The icy wind might well have made every body petulant, but excepting a few gentlemen of the press, who were exceedingly uncomfortable, and naturally thought the arrangements inadequate and the celebration a failure, and one daughter of Concord who detected discourtesy in the treatment of the ladies in the tent, there was no complaint. Mr. Wendell Phillips, indeed, assailed the Concord committee of arrangements for not inviting the Collector of Boston, whom he declared to be *ex officio* the representative of the President in the State, and always one of his suit when the guest of a State upon ceremonial occasions. Mr. Phillips may be correct, but we doubt if the committee which provides for the Centennial observance of the battle of Saratoga, if they secure the presence of the President, will think it their duty, for that reason, to invite the Collector of New York, who, in his own person, would be, we have no doubt, a very welcome guest. There is certainly no such general understanding of the canon of courtesy in such cases as Mr. Phillips states.

The day in Concord, as in Lexington, probably suggested to many a patriotic pilgrim who had not thought of it before that American valor a hundred years ago is as consecrating as Greek valor twenty centuries ago. "The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread;" and what was there in the cause or the character of the heroes which should make Marathon or Platææ more romantic than Lexington or Concord? Leonidas and the Greeks stood in the pass at Thermopylæ: John Parker and his townsmen on Lexington Green. They

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both stood for liberty and for us. Yet how many a youth who dreams of old renown, and burns to see the fields that brave men have immortalized, remembers that here at hand in his own country he has the scene of all that kindles his imagination! The men of Rütli met in the meadow high upon the Swiss mountains, and resolved to unite and to maintain their ancient liberties: the men of Concord and of Middlesex upon the upland over the little river made the same resolve, and marched at once to meet the foe. How is Leonidas nobler or more poetic than the Minute-man, who lives forever in the noble statue of French fronting the old bridge? and why is the imagination famished and homesick for a remote and alien shore as the scene of virtues and of deeds that are homebred and familiar?

The Centennial celebrations all over the country will teach us this also, that in the final consecrating grace of any scene upon the globe, namely, the display of the highest human heroism, our own soil is as rich as any upon which the sun shines. Hawthorne, who lived in Concord, bewailed the want of romantic suggestion in this country, yet afterward in his *Septimius Felton* he showed that his own quiet village and its famous day were as full of romantic and moving incident as any spot or time in history. Where, in any annals, is there a more striking and poetic story than that of the midnight march to Concord, and the country rising behind the invader? What element of romance is wanting to the scene of Ethan Allen entering the fortress whose name of Ticonderoga is full of resounding music, and which is set amidst every picturesque charm of landscape, and summoning the surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress? Even the tender grace of Philip Sidney's pure devotion in handing the cup of water to the dying soldier is emulated by the reply of the young man mortally stricken upon a battle-field of the late war, who refused to allow his comrade to leave the gun to give him a drop of water. If America is not classic ground, there is none. If our own story does not inspire the imagination, imagination has expired.

There is an ennobling and a foolish national pride, but there is no reason to fear that we shall devote these Centennial years to a false glorification. The dominant quality in our race hitherto is good sense, and so just is it, and so powerful, that it promises constant and still nobler progress and development. It will be the natural tendency of these festivals to show us our dangers and their remedies, and to correct that despairing tone which is so easy for those who do not allow for the incalculable. When we speak of corruption and of venal Legislatures, let us remember the Parliament of Lord North and George the Third, bought like meat in the shambles, sleeping—as the story goes, which we do not believe—under the splendors of Burke's eloquence. Despite that flagrant, shameless bribery, England has not succumbed; and not only so, but her government has grown steadily purer and purer. The British Tory journals deprecate flattery of the United States, in which free government has produced only corruption and incompetency! The man who sees only that as our Centennial harvest, would see only the smut upon a prairie of grain, only the worms in golden acres of cotton. The public spirit which overthrew the Ring in New York, the private independence which puts in peril a dominant party, are signs, visible and inspiring, of that lofty public spirit, that patriotic virtue, which drew the farmers of Concord and Lexington to the bridge and the green, the colonies to Bunker Hill, the Mecklenburg planters to Charlotte, and which, like a blast from the Green Mountains, thundered its doom to Ticonderoga. The pride that springs from this spirit is that which we may justly feel, and upon which we may safely rely.

The group of kindred and friends that stood upon the sunny knoll in Greenwood on the soft April afternoon when John Harper was buried could not but feel that the long life which had at last peacefully ended had been a lesson which no funeral discourse could emphasize or adorn. Yet the few words which were spoken by his pastor in the crowded church were singularly felicitous, and their tranquil simplicity made them all the more fitting for the obsequies of the strong, modest, self-contained man whose dead body lay before him. There is a great deal that we call luck and chance and good fortune; but in the tremendous rivalry of human affairs luck and chance do not achieve great successes; and when success is of gradual but certain growth, enlarging, extending, establishing itself from year to year, whether in the conduct of a nation or of a business, it is the monument of a combined intelligence and industry and energy which instinctively commands admiration and respect. It is an old story, but there is none better. It is told in a hundred ways, but still the same sound, sweet moral underlies it all.

A boy of fourteen, John Harper came to New York from the Long Island farm upon which he was born and bred. His older brother, James, was already a printer's apprentice, and John entered upon the same employment. They had health, youth, good habits, intelligence, industry, and resolution for capital, and with that they presently embarked in business, with results that are well known. They had no other luck or good fortune than every honest, diligent, and resolute printer's apprentice in New York has today. But they were willing, cheerful, prompt, as well as steady and skillful. If work was to be done out of hours, they were ready to do it. They gave their hearts to their tasks as well as their hands, and when John Harper had reached his majority he and his brother James formed the firm of J. and J. Harper, printers. They were fortunate not only in that fraternal affection which bound them so closely, and which never wavered—an affection so deep and true that the death of James in his ripe and vigorous age was a mortal blow to John—but in temperament and character, which, differing in each, most happily combined. James Harper was a man of immense vitality, of gay spirits, elastic, with an unfailing humor and the shrewdest good sense. His humor was dry and irresistible, and the familiar story of his reply to the question what his part in the business was is an excellent illustration of it. Those who recall his serious aspect, with the hair brushed back from his brow and the spectacles pushed up, can imagine the profound gravity with which he regarded his

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questioner, who had been sitting long to very little purpose, and who finally said, "Well, Mr. Harper, I can understand that your brother John takes care of the accounts, and your brother Joseph superintends the correspondence, and your brother Fletcher keeps the business moving, but I don't see what is left for you. What do you do?"

"Oh, they leave me an enormous work. I have more to do than all of them."

"Indeed! That's very curious. What *do* you do?"

"Why, my dear Sir, they leave me to entertain the bores!"

This exuberant social nature of James Harper was contrasted with the quiet sobriety of his brother John, but they were the differing aspects of the same sound sense and sagacity, without which their success would have been impossible. Besides the inflexible integrity which was the foundation of his character, John was remarkable, as a man of affairs, for his will and his judgment. He was perfectly cool and courageous, and never evaded the decision that ought to be made. He would not delay or wait for something to turn up. To-morrow was a siren to whose song he was deaf, and he gave every day its due. His portrait which was published in the *Weekly* shows the Napoleonic quality of his nature, the unquailing perception and the firm resolution which are essential to victory, whatever the field or the character of the enterprise. He was very cautious, very conservative, but his conservatism was not the mere dull tenacity of old methods, which often passes by that name. The combined will and skill and intelligence of the two brothers would not have sufficed to lay the deep and broad foundation of their great business had they wanted the wise daring which takes risks; and when in the course of time, and with the enlargement of the firm by the entrance of younger brothers, that element became still more pronounced, the prosperity was proportionably greater.

The simple habits of his early day were never discarded by Mr. Harper. As his brother James on the last day of his conscious life was at the office by eight o'clock in the morning opening his letters, as he had done for forty years, so John was always prompt at his post—the old double counting-room desk at which he daily stood for many and many a year, from the small and dark office in Cliff Street to the spacious and bright quarters of a later day. Grave, busy, silent, but ever courteous, no man ever heard from him at that old desk a word that was not considerate, nor ever a word too many or extravagant. All around him were the signs of a vast business, employing hundreds of persons, connected with all parts of a continent — the buildings humming with the activity of men and women and machinery—and there was he, the image of the silent and resolute sagacity of the fraternal union from which it had all proceeded. His simplicity and regularity, his steady fidelity and modest ways and words, his sturdy manliness and conscientiousness, were a perpetual illustration to younger men of the elements of success, and a noble rebuke of the indolence, carelessness, and extravagance by which so many great and promising and established enterprises are ruined.

For some years his old place has not known him. His brother James was thrown from his carriage one afternoon in March, 1869, and died on the following day. John's self-command withheld all excessive expression or loud lamentation. But those who knew the intensity of his nature, and the closeness of the life-long affection that had bound the brothers, and the undisturbed harmony of their common interests and purposes for more than fifty years, knew also the cruelty of the blow, and watched painfully for the result. From that moment his active interest in business declined. He continued, indeed, to appear for a little time at the office; but one day in returning home he had a slight attack, which seemed to him possibly to indicate some failure of his powers, and nothing in all his life was more characteristic than the injunction which he then laid upon his partners, that he was never again to be consulted upon the conduct of the business. So sound and true even then was his sagacity that he feared that, unconsciously to himself or even to them, his judgment might be impaired. In the enforced leisure of these last years his chief enjoyment was driving; but some three years ago a severe paralysis deprived him of that resource, and he gradually became quite helpless. But his undaunted spirit and his religious faith triumphed over decay. It was with difficulty that he communicated with his family, but there was no sign of spiritual despondency, nothing unworthy of the strong and good man who had not lost the simple manhood which the boy had brought to the city sixty years before. And when at last he died, tranquilly and without pain, there could be even to that nearest and dearest affection which had thus lost its chief earthly object a profound and consoling sense of happy release. Mr. Harper was always a Methodist, and an active member of that religious body. But while his own faith was very dear and sufficient, he knew that in his Father's house are many mansions, and men's lives were more significant to him than their professions, because it is the life which can alone test the vital reality of the profession. It was so that his own faith was proved. And when he was nearly eighty years old, at peace with himself and all men, John Harper died as he had lived, without fear and without reproach.

Just before the opening of the London Crystal Palace, Dickens wrote to a friend in this country, who had said that he intended to stay at home, "Oh yes, you mean to be the only man in the world who can say that he did not come to the Great Exhibition." The Easy Chair was for many weeks in that situation in regard to the *Shaughraun*. Every body had seen it, as twenty years and more ago every body had read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But it was only when the winter was over and gone—and it seemed that it never would be—that the Easy Chair saw the *Shaughraun*. Even to think of it is to smile. The round, smooth, lightsome face, topped with curls, was the personification of an ideal Irish humor. It is not easy to say whence that ideal springs. It certainly is not from the common Irish jokes or jokers, or the usual Irish drama or actors. But there is a certain pure, limpid, rollicking, harmless fun, as far from a practical joke as wit from a pun, which is suggested by the Shaugh-

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raun, and which is recognized as Irish. It is all in the candid, good-natured, guileless face which looks at you when the Shaughraun appears. The Easy Chair was told that it was the face of Mr. Boucicault. Arrah! go 'long wid ye! Mr. Boucicault was a grave gentleman whom the Easy Chair saw twenty years ago, and he could be the father of the Shaughraun. None of yer Irish jokes wid the Easy Chair!

There has been no play since *Rip Van Winkle* which has excited so much interest as this, and no character which is a more distinct figure in the mind than the Shaughraun. He is an Irish good-for-nothing, a young vagabond who is as idle as Rip Van Winkle, and who loves the bottle—not to Rip's excess—and who by his nimble wit and laughing, careless courage serves to good purpose a pair of very amiable lovers. There are knaves and wretches in the play, and ladies and lovers, and soldiers and a priest and old crones. There is some kind of story, as there is in an opera, but you don't remember very well what it is. It is only a background for the Shaughraun to sparkle on. Some grave critic remarked that as a play it had faults: it violated canons and laws, and wanted unity, and did many things which it seems plays ought not to do. There are two plots, or threads, or catastrophes, and the mind, it appears, is distracted, and the whole thing could have been much better. Ah! had the painter only taken more pains! But, on the other hand, Mr. Critic, there is not a dull word or a dragging scene in it. It moves from beginning to end, and it is pure picture and romance all the way. There are, indeed, those dreadful moral difficulties which we have been called upon to consider in *Rip Van Winkle*. Here is a lazy good-for-nothing, who has no trade or profession, or even employment, who has been in jail for his tricks more than once, who carries a bottle in his pocket, and poaches and fishes at his will, and he carries with him our admiration and sympathy, and puts our minds into any mood but that of severity and reproof. He is simple and generous and sincere, and brave and faithful and affectionate, indeed, but he is a mere Shaughraun after all.

Perhaps the only plea that can be urged in the defense is that the play leaves us more kindly and gentle. But if you return to the charge, and ask whether this might not have been done had the hero been a respectable and virtuous young man, keeping regular hours and reputable society, avoiding strong liquors and vagabondage, and devoted to an honest trade or a learned profession, the Easy Chair can only ask in return whether Hamlet might not have been a green-grocer. The charm and the defense of the *Shaughraun* are those of *Rip Van Winkle*—they are its humanizing character and influence. Here is the spectacle of knavery brought to naught, of faithful love rewarded, and all by means of simplicity, generosity, good nature, and courage. Things are very perplexing if that is immoral. It is, in fact, a poem, a romance. The little drama is wrought, indeed, with all the consummate skill of the most experienced and accomplished of play-writers. The resources of the stage, machinery, surprises, whatever belongs to effect, are all brought most adroitly into play, and the spectator is compelled to admire the result of tact and experience in the construction of a drama. But it all deepens the romantic impression. The scene is Ireland, the story is one of love, the chief actor is an Irishman seen by the imagination; and it is one of the felicitous touches of the skill with which the work is done that from time to time, when the spectator is most intent and his imagination is all aglow, there is a faint breath from the orchestra, a waft of wild, pathetic Irish melody, which fills the mind with vague sadness and sympathy, and the scene with a nameless pensive charm. This is the stroke of true humor—the mingled smile and tear.

But as you sit and watch and listen, you become more and more aware that the key-note of the whole play is very familiar, and even what the Easy Chair has already said may suggest the essential resemblance, which gradually becomes fixed and absolute. Under a wholly different form, under circumstances entirely changed, in another time and country, and with a myriad divergences, the *Shaughraun* is our old friend *Rip Van Winkle*. It is recognized as readers of Browning recognize "In a Spanish Cloister" in the dialect poetry. The motive of the two dramas is the same—the winning vagabond. In the earlier play he is more indolent and dreamy, and the human story naturally fades into a ghostly tale; in the later he is heroic and defined, and acts only within familiar and human conditions. As a study of the fine art of play-writing, you can easily fancy, as the performance proceeds, that an accomplished playwright, pondering the great and true and permanent success of *Rip Van Winkle*, may have set himself to pluck out the heart of its mystery, and to win the same victory upon another field. You can fancy him sitting unsuspected in the parquette on Jefferson's nights, intently poring upon that actor's personation of the character that he has "created," studying it with a talent of infinite resource for the object in view, and gradually reproducing, under a wholly new and foreign form, the fascination of a spell that is peculiar to no country or clime, but inheres in human nature. It is doubtless a fancy only, but it holds with singular persistence. What is the Shaughraun but a jocund Irish Rip, or Rip but a Shaughraun of the Catskill?

There seems to be no reason that such dramas should not be played perpetually, if only the actors could be found, as a fine picture has an endless charm. The imagination—of observation all compact—from which the original legend of Rip Van Winkle sprang, and the sympathetic perception which made Irving's rendering of it the most popular and pleasing of his sketches, and the untiring admiration which attends its presentation upon the stage, show that the story is essentially human and delightful, not limited to an age or a fashion. My Uncle Toby and Sir Roger de Coverley are as fresh as ever, and even in another century we can not imagine that English readers on both sides of the sea will not enjoy them as we and our fathers have enjoyed. There is no reason why a play which draws its charm not from a fashion, or an accident, or a trick, but, equally with these characters, from human nature, should not hold the stage, and charm forever, except for the one inexorable condition, the genius of the actor. The plays of *Rip* and the *Shaughraun* will remain, but what elixir will make Jefferson and Boucicault immortal?

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Macbeth and Hamlet survive in literature rather than upon the stage, and so when Jefferson goes, Rip will return again to literature. Yet if we sigh over the evanescence of theatrical glory and the small result of a renown like that of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, we are to remember that it is only their personal portraiture of a great character that disappears, not the character itself. If, indeed, the actor makes the part, it is like his shadow, and vanishes with him. But Queen Katherine lives although Mrs. Siddons dies, and Lear is not lost when Garrick goes.

In thinking of the two plays of which we have been speaking, it is pleasant to reflect how the character of the play-house itself has changed, and within a generation. It is no longer the haunt and the gate and the pander to vice, but a harmless and delightful and elevating recreation. This is so true that the vehement denunciation of the theatre, as if the theatres of to-day were like the Drury Lane and Covent Garden and the old New York Park and National of fifty years ago, is so pointless as to be ludicrous. At that time certain vicious appendages and attractions were held to be indispensable in a theatre which are now rejected as most injurious and unprofitable. The theatre now makes its most strenuous and hopeful appeal to the "family circle." A matinée is a bright and blithesome spectacle of happy children and parents, and the play-house is no longer the synonym of perilous temptation. Those, indeed, who think amusement to be in itself sinful may justly decry it. But how do they dispose of the God-given faculty of laughter, which is distinctively human? May it not be indulged upon an infinite variety of suggestions and excitations, if only they be innocent? So the stricter Friends bear their testimony against music. But what do they say to the bobolinks? Charles Wesley was wiser, who grudged Satan all the good tunes.

This modern purgation of the play-house is due chiefly to an actor who died two years ago, and whose memoirs have been lately published.* This was Macready, a gentleman who was driven from New York by an angry mob, inflamed by a rival actor. The book is a very interesting history of the English theatre for the last sixty years, and it is the self-painted portrait of an actor of the purest personal character and aims. Indeed, the spotless decorum and courtly gravity of Macready suggest Edward Everett, and nothing is finer in his career than the resolution with which he waged war upon the traditional vices of the theatre, and made it, while he was manager, decorous enough even for him. This is the more creditable to Macready as he was the son of a manager, and being born, as it were, in the theatre, its evil traditions might well have seemed to him impregnable. At the farewell dinner given to him in London in the spring of 1851, which was attended by all the most conspicuous men in literature, art, and the various professions, and of which the most memorable reminiscence is the sonnet of Tennyson,

"Farewell, Macready, since to-night we part,

Lord Lytton, who presided, and made a most happy speech, said, "Mr. Macready not only enriched the scene, but he purified the audience, and, for the first time since the reign of Charles II., a father might have taken his daughters to the public theatre with as much safety from all that could shock decorum as if he had taken them to the house of a friend."

This is immense praise and an immense admission. But it is true that from the time the vicious free list was suspended the theatre has rapidly changed its character, and has become what it now is, in its best exemplars, a resort as harmless as any other public amusement. It is not free, indeed, from the leer of what is called the opéra bouffe, but the unclean extravagances of that opera, such as they are, are really an injury to the house in which it is played, while to condemn the theatre at large for such excesses is to condemn literature because of many indecencies in books. This purgation is one of the great gains of civilization, and it is a boon which we owe to a most conscientious man and artist, a play-actor and a manager. There was nothing of the Shaughraun and of Rip Van Winkle in Macready; but let us atone for the wretched treatment that he received in a New York theatre by gratefully remembering that he has made it possible for a father to take his daughters and sons to smile and weep with Rip and Conn without the least doubt or apprehension from any of the old evil genii of the theatre.

The debt of America to Germany is great in many ways. Our political system is developed from that which was known long ago in that father-land, and which is still seen in operation in much of its original purity and simplicity in the old Swiss cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, from which came the men of Rütli and Swiss liberty. But the more immediate obligation which we acknowledge to Germany is of another kind. It is that of musical culture, and how great and important this is is shown by the attention paid to the late musical festival at Cincinnati, and the space accorded to its story in the newspapers. Those who remember the beginnings of the old Boston Academy of Music, when Mr. Schmidt was conductor and Mr. Eliot was president, under whose auspices Beethoven was first generally introduced to the knowledge of the American public, or the earnest devotion to "classical" music of the New York Philharmonic in the days of the Apollo Rooms, contemplate with amazement and delight such musical congresses as that of the last May in Cincinnati, when Beethoven's Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, and Bach's Magnificat, and the modern Brahm's Triumph-lied, and selections from Wagner were given with an orchestra of a hundred under Theodore Thomas, and a chorus of eight hundred trained voices under Otto Singer, whose concerted performance was so finished and impressive that the enthusiasm of the thousands who were gathered to hear was irrepressible.

That such results have been so swiftly achieved suggests the hope that it will not be very long before that other great delight of Germany, the cheap open-air concert, will become as general among us. The beginning is already made in Theodore Thomas's Central Park Garden concerts, which combine the two essential conditions of cheapness and the best music. They have that other indispensable condition also, a thor-

* *Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from his Diaries and Letters.* Harper and Brothers.

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oughly trained and skillful conductor, who is not fatally wedded to the past, as if genius were dead and the future hopeless, but who, because he reverences the greatness of the old composers, is forever watching for the re-appearance of their excellence and superiority in other forms among younger men. There is an idolatry of Beethoven which is a superstition as ungenerous and narrowing as any other. If Beethoven had shared its belittling spirit, and kept his heart and head turned backward to Allegri and Porpora, he would never have been Beethoven, and we should have lacked the Symphonies and Sonatas and *Fidelio*. Indeed, the influence of Mozart is very perceptible in some of the earlier strains of Beethoven, but he believed that beyond the mountains there were men also, and he broke from that early overmastery. Those who are jealous of the new men because the old are so good forget that it was the very same feeling which so long rejected and ridiculed Beethoven himself. He seemed to it an eccentric innovator, who wrote music that no orchestra could play, and which, if it could play, nobody could understand.

Mr. Thomas has the courage not to fear the untried, and to test modern worth in music. He seems also to have the power of discrimination, which is not always so evident in the Philharmonic selections. Liszt and Berlioz have been amply heard, but certainly no one would claim for either of them very high rank as a great composer; and if they were heard very much more seldom, no one could justly complain that they were disregarded or unfairly treated. All that can be asked for the new men is, not that they shall be constantly heard, nor received as great because they are new, but, when they have acquired a certain standing in Germany or wherever else, that America should also have a chance to judge them. If a society gives but four or five concerts in a season, it may most justly say that it will play only the music that is acknowledged to be the best, that it will select from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, as a reader might confine himself to Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and Wordsworth, and this for the obvious reasons that so many hearings of what is known to be good are not too many, and that there are opportunities enough for the others.

But Mr. Thomas is, fortunately, not confined to three or four concerts. In this summer, if he does as in past years, he will be every evening at his post, and so have opportunity to touch the stops of various quills. It is to him, as we have formerly remarked, that Wagner owes his popularity in this country, for in Thomas the Wagner music has found a sympathetic and enthusiastic as well as most accomplished interpreter. At the Cincinnati festival the rendering of the selections from Wagner's *Lohengrin* was so perfect and so attractive that one of the most intelligent reports said that the performance was received with an enthusiasm which now and then amounted almost to "wildness;" and the correspondent added that he doubted whether any thing that was heard would make a deeper popular impression. Doubtless the large German element in the population of Cincinnati explains much of the success of this great festival. But let us humbly hope that so much good music is not wholly lost upon the entire community, and that in this as in so many other ways the German will be the civilizing influence.

Editor's Literary Record.

Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from his Diaries and Letters (Harper and Brothers), will surprise those readers who have formed the impression that virtue can never sustain itself behind the foot-lights; it will, however, confirm the opinion of those who believe that only a very resolute virtue can do so. Mr. Macready, who was certainly one of the first tragedians of his time, and one of the most praiseworthy managers, gives abundant evidence, in his diary and letters, of the devoutness of his Christian faith and the earnestness of his Christian principles. This is not merely apparent in the language of unaffected piety with which his diaries abound—these, it might be thought, were either assumed with an actor's art or sympathetically caught by a facile and impressible nature; it is not less apparent in the whole course of his life. He was the son of a provincial actor and manager, and was studying for the bar. The stage was utterly distasteful to him, but at the age of eighteen he abandoned the profession of his choice and entered his father's dramatic company in order to relieve him from financial embarrassments. Throughout his life he was self-exacting and conscientious, never adopting the small arts with which the actor too often endeavors by a "hit" to evoke applause from an uncritical audience. He always labored to win his laurels by the study and portraiture, in its entirety, of the character assumed. As a manager he was the first to exclude from the London theatres persons whose authorized presence brought a just reproach, if not on the drama, at least on dramatic performance. The Astor Place mob, which in 1849 brought such disgrace on New York city, winked at if not instigated by a rival American tragedian, might well have stirred the wrath of any man. He writes of that night's shameful scenes with a calmness and a freedom from rancor which are the best evidence not only of gentlemanly instincts, but also of Christian grace. And finally, in 1851, he retired from the stage, in part, apparently, because he was unable to carry out those reforms which he thought essential to its purification. We wish the editor had given us a fuller explanation of this retirement, the cause of which Mr. Macready indicates in a sentence which needs some interpretation: "My ambition to establish a theatre in regard to decorum and taste worthy of our country, and to have in it the plays of our divine Shakspeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task." Such a volume as this is not merely of interest to play-goers; it is the record of a truly noble life, one that was unsuccessful only in so far as

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the greatness of the self-imposed task has hitherto proved too much for the efforts of the best and ablest of the dramatic profession. The same consecration, energy, high moral purpose, unselfish aim, conscientious, persistent, and painstaking study that won for Macready a foremost place among actors, will always give a reasonable measure of success in any sphere of life and labor; for this reason his "Reminiscences" deserve a place by the side of the biographies of such men as Livingstone, Morse, Chase, and Brassey, in that literature of glorious example which constitutes the best portion of the world's library.

Dr. R. S. Storrs's *Preaching without Notes* and Dr. John Hall's *God's Word through Preaching* (Dodd and Mead) are of interest to a much wider circle of readers than those to be found in the clerical profession, for which they are especially prepared. For there is no inconsiderable danger that eloquence in this country will become a "lost art." It is no longer heard in the halls of Congress, where votes are now never influenced by speeches, where measures are carried not by the power of persuasive oratory, but by the manipulations of skillful party managers, and where, in lieu of orations, uttered with impassioned eloquence for immediate effect, we have rhetorical essays, drowsily read to an indifferent audience or to empty benches, in order to justify their publication, for ulterior effect upon a remote constituency. It is no longer heard in our courts of justice, where success is awarded not to the eloquent pleader, but to the skillful attorney—not to eloquence in address, but to skill in marshaling, arranging, and presenting evidence—and where judges and jurors, impatient for release, are often repelled, and rarely attracted, charmed, or convinced, by the arts of the rhetorician, the elocutionist, or the orator. The great political contests of the nation, and occasional celebrations like those which accompany our Centennial, sometimes give scope for oratory, but the audience which *listens* is insignificant in comparison with the audience which *reads*, and eloquence in the ancient sense—the eloquence of a vital, living, enthusiastic soul impressing its personality on the souls of others—rarely survives the sight of half a score of newspaper reporters with busy fingers. The last refuge of oratory is the pulpit, and culture as well as religion is interested in the preservation and development of the art of public speaking in the only assemblage where the speaker can ordinarily maintain a supreme indifference to the chilling effect of newspaper publication. In this respect Dr. Storrs's book is of much greater value than Dr. Hall's. The latter brings to the discussion of his theme a large experience, a deep and consecrated earnestness, and a common-sense that almost amounts to genius; but this is all. His lectures do not exhibit any remarkable insight into or exposition of great fundamental principles. They do not discourage the average student by presenting an ideal beyond his attainment, or a conception of the work beyond his mental grasp. They abound in useful suggestions, but they do not revolve about any central thought. They are practical and immediately helpful rather than psychologically profound. But they are purely professional, and only the religious teacher, lay or clerical, will find in them matter that is helpful or even interesting. Dr. Storrs's volume, comprising four lectures delivered before the Union Theological Seminary, while more limited in its theme, is of wider and more general interest by reason of its treatment. Devoted directly to the discussion of preaching without notes, its discussions are almost equally applicable to all extempore speaking—at the bar, on the stump, on the platform, in the halls of the Legislature. That Dr. Storrs would illustrate his theme by his own successful achievement, we anticipated; that he would make a book interesting by its rich historical illustrations and its brilliant yet never gaudy or meretricious rhetoric, we were very certain; that from his own experience, if he chose to give it to us, as he has done, we should get valuable suggestions, we with reason expected; but we have been agreeably disappointed at the profound apprehension displayed of the fundamental laws of extempore address, that is, of eloquence—for the *highest* successes of oratory never are and never can be achieved by any other method.

We group together a number of novels, in any one of which may be found pleasant summer reading. Of these decidedly the best is *Alice Lorraine*, a tale of the South Downs, by R. D. Blackmore (Harper and Brothers). Mr. Blackmore never writes a commonplace novel, and *Alice Lorraine* falls in no respect behind the *Maid of Sker* and *Lorna Doone*. The plot is certainly not common, nor are the incidents borrowed. In this respect there is sufficient vital dramatic interest to keep the attention of even lazy readers, or active-minded readers in their lazy hours. But apart from this more ordinary attraction, characteristic of all the better class of stories, *Alice Lorraine* is invested with a peculiar charm by the combined pathos and humor of its author, and by the delicacy and subtleness of his imagination. This imagination weaves flowers of gold and silver into almost every page; though subordinate and incidental, they not only impart peculiar life to his descriptions of characters, scenes, and incidents, but also give artistic beauty to the whole story, as does the finish of detail, which even the most casual observer feels, though he may not perceive, in the greatest landscapes of the greatest artists. There is a curious power in this poet-mind which sees the real truth beneath the outward guise; and to our material age, no less than to the more æsthetic ages of the past, there is a peculiar value, as well as a peculiar charm, in the pen or the pencil which, in descriptions of nature, interprets the semblances if not the tokens of soul; and this Mr. Blackmore does. The story threatens to come to a tragic end, but it is safe to presume that every novel-reader will refuse to believe that Alice is dead, or to doubt that the earnest fidelity of the hearty rector, and the quietly persistent lover, and the intense Mabel will bring back the flickering flame of life again.—*Our Detachment*, by Katherine King (Harper and Brothers), is so complicated in its cross-purposes, and so pathetic in the unhappy death of Egerton, and the dark cloud it casts over the lives of Mabel and Feversham, that the final marriage of the two lovers does not suffice to make it other than a sorrowful if not an absolutely tragic story. Its situations are wrought out with no inconsiderable power, but they are too pathetic, too pitiful, to be pleasant, save for those who like to read what will bring tears to the eyes. It

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will be difficult for any one to read through with dry eye and steady voice the chapter which narrates the discovery of Cecil's dead body by the remorseful Mabel.—The reader of *Victor La Tourette* (Roberts Brothers), observing that it is by a "Broad-Churchman," and has upon its title-page two mottoes, one from Augustine and one from Emerson, will not be surprised to find a book somewhat theological, and even metaphysical, in its tone. We should say that the author had chosen the novel as a means of inculcating his theology, which is certainly fresh in its forms of statement, if not in its substance, and which is certainly liberal and humane, whether or no it be sound. We shall leave the theological critics to adjudge its theological value. As a story, simply, it is not remarkable. The scene is laid on our frontier at a time when Detroit was a frontier town, and the introduction of Indian life contributes the chief romantic element in its composition.—*A White Hand*, by ELLA FARMAN (D. Lothrop and Co.), is an interesting story, and of a kind which will better satisfy the ordinary reader than the careful critic. That Jack should not recognize his own wife, even after six years of separation; that he should fall in love with her again under another name; that this love should operate, not to draw him farther away from his first allegiance, but to send him back to it again—this is simply incredible; and the story which turns upon such a happy blunder belongs rather to the stage than to actual life. There is power, not yet fully matured, in both the conception and the portraiture of character; and if the plot has been borrowed from the literature of the drama, the characters have not. Jack, Millicent, Trixie, Cecil, Ralph, are all real creations, and their individuality gives promise of better work in the future from the author.—*A Perfect Adonis*, by the author of *Rutledge*, etc. (G. W. Carleton and Co.), is not without merit, but is unsatisfactory. The plot is simple and commonplace enough. Dorla marries George from pity, not love. The husband's folly drives her into the very temptations she would wish to avoid. The "perfect Adonis" would have sacrificed her honor to his false love; but her fidelity is never really shaken, though her heart is sorely tried. George, having served the chief purpose of his existence, which, so far as this story is concerned, is to make an ill-assorted match, finally dies, and the widow, after an appropriate lapse of time, marries the "perfect Adonis," who is in no way worthy of her. The chief merit of the book lies in some tolerably life-like descriptions of fashionable life.—*Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life* (Henry Holt and Co.) is a curiously common title of a curiously uncommon book. Mr. Smith is a man of rare character. That part of his life which this story details is spent in an English neighborhood whose chief intellectual activity is an endless small gossip that revolves about Mr. Smith, whose early life is a mystery, and whose character is an enigma to the gossip-mongers of East-world. For those who are fond of gossip, and do not get enough of it in daily life, this book is to be commended as an admirable photograph of the very small talk of a country village, and the very small schemes of managing mothers, and fathers, and their marriageable daughters. But it possesses also a higher element of interest: it very effectively traces the influence of a noble nature on a frivolous one. There is a genuine moral power in the story, and the author writes in a compact style and with a graphic suggestiveness.—*We and our Neighbors*, by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (J. B. Ford and Co.), takes up the story of the lives where *My Wife and I* dropped them. The plot is slight, and the incidents are neither numerous nor startling. Mrs. Stowe has rather aimed to present a series of pictures from real life than a dramatic story. There are humorsome hits at social follies, bits of wisdom and bits that are not always wise, sketches of character, and sketches of parts and fragments of characters, and in these, it is hardly necessary to say, there is considerable force and originality. But there is a lack of careful finish of execution in detail, and a lack of unity of design in the whole, which not only detract from the artistic excellence of the book, but also from its interest. It resembles rather a series of "studies" by the hand of a careless genius than a great picture by a genius that is patient and painstaking.—The readers of PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON regard him in the light of an almost personal friend; he has something of that magnetic power so conspicuously present in Ruskin's earlier works, and so conspicuously absent in his later writings. They will therefore welcome with peculiar warmth his first book for boys, *Harry Blount* (Roberts Brothers). It is a thoroughly healthful book, strong, muscular, manly, with no sentimentalism on the one side, and no brutality on the other. No boy can read it without a larger respect for a true, vigorous, heroic manhood, nor without some enkindling of indignation at the miserably unmanly use of strength in teasing and tormenting the weak, whether by practical jokes at the expense of small boys or shooting at the expense of small birds. There is vivacity enough, both in style and incident, to insure the story careful reading from the boys, to whom we heartily recommend it.—Speaking of Hamerton, an instance of whose remarkable versatility has just been given, recalls his artistic periodical, *The Portfolio*, of which J. W. Bouton, of New York, is the American publisher. Mr. Hamerton's eminence as an art critic, and the high authority of his co-laborers, who are themselves artists, give this journal the first rank in the literature of art. It is published monthly, and its able essays and excellent illustrations give it a permanent value.—*Our Three Boys* (American Tract Society) is an exceptionally good story—so exceptionally good that we select it from the multitude of children's stories for special commendation. Miss CHESTER has a living sympathy with boys. She believes in them, writes for them, and in describing them finds her materials, not in the conventional creations of Sabbath-school literature, but in the actualities of real life. Because we like the boys that God makes better than the attempted improvements of the Sabbath-school novel-writers, we commend cordially this very unaffected, simple, and truthful story.

In *Mexico: our Next-door Neighbor*, by GILBERT HAVEN (Harper and Brothers), a considerable portion of which volume has already appeared in a series of illustrated articles in the pages of this Magazine, the author gives a description of a winter personally spent in Mexi-

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co. His style is lucid, his sentences short, crisp, compact. He writes as one who has much to say, and is always pressed for room, and always studying to put much in little space. A deep and earnest Christian spirit pervades his pages. The volume is elaborately and handsomely illustrated.—The death of Mrs. HENRY M. FIELD took from the literary and social life of New York city one of its most gifted and loved members. A large circle of personal friends will hold in sacred esteem as a memorial of her life the little volume edited by her husband, *Home Sketches in France* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The first part of the volume is occupied with tributes to her life and character by some of her literary companions and friends. The rest consists of articles furnished by Mrs. Field at different times in her life between the years 1867 and 1873. Most of these papers concern France or French affairs—ancient Brittany, religion in France, charities of Paris, education in France, the old French noblesse, etc. Mrs. Field was by birth a Frenchwoman and a Romanist, by conviction a Protestant, by choice an American. Thus her early life gives her an insight into French life and character which no American born can possess, while her later associations, her religion, her domestic life, and her American sympathies enable her to interpret France to the American. Her essays produce the conviction that she, who was one of the most brilliant and magnetic of conversationalists, might also have been one of the most interesting and attractive of authors if she had chosen to use her pen in converse with that wider circle, the public. Her unpretentious papers are well worthy the careful study of any who would understand the present condition or judge aright of the future prospects of France. —Dr. AZEL AMES'S *Sex in Industry* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is the complement of Dr. Clarke's *Sex in Education*. The practical result reached by the independent investigations of these two physicians is the same, namely, that while woman is the equal of man, her constitution is not the same, and her interests, as well as those of society, demand that sex should be taken into consideration in determining the quantity and the character of labor permitted, whether it be intellectual or muscular. This general position Dr. Ames enforces by the results of a series of careful inquiries as to the conditions of homes and employments of working people, especially in the great manufacturing operations of New England. He writes, not as an advocate, but as a calm and dispassionate observer; and those who are reluctant to accept his conclusions can countervail them only by entering upon the field of investigation which he has barely opened.—*Through Normandy*, by KATHERINE S. MACQUOID (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), will interest the past or prospective traveler through that quaint country more than the general reader. It has a very convenient and useful index for travelers, which would be of great value to the tourist, comprising, as it does, in the briefest possible compass, information respecting routes, hotels, fares, etc. But the descriptions are too literal and too prosaic. They are minute and realistic, but not graphic or pictorial.

A remarkably concise but comprehensive historical review is given in EDWARD ABBOTT'S *Paragraph History of the United States* (Roberts Brothers), from the discovery of the continent to the present time. The author has prepared this volume "for the use of those Americans who, at this Centennial period, wish to refresh their memories as to some main facts in their country's history, and have only a few moments to do it in." In the margin are given suggestive notes of contemporaneous events in European history. The book, which is chronologically arranged, can be read through in an hour, is original in its conception, and will prove of great value in these days of voluminously overproductive literary enterprises. It might be improved by the addition of some important dates.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—During the month of April there has been one new asteroid discovered. It is numbered (145), and was found at Marseilles by Perrotin on the 28th.

Besides the great labors accomplished and published by Sir John Herschel was one which he was not spared to bring to completion, but which has been carefully edited and recently published by the Royal Astronomical Society. It is "A Catalogue of 10,300 Multiple and Double Stars," a work that has long been desired, and will certainly be welcomed by all interested in this branch of astronomy. As is well known, the observation of the relative positions of double stars was first systematically undertaken by Sir William Herschel, who hoped thereby to ascertain the distances of these bodies. His labor began in 1779, and in 1802 he announced that instead of having accomplished his object, he had discovered that many of these bodies were revolving in orbits about each other, constituting binary systems. During the past sixty years, following the leadership of the Struves and Herschels, a large mass of observations of double stars has accumulated, and the task of combining all these labors into a general catalogue was, during the last years of his life, faithfully performed by the lamented astronomer. We learn from the preface that a most important portion of this work was left quite incomplete by Sir John Herschel. We refer to the descriptions of the distances, magnitudes, and colors of the stars—items which are quite interesting to amateurs, and would be almost indispensable to one who desired to confine his attention to the wide, or the close, or any other class of doubles. This regrettable omission will, however, we have reason to hope, be easily and soon supplied by our indefatigable discoverer of new close double stars, Mr. Burnham, of Chicago.

At the recent meeting in Washington of the National Academy of Science Professor Langley gave an interesting account of some of the results of the studies of the sun that he has perseveringly conducted during the past six years at

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the Alleghany Observatory, near Pittsburg. He has sought to add to our knowledge of the nature of the great source of our heat, light, and life by employing a telescope of great optical perfection, and has called in the aid of polarizing apparatus, of photography, of photometry, and of the thermo-pile. He finds that Professor Henry's early observation that the solar spots are cooler than the neighboring bright portions of the sun's surface is fully confirmed by his own measurements. Langley has, however, extended his studies to all parts of the solar surface, and has shown that there is no perceptible lowering of the temperature as we proceed from the sun's equator toward either pole, as has been maintained by some. He has also shown that within a solar spot are evidences of a somewhat complicated system of upper and lower currents, each bearing its own glowing red filaments, similar to the brighter ones on the edge of the penumbra. Both the French and Italian astronomers seem to find Professor Langley's observations conformable to their theories, but we believe Professor Langley himself abstains from giving his adherence to any theory, and merely expresses the belief that the matter composing the sun is at so high a temperature and under so strong a pressure that its condition differs utterly from any thing that we can experiment upon on the earth's surface, so that we know absolutely nothing as yet of its properties.

The solar eclipse of April 5 was successfully observed in Siam. Photographs of the corona were obtained at Singapore and Bangkok.

Among magnetic publications one of the most expensive and of permanent value is the fine quarto volume of observations just received from the observatory at Trevandrum, of his Highness the Maharajah of Travancore. This observatory was founded in 1836 through the exertions of Mr. Caldecott, and has been long known by reason of the great energy and activity of its director, Dr. J. A. Brown, on whose leaving Trevandrum in 1865 the institution would have been closed except for the support of the British residents. The present volume is, therefore, the result of many years of study, based on over twenty years of observations with the improved instruments introduced in 1852, and relates to a portion of the world concerning whose magnetic and meteoric phenomena we should otherwise be completely in the dark. In this volume, among other things, we find a note in reference to Brown's well-known discovery of the unequal magnetic properties of the two hemispheres of the sun, whence arises a small fluctuation in the variation of the magnetic needle, whose period is twenty-six days; he announces, namely, that he has found a double oscillation of the twenty-six-day period, the evidence of which he will give in the second volume.

In reference to the laws of the movement of storms, Professor Loomis, of Yale College, has made a further contribution, basing his studies, as heretofore, on the valuable maps of the Army Signal-office. He finds that centres of low barometric pressure tend to move toward centres of high pressure when the latter lie to the southward, but move from them when they lie to the northeastward. Among the other interesting conclusions that he announces is the theory that sometimes, at least, our very cold weather is only explicable on the assumption that the cold air descends from the upper cold regions of the atmosphere. His views on this point seem opposed to those held by the leading meteorologists of Europe, and we await with much interest that full discussion of the subject which it merits.

In *Physics* the month has witnessed satisfactory progress. Boudreaux has published a simple and more general method of demonstrating the Archimedean law of buoyancy in liquids. A glass vessel with a slightly conical lateral spout is placed beneath the pan of a hydrostatic balance, to which is suspended the body to be experimented upon. This vessel is filled previously, the excess of liquid being allowed to flow off through the spout. Two thin capsules are then provided; one of them is placed on the pan supporting the body, and is balanced by shot. The body is then immersed, the overflow of liquid being collected in the second capsule. The inclination of the balance beam shows the upward pressure. But on replacing the first capsule by the second, which contains the liquid displaced, the equilibrium is restored.

Cailletet has further studied the effect of pressure on combustion, the experiments being made up to 300 atmospheres. He finds that while the luminosity of a flame increases under pressure, the activity of the combustion actually diminishes; the temperature augments, but the oxidation lessens. An alcohol flame, ordinarily so pale, becomes as bright as that of a candle, at twenty atmospheres. A candle flame under these conditions gives more light, but the wick soon becomes smoky from imperfect combustion, that which is gained on the one side being lost on the other.

De la Bastie has communicated to the Société d'Encouragement an account of his new process of tempering or hardening glass. The manufactured articles are heated to near the temperature of softening, and then cooled suddenly in a suitable bath. The glass thus treated becomes extraordinarily resistant, in some cases amounting to fifty times that of ordinary glass. It becomes also very hard, so that difficulty is experienced in cutting it with a diamond. Though so resistant, it is very brittle. A piece when broken flies into a thousand fragments, exactly like the well-known Prince Rupert's drop. Vessels were shown of the new glass in which water could be boiled over a naked fire without fear of breaking them. Upon plates of it a weight of 100 grams was allowed to fall from a height of three and a half meters without fracture. Watch-glasses made of it remained intact when thrown across the room. The hardening process is not difficult nor costly, and it promises to become of great practical importance.

Exner has made some quantitative experiments on the penetration of liquid films by gases. He finds that the velocities of diffusion are directly proportional to the co-efficient of absorption of the gas for the liquid composing the film, and inversely proportional to the square root of the density of the given gas. Adopting air as the unit of comparison, the relative velocities are—for nitrogen, 0.06; oxygen, 1.95; coal gas, 2.27; hydrogen, 3.77; carbonous oxide, 47.1; hydrogen sulphide, 165.0; ammonia, 46000.0. As to the absolute velocity, Exner finds that

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1.88 c.c. of hydrogen and 0.55 c.c. of air diffuse simultaneously through each square centimeter of the soapy film.

Lissajous has described in the Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement an elaborate machine for tracing mechanically the curves which represent the composition of vibratory movements, constructed by Froment. The driving-shaft carries toothed wheels, gradually increasing in size from right to left. Upon the pinions driven by these, which are arranged in pairs, are eccentrics, which by means of connecting rods give a differential to and fro motion to an arm transverse to their direction. To the centres of two contiguous arms two other connecting rods are attached, which move a transverse arm of the second order, and similarly an arm of the third order is thus moved, which carries the style. The motion of the style is therefore the algebraic sum and resultant of the motion of the eight driving-wheels, and the curves it describes may be exceedingly complicated.

Mayer has published a redetermination of the durations of the residual sonorous sensations, in which he was assisted by Madame Emma Seiler and her son, Dr. Carl Seiler, of Philadelphia, well known in connection with similar researches of Helmholtz. It now appears that Ut_1 has a persistence of $\frac{1}{25}$ of a second, Ut_2 $\frac{1}{45}$, Ut_3 $\frac{1}{70}$, Sol_3 $\frac{1}{102}$, Ut_4 $\frac{1}{130}$, Mi_4 $\frac{1}{153}$, Sol_4 $\frac{1}{166}$, and Ut_5 $\frac{1}{180}$ of a second. The determination is not an easy one, owing to the production of secondary and resultant tones.

Gernez has made an exhaustive research into the phenomena attending ebullition. His paper opens with a long historical note upon this subject. Then follows his own results, in which he studied (1) liquids heated in contact with solids, (2) within other liquids, and (3) the ebullition developed by mechanical action. He maintains that ebullition is an evaporation into some gaseous atmosphere contained within the liquid.

Wibel has made additional experiments upon the cause of the luminosity of flames. He finds the results of Knapp confirmed, that nitrogen, hydrogen chloride, carbon dioxide, and other indifferent gases act like air to destroy the luminosity of gas, used in a Bunsen burner; but he also finds, curiously enough, that this luminosity may be wholly or partially restored by heating the tube to redness through which the mixture passes. Hence he concludes, 1st, that the absence of luminosity in a Bunsen flame is not due to dilution of the gas; 2d, that it is due to the cooling effect of the inert gas, since, if this be heated, the luminosity returns; 3d, that the luminosity of a flame depends upon the temperature existing in its interior; and 4th, that ordinary illuminating materials are such because the rising gases and vapors are sufficiently heated in the exterior combustion zone to cause their decomposition.

Professor Mayer has called attention to a curious bit of history in relation to Young's theory of colors. It appears that Young first adopted red, yellow, and blue as the primary colors, and that subsequently, taking it for granted that Wollaston was correct when he asserted four natural divisions of color in the solar spectrum, separated from each other by dark lines, he adopted red, green, and violet, these being the divisions noted by Wollaston. Moreover, Young seems never to have made any experiments to test his theory until some time after he had, on theoretical grounds, adopted it.

Cornu has proposed a very simple mode of correcting telescopic object-glasses for photographic rays, by separating more or less from each other the lenses composing them, an idea originally suggested by Sir John Herschel for restoring overcorrected objectives. Since the focal distance for chemical rays is about one-half per cent. of the principal focal distance behind that for luminous rays, the necessary correction is effected by separating the flint and crown components by this amount, and then carefully adjusting. Cornu has used the method with success on an object-glass of four inches aperture; the method of Rutherford is, however, to be preferred for glasses much larger than this.

Wright has experimented to obtain the spectrum of the gaseous matter evolved from meteorites when heated in a vacuum. The meteorites employed were three in number—those from Texas, from Tazewell County, Tennessee, and from Arva, Hungary. Borings from each of these were placed in a hard glass tube connected with an efficient Sprengel pump. By means of a T tube an ordinary Plücker vacuum tube was also connected with these. At a red heat the Texas iron gave off 4.75 times, the Tennessee iron 4.69 times, and the Hungary iron more than 44 times its volume of gases, which the spectroscope showed to consist of hydrogen, carbonous and carbonic oxides.

Lockyer and Roberts have investigated the absorption spectra of metals volatilized by the oxyhydrogen flame. They employed a block of lime, in which the metal to be examined was placed, and in which it was volatilized by the oxyhydrogen jet. Through a tube cut in the block the beam of electric light passed, which was viewed by the spectroscope placed opposite. In this way the absorption produced by the metallic vapor could be observed. They conclude that in passing from the liquid state to that of perfect gas the molecules pass through different orders of complexity, this complexity being diminished by the action of heat so that each molecular simplification is marked by a distinctive spectrum.

Montigny has discovered, by means of an ingenious apparatus which he calls a scintillometer, a connection between the variations of color of scintillating stars and their spectra. In every case those stars which scintillate or twinkle least are those whose spectra show numerous well-pronounced lines, sometimes united in zones.

Bertin has given a notice on projecting polarization phenomena with the apparatus of Duboscq, dividing these phenomena into three classes—those requiring (1) parallel, (2) divergent, or (3) convergent light.

In *Chemistry* there has been some advance. Göpner claims to have shown that the so-called hydrate of chlorine is really a hydrate of a molecular union of hydrochloric and hypochlorous acids. He bases his opinion on the fact observed by him that when this hydrate acts on mercury, mercuric and not mercurous chloride results. To this view Schiff decidedly objects, both on grounds of antecedent improbability and of experimental evidence.

Ditte has proposed a new and simple mode of

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determining boric acid, which depends upon the crystallization of calcium borate when a salt of boric acid is introduced into a fused mixture of one part calcium chloride and three parts mixed sodium and potassium chlorides. This crystallization takes place upon the surface of the fused chlorides in the form of a ring on the sides of the crucible. Being insoluble in water, the calcium borate is left when the mass is treated with cold water, and may be collected on a filter, dried, and weighed.

Bauer has examined the action of strong sulphuric acid upon lead and lead alloys. He finds that small quantities of antimony and copper increase the resisting power of lead to this acid, but that bismuth in a lead alloy diminishes it.

Meyer and Lecco have sought to fix the equivalence of nitrogen in ammonium compounds by an examination of the chloride of di-ethyl-dimethyl-ammonium, derived (*a*) from di-ethyl-amine and (*b*) from di-methyl-amine. If the same chloride is formed by these two processes, then ammonium is a derivative of quinquivalent nitrogen; if two isomeric chlorides result, then nitrogen is a triad in ammonium compounds. The most minute examination failed to show any difference in the bodies obtained, and hence confirms the variability of nitrogen equivalence.

Hammerbacher has succeeded in discovering the presence of thallium in carnallite, though the quantity was too small to enable him to isolate it. Rubidium and cæsium were also detected by the spectroscope in this and in sylvin.

Hawes has made a chemical investigation of the trap-rocks of the Connecticut Valley. The results show that the ejected rock had originally the same composition, and hence, presumably, that wherever now found, it came in the first place from the same source, and that a deep-seated one. Subsequent action has converted the dolerite into a diabase, the principal action being upon the pyroxene, which was converted into chlorite. The chief minerals composing the dolerite are pyroxene and labradorite—sometimes anorthite—with a little chrysolite and apatite. Magnetite is also found in these traps, in some of them to the amount of nearly fourteen per cent.

Schöne has proved the presence of hydrogen peroxide in rain and snow water collected in the vicinity of Moscow. Only four out of 130 specimens of rain, and twelve out of twenty-nine of snow, failed to give the reaction. Quantitatively the amount in rain varies from 0.04 to one milligram per liter. The daily maximum was reached between 12 and 4 o'clock P.M., and the annual in August. The peroxide is supposed to exist in the air both free and in solution, and in the amount of 0.000000268 c.c. in a liter.

Nichols, under the direction of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts, has examined the composition of the air at different depths below the surface of the "Back Bay lands" in Boston. In three experiments, the depths being three and a half, two, and ten feet respectively, no hydrogen sulphide was detected, ammonia was found in minute quantity, and carbonic dioxide gas existed in proportions varying from one and a half to twenty-one parts per thousand of air. This amount was approximately proportional to the depth, and reached a maximum in August and September.

Frebault has observed that a peculiar green coloration is developed in oil of peppermint by the action of certain acids, notably picric acid, which has a red fluorescence similar to chlorophyll. He suggests, therefore, that this substance is formed in the reaction.

Giraud has given an analysis of gum-tragacanth, by which it appears that sixty per cent. of it is a pectic compound apparently identical with the pectose of Fremy, existing in unripe fruits and in turnip roots, etc. Pectic acid and pectin were both prepared from the gum. The other constituents are, water, twenty per cent.; soluble gum, eight to ten per cent.; cellulose, starch, and mineral matters, each three per cent.

Meyer has succeeded in producing acrolein by the imperfect combustion of ethylene. When to 100 volumes of ethylene gas 62 to 65 volumes of oxygen are added and exploded in a eudiometer, carbonous oxide, hydrogen, and condensed hydrocarbon gases are formed, and carbon is separated. At the same time the carbonous oxide unites to the undecomposed ethylene present, and produces acrolein. This was recognized by its well-known properties, and by conversion into acrylic acid.

Drechsel has succeeded in forming trimethyl-phosphine by heating together phosphonium iodide and carbon disulphide.

Berthelot has effected a simple dissociation of aldehyde by heating a mixture of five volumes of hydrogen and two volumes of aldehyde vapor to a red heat for half an hour. The products were carbonous oxide and methane.

Knop has made a series of experiments to ascertain the action of salicylic acid upon vegetation. He finds that it has a marked depression of action upon the vegetative activity of cells, whether these be the chlorophyll cells of the higher or the non-chlorophyll cells of the lower orders of plants, provided only the acid be free. Of fifteen grains of corn soaked in water containing $\frac{1}{10000}$ of this acid, fourteen failed to germinate. Moreover, mould is prevented by a quantity of salicylic acid as minute as this.

Boussingault calls attention to the uncertainty of the guaiacum test for kirsch cordial. He states that the blue color is not characteristic, since it is developed in zwetschen, or prune cordial, and does not always appear in genuine kirsch. Upon investigation, he finds that the blue coloration is due to the presence of copper, and asserts that any specimen of kirsch which is blued by guaiacum will give with potassium ferro-cyanide a red precipitate of copper ferro-cyanide.

Hesse has published a valuable investigation giving the exact data concerning the rotatory power of a large number of organic bodies—including the sugars—on polarized light.

Gorup Besanez notices the introduction into commerce from Manilla of a brown extract from *Echitas scolaris*, a plant belonging to the Apocynaceæ, as a febrifuge, under the name Ditaine. He succeeded in extracting from it a crystallized non-volatile alkaloid. It is offered as a substitute for quinine.

Boettger states that a dilute solution of ammonia, or a moderately concentrated one of potassium or sodium hydrate, facilitates remarkably the germination of seeds, even of coffee, which usually germinates with difficulty. Grains of coffee moistened with such a solution of potash show,

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even after the lapse of a few hours, a snow-white plumule one to two millimeters long.

Microscopy.—We find in the April number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* a paper by Mr. Wenham "On a Method of obtaining oblique Vision of Surface Structure under the highest Powers of the Microscope." He advises the use of slips of glass about four-tenths of an inch wide, ground and polished at an angle at one edge. The object to be examined is placed upon the sloping plane. One of the slips is cemented to the ordinary three by one inch slide, and the other slip being slid against it, the object will lie flat between the two inclines. It is necessary to have the two inclines to remove the objectionable color which would otherwise enter into the objective. He recommends an angle of 35° for dry and 45° for balsam-mounted objects. These prismatic slips can be cheaply and easily made by grinding and polishing, say, a hundred at a time, and will no doubt be brought often into use in deciding whether certain appearances in the ordinary mode of view are or are not illusory.

The Micrographic Dictionary, the third edition of which has been so long in press, has at last been completed. Although it has been severely criticised, and stated to be imperfect, and no doubt in some respects is so, yet, upon the whole, it is a considerable improvement upon the former editions, and a successful re-issue of an elaborate work in the wide field of microscopical research which will be welcomed and appreciated.

A self-centring turn-table, by Mr. C. F. Cox, is described in the March number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, which will meet a want often felt by those who bestow any care upon neatly mounting their preparations, and especially when cells are to be prepared for reception of opaque objects.

We commend the project announced in the April number of the *American Naturalist* of the formation of a "Postal Micro-cabinet Club," for the circulation and critical study of microscopic objects, the design and methods conforming mainly to those of the successful English club. Applications for membership and for the rules of the club may be made to the editors of the *Naturalist*, or to the secretary of the club, Rev. A. B. Hervey, Troy, New York.

In the same number of the *Naturalist* is a description of a simple "spring clip" for use in mounting microscopic objects, the invention of Mr. N. N. Mason, of Providence, Rhode Island.

Dr. C. Golding Bird, in a paper read before the Medical Microscopical Society, advocates elder pith as an almost universally preferable medium for imbedding tissues preparatory to cutting sections, whether by holding in the hand or for use in the microtome. In the latter case the object is loosely packed in the tube of the microtome by means of dry elder pith, which, being wetted, in about three minutes swells so as to fill up the vacant spaces, and fixes the object immovably in place.

Professor E. W. Morley, of Hudson, Ohio, in a communication to the Memphis Microscopical Society, states as a result of his measurements of the striæ of *Amphipleura pellucida* that they number 92,600 to the linear inch.

Among other interesting results from examination of the deep-sea soundings of the *Tuscarora*, we may mention the occurrence of undoubted living foraminifera, not derived surface forms, at a depth of 2711 fathoms. At this depth, as might be expected from the large amount of carbonic acid, no calcareous organisms could exist, and none, except a stray *globigerina*, too recently dropped to be dissolved, were found; but there were multitudes of sandy *Lagenidæ*, some very large; also *Lituolidæ* (especially *L. canariensis*, and various *Trochamminæ*, and *Dentalinæ*, with polished sandy tests like *Trochammina*). But the most noteworthy fact was the occurrence of *Orbulina*, not with calcareous or sand-incrusted calcareous tests, but with shells wholly of sand grains, and perfect in shape, too large and heavy to have ever floated. The abundance and character of all these forms, along with which were numerous sand tubes and great numbers of *Acanthometrinæ*, *Thallassicollinæ*, and *Polycystinæ*, preclude the idea of dropped surface forms. In another sounding, 108 fathoms, were fine specimens of *Lingulina*, and some transparent enough to show distinctly the early growth, a rapidly increasing spiral, which is masked entirely in the fully developed, and more or less sandy rectilineal tests of the matured form. At a depth of 1625 fathoms specimens were found of the genus *Ellipsoidina* of Professor Seguenza, hitherto only known as fossil from the miocene marls around Messina.

Ethnology.—Franz Keller, in his account of his tour on the Amazon and Madeira rivers, describes the habit of eating clay practiced by the natives of the forests on their border. They are so addicted to it that the prospect of a speedy and miserable death does not deter them. The negroes who work the plantations are compelled to wear iron masks, and are allowed to take them off only under the strictest surveillance. Beasts (excepting the jaguar) and birds are affected with a similar appetite. Hunters take advantage of this fact by hiding on moonlight nights near one of these clay beds, called *barrieros*, to which the deer and swine come to eat the earth, and the jaguar to secure his prey.

A decided interest is being manifested on the subject of macrobians, or post-centenarians. The *Gironde* speaks of an old woman, Jeanne Dominé, who has just died in Pessac, France, at the age of 105. Eastron gives an account of 1712 cases of post-centenarianism as follows: From 100 to 110, 1310; from 110 to 120, 277; from 120 to 130, 84; from 130 to 140, 26; 140 to 150, 7; 150 to 160, 3; 160 to 170, 2; 170 to 180, 3. In the account it is stated that St. Patrick died at 122, Attila at 124, and a certain John Revin and his wife at 172 and 164. Baron Larrey reports thirty-five cases. Prichard cites nine among English emigrants in America of 107–151 years old. The following epitaph appears: "Died at Spanish Town, Jamaica, November 21, 1829, Judith Crawford, aged 151 years. She preserved her physical and intellectual powers until the day of her death. She remembered the earthquake of 1692."

Joseph Bonomi, curator of the Saône Museum, has conceived the idea of using the length of the line which takes in the outstretched arms, in its relation to the height, as a means of identifying soldiers and other persons.

F. W. Unger, in *Mittheil. a. d. Göttinger Anthrop. Ges.*, discusses a number of questions re-

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lating to the ancient use of bronze for religious purposes, such as the philology of the word, the allusions to bronze in the Aryan myths, the working of this metal by the Asiatic Mongols, and the connection of cremation with the use of bronze. He concludes that the Aryans, who first introduced a knowledge of bronze into Europe, were also in the habit of burning the dead; but this practice they had in common with the Mongols in their Asiatic home, and it is difficult to determine whether the custom was derived by the Aryans from the Mongols or *vice versa*.

P. de Cessac, "*L. Ambre en France aux temps préhistorique*," affirms, in opposition to M. Schlagintweit, that a great number of repositories of amber and jade are to be found in France, England, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily. He concludes that the origin of prehistoric objects in amber ought to be sought in general in the country where the specimens are met with. M. Cessac has expressed the same opinion with regard to tin, in which the Congress at Stockholm concurred. M. Cessac acknowledged that after a certain epoch amber ceased to be indigenous, and that some countries had the privilege of furnishing the rest of Europe. The question of amber is thus intimately connected with the history of bronze.

M. Pietrement, reviewing a former treatise of M. Sanson, agrees with him that the bones found in great abundance at Solutré are the remains of horses killed in the chase. In this view he disagrees with M. Toussaint, who holds that the horse was domesticated, and slaughtered for food and in sacrifice.

The 11th and 12th parts of the *Matériaux* for 1874 contain an excellent review of the essay of P. Cazalis de Fondouce upon the lacune which has been found to exist between the paleolithic and the neolithic times. The February number of the same periodical contains a complete account, from Mercatus and classic authors, of the so-called *fulgora*, or thunder-stones.

Hyde Clarke, in his *Researches in Prehistoric and Protohistoric Comparative Philology*, quotes from Forbes a striking resemblance between the scape-llama of the ancient Peruvians and the scape-goat of the Jews.

Zoology.—Two English manuals have lately appeared, which are spoken of with approbation in English scientific reviews. One is *Zoology*, by Professor Alfred Newton, the well-known ornithologist of Cambridge. It is one of a series of shilling "Manuals of Elementary Science" published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The other work is *The Student's Guide to Zoology*, by Andrew Wilson.

Among short papers we find an abstract of Professor W. B. Carpenter's answer to the question whether the *globigerinæ*, by the accumulation of whose shells the *globigerina* ooze is being formed on the deep-sea bottom, live and multiply *on* that bottom, or pass their whole lives in the superjacent water (especially in its upper stratum), only subsiding to the bottom when dead. Professor Carpenter concludes that while these foraminifera live on the surface early in their lives, they sink to the bottom "*while still living*, in consequence of the increasing thickness of their calcareous shells, and not only continue to *live* on the sea-bed, but probably *multiply* there —perhaps there exclusively."

In an article in the *American Naturalist* Mr. Packard endeavors to point out that the sponges belong to a class lower than the polyps and jelly-fishes, but higher than the protozoa. In the light of the anatomical investigations of Lieberkühn, Carter, and Clark, and the combined anatomical and embryological studies of Haeckel, Metschnikoff, and Carter, there are no grounds for leaving them among the single-celled animals or protozoa. The single fact that the young sponge is a planula, like the embryo polyp or jelly-fish, enables the naturalist to at once decide that the sponge belongs to a type only less highly organized than the lower polyps, and with perhaps more analogy to the radiates than the protozoa.

It appears that slugs and fresh-water snails are less sensible to the influence of the season than the helix, as the former hide themselves later in autumn, and come forth from their winter sleep earlier in the spring. The young, also, are less sensitive to cold than the old.

In a paper on the large human fluke (*Distoma crassum*), Dr. Cobbold states his belief that the man who suffered from the presence of this parasite had obtained it by eating Ningpo oysters or fish insufficiently cooked. The victim was a resident of the East Indies.

The development of the nemertean worms has always excited much interest among zoologists, owing to the great diversity of the young on being hatched. M. Deser found that in a species studied by him the larva was an oval ciliated worm, which passed without any metamorphosis directly into the adult worm form; but another observer, Krohn, ascertained that a singular being, called *Pilidium* by J. Müller, and regarded by him as the larva of some echinoderm, actually gave rise to a nemertean worm, the latter budding out from one side of the alimentary canal of the pilidium, which is a singular helmet-shaped being found swimming on the surface of the ocean. Now we have fresh information on this subject afforded by the French zoologist J. Barrois. He has discovered a nemertean worm whose larva is intermediate between that of Deser and the pilidium of Müller. He regards the pilidium as the primitive form, while the simple larva of Deser represents a condensed form derived from the former by the abbreviation of the embryogeny. This view seems to us scarcely tenable, however, and we should regard the simple larva of Deser as the most primitive; but this is, of course, a matter purely speculative.

While the nemertean worms are allied to the flat worms, the nematode worms, or round worms, possess a strong human interest, as there are several species which live parasitically in man. Many, however, live free in the sea, and those inhabiting the shores of the Gulf of Marseilles have been studied anatomically and zoologically by M. Marion with some interesting results.

Important papers on insects have been published by Messrs. Scudder, Grote, Morrison, and Chambers, chiefly relating to the butterflies and moths.

The Colorado potato beetle is causing much anxiety in Europe, and entomologists in this country are frequently consulted in regard to the habits and ravages of this dreaded pest. The most important information regarding it is contained in the entomological reports of Mr. C. V. Riley, the State Entomologist of Missouri.

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The mode of reproduction of the common eel is a mystery: whether the animal is a hermaphrodite or diœcious has been disputed. Some light has been thrown on the subject by M. Syrski, who believes that the eels are unisexual. He describes the ovaries and testes, but has not yet found any spermatozoids.

Agriculture and Rural Economy.—The much-discussed question of the influence of forests upon rain-fall has lately been made the subject of very interesting observations by Fautrat and Sartiaux in France. Instruments for determining the amount of rain-fall, degree of saturation of air (by moisture), evaporation, and temperature, were placed at an elevation of about six meters (18½ feet) above the tops of trees—oak and beech—in the midst of a forest covering 5000 hectares (12,350 acres). At the same elevation, fourteen or fifteen meters above the surface of an adjoining portion of cleared and cultivated land, and at a distance of 300 meters (984 feet) from the edge of the forest, similar instruments were placed, and simultaneous daily observations made. The first report of these, from February to July, 1874, inclusive, showed, for the period of six months, a total rain-fall over the forest of 192.5 millimeters (7½ inches), while that over the open ground was only 177 millimeters. The average for each of the six months was larger over the forest than the cleared land. The same was true of the degree of saturation of the atmosphere, the monthly average in the one case being 63 per cent., and in the other 61.7 per cent.

The authors conclude that if the daily observations in the future accord with those already made, it may be regarded as demonstrated that forests form vast apparatus for condensation of moisture, and that there is more rain upon them than upon open land.

The natural processes by which nitrous and nitric acids are formed are of great importance in agriculture, since these, with their ammonium compounds, as they occur in the atmosphere and in the soil, are sources of a large portion of the nitrogen needful for vegetation. Carius has published the results of investigations upon this subject, which he considers as disproving the theory that ammonium nitrite is formed by the evaporation of water in the air, while the agency of ozone in the formation of nitrous and nitric salts is conclusively shown.

The author regards the known processes by which these acids are formed in nature as reduced by his researches to the following five: A. From free nitrogen, (1) by electric discharges in the air, (2) by oxidation of other bodies in the air. B. From the oxidation of ammonia, (1) by electrical discharges, (2) by presence of alkaline substances, (3) by ozone.

It may be further noted in this connection that Boettger has shown by a very neat experiment that ozone is produced when pure oxygen and hydrogen unite to form water.

The advantage of bringing manures into the lower strata of the soil, instead of merely applying them to the upper portion by spreading and harrowing in, is quite strenuously insisted upon by many agricultural chemists and practical farmers in Europe, though the practice finds less favor in this country. Dr. Funke, of the Agricultural School in Hohenheim, in Germany, has devised an implement for subsoil manuring, and has used it for the application especially of commercial fertilizers. He has performed quite a number of experiments to test the comparative effects by subsoil and surface manuring on potatoes, turnips, barley, wheat, oats, lucern, and other crops, with results almost uniformly in favor of the deep manuring.

Experiments are being continually made in the German experiment stations to determine from what ingredients of the food of the animal the fat of the body is formed. It has long been known that in many cases the fat in the food is insufficient to account for that in the body. Liebig advanced the view that in such cases the carbo-hydrates are the sources of fat. This has been supported by Dumas, Milne-Edwards, Boussingault, Lehmann, Grouven, Lawes and Gilbert, Pasteur, and others. Voit, however, advanced the hypothesis that the sources of animal fat, other than the ready-formed fat of the food, are the nitrogenous constituents of the food, and not the carbo-hydrates. This view has been confirmed not only by experiments of Voit and Pettenkofer with the respiration apparatus, but also by researches of Kuehn, Slohmann, Bauer, Fleischer, and others. Weiske and Wildt have lately reported investigations upon this subject. It was the opinion of Weiske that in the *carnivora* the fat stored up in the tissues may be derived partly from the ready-formed fat, and partly from the albuminoids of the food. To determine whether the same was true of the *omnivora*, quite extensive experiments were made with young pigs. The results, though not conclusive, made it appear probable that fat was produced from the nitrogenous materials of the body.

A new antiseptic, which may become of use in preserving milk, has been proposed by Kolbe and Von Meyer. It consists of salicylic acid, which, as is well known, may be prepared by the direct synthesis of carbolic acid and carbonic acid, and is likewise readily decomposed into these substances. Fresh milk treated with 0.04 per cent. of salicylic acid was found to remain sweet thirty-six hours longer than when left under like circumstances without the acid. Neither the taste nor the healthiness of the milk appeared to be impaired by the addition of even larger quantities of the acid. The same material was found to prevent fermentation, and to arrest it when already begun in a large number of materials, as beer, urine, sugar, etc.

Engineering and Mechanics.—In last month's summary of *Engineering* news we omitted to mention the fact that the plans of Captain Eads for the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi had been definitely approved by Congress before adjournment. From present indications this important work will shortly be inaugurated, Captain Eads having, according to report, closed a contract with a Pittsburg contractor for the construction of 350,000 cubic yards of fascine-work and 100,000 cubic yards of stone-work at South Pass, together with a large amount of timber-work, piles, etc. As we have already described in these columns the nature of these projected improvements, the same need not be alluded to in this place.

On the 27th of April a committee of the City Council of Philadelphia, to which the subject had been referred, reported with a favorable recom-

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mendation an ordinance granting the right to the "Philadelphia Pneumatic Railway Company," incorporated by enactment of the late Legislature, to construct, operate, and maintain a railroad with one or more tracks, to be located beneath the surface of Broad Street, and to extend therefrom to the dépôts of the North Pennsylvania, Philadelphia and Reading, and Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad companies. The purpose of the company, as expressed in the ordinance, is to improve and increase the facility, rapidity, and convenience of transit between the business centres of Philadelphia and the various railroad dépôts in the northern and southern districts of the city. The proposition of the company has met with some adverse criticism from the local press, but, if properly carried out, will doubtless realize its professions of public utility.

From the best sources of information at command we learn that up to the middle of April there have been constructed during the year 1875 in the United States 183 miles of new railroad. For the corresponding period of 1874 the figures were 303 miles; and for 1873, 535 miles.

From abroad we have the report that the Campagna drainage scheme of General Garibaldi, which upon its announcement was looked upon as somewhat chimerical, has secured the indorsement and co-operation of Prince Torlonia, whose name will be recalled by engineers in connection with the gigantic undertaking of draining Lake Fucino. He is now, if report is correct, about to undertake the drainage of Lake Trajan. The experiment of introducing the malaria-tree (*Eucalyptus globulus*) on a large scale is likewise said to be seriously contemplated, although the experiments already made in Italy have not proved satisfactory.

Concerning the Channel Tunnel project, the following official announcement, just made, will be of interest: "It has been agreed between her Majesty's government and the French government that a joint commission of representatives from each country should be appointed to consider and report upon the scheme for the construction of a submarine tunnel under the Channel, so far as the same may affect the interests of either government."

The Panama Canal Surveying Expedition, under Commander Lull, U.S.N., has completed its labors and returned. The party began the survey on the 20th of last January, and finished the same on the 3d of April. Published accounts represent the results of the expedition to have been of the most satisfactory character. The canal route proposed between Panama and Aspinwall is about forty miles long, and is ten miles shorter than the railroad between these points. The main difficulty experienced by the engineers is reported to have been in locating the feeder from the river Chagres to the canal, which was satisfactorily overcome. It is certainly to be hoped that these announcements will prove to be reliable, but in connection with this vexatious question it is at least noteworthy that, after so many expeditions up and down the isthmus, the route now most favorably spoken of should be between the two points of the region with which engineers have been for twenty-five years quite familiar.

The recent diplomatic conference on the metrical system arranged for the organization of an international bureau of weights and measures at Paris.

An international telegraphic conference has been convoked to meet in St. Petersburg on the 1st of June. Twenty-four states and twelve cable companies have promised to send representatives. It is reported that a proposition will be discussed making telegraph lines neutral objects in time of war, and not liable to interruption. The main object is to frame a new international telegraphic convention.

During the past month the Executive Committee of the United States Centennial Commission agreed upon and published the system of making awards which is to be followed at the coming Exposition. While upon this subject it may be remarked that the representatives of the Chilian government in this country are striving energetically to secure a full exhibition of American industries at their forth-coming exhibition. The Chilian government has made liberal appropriations of money in behalf of the enterprise. The Exhibition will be formally opened at Santiago on September 16, 1875.

An Imperial German Exhibition, to be held at Berlin in 1878, is suggested as among the possibilities.

Monthly Report No. 6 of the Bureau of Statistics is at hand, from which the following figures, which represent our foreign trade for the year ending December 31, 1874, have been obtained and compared with those of the preceding year, viz.:

Year ending	Imports.	Domestic Exports. Specie Value.	Foreign Exports.
Dec. 31, 1874.....	$577,369,711	$620,473,735	$22,125,893
Dec. 31, 1873.....	624,997,487	606,361,988	24,968,204

The figures of our imports of iron and steel for the last year show an enormous falling off from those of 1873.

The building of the three additional iron steamships for the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company is progressing favorably at the Chester Works. Though smaller in size than their huge predecessors, the *City of Tokio* and *City of Peking*, they will be fully equal to them in quality. They will be similar in build and capacity, and will each have a tonnage of 3500 tons, an extreme length of 352 feet, and breadth of beam of 40 feet. The first of these vessels, it is reported, will be launched some time during the month of May.

According to the statement of Professor Lesley, director of the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, at the recent meeting of the National Academy, the surveying parties meet with great opposition in the oil and coal regions of the State.

In *Technology* we may record the announcement of another direct process for the manufacture of wrought iron by Kazetl, which is described as being a modification of Siemens's direct process, the modification consisting in effecting the reduction of the bath of molten ores in the Siemens furnace by carbonic oxide, or other reducing gases, thus involving no gasification of the carbon, and consequent loss of heat, at the time of reduction.

Among recent *Mechanical* novelties we may note the invention by M. Henri Giffard, of injector fame, of a railway carriage the body of which

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is so supported on springs that all oscillation and jarring are obviated, and the passengers within are enabled to employ themselves at pleasure without inconvenience. One of these carriages is now in use on the railway between Paris and Lille, in France.

A steam hill-climber of novel construction has been built for use on Ithaca Hill, New York. The incline has five tracks. In climbing, the engine rests upon a somewhat elevated pair of rails just within the usual track, and upon a set of small driving-wheels, which are upon the same axles as the large drivers. The fifth rail, located in the centre of the track, is a wide cogged rail, the teeth of which fit accurately into those of a cog-wheel under the centre of the engine, and between the small drivers. The locomotive is called the "Leviathan."

Large numbers of kangaroos are yearly slaughtered in the Australian colonies for their skins, which are declared by experts to make an exceedingly tough and pliant leather.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of May.—The resignation of Attorney-General Williams has been accepted by the President, taking effect May 15. Judge Edwards Pierrepont has been appointed his successor.

An important bill was passed by the New York State Senate, April 23, and by the Assembly, May 7—only one negative vote being cast in either House—providing for the suspension of delinquent State officers by the Governor, and for their removal, upon conviction, by the vote of a majority in the Senate.

Two judges in North Carolina—Brooks and Dick—have in recent charges to Grand Juries declared the criminal features of the Civil Rights Act unconstitutional, "as no law could say that men are socially equal."

The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bill abrogating those clauses of the constitution which allow the independent administration of ecclesiastical affairs, the unimpeded intercourse of religious bodies with their superiors, and freedom of clerical appointments. The bill for the suppression of religious orders had its first reading May 7. The Upper House of the Diet, May 22, passed the bill abrogating those articles of the constitution which had been already abrogated by the Lower House.

The Belgium Tribunal at Liege has dismissed the charges brought against Duchesne of plotting to assassinate Prince Bismarck.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A telegram from London dated May 3 announced the arrival of the schooner *Jefferson Borden* from New Orleans, with the following report from the captain: "Crew mutinied, first and second mates killed, two sailors wounded and put in irons, one sailor wounded and chained to the pump, and another dying; vessel worked by three hands." The mutiny occurred when the vessel was eighteen days out. Captain Patterson and his officers fought the mutineers with revolvers and knives. In the struggle the first and second mates were killed. The mutineers were secured and held in irons, two of them being seriously wounded.

The Centennial anniversary of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Colonel Ethan Allen was celebrated May 10. Orations were delivered by Colonel William E. Calkins and the Rev. Flavius Josephus Cook.

At Charlotte, North Carolina, on the 20th of May, there was a very enthusiastic celebration of the Centenary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Addresses were made by ex-Governor Graham, Judge John Kerr, and the Hon. John Bright.

DISASTERS.

April 23.—Three steamers burned at the New Orleans levee. Fifty lives sacrificed.

April 26.—Collision on the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, near Washington. Many of the employés and passengers injured.

April 28.—Destructive fire at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. A square mile of the city laid in ruins. Explosion of a powder magazine, and several lives lost. Loss over $2,000,000.

May 20.—Fire at Osceola, Pennsylvania. Two hundred and fifty houses destroyed. Loss over $2,000,000.

May 1.—Explosion at Bunker Hill Colliery, North Staffordshire, England. Forty-one lives lost.

May 7.—Wreck of the steam-ship *Schiller*, in a fog, on the Retarrière Ledge, near Bishop's Rock, Scilly Islands, off the Cornwall coast. She belonged to the Eagle Line, and was bound to Hamburg from New York. Three hundred and eleven persons drowned, including the captain, John G. Thomas.

OBITUARY.

April 28.—In Brooklyn, New York, Mrs. Sarah G. Conway, manager of the Brooklyn Theatre, and an actress of excellent repute, aged forty-one years.

April 30.—At Bay View, Long Island, Oliver Charlick, formerly partner of George Law, and for many years president of the Long Island Railroad, aged sixty-five years.

May 17.—In Lexington, Kentucky, John C. Breckinridge, formerly Vice-President of the United States, and during the rebellion a general in the Confederate army, aged fifty-four years.

May 20.—In Baltimore, Maryland, the Hon. Jesse D. Bright, for three terms United States Senator from Indiana, aged sixty-three years.

April 27.—In England, W. Winwood Reade, nephew of the novelist Charles Reade, and well known as the author of various African travel sketches.

May 5.—Intelligence from London of the death of Heinrich George August Ewald, a celebrated German philologist, theologian, historian, and political reformer, aged seventy-two years.—From Paris, intelligence of the death of Michel Levy, the well-known Parisian publisher.

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Editor's Drawer.

IT was one hundred years ago on the 10th of May that Ethan Allen, with the assurance characteristic of the first-class Yankee, demanded of the British officer in command of Fort Ticonderoga the surrender of the garrison and all its sanguinary paraphernalia. He was polite enough to say that the request was made "on the authority of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and upon those papers he took possession. This Centenary business has brought out a good many anecdotes of Allen, some of which were supposed to be planted beyond resurrection. Here is one:

Allen was in church one Sunday with a number of friends listening to a very high Calvinistic minister (exact stature not recorded). The text chosen was, "Many shall strive to enter in, but shall not be able," and the preacher premised his remarks by observing that the grace of God was certainly sufficient to include one person out of ten. "Secondly" disclosed the fact that not one in twenty would attempt to avail himself of salvation. At "thirdly" it came out that but one man in fifty was really an object of Divine solicitude. "Fourthly" was announced, and the estimate of the elect now reduced to greater correctness, the sad conclusion was being drawn that only one out of eighty—when Allen seized his hat and evacuated the pew, exclaiming, "I'm off, boys; any one of you may take my chance."

WE have had so much cardinal of late in New York that the following from the *Reminiscences of Cornelia Knight*, recently published in the "Bric-à-Brac Series," is worth reproducing:

"I remember a young officer of the French navy saying one day, 'I should like to be an English peer until I reached thirty-five. I would then be a marshal of France till fifty, and afterward come to Rome, be a cardinal, and never die.'"

A CARDINAL, in conversation with a prelate whose whole study was how to obtain promotion, happened to remark that he himself had very good health.

"Ah," said the other, "how do you manage that? For my part, I am always ailing."

"Why," replied the cardinal, "the reason is that I wear my hat on my head, but you have it in your heart."

AND this from the same volume:

Mr. B——, going to make a visit at Cambridge to Prince William, son of the Duke of Gloucester, saw a fiddle on the table, and taking it up, asked the tutor if his Royal Highness played. "Not much," said the other; "only God save his uncle, and such little things."

THE song of "Bibo in the Regions below," quoted in the Easy Chair for April, brings to the recollection of a Pittsburg correspondent of the Drawer the following incident of a Southern camp-meeting: Among the many colored people present was "Aunt Nina," who was noted for the length and breadth of her prayers, in which she never failed to make mention of her old master, who was too much given to drink. On this particular occasion, after having disposed of all the rest of creation, she became more than usually fervent in her appeal on his behalf, requesting as "a special favor that he be saved from a drunkard's grave at least," and accompanied the request with this irresistible appeal: "O Lord, how would it look! him in hell, with his bald head—and *drunk at that!*"

A LEGAL gentleman at Washington, thanking the Magazine for Hon. S. S. Cox's recent articles on "American Humor," appends the following: "Some time since a fire was raging in Baltimore, and assistance was asked from this city. A part of the fire apparatus was sent on a special train, which ran the whole distance between the two cities (thirty-eight miles) in thirty-nine minutes. A student of Columbia University, who took passage on the train, told his friend here that the speed was so great that the telegraph poles on the side of the track *looked like the teeth of a fine-tooth comb.*"

PLAYERS of that agitating game called billards will appreciate the following:

A billiard-marker was at the point of death, and attended by a clergyman, who was administering to him spiritual comfort.

"Can I do any thing more for you?" asked the reverend gentleman.

"No, Sir," said the marker. "You might tip me another little prayer, and I'm all right." The parson was about to comply, when the sick man said to him, very earnestly, "I say, Sir, can't you let me *star one?*"

"No," said the clergyman, who must have been a billiard-player himself, "I can't let you do that; but if you want to make your last shot, you can have the *long rest.*"

Most likely he took the "cue," though one would think that so sick a man needed "nursing" himself.

A BRIGHT young lady in Rochester remarked that the stupidest and slowest gatherings in her church were the sociables, and the jolliest were the prayer-meetings. It was at one of the latter that a solemn brother discoursed of the uncertainty of life. "Yesterday," he said, "my brethren, I stood at my window looking out upon a new building, when I saw a man laying brick. A few hours later I looked out, and he was *laying* a corpse!" Among the irreverent portion of the audience there was a slight tit— But how could they help it?

AN Englishman—traveled, of course—relates that an American gentleman who had at an early day gone the overland route to California told him this: "We crossed the sand hills near the scene of the Indian mail robbery and massacre of 1856, wherein the driver and conductor perished, and also all the passengers but one. But this must have been a mistake, for at different times afterward, on the Pacific coast, I was personally acquainted with a hundred and thirty-three or four people who were wounded during that massacre, and barely escaped with their lives. There was no doubt of the truth of it—I

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had it from their own lips. And one of the parties told me that *he kept coming across arrow-heads in his system for nearly seven years after the massacre.*"

A GOOD story of Lord Cardigan crops up in the last number of the London *Court Journal.* Shortly before his death he reviewed a famous hussar regiment, and on making the usual speech said, with more emotion than he usually showed, "I am getting old, gentlemen, and in all probability I shall never again review this magnificent regiment *this side the grave!*"

YOUNG people are immense. This concise and forcible statement will be admitted and appreciated by that entertaining class of people called lecturers, perhaps by others.

A person now prominent in that field of instructive effort recently invited a gentleman to his house to take tea. Immediately on being seated at table a little daughter of the lecturer said to the guest, quite abruptly, "Where is your wife?"

The gentleman, having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was surprised and annoyed at the question, and stammered forth the truth—"I don't know."

"Don't know?" replied the *enfant terrible;* "why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once. So he said, with calmness, "Well, we don't live together: we think, as we can't agree, we'd better not." He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents.

But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed, "Can't agree! *Then why don't you fight it out, as pa and ma do?*"

There was a momentary look of disgust all around, and then a roar of laughter. Good little girl!

THE colored "friend and brother" frequently rises to the great occasion. Recently one of these applied to an amiable gentleman for a certificate of character by which he might be able to get a situation. The testimonial was so unexpectedly complimentary, and set forth Sambo's qualifications in such glowing terms, that, turning to the gentleman, he said, "Look heah, Mr. Wilson, can't you gib me somethin' to do yourself *on dat recommendation?*"

AMONG the curious epitaphs sent to the Drawer the following, in the burying-ground at Duxbury, Massachusetts, seems to imply something. It is on the head-stone of an old lady who was cut off at eighty-seven years eleven months: "*The chisel can't help her any.*"

IN one of the larger towns of Illinois resides Deacon G——, a merchant, but nevertheless a very good man. He holds an official position in the Presbyterian church. The church being without a pastor, he had had some correspondence with a gentleman in Chicago who had been recommended as a suitable person for the vacancy. This gentleman unexpectedly appeared one morning, and walking into the deacon's store, sachel in hand, asked if Deacon G—— was in. The deacon, mistaking the young divine for one of that numerous class called "drummers," stepped forward and said, "That is my name, Sir."

"Did you receive my card?" asked the minister.

"I don't remember," replied the deacon. "What house are you traveling for?"

The young gentleman, seeing the mistake into which the deacon had fallen, thought he would carry on the joke, and replied, "I am traveling for the house of the Lord."

A light suddenly dawned upon the mind of the deacon as he gravely answered, "Well, I think you ought to sell a *large bill of goods in this locality.*"

IN Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's latest work, *A Book about the Table,* we have this anecdote of the great musical composer Haydn, who liked to dine alone and eat much. It was his custom to order dinner for five at his favorite hotel, and at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet. "Serve dinner," he said, on one occasion, to a new waiter, who was not aware of the musician's way of sustaining himself.

"The dinner is ready," returned the waiter, bowing respectfully to the hotel's best customer, "but, Sir, the company is not come."

"De gompany!" Haydn retorted, contemptuously. "Pooh! de gompany! I am de gompany!"

The dinner for five was forthwith put before "de company," and not an eatable scrap of it found its way back to the kitchen.

THAT a young lady should, under any circumstances, allow herself to partake of intoxicating drink is censurable. Better not. The following anecdote, taken from a recent number of the *Dublin University Magazine,* we do not believe to be true in point of fact, but it is told so well, and is so very Irish, that it is worth reading:

A country girl, who was to meet her sweetheart at a fair, arranged with him the night before how they were to behave toward each other on the following day. "You know, John," said she, "when you meet me you'll be asking me into a tent to treat me. I'll have to pretend that I don't want to go, and maybe I'll try to run away. But never you mind. Catch me, and make me go. And then, when you've got me into the tent, you'll be asking me what I'll drink, and I'll have to say that I never drink any. But, John dear, never mind me. Just ask for the best whisky they have; and when you're making my punch, be sure and make it strong and sweet, *and then gar me tak' it.*"

SPEAKING of sweethearts, we have word of a young man in Milwaukee who kissed his aforesaid about forty times right straight along, and when he stopped, the tears came into her eyes, and she said, in a sad tone of voice, "Ah, John, I fear you have ceased to love me!"

"No, I haven't," he replied, "but I must breathe."

THE curious superstition of many good people, usually good diners, that death will within a year ensue to some one of any company of thirteen

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who sit down to a feast, was treated with disdain by Comte, who experienced an animating sense of good fortune whenever he found himself at table with twelve other companions. The late Albert Smith, one of the brightest wits of his day, some years since gave a supper of thirteen that discredited the superstition in a remarkable manner. Himself on the point of starting for China, he entertained twelve friends, who were bound for the Crimea, to encounter the perils of war as military officers or as journalists reporting the incidents of the conflict. Deeming it in the highest degree improbable that they would meet again on English ground when they had once started for the scene of danger, the twelve guests met their host with light hearts, and laughed about the fate which some of them would, of course, encounter in a few months. Strangely enough, all twelve returned from the war in perfect health, and supped again at a table of thirteen with the humorous lecturer. In George the Third's time it was thought that thirteen persons might safely dine together if the party comprised a lady with reasonable hopes of adding to the population in the course of a few weeks; and the French of the same period held that thirteen persons might sit together at the same board and yet escape the penalty if one of the party, sacrificing himself for the rest of the company, refrained from partaking of the cheer.

THE sort of thing mentioned below is not much done abroad, but we do it in America, though, as a general thing, in a milder way:

A gentleman who had ultimate and pleasant intentions in reference to the hand and heart of a young lady called upon her one evening, but found an embarrassment in the staying powers of her venerable papa, who, after sundry changes of attitude, or sititude, in his chair, and reading the advertisements over again, ventured to intimate that the hour for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear Sir," replied the diffident youth: "we have been waiting to have you go to bed for over an hour."

CHAPTER II.—The old gentleman left.

THAT "the friend and brother" is incapable of forensic effort is one of those ante-bellum statements that must give way to present fact. A few weeks ago there was tried in the Superior Court of Augusta, Georgia, a case between Gardner Pepper, an American citizen of color, and R. D. Boyd, a gentleman living about ten miles from Augusta. The action was for the recovery of two sows—a bob-tailed black sow and a long-tailed listed sow—and nineteen pigs. The case had been last summer in the County Court, on a possessory warrant, and the hogs were awarded to the possession of Mr. Boyd, because found in his quiet possession. This left the question of title still open, and to try which this action of trover was brought. H. C. Foster, Esq., represented Pepper, and Judge W. R. M'Laws Mr. Boyd. Pepper testified:

"I know dese here hogs; dey b'long to my wife; she raised dem; I's been acquainted wid dem ebber since dare burth; I found dem in Mr. Boyd's pen; he sayed he buyed dem from Mr. Twiggs, but I know dey are de same hogs what my wife fotch up; I took out a warrant for him before Grandison Harris [colored justice], but Mr. Boyd sayed he wouldn't sarve under it, and I was afeerd I couldn't git jestice before dis here magistrate, so I come to Judge Snead. He act like perfect gentleman when he try dis case, but say he unable to tackle wid it, case he see someting wrong, but never say what. He say he gwine leve de hogs whare he find dem, and de case would hab to go up to de Sperior Court dan hisen. Well, I went home, specting for de case to go fore de big court; but when I come to de city and find dat my lawyer run off wid de case, stead of done fotching him up to the big court, I went fur dis here gentleman [meaning Mr. Foster] and got him for to fetch de case up. I can't read no writing no more dan a tree, but I know dat bob-tailed sow my sow, and dat long-tailed sow my sow, and all de pigs b'long to dem."

There was much evidence *pro* and *con* as to identity, etc. When the evidence had closed, the attorneys decided to allow their respective clients to argue their own cases. Pepper opened by saying:

"Mr. Jury, dese am my hogs, and I knows dey is, and I came for de white folks to gib me my property, fur I am purfectly willing fur to lib under dis here gubernment, fur I hab seed de white people, and de women and children, and de colored folks put der shoulder to de wheel and fetch dis here Souf back on her foot whare she was before, and I know if you gentlemen take de same views of dis here country what I do, you gwine gib me dem hogs."

He here bowed to the court and jury, and "stepped down and out." Mr. Boyd argued his side very briefly, but Pepper was the winner, for in a few minutes the jury returned a verdict for Pepper for seventy-five dollars, the value of his hogs. Pepper retired, happy in the belief "dat de big court am de place to git jestice, and he's gwine to speak to de jury hisself ebbry time he habs a case."

WE have an anecdote of an excellent and kindly physician, not averse to table niceties, who had a series of after-dinner graces that nicely expressed the degrees of his thankfulness. When he had partaken of a faultless repast he would reward his wife with a radiant smile, and then, turning his eyes upward, say, emphatically, "Thank God for an *excellent* dinner." A dinner of merit, though of inferior excellence, was acknowledged devoutly with "Thank God for a *good* dinner." An ordinary regalement, that would justify neither special praise nor positive reproof, elicited no heartier grace than, "Well, I am thankful for my dinner." But when the repast had consisted of cold meats and unpalatable reproductions of yesterday's fare, the worthy man used to pray in a plaintively lugubrious tone of grievance, as though he were protesting against ill usage and imploring an impossibility, "May the Lord *make* me thankful for *what I have received!*"

A MAN who treasures up curious things said in court sends us this:

A man was accused of having stolen a pair of pantaloons. There were several witnesses, but the evidence was rather meagre, and so the accused was acquitted. He was told that he could go, but he remained. His lawyer, to whose successful defense he mainly owed his liberty, hint-

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ed to him that he was free to depart; but still he staid. There being no more cases to be heard, the court was getting empty, when the lawyer, getting impatient, asked, with some asperity, why he didn't go. The innocent, injured man whispered in his ear,

"The fact is, Sir, I did not like to move till the witnesses had left the court."

"Why so?"

"Because, Sir, I have got on the pantaloons that I stole."

A SUPERINTENDENT of schools in one of the cities of this State writes that a duty had lately devolved upon him, as papa, to do a little Bible story every Sunday morning to his children, for which purpose he had provided himself with a "pony," his Sunday-school experience being remote and limited. His last experiment in that department of human effort was in presenting to them the story of our old friend Lot. After reading the text and adding certain original and orthodox comments, the pictures were explained. How noble a thing is art! and, as Dr. Sitgreaves used to observe, "How hard it is to paint good!" The five-year-old boy gazed with interest on the cities of the plain enveloped in fire from heaven, and then prostrated his paternal with the bold but practical interrogatory, "*Were they insured?*"

NOTHING like decorum. Recently, at the funeral of an estimable lady in Pennsylvania, we are told by a paragraph in the local paper that "the corpse was conveyed from the residence of her son by the hearse of Mr. ——, who is one of the most accommodating undertakers of the State, and whose patronage is increasing rapidly, and we believe he never fails to suit his patrons, either in quality or price.....Thus we lay them away one by one, and submit ourselves to him who doeth all things well." Doubtless referring to the undertaker.

THIS comes fresh from London:

The chief of the Highland clan M'Intosh, on a certain occasion not long since, left his Highland fastness to visit the modern Babylon, and of course took care to bring with him a stock of Highland haughtiness. It happened to him to take a cab, and on dismissing the humble but useful vehicle he suspected the cab-man of an attempt to overcharge him. In the colloquy which ensued the cabby was inclined to be independent, not to say impudent. Outraged by this insult to his dignity, the "Hieland" chief drew himself up to his full height, and said, "Don't speak to me like that, Sir! Do you know who I am?" A solemn pause. "I'm *The M'Intosh*, Sir!"

Instead of falling back, awed and thunderstruck by the sudden revelation, cabby coolly stuck his arms akimbo, and retorted, "I don't care if you are the *umbrella;* I'll have my fare out of you."

History draws a veil over the feelings of the chieftain.

IN Sparks's *Life and Writings of Franklin* (vol. vi., p. 296, etc.) may be found "a new alphabet and mode of spelling," which, had they been adopted, would have created a vast deal of confusion in our language. Franklin's endeavor seems to have been "to give the alphabet a more natural order: beginning first with the simple sounds formed by the breath, with none or very little help of the tongue, teeth, and lips, and produced chiefly in the windpipe; then coming forward to those formed by the roof of the mouth next to the windpipe; then to those formed more forward by the forepart of the tongue against the roof of the mouth; then those formed still more forward in the mouth by the tip of the mouth applied first to the roots of the upper teeth; then to those formed still more forward by the underlip applied to the upper teeth; then to those formed yet more forward by the upper and under lip opening to let out the sounding breath; and lastly, ending with the shutting up of the mouth while any vowel is sounding." His plan was not a feasible one, and it would have required the genius of more than one Franklin to carry the scheme of reform into successful operation. This "reformed alphabet" on the phonetic principle appears to have been prepared in the year 1768. About eighteen years later (July 4, 1786) he wrote to Mrs. Jane Mecom as follows:

You need not be concerned, in writing to me, about your bad spelling; for in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance: A gentleman received a letter in which were these words, *Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your meseg to his yf.* The gentleman, finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the yf, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, "Because Betty," says she, "has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know." Betty came, and was surprised that neither sir nor madam could tell what yf was. "Why," says she, "y-f spells *wife:* what else can it spell?" And indeed it is a much better as well as shorter method of spelling *wife* than *doubleyou-i-ef-e*, which in reality spell *doubleyifey.* (Vol. x., p. 264.)

"How is your Church getting on?" asked a friend of a religious Scotchman, who had separated in turn from the Kirk, the Free Church, the United Presbyterian, and several lesser bodies.

"Pretty weel, pretty weel. There's naebody belongs to it now but my brither and mysel, and I am sure o' Sandy's soundness."

A CORRESPONDENT at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, who has been reading Mr. Cox's article on "American Humor" in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, in which he refers to the "dry and biting sarcasm" of our great Commoner, Thaddeus Stevens, says:

"Two of his best and severest rebukes were given in this town some years before his death, and as they have never appeared in print, and as I feel satisfied you would enjoy them, I will endeavor to put them into a shape that will give you, as near as possible, a full conception of them.

"He was engaged by the heirs of a bachelor of the name of S—— to set aside a will made in behalf of a man of the name of G——, who was made legatee of all the estate. There was a professional brother of mine, by the name of Dr. L——, mixed up in the case in a rather disreputable way, and his character at best was at great discount. He has since died. There was also another doctor, of the name of S——, who was disposed to plume himself on his social position and professional standing, who was

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an important witness in the case. In Mr. Stevens's argument he got the names of the two doctors confounded, and would get their relative positions mixed. This, of course, was very unsavory to Dr. S——, and after the adjournment of the court he followed Mr. Stevens to his hotel, and accosted him in this manner: 'Mr. Stevens, you ought to be more careful in your arguments. You repeatedly said Dr. S—— when you should have said Dr. L——.'

"Mr. Stevens at once replied: 'Did I? Why, my dear Sir, I will apologize to Dr. L—— the first time I meet him.'

"William M'Lellan, Esq., was engaged in defense of the will, and after Mr. Stevens had concluded his argument, Mr. M'Lellan commenced his reply somewhat in this manner: 'May it please the Court: gentlemen of the jury, I can scarcely hope to gain your attention by any effort of oratory on my part, since you have just been addressed by the great and eloquent advocate who has preceded me, whose reputation as a lawyer of eminent ability is not confined to his own State or country—'

"At this point Mr. Stevens jumped up, and said: 'May it please the Court: I claim your protection. *I did not say any thing of that kind about Mr. M'Lellan.*'

"Your quotation from the old English poet was never more fully exemplified than in this case, for the wind was entirely taken out of Mr. M'Lellan's sails, and the case went as every body expected it would go."

Rev. Dr. W——, of P——, when he can find leisure, is fond of hunting and fishing. He is a keen shot and a ready wit. Coming home one day from a shooting excursion, with several ducks in his hand, he met a Quaker friend, whose salutation was,

"Good-morning, friend W——. Where did thee get those ducks?"

"I shot them," was the answer.

"Well, does thee think it is right to give pain to such harmless birds, and even to take away their life?"

"Why not?" said the doctor. "You know that they, as well as we, must all die at some time; and if they can be of use to us as food, I do not see any harm in shooting them, any more than in killing the chickens you and I every day eat."

"Yes," said the Quaker, "I know every creature must die *when its time comes*, but it seems cruel to take its life before that time."

"Well," said the doctor, "friend H——, when, with a well-loaded gun, I get my eye on a duck, *I generally find its time has come.* So, even on your own view, there can't be any harm in killing it!"

"Ah, friend W——" said the Quaker, with a laugh, "I see it is as hard to get away from thy wit as from thy shot!"

In some of the newly and sparsely settled regions of New Brunswick, inhabited by unlettered immigrants, a good deal of difficulty was experienced in establishing schools. In many instances the only instruction that could be imparted for some time was the A B C, reading, and a little writing. The pay was slim and uncertain, and at times the teacher engaged was very illiterate. A district superintendent visited one of these schools in the backwoods some twenty years ago, and found it sadly lacking. Intending to send some instructions to the teacher, he asked him, when taking his leave, "What is your Post-office address?"

The teacher, who had never heard of such a thing, looked blankly at him, and said, "Sir?"

The question was repeated, and after a moment's hesitation the reply was, "Oh, I'm a Roman Catholic."

The superintendent then said, "I did not ask you any thing about your religion; I want to know what—is—your—Post-office—address?"

"Oh," said the teacher, a light breaking over his countenance as he found himself relieved from his unpleasant embarrassment—"oh, sure I'm an Irishman, Sir."

In the same neighborhood lived at the same time an old miller named Bassett, famous for his attachment to whisky and the use of long and ponderous words—Latin, English, and Irish—an indiscriminate assortment of which he always threw into his conversation when under the influence of his "beverage." As long as his words were large enough, it was no business of his whether they were appropriate or not. He often afforded amusement to his listeners in the quaintness of his blunders. He had received a "shtoopinjius re*num*eration" for his "sarvices" from an Irish lord who had been his employer. He had lived so long afterward among the Scotch that he was almost "newtheralized." Some parts of the Bible were only "paregorical illustrations, d'ye consave?"

One evening, when "well set up," he accosted a countryman of his, a night-watchman about a mercantile establishment, who, armed with a gun, was just setting out on his rounds: "An' who are yez goin' to shoot now, Mr. Bateman?" said he.

"Oh," replied the watchman, "any one, I suppose, who tries to kill me."

"Av coorse, av coorse," returned old Bassett. "Pro bono publico; non mi ricordo. That's right; for, d'ye consave, sure, *mintal risirvation* is the first law of naycher."

This will do for a juvenile:

The mother being absent in the country, a four-year-old boy was being put to bed by his father. After saying his prayers, and on receiving his good-night kiss, he was asked, "What shall I tell mamma when I write to her to-night?"

"Tell her *I kiss her in my heart.*"

The following lines, written nearly three hundred years ago, and copied from an old black-letter volume published in 1617, are intended to illustrate the idea that no estate, from the king to the beggar, is free from the folly of pride:

Sweete are the thoughts that savour of content;
the quiet minde is not richer than a Crowne:
Sweete are the nights in carelesse slumbers spent;
the Poore estate scornes Fortunes angry frowne:
Such sweete content, such mindes, such sleepe, such blis,
Beggers inioy, when Princes oft doe mis.

The Homely house that harbours quiet Rest,
the Cottage that affords no Pride nor care,
The meane that grees with country musicke best,
the sweete consort of mirth and musicks fare,
Obscured life sets downe a type of blis,
a mind content, both Crowne and kingdom is.

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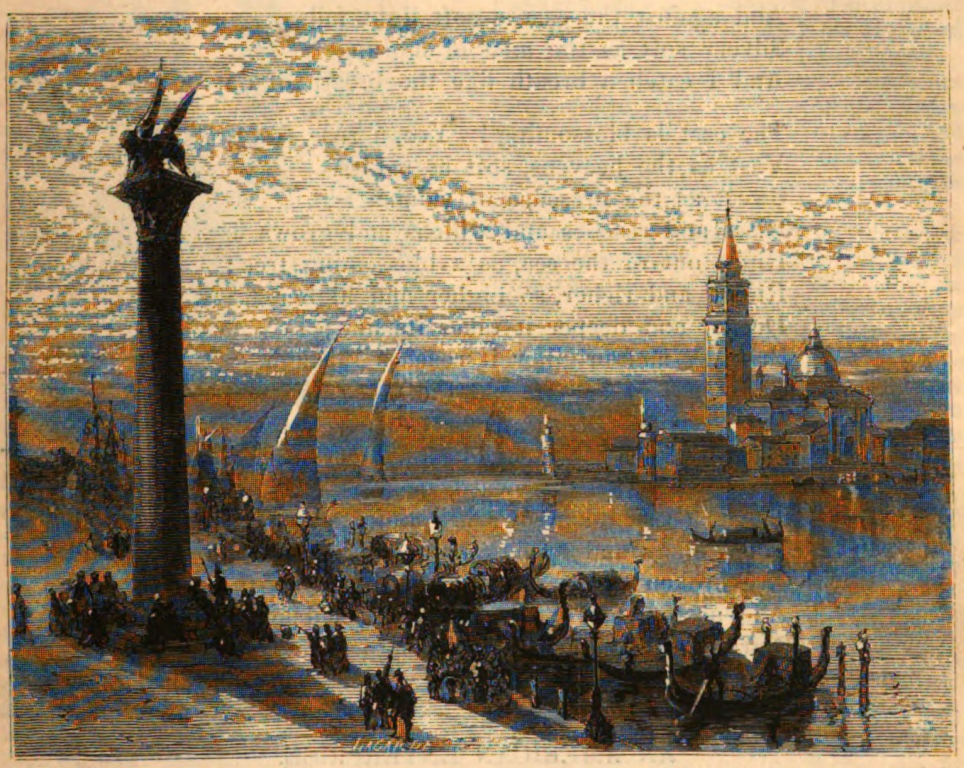
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCIII.—AUGUST, 1875.—Vol. LI.



SUNRISE IN VENICE.

Night seems troubled and scarce asleep;
Her brows are gathered in broken rest;
Sullen old lion of dark Saint Mark,
And a star in the east starts up from the deep,
White as my lilies that grow in the west.
Hist! men are passing hurriedly.
I see the yellow wide wings of a bark
Sail silently over my morning-star.
I see men move in the moving dark,
Tall and silent as columns are—
Great sinewy men that are good to see,
With hair pushed back and with open breasts;
Barefooted fishermen seeking their boats,
Brown as walnuts and hairy as goats—
Brave old water-dogs, wed to the sea,
First to their labors and last to their rests.

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Ships are moving! I hear a horn;
A silver trumpet it sounds to me,
Deep-voiced and musical, far a-sea....
Answers back, and again it calls.
'Tis the sentinel boats that watch the town
All night, as mounting her watery walls,
And watching for pirate or smuggler. Down
Over the sea, and reaching away,
And against the east, a soft light falls—
Silvery soft as the mist of morn,
And I catch a breath like the breath of day.

The east is blossoming! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches and widens and grows
Right out of the sea, as a blossoming tree;
Richer and richer, so higher and higher,
Deeper and deeper it takes its hue;
Brighter and brighter it reaches through
The space of heaven and the place of stars,
Till all is as rich as a rose can be,
And my rose leaves fall into billows of fire.
Then beams reach upward as arms from a sea;
Then lances and arrows are aimed at me.
Then lances and spangles and spars and bars
Are broken and shivered and strown on the sea;
And around and about me tower and spire
Start from the billows like tongues of fire.

VENICE, 1874. JOAQUIN MILLER.

AN AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

TRAVELERS on the Long Island Sound of about thirty-seven years ago might have observed on board the steamer then running between Providence and New York an under-sized, delicately built, sanguine-looking young man, who accompanied the vessel on alternate trips, and constantly carried in his hand a small carpet-bag of half a bushel capacity. He was William F. Harnden, and his bag contained the beginnings of the express forwarding business of the United States, which, with the exception of the railways and telegraphs, now surpasses all other private enterprises in the world.

Born at Reading, Massachusetts, in 1812, he was employed as conductor of the first passenger train that ran in New England, and was afterward promoted to the position of ticket agent on the Boston and Worcester Railway. The sedentary desk-work did not suit him, however, and in 1837 he came to New York in search of more congenial employment. At the corner of Wall and Pearl streets stood the old Tontine Coffee-house, a famous resort for the merchants and ship-owners of those days, and in connection with it there was an admirable news-room—a sort of Lloyd's or Garraway's—conducted by James W. Hale, a local celebrity, who afterward extended his fame by promoting a cheap postal system in opposition to the government. Mr. Hale was a man of varied experience and a genial disposition. He was one of the most active men of his day, and Harnden went to him for advice in seeking employment. Hale became interested in him, and in the course of a few days advised him to establish himself as an expressman between New York and Boston—a business never before transacted and a name never before assumed.

As there have been other claimants to the honor of having originated the enterprise, and as Mr. Hale is still living, I will repeat a statement which he made to me in July last. There was never a day, he said, that inquiries were not made at the news-room for some person going to Boston or Providence. Some wanted to send small parcels to their friends, others letters or circulars;

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WILLIAM F. HARNDEN.

but the most frequent applicants were money-brokers, who wanted to forward packages of Eastern bank-notes to Boston for redemption. If an acquaintance was found on the boat, he was pounced upon without ceremony, and burdened with the packages, which were sometimes worth many thousand dollars. But if a friend did not appear, the things were often intrusted to entire strangers, with the modest request that they would deliver them immediately after their arrival. Merchants and brokers seeking gratuitous transportation for their letters contributed largely to the excitement attending the departure of the steamer, and many persons will remember the nights of anxiety they have passed on the Sound, when such unexpected wealth has been temporarily thrust upon them. "When Harnden called upon me for advice," Mr. Hale stated, "I thought of the daily inquiries made at my office, 'Do you know any body going to Boston this evening?' and I immediately advised him to travel between the two cities and do errands for the business men. I also suggested that the new enterprise should be called 'The Express,' which gave the idea of speed, promptitude, and fidelity."

Harnden hesitated for several days, doubting whether the scheme would be profitable, but eventually he decided to try it, and bought the historic traveling-bag, which is still preserved in Boston. A small slate for orders was hung in the news-room, and the patrons of that institution were Harnden's chief patrons. The old merchants had become so accustomed to transportation of smaller articles without cost that they did not readily observe the advantages "the express" offered, and at the end of two months Harnden found all his capital absorbed. His receipts were less than his expenses, and he would have discontinued the service had not some friends procured free passages for him on an opposition steamboat. With the passage-money as a subsidy, "the express" prospered, and the business so increased that Harnden soon engaged an assistant.

Goods were forwarded every evening instead of three times a week, and the carpet-bag was successively multiplied by two and three, until in the flush of prosperity a large trunk was bought, which in turn was substituted by a yet larger one.

Harnden next disposed of an interest in the concern to his oldest assistant, Dexter Brigham, and opened two offices—one in Boston, which he occupied himself, and the other in New York, which he left in charge of his partner. Two men were hired to follow the goods on the route, and a small hand-car or crate was placed on board each steamer. "The express" had surmounted the worst obstacles, and its utility was clearly demonstrated. The receipts gradually increased, and Harnden's heart beat fast one night as he counted by candle-light in his dusty office the magnificent amount of twenty dollars earned in a single day! But his success was the result of unceasing overwork, which undermined his constitution, and often caused him to say that he would not live to reap the full harvest. A. L. Stimpson, an old expressman, states that his endurance was a subject of wonder to all who knew him, and that it was only by

JAMES W. HALE.

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an almost superhuman exertion of will that he sustained his exhausted system and discharged his recurring labors. An indomitable spirit stimulated him, and he bravely encountered the vicissitudes of his business at all times, often against the remonstrances of friends. Among other things, it was his pride to be first in boarding the Cunard steamers to obtain news for the press; and even though the arrival was after midnight, he and his men were invariably on the alert.

It was the opening of the Cunard service between Liverpool and Boston that did most for his express, by which all valuable parcels from Europe for New York were forwarded; and it was the Cunard steamers that aroused the greatest aspirations in his breast. His acquaintances constantly urged him to extend his business westward, and he so far followed their advice as to establish the route between Boston and Albany. He would not go farther in that direction, however, as he thought it a waste of time to court the patronage of the unpopulated prairies. "Put a people there," he said to Henry Wells, who afterward became a principal in the celebrated house of Wells, Fargo, and Co., "and my express shall soon follow." The idea presented to him was retained in his memory, nevertheless, and before long it resolved itself into an extraordinary colonization project. In brief, Harnden decided to make an opening for a lucrative express business in the West by filling it himself with a thrifty people. He was fairly infatuated with the scheme, into which he entered with greater zeal than ever. Night and day it occupied his thoughts. His pale face became a shade paler, and his fragile body a degree thinner under the intense excitement wrought. It seemed to offer princely wealth, unexampled honor and power. All his resources were expended upon it, and in 1841 the "English and Continental Express" was established, with offices in Liverpool, London, and Paris.

Hitherto there had been no organized system of emigration. The emigrants already settled here had no safe and economical means of remitting money to or prepaying the passage of their relations across the water. Harnden began by supplying the want. Branch offices were opened in nearly all the large towns of Germany, France, and Great Britain for the payment of bills of exchange purchased by persons in the United States in favor of those left behind in the older countries. The arrangement was widely advertised, and Irish and German residents in America availed themselves of it to such an extent that the increased emigration was very noticeable. But it was only a small part of the complete scheme. Harnden next contracted with the owners of a line of sailing vessels for the cheap conveyance of emigrants from Liverpool, and chartered a considerable fleet of Erie Canal passenger boats. It was his design to have every emigrant arriving in Boston or New York ticketed to the firm of Harnden and Co. In a very short time he had almost succeeded in controlling the traffic, and it is to his credit that he never took any unfair advantage the monopoly offered.

"MORNING RUN," LEAVING GENERAL OFFICE, NEW CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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Those laborers whom he brought here were protected from swindlers in the sea-board cities, and forwarded with as much speed and comfort as possible to the agricultural districts of the West. "Within three years of the inception of the enterprise," writes A. L. Stimpson, to whom we allude for the last time, with thanks for the service he has been to us, "that small-sized, fragile man, whose constitution was now broken down by the consumption which was rapidly measuring the little remnant of life yet left to him, had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been the direct means of bringing from the Old World more than one hundred thousand hard-handed laborers, and depositing them in that now magnificent portion of our country where their work was most wanted for the cultivation of the soil and the construction of railways and canals."

Vast as it was in its operations, the colonization venture did not pay. Harnden was too lavish and magnificent in all his dealings. He paid his employés large salaries, and advertised with the greatest liberality. He understood the value of publicity, and in the earliest days of his career he exerted himself to serve the newspapers. Thanks to Harnden for the prompt delivery of packages were often found in the Boston *Transcript*, with many a kindly word of commendation added. A clerk of his was once told to order some advertising cards. Harnden afterward inquired from the printer what kind of cards had been chosen, and was informed that the order given by the clerk was for a thousand, white in color, and about the size of his hand.

"His hand!" Harnden exclaimed. "Have them a foot square, five thousand of them, and the color red. If a thing's worth doing at all, it's worth doing thoroughly."

During the winter of 1844 his health failed him completely, and he sought relief in the South. The skill of the best physicians could not save him, and he died on January 14, 1845, a poor man.

The Harnden Express was in its earliest stage when a young Vermonter, Alvin Adams by name, engaged in the produce business at Boston, became much impressed with its utility and prospects. He had little capital and no influential supporters. Health, energy, and industry were his principal possessions. While he was thinking of Harnden's future and wishing that his own were as bright, the little money he had was lost by a sudden fluctuation in the produce market, and he had to begin again at the lowest round of the ladder. He had no taste for his old trade, and he resolved to start an opposition express. It was a difficult task that he had chosen, and for several months there seemed to be no prospect that he would ever make any progress. He was considered an interloper on Harnden's ground, and many persons openly refused to patronize him. Even his own friends "damned him with faint praise," and the partner who joined him at the outset soon retired in despair. He was his own messenger, cashier, clerk, label boy, and porter. All the parcels intrusted to him might have been carried in his hat. A wagon or a horse was not to be thought of, and the entire "establishment" consisted of Adams, a valise, and desk room in an office. The year, too, was a most unfavorable one for all new enterprises, as the mercantile interests of the community were in an inactive and ominous condition. Adams had to encounter, therefore, not only the disadvantages of a poor beginner, but also the antagonism of those with whom he had to deal and the trade depression of an

ALVIN ADAMS.

inauspicious time. For three long years he toiled with little or no encouragement. It is unfair to contrast the two men, perhaps, but we can not help thinking Adams the superior of Harnden in courage and steadfast faith. Several times the latter was disheartened and nearly succumbing, but his rival, whose circumstances were much poorer, never for a moment thought of surrender, and worked with heroic perseverance through thirty-six months of the bitterest experiences. We can think of few other such examples for struggling young men. No doubt he was sustained by his confidence in the worth of his object in life, but that fact redounds still more to his credit.

We have mentioned that Harnden and Co. became so engrossed with the extension

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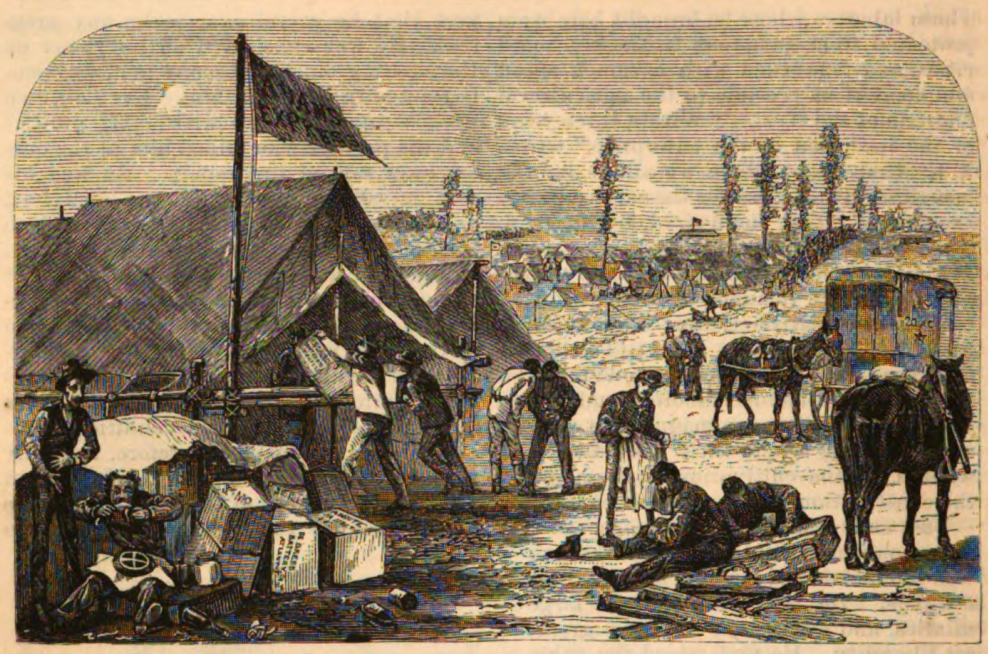

AN ARMY EXPRESS OFFICE.

of the emigration venture that the home express was neglected, and Adams thus got a chance that otherwise he might never have had. Parcels were often delayed by the Harnden Express, and after a while some of its best customers began to transfer considerable patronage to Adams. In the mean time the latter had entered into a partnership with Ephraim Farnsworth, who subsequently retired, and was succeeded by William B. Dinsmore, who worked for scarcely enough to pay his board bill, sharing his superior's confidence in the ultimate success of the concern. Adams and Co. then employed two men and a boy, and it was a difficult matter to make both ends meet. The driver of their delivery and collecting wagon was "Old Sam Woodward," formerly a stage-coach driver, who possessed in no ordinary measure that humorous loquacity for which his tribe were famed. In soliciting freight from the merchants he brought all his eloquence to bear, with the greatest success. Seeing a box or parcel at the door of some store waiting for Harnden's Express, he would dismount from his wagon and expatiate on the inestimable benefits of forwarding the goods by the Adams line. "Harnden's got too much to do," was his favorite argument, "and you'd just better give your parcels to us. Just try Adams for once. Adams is a little the nicest man you ever did see, and we have all the facilities for doing your business right up to the handle. Come, let me set these bundles into my wagon, and I'll put 'em through by daylight. Mr. Dinsmore, the partner in New York, is a Boston man (he was made for an expressman), and will see to the delivery of these things himself."

With Sam as a canvasser, and Harnden's business declining, the Adams establishment made extraordinary progress. Instead of desk room, the exclusive use of large and handsome stores was procured. Prodigal displays were made in the way of gas-fixtures, horses, wagons, and office boys. A net-work of minor express routes was absorbed, and all new ones were bought out as soon as they had demonstrated their practicability. First the service was extended to Washington, then between Hartford and Springfield, and afterward throughout the State of Connecticut. Agencies were established at all large stations in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and Louisiana. West, Southwest, and the North were included in the system by giant strides, and in 1850 the business had actually become so important that Adams and Co. arranged to send their money and small packages over the New York and New Haven Railway, paying the sum of seventeen hundred dollars a month for a small space occupied in the car of a fast train. Soon afterward the style of the firm was changed to the "Adams Express Company," and much additional capital was invested, which materially assisted the development of the system.

The California express opened a vein of new wealth, and added greatly to the company's reputation. But the source of its present vast wealth was the immense business during the war of the rebellion. It has been truthfully said that no person unconnected with the company could imagine

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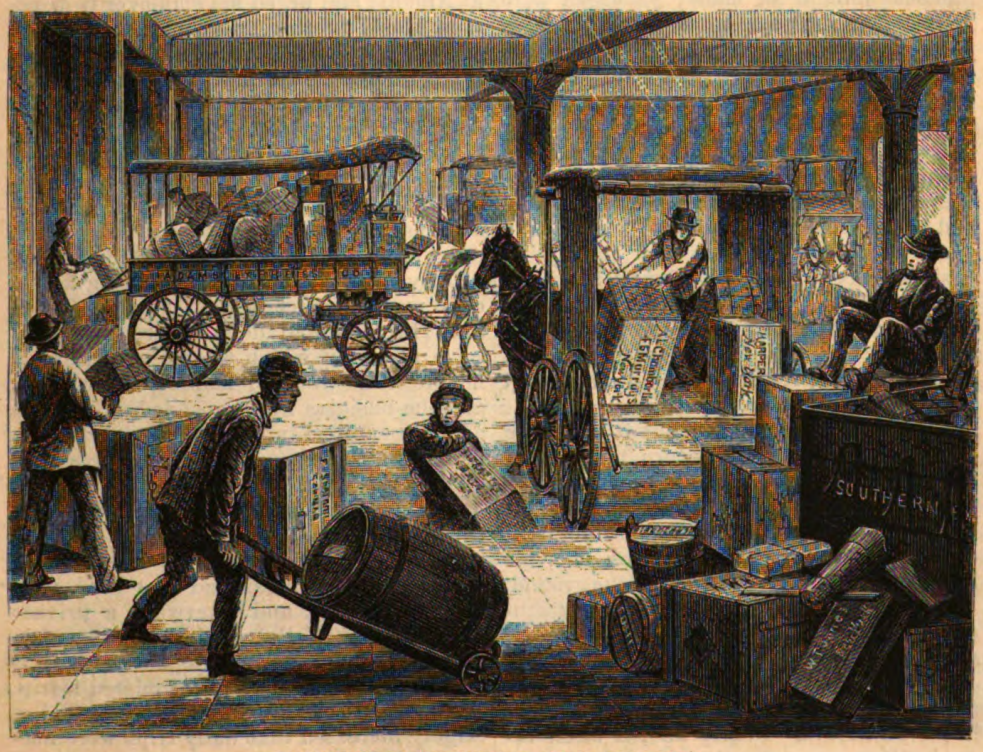
the magnitude of its transactions while the States were in conflict. On the nearest and most remote fields the agents of the express were always found, venturing often where a picket-guard would hardly venture, collecting money, letters, and trophies from the soldiers for transmission to "the loved ones at home." Many a thrilling episode might be related of the vicissitudes and perils endured by the expressmen in conveying these articles from the Southern frontier to their destination in the North. Where the armies went they followed with the zeal and pertinacity of newspaper correspondents. No quarters were too hot for them, and neither the shots of the enemy nor the rebuffs of the commanders drove them away. Around bivouac fires in the stillness of Southern forests they were found waiting for the homeward-bound messages that were hastily scribbled on the torn fly-leaves of prayer-books, or even on scraps of newspapers. Many a time in the thick of a battle a faint voice called them to the side of a fallen soldier, with the blood oozing from a death-wound in his breast, and entreated them to remain a moment while he transferred to their care a letter or a locket addressed to a girl in the North. Many a time, too, they saw a noble fellow fall into an eternal sleep before he could finish his message. A romancist might gather suggestions for countless pathetic incidents from the experience of the expressmen who followed the armies during the rebellion. One of the most melancholy duties these brave fellows had to execute was the transmission of the bodies of the slaughtered to their relatives and friends. The delivery at the home office often occasioned heart-breaking scenes, as "somebody's darling," wrapped in a coarse shroud, was presented to the woman who had kissed his handsome face good-by scarcely six months before.

But there was a humorous and joyous aspect to the battle-field express, as to most other concerns of men. It was a favorite habit of the "boys" to send home trophies in the form of "confiscated property." The trophies were of the most heterogeneous character, and sometimes put the expressmen to more trouble than less accommodating servants would have endured. A terrified and howling French poodle was once sent direct from camp to an Eastern farm-house, and, in fact, live stock was very often the form of memento, or, as Mrs. Partington would say, the *momentum*, of a battle. Jew's-harps, Confederate money, old pipes, broken sabres, fractured rifles, tobacco pouches, tarnished epaulets, smeared sashes, and like things, were the commonest and the most portable of the mass forwarded. The habits of thrift in which some of the Down-Easters had been reared were manifested in the care with which old clothes were sent home after a new outfit had been supplied to the regiment. Thousands of boxes containing such worthless rags passed through the express consigned to remote villages



LOADING UP IN THE GENERAL OFFICE, NEW YORK.

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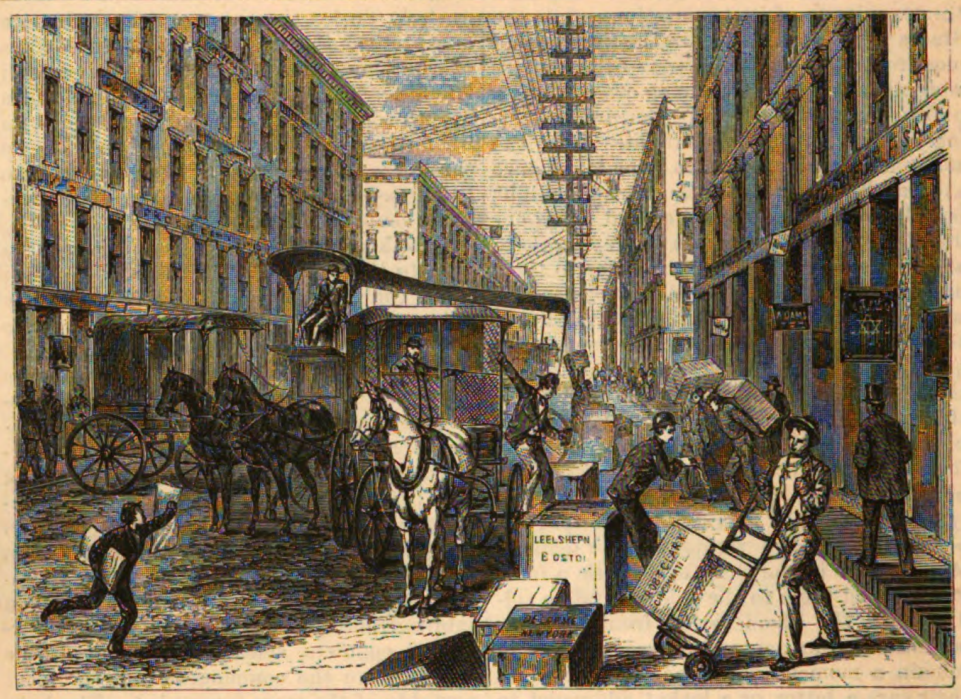

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY.

in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Northern New York. Full charges were collected for them, and when the expectant friends at home tore off the cover, it was only to find a ragged pair of trowsers and a coat. After a regiment had been paid off an immense number of money packages were intrusted to the express, and as the charges were high and the risks small, the profits of the company were magnificent. At one time the stock rose to the enormous price of five hundred dollars a share—the par value being one hundred. Thus had Alvin Adams's little venture with a dollar carpet-bag grown into a concern which made him and his partners millionaires.

After Harnden's death his emigration business was continued by Dexter Brigham, Jun., Robert Osgood, J. C. Kendall, and John W. Fenno. The New York and Boston Express, which had fallen into other hands in the mean time, retained its old name, and until 1860 it extended its branches almost as rapidly as the Adams; but it has since been merged into that concern, and is now a mere tributary. Harnden on his death-bed exclaimed that all he desired to live for was to see his foreign enterprise established on a permanent basis. Very soon after his interment the whole work fell to the ground. His successors were crippled by an unfortunate investment in a line of steam-ships, and failed for a very large amount.

The only formidable opponent of the Adams Express Company existing at present is the American. Nearly all the other organizations are subordinate to these two, which are said to control the entire business. The growth of the American Express Company illustrates the pluck, energy, and perseverance of its founders, who were similar in these things to Adams and Harnden. In 1841 Henry Wells was agent of the latter at Albany, and urged his employer to penetrate the Western country with the express. Harnden made the answer that we have already quoted: "Put a people there, and my express shall follow." Wells was so confident, however, that the population was sufficiently numerous to support an express that he mentioned his idea to George Pomeroy, who was favorably impressed with it, and lost no time in putting it into effect. An express was accordingly started between Albany and Buffalo, Pomeroy acting as his own messenger, clerk, and boy, as Adams and Harnden had done before. But for some reason of which we are not informed he broke down after making three trips, and the business was suspended until Wells and Crawford Livingston offered to join him. Under the new firm the express was established upon an enduring foundation. A trip was made once a week, and occupied three days and four nights, which was the quickest time then on record. From Albany to Auburn the railroad was used, then the stage-coach, and afterward a private conveyance. Wells, who had left Harnden, was appointed messenger, and while he acted in that capacity he never missed a trip. In the course of two years the traffic had so largely increased that daily trips were necessary, and a branch express was established

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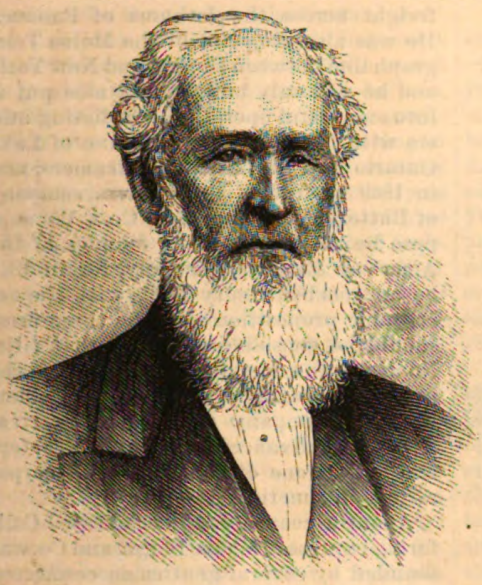

HENRY WELLS.

between Albany and New York. But the business was still small, and could be accommodated in the trunk which Wells carried with him on the outside of the Buffalo coach.

One day, when the style of the firm had been changed to Livingston, Wells, and Co., Mr. Wells came into the office with a shrewd idea, which gave the concern an important impetus in its march toward prosperity. It was the year previous to the reduction of letter postage by an act of Congress, and the Post-office was supporting some sixteen thousand politicians as postmasters by charging the outrageous price of twenty-five cents on every letter sent from Buffalo to New York. Wells's idea was to start an opposition, not in indignation meetings or in petitions, but in actual traffic. And in several columns of neat little figures he showed his partners how a letter could be carried for six cents at a handsome profit. It happened that those associated with Wells were just such clear-headed, enterprising fellows as himself, and they took hold of the project in a spirit of determination. When the express post-office was first opened, and stamps were sold at the rate of twenty for a dollar, the greatest interest was excited in the undertaking. Public meetings were called, and resolutions passed by the merchants and citizens generally not to send or receive letters by mail to or from any points included by the express until there was a reduction in the United States postage. Immense numbers of letters were sent through Livingston, Wells, and Co.'s hands, and the profits were greater than those derived from the conveyance of parcels. The government used every means to suppress the firm, and the messengers were arrested daily at the instance of the Post-office officials; but in every instance citizens stood ready with bail-bonds filled out and executed. Many stirring scenes were enacted. Officers were on the track at every point, and sometimes fierce affrays occurred. The expressman on horseback, with his mail-bag strapped across his broad shoulders, galloped many a hot mile across the rough country with a couple of angry pursuers at his heels. But

PURSUIT OF EXPRESS MAIL-CARRIER.

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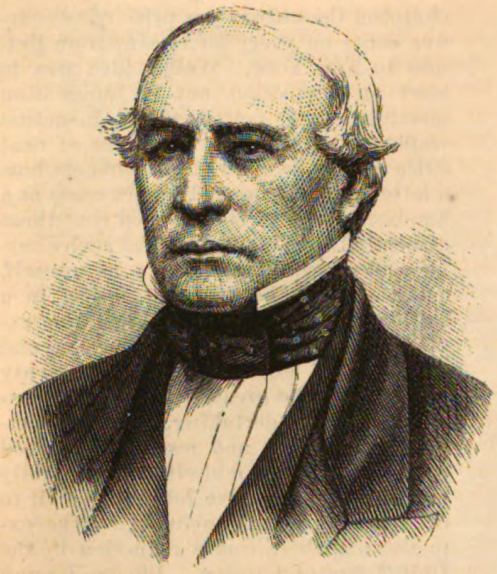

JOHN BUTTERFIELD.

the officers were discomfited throughout the strife, and after a futile contest with the opposition, the government began to think of looking for a remedy.

Mr. Wells, in behalf of himself and several wealthy merchants, offered to carry all the mail matter of the United States at an average rate of five cents per letter. The proposition was peremptorily rejected; but the opposition, in which James W. Hale had joined, was so resolute and so generally sustained by the people that during the next session of Congress a law was passed reducing the rate of postage three-fourths. As soon as the reform was accomplished, Hale, Wells, and others retired from the field, and again devoted themselves to the express.

In 1845 the firm of Livingston, Wells, and Co. had received a valuable acquisition in the services of William G. Fargo, who was chosen as a suitable man to extend the express into the country west of Buffalo, and Fargo did not disappoint his employers. He worked with extraordinary force, and in the course of a few years express wagons were traveling at regular intervals between the East, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis. Several changes occurred during the next few years in the style and the constituency of the original firm, and in 1850 it was represented by Wells and Co., Livingston and Fargo, and Butterfield, Wasson, and Co., who were opposed to each other. The principal of the latter firm was a man of wealth. He had been a stage-coach driver when a young man, and had risen to be owner of nearly all the stage lines running in Western New York. In 1849 he was engaged in transporting freight across the Isthmus of Panama. He was also projector of the Morse Telegraph line between Buffalo and New York, and he not only built it, but also put it into successful operation. Enlisting others with him, he founded a line of Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence steamers, and in 1849 he formed the express company of Butterfield, Wasson, and Co. We suppose he may claim to be founder of the American Express Company, for in 1850 he approached Henry Wells with the acceptable proposition that the three firms should be consolidated under that title. No time was lost in consummating the necessary arrangements, and the Adams Express Company then found a rival which has advanced with it step by step, and is now one of the wealthiest corporations in America.

About a year later the celebrated California express of Wells, Fargo, and Co. was founded by several gentlemen connected with the American Company. Its growth exceeded that of the earlier expresses in brilliancy, and most of the local express lines were bought out in a short time. In 1857 $59,884,000 in gold were transported over their lines in California alone. Henry Wells, you will remember, started life as one of Harnden's messengers, and William G. Fargo rose from an equally humble position. If these glimpses of the history of the express system have no other merit, we may hope, at least, that they offer encouraging examples to the young.

"Overland to California in thirteen days." This was the next and greatest achievement of the express, and excited scarcely less interest than the Pacific Railroad itself. In 1858 or 1859 a company was formed in Cal-

WILLIAM G. FARGO.

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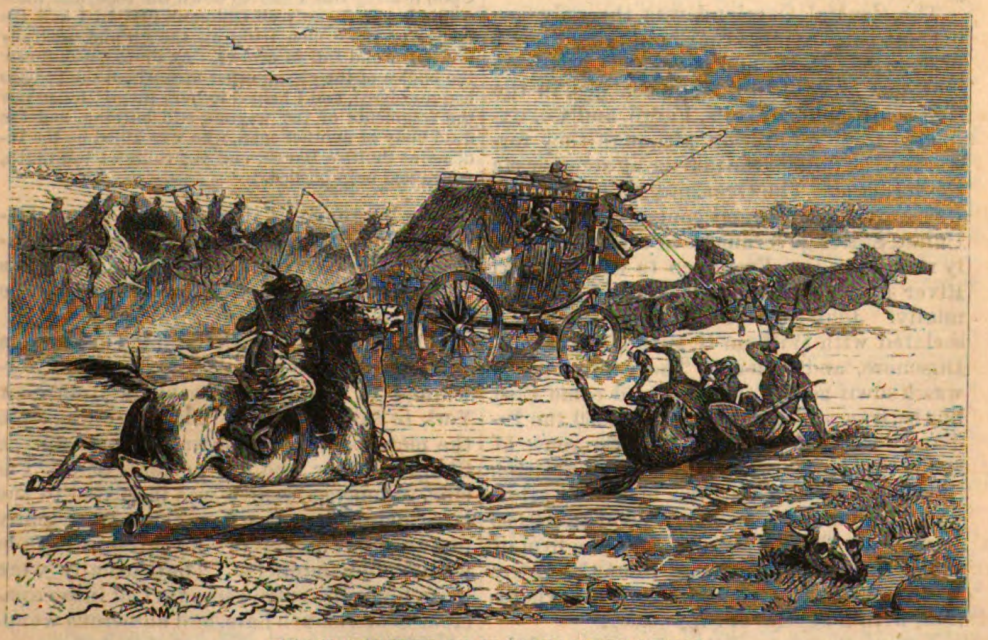
ifornia under the name of the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express, a title fit to arrest the attention of the world. The president and the originator, we believe, was Mr. William H. Russell, and the stockholders were mostly Californians. It was an audacious speculation, but it offered as many advantages to the mercantile community as the Atlantic cable, and was hailed with as much satisfaction. No telegraph had linked the two oceans, and the stage-coach or the steamer was the only vehicle by which a message or letter could be sent. The new service consisted of a pony express, with stations sixty miles apart, across the continent. A large capital was necessary, and the risks assumed were sufficient to frighten away all but the daring Western speculators. The rate fixed was five dollars in gold per quarter ounce, which, of course, limited the matter carried to business letters. The eastern terminus of the route was St. Joseph, Missouri, and the western terminus Sacramento. From the latter town to San Francisco the messengers traveled by steamboat, and from St. Joseph to New York by railroad. The time occupied between ocean and ocean was fourteen days, and between St. Joseph and San Francisco ten days, as per the following time-table:

From St. Joseph to			Marysville	12 hours.
"	"	"	Fort Kearney	34 "
"	"	"	Laramie	80 "
"	"	"	Fort Bridger	108 "
"	"	"	Salt Lake	124 "
"	"	"	Camp Floyd	128 "
"	"	"	Carson City	188 "
"	"	"	Placerville	226 "
"	"	"	Sacramento	232 "
"	"	"	San Francisco	240 "

The express was dispatched weekly from each side with not more than ten pounds of matter. The riders chosen were selected from plains-men, trappers, and scouts, familiar with the Indians, and capable of great bodily endurance. In consideration of the danger to which they were exposed, their salary was fixed at the enviable amount of $1200 a month each. The ponies were swift and strong, a cross in breed between the American horse and the Indian pony. Messengers and steeds were run sixty miles, and then awaited the arrival of the express from the opposite direction.

Such was the plan of the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company; and on a memorable day, the 3d of April, 1860, the first messenger was to start from St. Joseph. The *Daily Gazette* of that town issued a "Pony Express Extra" in honor of the occasion. It was a small single sheet, printed on one side only, and the first two columns were devoted to a heavily leaded account of the new enterprise, with this greeting to the press of California:

"Through the politeness of the express company we are permitted to forward by the first pony express the first and only newspaper which goes out, and which will be the first newspaper ever transmitted to California in eight days. The first pony will start at precisely five o'clock this afternoon, and letters will be received from all points up to 4.30. A special train will be run over the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad for the purpose of bringing the through messenger from New York. The nature of the conveyance necessarily precludes our making up an edition of any considerable weight. It, however, contains a summary of the latest news received here by telegraph for some days past from all parts of the Union. We send in it greeting to our brethren of the press in California."



INDIANS ATTACKING AN OVERLAND EXPRESS COACH.

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In a cloud of dust, and amidst the loud cheers of the population, the messenger galloped through the straggling streets on to the broad prairies reaching beyond the horizon. The route chosen was somewhat north of the present track of the Pacific Railroad. It lay, as the time-table shows, from St. Joseph to Laramie, thence up the Sweet Water to Salt Lake, and down the Humboldt to Sacramento. Night and day the express went forward at the greatest speed attainable with ordinary horseflesh. As soon as a station was reached, one messenger, without waiting to dismount, tossed his bag to another already mounted, who in a few minutes was out of sight in the direction of the next relay. So for eight days, with fresh horses and messengers every sixty miles, the ride was continued through the awful cañons of the mother range, up the bowlder-strewn foot-hills, between forests of hemlock, pine, and fir, through hot little mining towns, until Sacramento was reached, scarcely a minute behind the prescribed time.

The pony express fulfilled its promises for two years. The messengers were often followed by hostile Indians, and several were killed. In addition to their letter-bag they only carried one revolver and a bowie-knife. They ran and fought at the same time, and many a red-skin kissed the dust in atonement for those messengers who were slaughtered.

At the end of two years, in 1862, the telegraph line across the continent had been completed, and there was no longer any use for the pony express. The company was dissolved, having lost $200,000 in its courageous enterprise.

The Central Overland was the only important pony express that maintained itself in America. Goods and passengers had been sent to California by stage-coaches, in the free use of which Wells, Fargo, and Co. extended their reputation, although they forwarded the bulk of the matter by steamer *via* the Isthmus. The Overland Mail Company was started in 1858, and contracted with the United States government to carry a monthly mail from San Francisco to the Missouri River in consideration of $650,000 paid annually. John Butterfield was president, associated with William G. Fargo, William B. Dinsmore, and others. The route chosen was known as the Ox Bow, and came East by the way of Santa Fé; but in 1860 the Indians were so troublesome that the route of the pony express was adopted. Opposition lines were started, and the mail was afterward sent daily, in consideration of $1,000,000 annually. Ultimately, however, the firm of Wells, Fargo, and Co. bought out the entire business, and was changed into a corporation, with a capital of $15,000,000.

A mere summary of the adventures of the overland mail-coaches would more than fill the whole space allotted to this article. We have before us, for instance, a curious pamphlet setting forth the claims of Benjamin Holladay on the United States government for loss suffered through the raids of Indians during the time he was employed as a transcontinental mail carrier. It contains fifty-nine large pages of terse affidavits, each describing an encounter with the savages, and the best we can do, by the way of illustration, is to briefly quote from three of them. In the first the affiant is Richard Murray, a driver in the Territory of Utah:

"Affiant states that he was passing from Split Rock Station west to Three Crossings of Sweet Water with the United States mails on the said 17th day of April, A.D. 1862, in company with eight other men, all of the mail party; that they were attacked by a band of Indians numbering thirty or more, who commenced a furious fire upon them with rifles and bows and arrows; that resistance was made by said mail party for hours, when the Indians retreated. Affiant further states that six men out of the nine who composed said party were wounded, one with arrows and five with guns."

The second affiant from whom we shall quote is Lemuel Flowers, a district agent:

"Affiant says that on the 17th of the same month [April, 1862] the Indians attacked a party of nine men running two coaches, and commenced a furious fire upon them, wounding six men, including this affiant, whose body was penetrated by two rifle-balls; that after a resistance of four hours the Indians captured nine head of mules, nine sets of harness, and partially destroyed two coaches."

The third affiant, who has the worst tale to tell, is George H. Carlyle:

"On the 9th of August, 1864, I left Alkali Station for Fort Kearney. On reaching Cottonwood Springs I learned by telegraph that the Indians had attacked a train of eleven wagons at Plum Creek, killed eleven men, captured one woman, and run off with the stock. Upon hearing this I started down the road, and when a few hundred yards off Gillman's Station I saw the bodies of three men lying on the ground, fearfully mutilated and full of arrows. At Plum Creek I saw the bodies of the eleven other men whom the Indians had murdered, and I helped to bury them. I also saw the fragments of the wagons still burning, and the dead body of another man, who was killed by the Indians at Smith's Ranch, and the ruins of the ranch, which had been burned."

The language of the affidavits is not dramatic, and the reader must use his imagination a little in order to realize the sufferings and heroism of those who traveled across the plains twelve years ago.

When the line *via* the Isthmus of Panama was started, the express matter was forwarded by through messengers from New York to San Francisco. The route was from the metropolis to Aspinwall, thence up the Chagres River, and by portage to the Pacific. Immense wealth was intrusted to the messengers, among whom there were many picturesque characters—picturesque both in person and manners. They usually wore loose blue shirts, trowsers tucked into capacious boots, slouch hats, and numerous weapons of defense. They guarded their treasure

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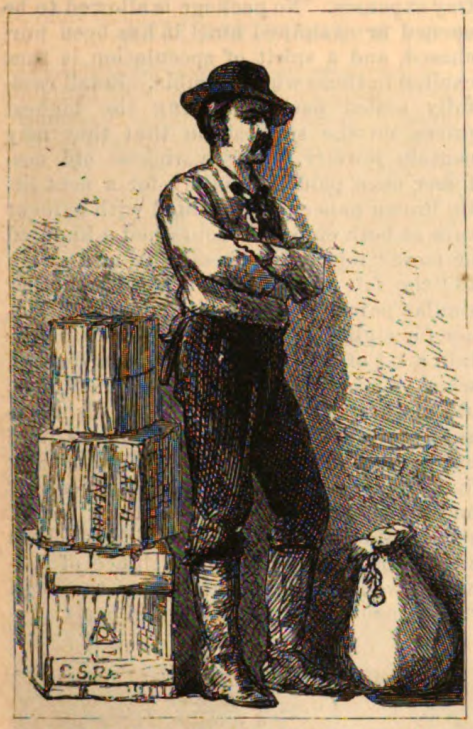

EXPRESS MESSENGER, VIA ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

with the utmost vigilance, and we believe never lost a single ounce of the tons of gold-dust which were at one time intrusted to them.

In 1852 another use was found for the express in the transfer of the baggage of travelers from the railroads and steamboats to their residences. Warren Studley started the system in New York, with an office in Manhattan Alley. It abated the hackney-coach nuisance, and also proved to be very successful from a pecuniary point of view. Similar expresses were soon afterward established in all other large cities, and Studley's was absorbed by Mr. Dodd, who has made it one of the famous institutions of New York. Hiram Studley, a brother of Warren, was the first man to carry a passenger across the city in a transfer coach—another improvement and extension of the express system—and for several days he was in danger of assassination by the irate "cabbies," who foresaw the injury it would do their business.

We have now only to glance at the present "carpet-bag" of the Adams and American Express companies. A credible authority informs us that it is an ordinary occurrence for the Adams Express Company to carry merchandise and "valuables" worth twenty million dollars in a single day. The United States Treasury intrusts to it the carriage of all bank-notes and specie; and with the American it transacts a greater exchange and banking business by the transfer of money than all the private bankers put together. The dividends paid on the capital stock are enormous, and have made millionaires out of men who started with the express in the capacity of office boys and messengers. Scarcely forty years ago John Hoey was engaged by Alvin Adams as a small boy in general, and his duties consisted of running errands, pasting labels on merchandise, and so forth. The same boy is now one of the wealthy men of the metropolis, and until recently was an active superintendent of the concern. We might mention at least fifty similar instances. Mr. Adams remains at the head of the Boston office, giving the service his constant attention, assisted by his sons Waldo and Edwin.

The two great companies employ nearly eight thousand men, one thousand five hundred horses, twelve hundred wagons, and three thousand iron safes. They travel over a hundred thousand miles daily, or over thirty-two million miles yearly! Scarcely a railway train runs on any road that has not a special car attached devoted to the business of the express, and no inhabited part of the country has been left unpenetrated. Wherever there is a station and a few dozen people, there is also an express office which is in communication with a thousand others spread throughout the Union. The system extends as far north as Oregon, as far west as California, as far south as Texas, and as far east as Canada. It is the most important agent of communication between the producer and the consumer, and they could no more dispense with it than with the Post-office or the banks.

In all our streets, on all our wharves, the strong and handsome wagons of our express companies, drawn by powerful horses, are seen loaded high with merchandise on every working day. In order to understand the extent to which they are patronized, we have only to look at the large cards exhibited outside the warehouse doors, bearing on them the names of the different expresses—the United States, National, American, or Adams. Each wagon has a district which it perambulates three times a day for the purpose of collecting goods to be forwarded, and the card indicates which express is wanted. The bulkiest and the most delicate articles, jewelry and watches, mowing machines and steam-plows, are alike intrusted to the same vehicle and pass through the same careful hands. The extreme care bestowed upon all things is one of the chief reasons why the express is so popular. Sometimes there is occasion for fault-finding, to be sure, but considering the immense quantity of merchandise transported, it is surprising how little is damaged in transit. An accident which occurred to a valuable article in charge of an expressman is said to have given rise to one of our most classical

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expressions. A bonnet was forwarded from one of our city milliners to a lady in the country, and when the box was delivered, it was evident that some one had been attempting to walk through it. The expressman stammered an apology as he presented it to the lady. "Oh yes, I understand," the fair dame exclaimed; "you've put your foot into it, and that's what's the matter!"

The C. O. D. system of the express is one of the greatest conveniences ever conferred on the mercantile community, but it has been largely used by swindlers, who have found in it a ready means of alluring the foolish. The imitation-greenback-sawdust rascals have caught not a few verdant countrymen by the pretense of honesty in dealing which the C. O. D. plan affords.

One of the most stirring occasions in the routine of express duties is the sale by auction of the "old hoss," or unclaimed freight which accumulates from time to time. When every possible method to find the owners has been tried and has failed, an auctioneer is called in and the articles are sold to defray expenses. No package is allowed to be opened or examined until it has been purchased, and a spirit of speculation is thus excited in those who assemble. Small carefully sealed packages bring the highest prices, on the supposition that they may contain jewelry. An avaricious old customer once paid ten dollars for a neat little brown paper parcel sealed with evident care at both ends. It contained a hundred or more "rejected addresses" from a swain to "the fair sun of all her sex." Another similar parcel was knocked down to a bidder for eight dollars, and was found to contain a set of false teeth. Patent medicines, whisky (a still more patent medicine), toys, old clothes, surgical instruments, disinfectants, preserved animals, old magazines, false hair, and many stranger things are usually found among the "old hoss" packages. It may be assumed that most of them are of small value, as we have said, inasmuch as either the sender or the consignee of valuables would take care to have a thorough search made for any valuable property.

AUCTION SALE OF UNCLAIMED PARCELS.

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ANCIENT PUEBLOS OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

AN APACHE WARRIOR.

COMPARED with the prehistoric monuments of Central America and Peru, which have been so admirably described by Stephens, Squier, and others, the *pueblos* and caves of New Mexico and Arizona have little to boast of in architecture, but present to the student of early American history an extensive field for researches of kindred interest.

Although something has been known of the strange people dwelling in towns in the valley of the Rio Grande and in the mountains of Northern Arizona since Cabeza de Vaca discovered them in 1536, little effort seems to have been expended in tracing their origin or in comparing them with the vast population, now extinct, which has left its monuments scattered over the greater part of our southwestern territory.

Recent military operations against the hostile Apaches have led to the discovery in that portion of Arizona known as the Tonto Basin (bounded by the Black Mesa on the north, the Rio Gila on the south, the White Mountains on the east, and the Rio Verde on the west) of ruined pueblos and other relics indicating a population of great numbers. Nearly every eminence in this wild and broken region of upward of ten thousand square miles is scattered with fragments of pottery of varied quality and ornamentation, the finer being so skillfully glazed as to preserve its bright coloring for ages. In several valleys are found the stone foundations and walls of cities, each of which at some remote period contained thousands of busy people. Generally these *pueblos viejos* (old towns) are found upon the precipitous cliffs overhanging the streams tributary to the Rio Gila on the north, but sometimes we found them in regions remote from water. In such cases the topography of the country showed that streams which had since changed their courses had run near these towns centuries ago.

In the bluffs of Beaver Creek, a small stream tributary to the Rio Verde, and about three miles distant in a northerly direction from Camp Verde, Arizona, are about fifty walled caves of various sizes, once the hiding-places of some prehistoric people of whom the present Indian tribes of that locality have no knowledge or traditions. At this point the river makes a bend, the chord of which is perhaps an eighth of a mile long. The walls are of a yellow calcareous rock, and about one hundred feet high. These caves are from five to twenty feet in depth. The mouths are closed by mason-work of stone and cement still in a good state of preservation. The larger caves are divided by wood and stone partitions and floors into numerous small apartments, where it would seem that this strange people passed years of doubt and fear, threatened by famine within, and by cruel persecution and torture from a besieging enemy without.

The lower caves are about ten feet from the bottom of the cliff, and may be entered with some difficulty by climbing the projecting points of the bluff. The larger one can be reached only by ladders, which have at best a precarious foot-hold on narrow ledges, along which the explorer must feel his way with the utmost care some thirty yards at a height of forty and fifty feet, from which a careless step might precipitate him upon a mass of rocks below. A solid masonry wall two feet thick, with a curved front about thirty feet wide and fully as high, has been built on the natural floor of the cave, sixty feet above the stream at the foot of the cliff. The wall is bastioned, evidently to afford a flank defense, and has what appears to be a sentry-box of masonry protecting the single entrance at the centre and base of the wall. The top of the

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ZUNI OLLA (MODERN) AND FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT POTTERY.

wall forms a parapet, rising three feet above the upper floor, and within four feet of the natural roof of the cave. Loop-holes, which may have served either for observation or defense, occur at regular intervals at the base of the parapet.

Having climbed with some difficulty about thirty feet of *débris*, we reached the lower ledge, scarcely two feet wide, along which we worked our way with the utmost care to the foot of the first ladder, ascending which we were on the second ledge, from which another ladder of uncertain strength led us to the entrance of the cave. Passing a narrow doorway at a right angle with the main wall we entered a small chamber, from which a man-hole admitted us through the ceiling to an apartment of irregular rectangular shape about twelve feet square and seven feet high. The roof is of natural rock, as is most of the floor; that portion, however, of the latter which covers the lower apartment being of large cotton-wood timbers covered with rushes or small brush, over which is a layer of cement. The timbers used in this and other rooms of the structure were cut with stone hatchets, and are evidently very ancient. From this cave are two exits besides the one referred to, one on either side, through which we crawled on our hands and knees to larger rooms of various sizes honey-combed behind this wall, which protects three irregular tiers of cells. Nearly all are dark, and the roofs, without exception, are blackened by smoke.

A deposit of bat lime covers the floors to a depth of ten or twelve inches. Digging through this we unearthed many fragments of pottery, which subsequent comparison proved to be identical in material and workmanship with that found later in the old ruins of Tonto Basin and elsewhere in Arizona, as well as with the pottery still manufactured by the Moquis and Zunis.

Directly above the caves, and on nearly every commanding point near Beaver Creek and the Rio Verde, are ruins of stone dwellings built without cement, and of such materials as could be adapted without cutting to the rough walls, which appear to have been a protection from the arrows of their foes rather than from the weather. We found no evidence that these or other dwellings in Arizona had been roofed, though it would seem that the people who occupied them must have had some protection against the scorching rays of an almost tropical sun.

That these were the dwellings of the cave-people in peaceful times is quite certain, and that their occupants were to some extent agricultural is shown by the many irrigating ditches and canals (called by the Mexicans *acequias*) found in the vicinity of this and other of the *pueblos viejos* in many parts of Arizona and New Mexico.

ANCIENT HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE WALL OF A CAÑON OF THE COLORADO. UNINTELLIGIBLE TO THE INDIANS OF TO-DAY.

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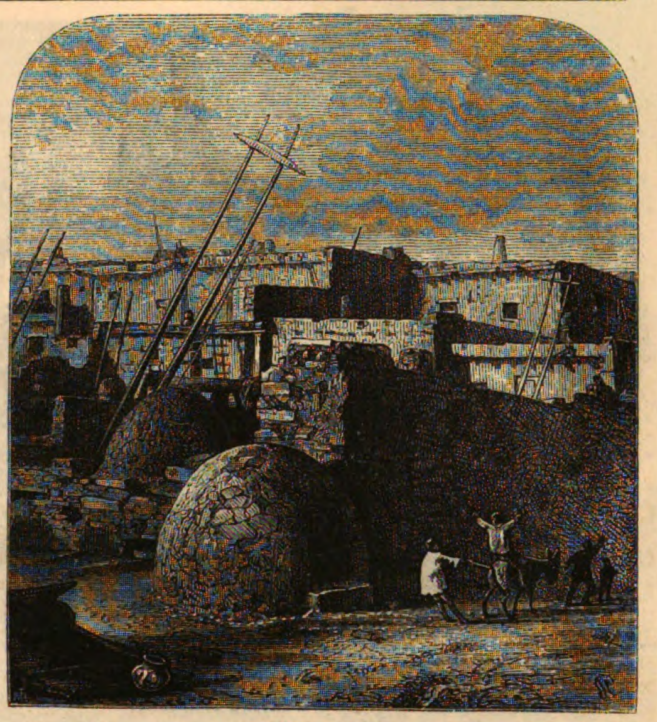
After this visit we marched by way of the Little Colorado around the northern boundary of the Black Mesa between two hundred and fifty and two hundred and seventy-five miles to Camp Apache, Arizona, near the summit of the Sierra Blanca, finding every few miles of our route both the glazed and the plainer varieties of pottery, and in several places large areas of ground covered by ruins of ancient villages.

Nearly fourteen miles south of Camp Verde is the crater of an extinct volcano known as Montezuma's Well; it is half filled with clear cool water supplied by living springs, and nearly seventy feet deep at its centre. The rim of the crater has a diameter of about three hundred feet. The walls are nearly perpendicular to the water's edge, a distance of thirty or forty feet, and in these are numerous walled caves similar to those already described, while the summit is crowned with many ruins like those of Beaver Creek, and the ground is covered with fragments of pottery.



ZUNI PUEBLO.

In the campaigns against the Tonto Apaches and Apache Mojaves during the succeeding winter we twice crossed the Tonto Basin between Camp M'Dowell and Camp Apache, finding similar indications.

Returning east from Arizona a year since, we camped under the walls of the Zuni Pueblo in New Mexico, and spent a day with its curious people. This place is about sixty miles north of Camp Apache, Arizona, and only a few miles from the line dividing the two Territories. The town stands on the south bank of the Zuni River, some forty feet above its bed. Its appearance is not suggestive of hospitality to the stranger, presenting as it does a rectangular wall of stone, varying in height from fifteen to forty feet. Our camp was hardly pitched, however, before some of the chief men made us welcome, and sent boys to us with bundles of fire-wood, here so scarce as to be almost a luxury. The buildings and walls are of undressed stone, cement, and *adobe;* the only means of approach being by ladders to the roofs, from which narrow scuttles admit the visitor by other ladders to the interiors. Many of the buildings are three, and some four stories high, terraced like the *teocallis* of ancient Mexico, as described by Prescott. Covered ways lead from exits in the wall to the stream, from which the women and children carry water for the town in glazed and ornamented vessels, called by the Mexicans *ollas*, already referred to in this paper as similar to the fragments of pottery found by us in Arizona. These ollas are adroitly balanced on the head while the bearer is climbing the ladders to the house-tops, and, with the graceful Romanesque costumes of the women, add to the strangeness of the scene, which seems rather Oriental than American.

Noticeable every where in the interiors were eagles of various sorts and sizes, some tied by the foot to perches, and others hanging in cages from the walls. They are to these people as sacred as they were to those of the old Aztec empire. The walls inclose an area perhaps four hundred yards square, and a population of about fourteen hundred souls. From a small plaza in the centre of the town a few narrow streets lead in several directions, but the terraced roofs of the dwellings, which are almost continuous on the four sides of the wall, form the usual means of communication between neighbors. An old Jesuit church on the plaza, which still holds two large Spanish bells in its ancient tower, now shelters innumerable bats and swallows, but is otherwise untenanted. A Latin inscription informs us that the altar was erected in 1776, but the chief men told us that the present edifice was erected at a much earlier date upon the site of their Zuni temple, some of the walls of which form a part of the new structure.

The Zuni Indians are in many respects

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NAVAJO SQUAW WEAVING BLANKETS.

similar to those of the Moqui and other Pueblos, but speak a language unintelligible to the latter. Their dress resembles that of the Chinese, and many of them, notably the women, have the physical characteristics of the latter, among which are oval faces, merry, almond-shaped eyes, and a similar complexion.

Dwelling with them, as with the Moquis, are several families of albinos, which have been among them during many generations. These never intermarry with their darker neighbors, between whom and themselves there exists a mutual dislike.

The usual dress of the men consists of a cotton tunic, and loose trowsers of the same material, reaching half-way below the knee, the tunic being often gathered by a leathern belt or a gayly colored woolen sash, in the manufacture of which the Moquis excel. Over all is worn in cold weather a Navajo blanket of brilliant hues and water-proof, varying in value from five dollars to five horses. We have seen several made by the Navajos for officers and traders valued at one hundred and fifty dollars coin each. This finer work in colors seems not to be understood by the Zunis, or they perhaps find it more profitable to exchange their wool for the blankets, devoting themselves to their farms and herds. The women wear always an outer garment of wool falling from the shoulders nearly to the ankle, and gathered at the waist by a broad woolen sash of bright colors, the fringed or tasseled ends of which hang nearly to the feet. Knitted woolen leggings and high buckskin moccasins complete the dress of the lower limbs, while their beautiful arms are uncovered, or concealed at pleasure within the ample fold of their dress or blanket, the latter being worn with a grace almost classical. The heavy black hair of both sexes is cut—or, as our ladies have it, *banged*—over the forehead, sometimes restrained by a cotton band around the head, and often with the maidens dressed in puffs at the side and top of the head, in a manner to heighten their resemblance to the Chinese.

Their flocks are numerous, and constitute their chief wealth. One of the caziques gave his daughter two thousand sheep as a dower a short time before our visit. Their farms extend down the Zuni Valley several miles; in addition to which they cultivate other valleys within a radius of twenty miles, where are smaller pueblos, which have each had thriving populations in past centuries, but which are now occupied only during the summer months by families from Zuni. Their dependence upon irrigation makes agriculture laborious, but their joy at harvest-time, when young and old of both sexes join in gathering and threshing their crops of grain, is contagious in its merriment. Circus rings are formed near the village, the clay soil being leveled and beaten until a firm smooth surface is obtained, and around this horses, asses, and Indians trot in a grotesque procession, with an accompaniment of songs and jokes, threshing the sheaves of grain. The lordly Navajo at such times, visiting there for trading purposes, strides about, a king in stature and grace, or lazily smokes his cigarette, while he watches a labor he despises.

The language of the Zunis is unlike any others with which we have compared it. Dr. Loew, of Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition of 1873, mentions three languages still in use by other pueblos differing from this, and unintelligible to the Zunis. Mr. W. W. H. Davis, in his excellent history of the conquest of New Mexico, states that there are now twenty-six pueblos, with an estimated population of ten thousand people, speaking three different languages, a fourth

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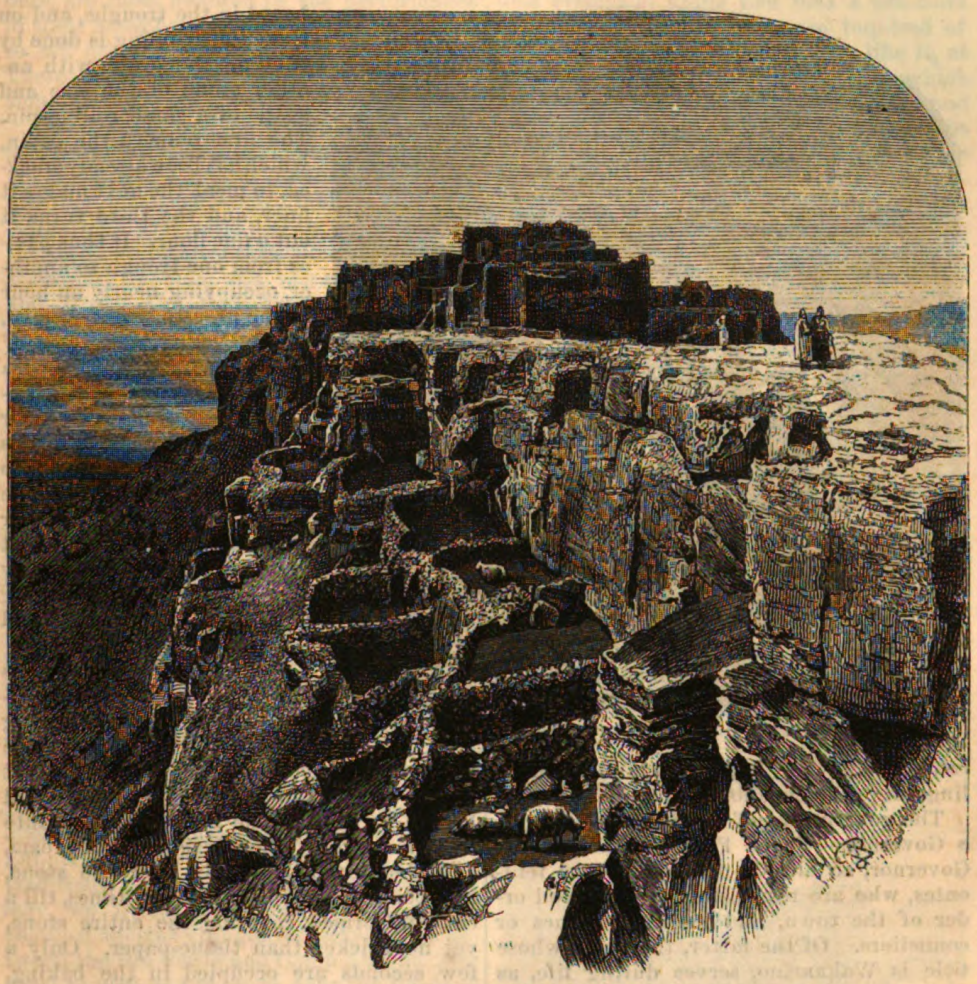

MOQUI PUEBLO.

having passed away with the last of the Tagnos pueblos since the conquest. Mr. E. G. Squier, in one of his interesting works on Central America, gives partial vocabularies of five languages spoken in New Spain at the time of the conquest, including the Mexican or Aztec. In none of these appears the slightest similarity to that now in use at Zuni.

Like the Aztecs, the Zunis have many religious *fête* days, which are celebrated by processions and dances in rich and curious costumes. Some of these may be seen by Americans, but their traditional enemies, the Mexicans, are not permitted in their streets or dwellings at such times. Of their religion they speak with reticence, though admitting that they worship the sun, and look for the coming of *Montezuma*. Until there is more proof of their Aztec origin than we now have, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the name Montezuma may be one of adoption merely, suggested by its oft-repeated use by soldiers and friars, having no association in their minds with the mighty chieftain over whom Prescott has cast such a glamour of romance. Doubtless the Zunis look for the coming of some one of supernatural power and grace, as do most peoples, but we think it not unlikely that either of the names Messiah, Mohammed, or Montezuma may with equal propriety be used to designate him.

We have the authority of Casteñada that the existence of these pueblos was unknown to Montezuma's people till at least half a century after the death of that monarch. It is, then, quite unlikely that isolated pueblos, numbering tens of thousands of people, would unite in deifying the dead hero of another nation, when at the same time were presented with all the fervor and ceremony of the Jesuit missionaries the claims of a crucified Saviour. The Jesuit fathers were in several instances murdered and expelled, though tolerated at times until they grasped at civil power, and sought, by the unscrupulous use of Spanish soldiery, to enforce their demands for tribute to the Church and state, when they were finally

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GOVERNOR, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, AND "TENIENTE."

compelled to flee, leaving behind them no lingering reverence for their faith.

The government of the Zunis consists of a Governor — Pedro Pino — a Lieutenant-Governor, an alcalde or mayor, three tenientes, who are responsible for the good order of the town, and twelve caziques or councilors. Of the latter, the chief, whose title is Wakamáno, serves during life, as does also the Governor; the other eleven caziques are elected annually, and may be once re-elected. There is also a war chief, who has no influence in the councils of the nation till danger threatens.

Led by our hospitable friends of the pueblo, we descended from the roof into several of their houses, where we were permitted to observe their domestic habits and economy. Their rooms are large but low-studded, and scrupulously clean. The floors are of clay, and the stone or adobe walls are usually whitewashed. We saw no furniture, nor did it seem necessary to the simple wants of the family, who work, eat, and sleep on the well-swept floors, sometimes sitting on a ledge of stone which extends around the four walls a foot above the floor.

The women looked neat and contented, seeming to be always busy, some weaving their thick woolen dresses, others grinding grain or baking their curious wafer-like bread, accompanying the labor with strange weird songs. The grinding is done by three women, who kneel over stone troughs sunken into the floor. Slabs of stone of different degrees of roughness are placed like a washboard in the troughs, and on these the grinding is done by rubbing the grain with another stone of the size and shape of a small rolling-pin. The first reduces the grain, which has been already cracked, to meal, the next makes it finer, and the third turns it out a fine flour. It thus passes from one trough to another, occupying nearly an hour in the process. The women, mostly young, and some of them quite pretty, work with a coquettish merriment, keeping perfect time with their music, throwing their bodies forward together, so as to bring nearly their whole weight upon the mill. Their long glossy hair, which is kept very clean, is tossed freely about their necks, adding much to their grace and beauty.

One room of each house is devoted to grinding and baking, the latter process being even more curious than the former. A smooth slab of slate two feet square is fixed in the large fire-place and heated by coals. The hand is dipped into a thin dough of the consistency of cream, and then rubbed quickly over the stone, this being repeated four or five times, till a cake is formed covering the entire stone, yet no thicker than tissue-paper. Only a few seconds are occupied in the baking, when the bread is taken off and the operation repeated, till a few quarts of dough are manufactured into perhaps a thousand tortillas, one of which would hardly make a mouthful, but the thousand would cover the floors of five large rooms. These sheets are made into rolls, a dozen or more being rolled together, and are then eaten literally by the yard.

The *fête* days of the Zunis, as of all the pueblos, occur between the seasons of harvesting and planting. Our visit was too early to permit us to witness their dances, some of which have been described by a member of Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition of 1873, to which last-named gentleman we are indebted for most of the illustrations of this paper.

Much of the night spent by us at Zuni was occupied in a talk with its Lieutenant-Governor and some of the caziques, who assembled by request for a chat and a smoke. We were invited to their council-chamber, one of the few buildings having an entrance on the ground-floor. It is lighted by small windows, in which large sheets of mica serve in the place of glass. Their women, like

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ours, are most honored in the performance of their household duties, but are permitted to sit quiet spectators in their councils. There were several present on this occasion.

The dignity and deliberation of Indian powwows are well known, and this was not an exception. The traditional pipe was wanting. All, the women included, smoked cigarettes. Our talk had to be carried on through two interpreters, one speaking English and Spanish, and the other Spanish and Zuni. The time thus consumed, together with the interludes of absolute quiet, permitted us to gain but little information of value. They told us, however, that their forefathers had lived ten years in this pueblo before the appearance of the first Spanish, which would fix its settlement at 1526. They came here from the Agua Fria, a pueblo viejo which we had seen about nineteen miles back the morning of that day. At the Agua Fria they had lived twenty years, and came there from the Rio Concha, which is about sixty miles westward. After quite a protracted discussion among themselves, they told us their people had lived about fifty years on the Concha, to which place they had come by slow journeys from the west, halting sometimes many years in different places.

Accepting this statement as reliable—and there seems to be no sufficient reason to question it—we are enabled to locate the Zuni tribe as far back as 1456; and as their traditions point to a westward origin, we may, we think, safely conclude that the chain of ancient villages remarked by us between the Rio Verde and Camp Apache, Arizona, as well as the caves near the Verde—still strewn with fragments of pottery, some of which is identical with that still in use by the Zunis—were occupied by this people centuries before the appearance of Columbus on the eastern coast; but whether this is an indigenous civilization, or of Toltec, Aztec, or Asiatic origin, it seems quite impossible, in the light of present knowledge, to determine. The theories concerning the genesis of the Aztecs and Toltecs are almost as numerous as the writers on that subject.

The student is perplexed at the outset by the strange anomaly of communities within rifle-range of each other, having common interests, religion, traditions, customs, and dress, each speaking a language unintelligible to the others, and none at all resembling the known languages of ancient Mexico, or those of the nomadic tribes about the pueblo country, as is the case at the Moqui villages.

Remembering that the ancient Peruvians kept their records by the quipus—an ingenious system of knots tied into a net-work of variously colored cords, we inquired of the Zunis if they had any thing like it, at the same time picking up a corn husk which lay at our feet, we stripped off a piece and tied it into knots, as an illustration. The older men present remained for some time immovably silent, but looked with an expression of surprise at each other, while the young men and several of the women laughed, with different exclamations of wonderment, and several bowed their heads affirmatively. This drew from the old men unmistakable rebuke, and for fully five minutes an animated discussion was kept up among them, when the women were sent away, and the Lieutenant-Governor briefly informed us that we were not understood; and upon attempting further inquiries and illustrations, he slowly rose and stretched his ponderous frame with a yawn, an example which the others followed in succession. Attaching more truth to the unguarded expressions of the women and youth than to the long-delayed denial or equivocation of the chief men, we yielded the field very reluctantly, but remembering that it is the privilege of royalty thus to terminate audiences, we returned to our camp under the walls of the town at midnight, with an honorary escort of the absent Governor's son and one of the tenientes.

ZUNI GIRL, WITH WATER OLLA.

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CARICATURES OF WOMEN.

"*You* frank! *You* simple! Have confidence in *you!* You! Why, you would blow your nose with your left hand for nothing but the pleasure of deceiving your right, if you could!"—*Gavarni, Fourberies de Femmes, Paris*, 1846.

OBSERVE this picture of man's scorn of woman, drawn by Gavarni, the most noted of French caricaturists. I place it first, because it expresses the feeling toward "the subject sex" which satiric art has oftenest exhibited, and because it was executed by the person who excelled all others in delineating what he called the *fourberies de femmes*. Such, in all time, has been the habitual tone of self-indulgent men toward their victims. Gavarni well represents men in this sorry business of reviling women; for in all the old civilizations men in general have done precisely what Gavarni did recently in Paris—first degraded women, then laughed at them.

The reader, perhaps, after witnessing some of the French plays and comic operas with which we have been favored in recent years, such as *Frou-Frou*, *The Sphinx*, *Alixe*, and others, may have turned in wild amazement to some friend familiar with Paris from long residence, and asked, Is there *any* truth in this picture? Are there *any* people in France who behave and live as these people on the stage behave and live? Many there can not be; for no community could exist half a generation if the majority lived so. But are there any? The correct answer to this question was probably given the other evening by a person accustomed to Paris life: "Yes, there are some; they are the people who write such stuff as this. As for the *bal masqué*, and things of that kind, it is a mere business, the simple object of which is to beguile and despoil the verdant of every land who go to Paris in quest of pleasure." These plays and novels we know do most ludicrously misrepresent the people of other countries. What, for example, can be less like truth than that solemn donkey of a Scotch duke in M. Octave Feuillet's play of *The Sphinx*? The dukes of Scotland are not so numerous nor so unconspicuous a body of men that they can not be known to a curious inquirer, and it is safe to assert that whatever their faults may be, there is not among them a creature so unspeakably absurd as the *viveur infernal* of this play. If the author is so far astray with his Scotch duke, he is perhaps not so very much nearer the truth with his French marquis, a personage equally foreign to his experience.

We had in New York some years ago a dozen or two of young fellows, more or less connected with the press, most of them of foreign origin, who cherished the delusion that eating a bad supper in a cellar late at night, and uttering or singing semi-drunken nonsense, was an exceedingly noble, high-spirited, and literary way of consuming a weakly constitution and a small salary. They thought they were doing something in the manner of Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb. Any one who should have judged New York in the year 1855 by the writings of these young gentlemen would have supposed that we were wholly given up to silly, vulgar, and reckless dissipation. But, in truth, the "Bohemians," as they were proud to be styled, were both few and insignificant; their morning scribblings expressed nothing but the looseness of their own lives, and that was half pretense.

Two admiring friends have written the life of Gavarni, the incomparable caricaturist of *la femme;* and they tell us just how

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and where and when the artist acquired his "subtle and profound knowledge" of the sex. It is but too plain that he knew but one class of women, the class that lives by deluding fools. "During all one year, 1835," say these admiring biographers, "it seems that in the life, the days, the thoughts of Gavarni, there was nothing but *la femme*. According to his own expression, woman was his 'grand affair.'" He was in love, then? By no means. Our admiring authors proceed to describe this year of devotion to *la femme* as a period when "intrigues were mingled together, crossed and entangled with one another; when passing inclinations, the fancies of an evening, started into being together with new passions; when rendezvous pressed upon rendezvous; when there fell upon Gavarni a rain of perfumed notes from the loves of yesterday, from the forgotten loves of last month, which he inclosed in one envelope, as he said, 'like dead friends in the same coffin.'"*

MATRIMONY—A MAN LOADED WITH MISCHIEF.*

"A monkey, a magpie, and wife
Is the true emblem of strife."

Old English Tavern Sign.

The authors enlarge upon this congenial theme, describing their hero as going forth upon *le pavé de Paris* in quest of *la femme* as a keen hunter takes to the forest for the plump partridge or the bounding deer. Some he brought down with the resistless magnetism of his eye. "It was for him a veritable rapture, as well as the exertion of a power which he loved to try, to magnetize with his eye and make his own the first woman whom he chanced to meet in the throng." The substance of the chapter is that Gavarni, casting aside all the restraints of civilization and decency, lived in Paris the life of a low and dirty animal; and when, in consequence of so living, he found himself in Clichy for debt, he replenished his purse by delineating, as the *fourberies de femmes*, the tricks of the dissolute women who had got his money. That, at least, is the blunt American of our authors' dainty and elegant French.

Every where in the world, every where in the records of the past, we find men speaking lightly of women whose laws and usages concede least to them.

The oldest thing accessible to us in these modern cities is the Saturday morning service in an unreformed Jewish synagogue, some of the observances of which date back beyond what has been usually reckoned the historic period. But there is nothing in it older than the sentiment expressed by the men when they unite in thanking God for His great goodness in not making them women. Only men are admitted to the synagogue as equal worshipers, the women be-

* *Gavarni, l'Homme et l'Œuvre.* Par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris: 1873.

* From *Hist. of Sign-Boards*, by Larwood and Hotten.

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SETTLING THE ODD TRICK.—LONDON, 1778.*

ing consigned to the gallery, spectators of their husbands' devotion. The old Jewish liturgy does not recognize their presence.

Older than the Jewish liturgy are the sacred books of the Hindoos. The famous passage of the *Padma Parana*, translated by the Abbé Dubois,† has been part of the domestic code of the Hindoos for thousands of years. According to the Hindoo lawgiver, a woman has no god on earth but her husband, and no religion except to gratify, obey, and serve him. Let her husband be crooked, old, infirm, offensive; let him be irascible, irregular, a drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee; let him be reckless of his domestic affairs, as if possessed by a devil; though he live in the world without honor; though he be deaf or blind, and wholly weighed down by crime and infirmity—still shall his wife regard him as her god. With all her might shall she serve him, in all things obey him, see no defects in his character, and give him no cause of uneasiness. Nay, more: in every stage of her existence woman lives but to obey—at first her parents, next her husband and *his* parents, and in her old age she must be ruled by her children. Never during her whole life can she be under her own control.

These are the general principles upon which the life of women in India is to be conducted. The Hindoo writer was considerate enough to add a few particulars. "If her husband laughs, she ought to laugh; if he weeps, she ought to weep; if he is disposed to speak, she ought to join in the conversation. Thus is the goodness of her nature displayed. What woman would eat till her husband has first had his fill? If he abstains, she will surely fast also; if he is sad, will she not be sorrowful? and if he is gay, will she not leap for joy? In the absence of her husband her raiment will be mean." Such has been the conception of woman's duty to man by all the half-developed races from time immemorial, and such to this day are the tacit demand and expectation of the brutalized males of the more advanced races. Gavarni married would have been content with no subservience much short of that.

Happily nature has given to women the means of a fell revenge, for she usually holds the peace of the household and the happiness of all its members in her hands. The satirical works that come to us from the Oriental lands teem with evidence that women have always known how to get a fair share of domestic authority. If they are slaves, they have ever been adepts in the arts and devices of slaves. The very squaws of our Indians often contrive to rule their brawny lords. Is not the whole history of the war between the sexes included in the little story of the manner in which Pocahontas was

* From Wright's *Caricature History of the Georges*, p. 256.

† *Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India.* By J. A. Dubois. London: 1817. Vol. i., p. 316.

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entrapped on board a British vessel lying in the James River two hundred and fifty years ago? The captain had promised to the aunt of this dusky princess the gift of a copper kettle if she would bring her niece to the ship, and accordingly one afternoon, when she found herself on the river-bank with her husband and Pocahontas, she was suddenly seized with a longing to go on board, saying that this was the third time the ship had been in their river, and yet she had never visited it. Her grumpy old husband refusing, *she began to cry*, and then, Pocahontas joining her entreaties, of course the old man had to unfasten his canoe and paddle them off to the vessel. This model couple returned to the shore poorer by a niece of uncertain character, and richer by the inestimable treasure of a copper kettle. What fine lady could have managed this delicate affair better? Is it not thus that tickets, trinkets, and dresses are won every day in the cities of the modern world?

In precisely this spirit we find "the subject sex" behaving in far-off lands of the ancient world—China, for example, where women are particularly "subject." We are apt to think of the Chinese as a grave people, all unskilled in the lighter arts of satire and caricature; but, according to that amusing traveler, M. Huc, they are the *French* of Asia, "a nation of cooks, a nation of actors," singularly fond of the drama, gifted in pasquinade, addicted to burlesque, prolific in comic ideas and satirical turns. M. Huc likens the Chinese Empire to an immense fair, where you find mingled with the bustle of traffic all kinds of shows, mountebanks, actors, Cheap Jacks, thieves, gamblers, all competing continually and with vociferous uproar for the favor of the crowd. "There are theatres every where; the great towns are full of them; and the actors play night and day."* When the British officers went ashore in the retinue of their first grand embassy, many years ago, they were astonished to see Punch in all his glory, with Judy, dog, and devil, just as they had last seen him on Ascot-Heath, except that he summoned his audience by gong and triangle instead of pipes and drum. The Orient knew Punch ages before England saw him. In China they have a Punch conducted by a single individual, who is enveloped from head to foot in a gown. He carries the little theatre on his head, works the wires with his hands under the gown, executes the dialogue with his mouth concealed by the same garment, and in the intervals of performance plays on two instruments. He exhibits the theatre reduced to its simplest form, the work of the company, the band, the manager, treasurer, scene-shifter, and property-man all being done by one person.

In the very nature of the Chinese, whether men or women, there is a large element of the histrionic, even those pompous and noisy funerals of theirs being little more than an exhibition of private theatricals. The whole company gossip, drink tea, jest, laugh, smoke, and have all the air of a pleasant social party, until the nearest relation of the deceased informs them that the time to mourn has come. Instantly the conversation ceases and lamentation begins. The company gather round the coffin; affecting speeches are addressed to the dead; groans, sobs, and doleful cries are heard on every side; tears, real tears, roll down many cheeks—all is woe and

AMERICAN LADY WALKING IN THE SNOW.—MRS. TROLLOPE, 1830.

"I have often shivered at seeing a young beauty picking her way through the snow with a pale rose-colored bonnet set on the very top of her head. They never wear muffs or boots, even when they have to step to their sleighs over ice and snow. They walk in the middle of winter with their poor little toes pinched into a miniature slipper, incapable of excluding as much moisture as might bedew a primrose."—*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. TROLLOPE. Vol. ii., p. 135.

* *A Journey through the Chinese Empire.* By M. Huc. Harper and Brothers. Vol. i., p. 272.

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EVENING SCENE IN THE PARLOR OF AN AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE.—MRS. TROLLOPE, 1830.

"Ladies who have no engagements (in the evening) either mount again to the solitude of their chamber, or remain in the common sitting-room, in a society cemented by no tie, endeared by no connection, which choice did not bring together, and which the slightest motive would break asunder. I remarked that the gentlemen were generally obliged to go out every evening on business; and, I confess, the arrangement did not surprise me."—*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By MRS. TROLLOPE. Vol. ii., p. 111.

desolation. But when the signal is given to cease mourning, "the performers," says M. Huc, "do not even stop to finish a sob or a groan, but they take their pipes, and, lo! there are again those incomparable Chinese laughing, gossiping, and drinking tea."

It need not be said that Chinese women have an ample share of this peculiar talent of their race, nor that they have very frequent occasion to exercise it. Nowhere even in the East are women more subject or more artful than in China. "When a son is born," as a Chinese authoress remarks, "he sleeps upon a bed, he is clothed with robes, and plays with pearls; every one obeys his princely cries. But when a girl is born, she sleeps upon the ground, is merely wrapped in a cloth, plays with a tile, and is incapable of acting either virtuously or viciously. She has nothing to think of but preparing food, making wine, and not vexing her parents." This arrangement the authoress *approves*, because it prepares the girl to accept without repining the humiliations of her lot. It is a proverb in China that a young wife should be in her house but "a shadow and an echo." As in India, she does not eat with her husband, but waits upon him in silent devotion till he is done, and then satisfies her own appetite with inferior food.

Such is the theory of her position. But if we may judge from Chinese satires, women are not destitute of power in the household, and employ the arts of the oppressed with effect. Two of the most popular comic poems in the Chinese language turn upon the facility of the female sex in deceiving their husbands. In one of them a gentleman named Chuang discovers a lady standing by a new-made grave, weeping bitterly, and, as she wept, fanning the fresh mould of the grave. Upon his asking the reason of this strange proceeding, she replies:

"My husband, alas! whom I now (*sob, sob*) mourn,
A short time since (*sob*) to this grave (*sob*) was borne,
And (*sob*) he lies buried in this (*sob, sob*) grave.
[*Here she bitterly wept.*] Ere my (*sob*) husband died,
He called me (*sob*) once more (*sob, sob*) to his side,
And grasping my—(*sob*), with his dying lips said,
'When I'm gone (*sob, sob*), promise (*sob*) never to wed
Till the mould is (sob) *dry on the top of my grave.*'"

She was fully resolved to keep her word, but found her condition very hard to endure:

"And oh! I'm *so* lonely that I come (*sob*) to try
If I can't with my fan help the mould (*sob*) to dry;
And *that* is the reason I'm fanning his grave."*

Chuang, musing upon this adventure, resolves to try his own wife's continence. He pretends to die, after having exacted from her a promise never to marry again. But while the coffin is still in the house a young man proposes marriage, and she consents without a struggle. And worse: the new lover says he is afflicted with a disease that

* *The Jade Chaplet.* From the Chinese. By G. C. STENT. London: 1874. P. 9.

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can only be cured by the brain of a man who has died within three days. "*Old Chuang's will just do!*" cries the lady, who immediately knocks in the coffin lid with a hatchet. Up springs Chuang. His faithful wife proves equal to the trying occasion:

"She had all her wits about her, though she quaked
a bit with fear.
Said she (the artful wretch!), 'It seems miraculous,
my dear!
Some unseen power impelled me to break the coffin
lid
To see if you were still alive—which, of course,
you know I did.'"

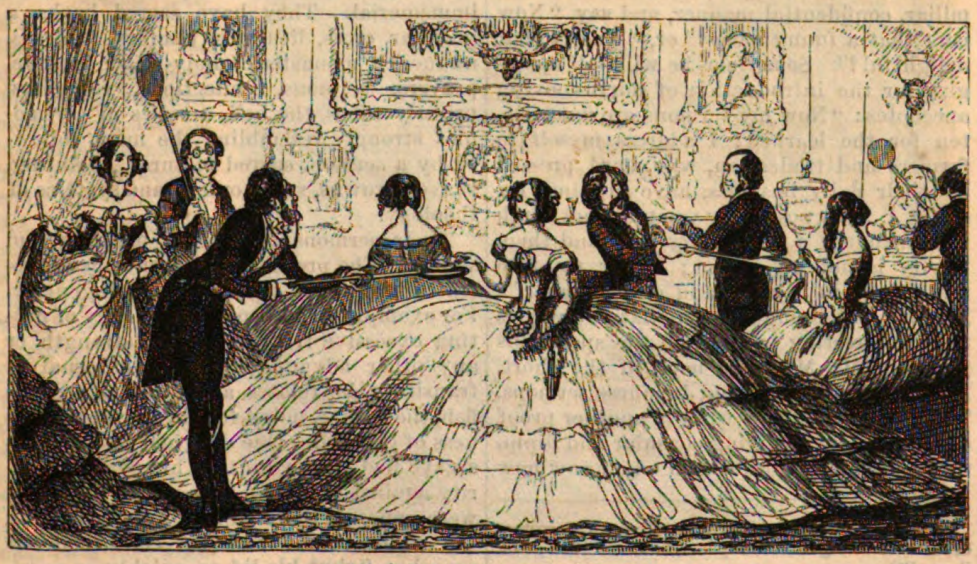
These two tales are worked out at considerable length and with much humorous detail, all illustrative of the truth that the natural weapon of those who have no other means of defense is cunning. We observe also in the poems so happily translated by Mr. Stent that the Chinese are just as susceptible to the spell of physical beauty as the people of other lands, and know how to sing and flatter it. Who would think a Chinese poet wrote such lines as these?

"Bashfully, swimmingly, pleadingly, scoffingly,
Temptingly, languidly, lovingly, laughingly,
Witchingly, roguishly, playfully, naughtily,
Willfully, waywardly, meltingly, haughtily,
Gleamed the eyes of Yang-kuei-fei.
When she smiled, her lips unclosing,
Two rows of pearly teeth disclosing;
Cheeks of alabaster, showing
The warm red blood beneath them glowing—
Peaches longing to be bitten,
First dew-moistened, then sun-smitten.
Four lines Li-tai-pai has written
In more expressive words convey
What others might in vain essay:
'O for those blushing, dimpled cheeks,
That match the rose in hue!
If one is kissed, the other speaks,
By blushes, *Kiss me too!*'"

It is thus that women are apt to be extolled by men who despise them. The Chinese are a people of many proverbs, some of which are extremely acute and neatly turned. "He who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue is a novice in both" would be accepted by the wise of the most advanced countries as warranted by experience. But mark the proverbial philosophy of the Chinese with regard to women: "Listen to your wife, but don't believe her." "To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women." "The happiest mother of daughters is she who has sons only." "If one is not deaf or stupid, what a position is that of a father-in-law! If, with a wife and daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sisters-in-law, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to be able to hold out." "The minds of women are of quicksilver, and their hearts of wax." "The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at." "The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet." "When men are together, they listen to one another, but women and girls look at one another." "The most timid girl has courage enough to talk scandal."

The fugitive literature of the Chinese, which now attracts the attention of Oriental scholars, abounds in such maxims as these. Little pieces of paper with a motto upon each flutter in strings from shop doors and windows.

Caricature is a universal practice among them, but owing to their crude taste and disregard of perspective, their efforts are seldom interesting to any but themselves. In Chinese collections we see numberless grotesque exaggerations of the human form and face, some of which are not devoid of humor and artistic merit, but they are scarcely good enough to justify insertion. We heard recently of a comic paper at Hong-Kong which published a burlesque account



A SPLENDID SPREAD.—CRUIKSHANK, 1850.

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"Madame, I have the honor—"
"Sir, be good enough to come round in front and speak to me."
"Madame, I really haven't the time. I must be off in five minutes."
—*Champfleury, Paris*, 1850.

of an imperial reception, that was taken by foreigners as a serious narrative. One of the embassadors was said to have been so overcome by the awe which the presence of the emperor inspired that he fell fainting to the floor. This is the latest joke from the Middle Kingdom.

The bright, good-tempered people of Japan are familiar with humor in all its forms, and know how to sport with pencil as well as with pen. Their very sermons are not devoid of the jocular. When a preacher has pointed his moral by a comical tale, he will turn to the audience in the most familiar, confidential manner, and say, "Now isn't that a funny story?" or, "Wasn't that delightful?" Sometimes he will half apologize for the introduction of mirth-moving anecdotes: "Now my sermons are not written for the learned; I address myself to farmers and tradesmen, who, hard pressed by their daily business, have no time for study.....Now positively you must not laugh if I introduce a light story now and then. Levity is not my object; I only want to put things in a plain and easy manner."* Nothing yet brought from that country is more interesting to us than the specimens given in Mr. Mitford's book of the short, homely, humorous, sound Japanese sermons. The existence of this work is another proof of the wisdom of giving consular and diplomatic appointments to men who know how to use their eyes, their fingers, and their minds. The sumptuous work upon Japan by M. Aimé Humbert could scarcely have been produced if the author had not been at the head of a powerful embassy.

The Japanese are a gentler and kindlier people than the Chinese; women occupy a better position among them; and hence the allusions to the sex in their literature are less contemptuous and satirical. The preacher whose sermons Mr. Mitford selects for translation is what we should term an eclectic—one who owns fealty to none of the great religions of the East, but gleans lessons of truth and wisdom from them all. Imagine him clad in gorgeous robes of red and white, attended by an acolyte, entering a chapel—a spacious, pleasant apartment which opens into a garden—bowing to the sacred picture over the altar, and taking a seat at a table. Some prayers are intoned, incense is burned, offerings are received, a passage from a sacred book is read, a cup of tea is quaffed, and then the preacher rises and begins his chatty, humorous, anecdotical discourse. Whenever he makes a point, the audience utters a responsive "Nimmiyô," varying the sound so as to accord with the sentiment expressed by the speaker. Indeed, it would be difficult to name one rite, or observance, or custom, or eccentricity of religion practiced among us here in the United States the counterpart of which has not been familiar to the Japanese from time immemorial. They have sacred books, a peculiar cross, liturgies, temples, acolytes, nunneries, monasteries, holy-water, incense, prayers, sermons, collections, responses, priestly robes, the bell, a series of ceremonies strongly resembling the mass, followed by a sermon, sacred pictures, anointing, shaven crowns, sects, orders, and systems of theology.

Their sermons abound in parables and similes. The preacher just mentioned illustrates his points with amusing ingenuity. For example, in a sermon on the folly of putting excessive trust in wealth, strength, or any other advantage merely external or transitory, he relates a parable of a shell-fish, the sazayé, noted for the extreme hardness of its shell. One day, just after a large sazayé had been vaunting his perfect security against the dangers to which other fish were exposed, there came a great splash in the water. "Mr. Sazayé," continued the preacher, "shut his lid as quickly as possi-

* *Tales of Old Japan.* By A. W. Mitford, Secretary of the British Legation in Japan. London: 1874. Vol. ii., p. 138.

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ble, kept quite still, and thought to himself, what in the world the noise could be. Could it be a net? Could it be a fish-hook? Were the tai and the other fish caught? he wondered; and he felt quite anxious about them. However, at any rate, *he* was safe. And so the time passed; and when he thought all was over, he stealthily opened his shell, and slipped out his head and looked all round him, and there seemed to be something wrong—something with which he was not familiar. As he looked a little more carefully, lo and behold! there he was in a fish-monger's shop, and with a card, marked 'Sixteen Cash,' on his back.

"Isn't that a funny story?" cries the jovial preacher, smiling complacently upon the congregation. "Poor shell-fish! I think there are people not unlike him to be found *in China and India*." This is a favorite joke with the preacher. He frequently closes a satirical passage by a similar remark. "I don't mean to say that there are any such persons *here*. Oh no. Still, there are plenty of them to be found—say, for instance, in the back streets of India."

The tone of this merry instructor in righteousness when he is speaking of women is that of a tender father toward children. He assumes that "women *and* children" can not understand any thing profound and philosophical. Righteousness he defines as "the fitting," the ought-to-be; and he considers it "fitting" that women should be the assiduous, respectful, and ever-obedient servants of men. A parable illustrates his meaning. A great preacher of old was once the guest of a rich man of low rank, who was "particularly fond of sermons," and had a lovely daughter of fifteen, who waited upon the preacher at dinner, and entertained him afterward upon the harp. "Really," said the learned preacher, "it must be a very difficult thing to educate a young lady up to such a pitch as this." The flattered parents could not refrain from boasting of their daughter's accomplishments—her drawing, painting, singing, and flower-plaiting. The wily preacher, Socrates-like, rejoined: "This is something quite out of the common run. *Of course* she knows how to rub the shoulders and loins, and has learned the art of shampooing?" This remark offends the fond father. "I have not fallen so low as to let my daughter learn shampooing!" The preacher blandly advises him not to put himself into a passion, and proceeds to descant upon the Whole Duty of Woman, as understood in Japan. "She must look upon her husband's parents as her own. If her honored father-in-law or mother-in-law fall ill, her being able to plait flowers and paint pictures and make tea will be of no use in the sick-room. To shampoo her parents-in-law, and nurse them affectionately, without employing a shampooer or servant-maid, is the right path of a daughter-in-law." Upon hearing these words the father sees his error, and blushes with shame; whereupon

"Here he comes! Take off your hat!"—*Gavarni, Paris*, 1846.

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THE SCHOLASTIC HEN AND HER CHICKENS.—CRUIKSHANK, 1846.

Miss Thimblebee loquitur. "Turn your heads the other way, my dears, for here are two horridly handsome officers coming."

the preacher admits that music and painting are not bad in themselves, only they must not be pursued to the exclusion of things more important, of which shampooing is one.

He draws a sad picture of a wife who has learned nothing but the graceful arts. Before the bottom of the family kettle is scorched black the husband will be sick of his bargain—a wife all untidy about the head, her apron fastened round her as a girdle, a baby twisted somehow into the bosom of her dress, and nothing in the house to eat but some wretched bean soup, and that bought at a store. "What a ten-million-times miserable thing it is when parents, making their little girls hug a great guitar, listen with pleasure to the poor little things playing on instruments big enough for them to climb upon, and squeaking out songs in their shrill treble voices!" Such girls, if not closely watched, will be prematurely falling in love and running away to be married.

Such errors as these, and indeed all the foibles of human nature, are satirized by Japanese in caricatures, of which many specimens are given in M. Aimé Humbert's profusely illustrated work.* They are not, however, executed with the clearness and precision which alone could render them effective in our eyes; and a very large proportion of them employ that most ancient and well-worn device of investing animals with the faculties of human beings. The best is one representing rats performing all the labors of a rice warehouse. Rats, as M. Humbert remarks, are in Japan the most dreaded and determined thieves of the precious rice. The picture contains every feature of the scene—the cashier making his calculations with his bead calculator, the salesman turning over his books in order to show his customers how impossible it is for him to abate a single cash in the price, the shop-men carrying the bales, coolies bearing the straw bags of money at the ends of bamboos, porters tugging away at a sack just added to the stock, and a new customer saluting the merchant. The Japanese do not confine themselves to this kind of burlesque. They take pleasure in representing a physician examining with exaggerated gravity a patient's tongue, or peering into ailing eyes through enormous spectacles, while he lifts with extreme caution the corner of the eyelid. A quack shampooing a victim is another of their subjects. One picture represents a band of blind shampooers on their travels, who, in the midst of a ford, are disputing what direction they shall take when they reach the opposite bank. Begging friars, mishaps of fishermen, blind men leading the blind, jealous women, household dissensions, women excessively dressed, furnish opportunities for the satirical pencil of the Japanese artists, who also publish series of comic pictures, as we do, upon such subjects as "Little Troubles in the Great World," "The Fat Man's Household," "The Thin Man's Household." If these efforts of the Japanese caricaturists do not often possess much power to amuse the outside world, they have one qualification that entitles them to respect—

* *Japan and the Japanese.* Illustrated. By Aimé Humbert. New York: 1874.

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they are almost always innocent and good-humored. Of all the Eastern peoples there is, perhaps, none among whom women are held in more esteem, or have a larger share of comfort and enjoyment. The theory of their position, however, is the same as in China and India. They are happier in Japan only because the Japanese are among the most amiable and good-tempered of races.

An attentive study of the Greek and Roman literatures furnishes many illustrations of the remark before made, that men who degrade women deride them. Among the Greeks, who kept women in subjection and seclusion, and gave them no freedom of choice in matters of dearest concern to them, the foibles of the sex were treated very much as they now are by the dissolute caricaturists of Paris. Aristophanes's mode of representing the women of Athens is eminently Gavarnian; and nothing was more natural than that an Aristophanes should come after an Anacreon. The lyric poet depicts women as objects of desire, superior in alluring charm even to wine, rosy wine; and Aristophanes delights to exhibit the women's apartment of an Athenian house as a riotous and sensualized harem. How many expressions of utter distrust and dislike of women occur in the Greek poets!

"Who was that gentleman that just went out?"

"Why, didn't he see you, after all? He called on business, and has been waiting for you these two hours. He leaves town this evening. But how warm you are, dear!"—*Gavarni, Fourberies de Femmes, Paris*, 1846.

> "For this, and only this, I'll trust a woman,
> That if you take life from her she will die;
> And, being dead, will come to life no more.
> In all things else I am an infidel."

Thus Antiphanes, who died twenty-two hundred years before Gavarni was born. Menander justifies the gods for tormenting Prometheus, though his crime was only stealing a spark of fire.

> "But, oh, ye gods, how infinite the mischief!
> That little spark gave being to a woman,
> And let in a new race of plagues to curse us."

The well-known epigram of Palladas upon marriage expresses a thought which has been uttered by satirists in every form of which language is capable:

> "In marriage are two happy things allowed—
> A wife in wedding garb and in her shroud.
> Who, then, dares say that state can be accurst
> Where the last day's as happy as the first?"

Many others will occur to the reader who is familiar with the lighter utterances of the ancients. But in Greece, as in China, India, and Japan, and wherever else men and women have been joined in wedlock, there have been marriages in which husband and wife have lived on terms nobler than those contemplated by the law or demanded by usage. Where could we find a juster view of the duties of husband and wife than in that passage of Xenophon's dialogue on Economy, where Ischomachus tells Socrates how he had taken his young wife into his confidence, and come to a clear understanding with her as to the share each should take in carrying on the household? Goethe must have had this passage in his mind when he wrote the fine tribute to the dignity of housekeeping in *Wilhelm Meister*. Ischomachus had married a girl of fifteen, who came to him as wives in Greece usually came to their husbands—an absolute stranger to him. He had to get acquainted with her after marriage, as indeed he says. "When we were well enough acquainted, and were so familiar that we began to converse freely with one another, I asked her why, she thought, I had taken her for my wife." Much is revealed in that sentence. He

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She. "Now, understand me. To-morrow morning he will ask you to dinner. If he has his umbrella with him, it will mean that he has not got his stall at the theatre. In that case, don't accept. If he has no umbrella, come to dinner."

He. "But (you know we must think of every thing) suppose it should rain to-morrow morning?"

She. "If it rains, he will get wet—that's all. If I don't want him to have an umbrella, he won't have one. How silly you are!"—*Gavarni, Fourberies de Femmes, Paris*, 1846.

tells her that, being married, they are now to have all things in common, and each should only strive to enhance the good of the household. She stares with wonder. Her mother had told her that her fortune would be wholly her husband's, and all that she had to do was to live virtuously and soberly. Ischomachus assents, but he proceeds to show her that, in the nature of things, husband and wife must be equal co-operators, he getting the money, she administering it; he fighting the battle of life out-of-doors, she within the house. At great length this model husband illustrates his point, and entirely in the spirit of the noble passage in Goethe. She catches the idea at length. "It will be of little avail," she says, "my keeping at home unless you send such provisions as are necessary." "True," he replies, "and of very little use my providing would be if there were no one at home to take care of what I send; it would be pouring water into a sieve."

This fine presentation of household economy, like that of the German poet, is, unhappily, only a dialogue of fiction. It was merely Xenophon's conception of the manner in which a philosopher of prodigious wisdom *might* deal with a girl of fifteen whom he had married without having enjoyed the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with her. Doubtless there was here and there in ancient Greece a couple who succeeded in approximating Xenophon's ideal.

Among the Romans women began to acquire those legal "rights" to which they owe whatever advance they have ever made toward a just equality with men. It was Roman law that lifted a wife from the condition of a cherished slave to a status something higher than that of daughter. But there was still one fatal defect in her position—her husband could divorce her, but she could not divorce him. Cicero, the flower of Roman culture, put away the wife of his youth after living with her thirty years, and no remonstrance on her part would have availed against his decision. But a Roman wife *had* rights. She could not be deprived of her property, and the law threw round her and her children a system of safeguards which gave her a position and an influence not unlike those of the "lady of the house" at the present time. Instead of being secluded in a kind of harem, as among the Greeks, she came forward to receive her husband's guests, shared some of their festivities, governed the household, superintended the education of her children, and enjoyed her ample share of the honor which he inherited or won. "Where you are Caius, I am Caia," she modestly said, as she entered for the first time her husband's abode. He was paterfamilias, she materfamilias; and the rooms assigned to her peculiar use were, as with us, the best in the house.

To the Roman law women are infinitely indebted. Among the few hundreds of families who did actually share the civilization of Cicero, the Plinys, and Marcus Aurelius, the position of a Roman matron was one of high dignity and influence, and accordingly the general tone of the best Roman literature toward woman is such as does honor to both sexes. She was even instructed in that literature. In such a family as that of Cic-

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ero, the daughter would usually have the same tutors as the son, and the wife of such a man would familiarly use her husband's library. Juvenal, that peerless reviler of women, the Gavarni of poets, deplores the fact:

"But of all plagues the greatest is untold—
The book-learned wife in Greek and Latin bold;
The critic dame who at her table sits,
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits,
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far the ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word;
The man of law is nonplused in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute."

The whole of this Sixth Satire of Juvenal, in which the Gavarnian literature of all nations was anticipated and exhausted, is a tribute to the social importance of woman in Rome. No Greek would have deemed woman worthy of so elaborate an effort. And as in Athens, Anacreon, the poet of sensual love, was naturally followed by Aristophanes, a satirist of women, so, in Rome, Ovid's Art of Love preceded and will forever explain Juvenal's Sixth Satire. All illustrates the truth that sensualized men naturally undervalue and laugh at women. In all probability Juvenal's satire was a caricature as gross and groundless as the pictures of Gavarni. The instinct of the satirist is first to select for treatment the exceptional instance of folly, and then to exaggerate that exceptional instance to the uttermost. Unhappily many readers are only too much inclined to accept this exaggerated exception as if it were a representative fact. There is a passage in Terence in which he expresses the feeling of most men who have been plagued, justly or unjustly, by a woman:

"Not one but has the sex so strong within her,
She differs nothing from the rest. Step-mothers
All hate their step-daughters, and every wife
Studies alike to contradict her husband,
The same perverseness running through them all."

The acute reader, on turning to the play of the *Mother-in-Law*, from which these lines are taken, will not be surprised to learn that the women in the comedy are in the right, and the men grossly in fault.

The literature of the Middle Ages tells the same story. The popular tales of that period exhibit women as equally seductive and malevolent, silly, vain, not to be trusted, enchanting to the lover, a torment to the husband. Caricatures of women and their extravagances in costume and behavior occur in manuscripts as old as the year 1150 A.D., and those extravagances may serve to console men of the present time by their enormity. Many specimens could be given, but they are generally too formless or extravagant to be interesting. There are also many rude pictures from those centuries which aimed to satirize the more active foibles of the sex. One of these exhibits a wife belaboring her husband with a broom, another pounding hers with a ladle, another with a more terrible instrument, her withering tongue, and another with the surest weapon in all the female armory—tears. In the Rouen Cathedral there are a pair of carvings, one representing a fierce struggle between husband and wife for the possession of a garment the wearing of which is supposed to be a sign of mastery, and the other exhibiting the victorious wife in the act of putting that garment on. On the portal of a church at Ploërmel, in France, there is a well-cut representation of a young girl leading an elderly man by the nose. More violent contests are frequently portrayed, even fierce battles with bellows and pokers, stirring incidents in the "eternal war between man and woman."

"Madame, your cousin Betty wishes to know if you can receive her."
"Impossible! Tell her that to-day I *receive*."—*Les Tribulations de la Vie élégante, par Girin, Paris*, 1870.

The gentle German priest who wrote the moral ditties of the *Ship of Fools* ought not to have known much of the tribulations of husbands, but in his poem on the "Wrath and great Lewdnes of Wym-

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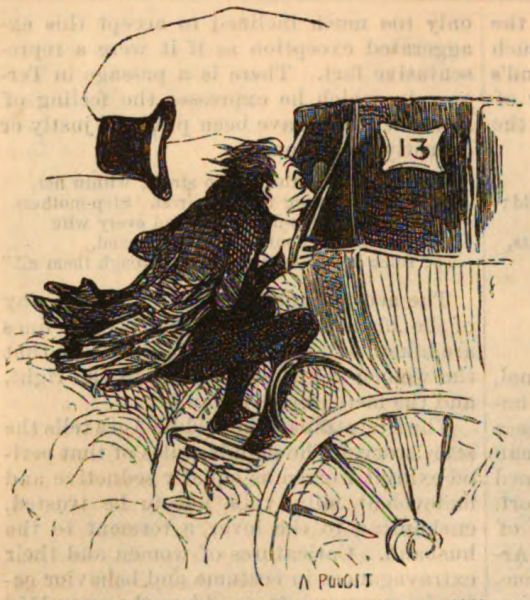

A SCENE OF CONJUGAL LIFE.—DAUMIER, PARIS, 1846.

en," he becomes a kind of frantic Caudle, and lays about him with remarkable vigor. He calls upon the "Kinge most glorious of heaven and erth" to deliver mankind from the venomous and cruel tongues of froward women. One chiding woman, he observes, "maketh greater yell than a hundred magpies in one cage;" and let her husband do what he will, he can not quiet her till "she hath chid her fill." No beast on earth is so capable of furious hate—not the bear, nor the wolf, nor the lion, nor the lioness; no, nor the cruel tigress robbed of her whelps, rushing wildly about, tearing and gnawing stock and tree.

"A wrathfull woman is yet more mad than she.
Cruell Medea doth us example shewe
Of woman's furour, great wrath and cruelty;
Which her owne children dyd all to pecis hewe."

This poet, usually so moderate and mild in his satire of human folly, is transported with rage in contemplating the faults of women, and holds them up to the abhorrence of his readers. A woman, he remarks, can wallow in wicked delights, and then, *giving her mouth a hurried wipe*, come forward with tranquil mind and an air of child-like innocence, sweetly protesting that she has done nothing wrong. The most virulent woman-hater that was ever jilted or rejected could not go beyond the bachelor priest who penned this infuriate diatribe upon the sex.

Nor was Erasmus's estimate of women more favorable than Brandt's, though he expresses it more lightly and gayly, as his manner was. And curious it is to note that the foibles which he selects for animadversion are precisely those which form the staple of satire against women at the present time. In one of his Colloquies he describes the "Assembly of Women, or the Female Parliament," and reports at length the speech of one of the principal members, the wise Cornelia. This eloquent lady heartily berates the wives of tradesmen for presuming to copy the fashions of the rich and noble. Would any one believe that the following sentences were written nearly four hundred years ago?

"'Tis almost impossible by the outside," says Cornelia to her parliament of fine ladies, "to know a duchess from a kitchen wench. All the ancient bounds of modesty have been so impudently transgressed that every one wears what apparel seems best in her own eyes. At church and at the playhouse, in city and country, you may see a thousand women of indifferent if not sordid extraction swaggering it abroad in silks and velvets, in damask and brocard, in gold and silver, in ermines and sable tippets, while their husbands perhaps are stitching Grub Street pamphlets or cobbling shoes at home. Their fingers are loaded with diamonds and rubies, for Turkey stones are nowadays despised even by chimney-sweepers' wives. It was thought enough for your ordinary women in the last age that they were allowed the mighty privilege to wear a silk girdle, and to set off the borders of their woolen petticoats with an edging of silk. But now—and I can hardly forbear weeping at the thoughts of it—this worshipful custom is quite out-of-doors. If your tallow-chandlers', vintners', and other tradesmen's wives flaunt it in a chariot and four, what shall your marchionesses or countesses do, I wonder? And if a country squire's spouse will have a train after her full fifteen ells long, pray what shift must a princess make to distinguish herself? What makes this ten times worse than otherwise it would be, we are never constant to one dress, but are as fickle and uncertain as weathercocks—or the men that preach under them. Formerly our head tire was stretched out upon wires and mounted upon barbers' poles, women of condition thinking to distinguish themselves from the ordinary sort by this dress. Nay, to make the difference still more visible, they wore caps of ermine powdered. But they were mistaken in their politics, for the cits soon got them. Then they trumpt up another mode, and black quoiss came into play. But the ladies within Ludgate not only aped them in this fashion, but added thereto a gold embroidery and jewels. Formerly the court dames took a great deal of pains in combing up their hair from their foreheads and temples to make a tower; but they were soon weary of that, for it was not long before this fashion too was got into Cheapside. After this they let their hair fall loose about their

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foreheads; but the city gossips soon followed them in that."

And this game, we may add, has been kept up from that day to this; nor does either party yet show any inclination to retire from the contest.

The ill opinion entertained of women by men during those ages of darkness and superstition found expression in laws as well as in literature. The age of chivalry! Investigators who have studied that vaunted period in the court records and law-books tell us that respect for women is a thing of which those records show no trace. In the age of chivalry the widow and the fatherless were regarded by lords, knights, and "parsons" as legitimate objects of plunder; and woe to the widow who prosecuted the murderers of her husband or the ravagers of her estate! The homage which the law paid to women consisted in burning them alive for offenses which brought upon men the painless death of hanging. We moderns read with puzzled incredulity such a story as that of Godiva, doubtful if so vast an outrage could ever have been committed in a community not entirely savage. Let the reader immerse himself for only a few months in the material of which the history of the Middle Ages must be composed, if it shall ever be truly written, and the tale of Godiva will seem credible and natural. She was her lord's chattel; and probably the people of her day who heard the story commended *him* for lightening the burdens of Coventry on such easy terms, and saw no great hardship in the task assigned to her.

People read with surprise of Thomas Jefferson's antipathy to the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott. He objected to them because they gave a view of the past ages utterly at variance with the truth as revealed in the authentic records, which he had studied from his youth up.

Coming down to recent times, we still find the current anecdote and proverb in all lands bearing hardly upon the sex. A few kindly and appreciative sayings pass current in Scotland; and the literatures of Germany, England, and the United States teem with the noblest and tenderest homage to the excellence of women. But most of these belong to the literature of this century, and bear the names of men who may be said to have created the moral feeling of the present moment. It is interesting to notice that in one of our latest and best dictionaries of quotation, that of Mr. M. M. Ballou, of Boston, there are one hundred and eleven short passages relating to women, of which only one is dishonorable to them, and that dates back a century and a half, to the halcyon day of the British libertine—"Every woman is at heart a rake.—Pope." So thought all the dissolute men of Pope's circle, as we know from their conversation and letters. So thought the Duc de Rochefoucauld, who said, "There are few virtuous women who are not weary of their profession;" and "Most virtuous women, like con-

"'*My dear Baron, I am in the most pressing need of five hundred franc!*' Must I put an s to franc?"
"No. In the circumstances it is better not. It will prove to the Baron that, for the moment, you really are destitute of every thing—even of orthography."—*Ed. de Beaumont, Paris*, 1860.

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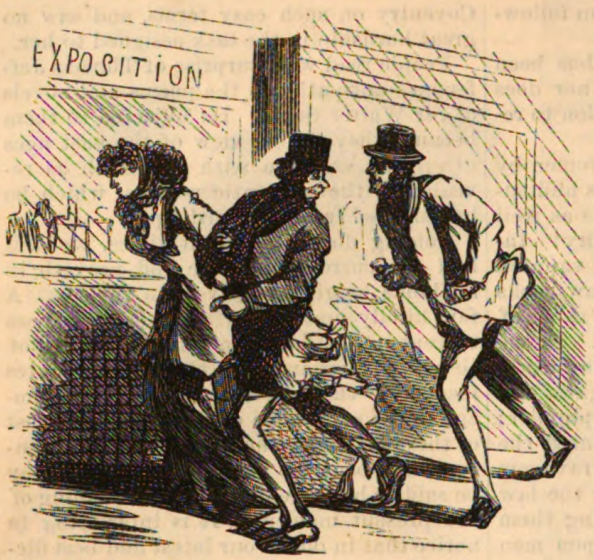

"Where are the diamonds exhibited?"
"I haven't the least idea; but I let myself be guided by my wife. Women get at such things by instinct."—*Champfleury, Paris*, 1868.

cealed treasures, are secure because nobody seeks after them." So thought Chesterfield, who told his hopeful son that he could never go wrong in flattering a woman, for women were foolish and frail without exception: "I never knew one in my life who had good sense, or who reasoned and acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together." And so *must* think every man who lived as men of fashion then lived. "If I dwelt in a hospital," said Dr. Franklin once, "I might come to think all mankind diseased."

But a man need not be a fine gentleman nor a *roué* to think ill of womankind. He needs only to be commonplace; and hence it is that the homely proverbs of all time bear so hardly upon women. The native land of the modern proverb is Spain, as we might guess from Sancho Panza's exhaustless repertory, and most of those homely disparaging sentences concerning women that pass current in all lands appear to have originated there. What Spain has left unsaid upon women's foibles, Italy has supplied. Most of the following proverbs are traceable to one of the two peninsulas of Southern Europe: "He that takes an eel by the tail or a woman by her word may say he holds nothing." "There is one bad wife in Spain, and every man thinks he has her." "He that loses his wife and a farthing hath great loss of his farthing." "If the mother had never been in the oven, she would not have looked for her daughter there." "He that marries a widow and three children marries four thieves." "He that tells his wife news is but newly married." "A dead wife's the best goods in a man's house." "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold." "A woman conceals what she knows not." "As great a pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot." "A woman's mind and winter's wind change oft." "There is no mischief in the world done but a woman is always one." "Commend a wedded life, but keep thyself a bachelor." "Where there are women and geese, there wants no noise." "Neither women nor linen by candle-light." "Glasses and lasses are brittle ware." "Two daughters and a back-door are three thieves." "Women commend a modest man, but like him not." "Women in mischief are wiser than men." "Women laugh when they can and weep when they will." "Women, priests, and poultry never have enough."

Among the few broadsides of Elizabeth's reign preserved in the British Museum there is one which is conceived in perfect harmony with these proverbs. It presents eight scenes, in all of which women figure disadvantageously. There is a child-bed scene, in which the mother lies in state, most preposterously dressed and adorned, while a dozen other women are idling and gossiping about the room. Women are exhibited also at the market, at the bake-house, at the ale-house, at the river washing clothes, at church, at the bath, at the public well; but always chattering, gossiping, idling, unless they are fighting or flirting. Another caricature in the same collection, dated 1620, the year of the *Mayflower* and Plymouth Rock, contains seven scenes illustrative of the lines following:

"Who marieth a Wife upon a Moneday,
If she will not be good upon a Twesday,
Lett him go to y^e^ wood upon a Wensday,
And cutt him a cudgell upon the Thursday,
And pay her soundly upon a Fryday;
And she mend not, y^e^ divil take her a Saterday,
That he may eat his meat in peace on the Sunday."

To complete the record of man's ridicule of the sex to which he owes his happiness, I add the pictures given in this number, which bring that record down to date. They tell their own story. The innocent fun of English Cruikshank and Leech contrasts agreeably with the subtle depravity indicated by some of the French caricaturists, particularly by Gavarni, who surpasses all men in the art of exaggerating the address of the class of women who regard men in the light of prey. The point of Gavarni's satire usually lies in the words printed underneath his pictures, and the pictures generally consist of the two figures who utter those words. But the expression which

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he contrives to impart to his figures and faces by a few apparently careless lines is truly wonderful, and it can scarcely be transferred to another surface. He excels in the expression of a figure with the face turned away, the whole effect being given by the outline of the head three-quarters averted. There is one picture of his, given in the present number, of a woman and her lover, he sitting in a chair reading *with his hat on*, indicating the extreme of familiarity, she standing at the window sewing, and keeping an eye on the pavement below. "He's coming!" she says; "take off your hat." In the attitude of the woman there is a mingled effect of tranquillity and vigilance that is truly remarkable. In all the range of caricature it would be difficult to find a better specimen of the art than this, or a worse. Only a man who had been steeped in vice could have imagined such an incident. The reader may be curious to see a few more of these *fourberies de femmes*, as evolved from the brain of the dissolute Gavarni. It is almost impossible to transfer the work of his pencil, but here are a few of his verbal elucidations:

Under a picture of a father and daughter walking arm in arm: "How did you know, papa, that I loved M. Léon?" "Because you always spoke of M. Paul."

Two young ladies in confidential conversation: "When I think that M. Coquardeau is going to be my husband, I feel sorry for Alexander." "And I for Coquardeau."

Two married ladies in conversation: "Yes, my dear, my husband has been guilty of bringing that creature into my house before my very eyes, when he knows that the only man I love in the world is two hundred leagues from here." "Men are contemptible" (*lâches*).

Husband writing a note, and his wife standing behind him:

"My dear Sir,—Caroline begs me to remind you of a certain duet, of which she is extravagantly fond, and which you promised to give her. Pray be so good as to dine with her to-day, and bring your music with you. For my part, I shall be deprived of the pleasure of hearing you, for I have an engagement at Versailles. Pity me, my dear Sir, and believe me always your affectionate, Coquardeau."

A young man in wild excitement reading a letter:

"On receipt of this, mount, fly, overtake in the Avenue de Neuilly a yellow cab, the steps down, gray horse, old coachman, 108, one lantern lighted! Follow it. It will stop at the side door of a house at Sablonville. A man and a woman will get out. That man—he was my lover! And that woman—she is yours!"

Lady fainting, and a man in consternation supporting her head: "Clara, Clara! dearest, look up! Don't! Clara, I say! You don't know *any* nice young man! I am an ass, with my stupid jealousy. And you shall have your velvet shawl. Come, Clara! Now then, Clara, *please!*"

Lady dropping two letters into the Post-office. First letter:

"My kind Amédée,—This evening, toward eight, at the Red Ball. Mind, now, and don't keep waiting your "Clara."

Second letter:

"My Henry,—Well-beloved, judge of my despair—I have a sore throat that is simply frightful. It will be impossible for me to go out this evening. They even talk of applying twenty leeches. Pity a great deal, and love always, your Clara."

In these numberless satires upon women, executed by pen and pencil, there is a certain portion of truth, for, indeed, a woman powerfully organized and fully developed, but without mental culture and devoid of the sentiment of duty, can be a creature most terrific. If the possession of wealth exempts her from labor, there are four ways in which she can appease the ennui of a barren mind and a torpid conscience. One is deep play, which was, until within seventy years, the resource chiefly relied upon by women of fashion for killing the hours between dinner and bed; one is social display, or the struggle for the leadership of a circle, an ambition perhaps more pernicious than gambling; another is intrigues of love, no longer permitted in the more advanced countries, but formerly an important element in fashionable life every where; finally, there is the resource of excessive and ceaseless devotion, the daily mass, the weekly confession, frequent and severe fasting, abject slavery to the ritual.

Of all these, the one last named is probably the most injurious, since it tends to bring virtue itself into contempt, and repels the young from all serious and elevated modes of living. Accordingly, in studying the historic families of Europe, we frequently find that the devotee and the debauchee alternate, each producing the other, both being expressions of the same moral and mental defect. But whether a mindless woman gambles, dresses, flirts, or fasts, she is a being who furnishes the satirist with legitimate material.

Equal rights, equal education, equal chances of an independent career — when women have enjoyed these for so much as a single century in any country, the foibles at which men have laughed for so many ages will probably no longer be remarked, for they are either the follies of ignorance or the vices resulting from a previous condition of servitude. Nor will men of right feeling ever regard women with the cold critical eye of a Chesterfield or a Rochefoucauld, but rather with something of the exalted sentiment which caused old Homer, whenever he had occasion to speak of a mother, to prefix an adjective usually applicable to goddesses and queens, which we can translate best, perhaps, by our English word *august*.

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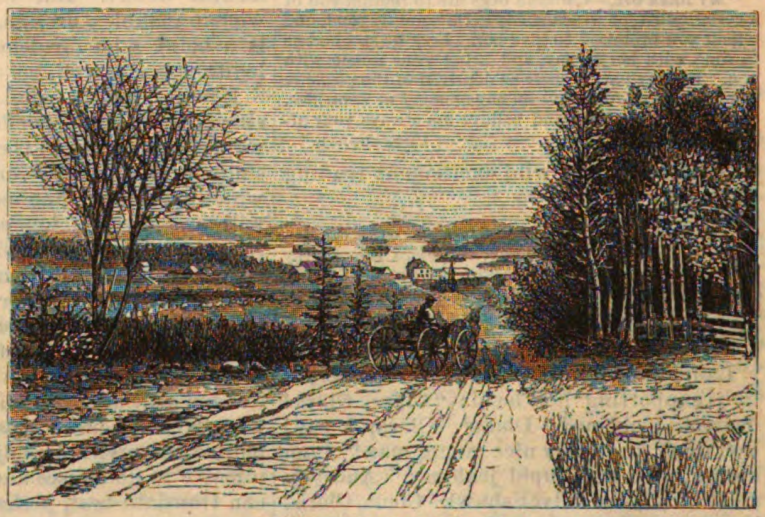
MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE lies in the heart of Maine, and in the depths of its wilderness. It is thirty-six miles from Dexter, the terminus of the branch railroad which connects with the Maine Central, and is reached by excellent stages through a country which rolls up wild mountains as you proceed. The first glimpse of the lake at the end of a weary day is a point of great interest. If the day is bright and the sunset clear, the view is very fine. Squaw Mountain stands up like a wall of defense upon the west; the clear bright blue above contrasts finely with darker blue below; the lake is gemmed with numerous small wooded islands, while mountains shut in the view to the front and right and left, and the pioneer village of Greenville—a hundred and twenty-five houses, with hotels, stores, post-office, and meeting-house—lies at your feet, the limit of civilization in Northwestern Maine. Beyond this point there are not more than a dozen houses on the lake; nothing between you and the St. Lawrence but "the howling wilderness."

It is a decidedly fresh sensation to be thus speedily, like Nebuchadnezzar, "turned out to feed." You can satisfy the demands of hunger with the excellent mutton, the fresh broiled trout, the good bread, to be found at any of the hotels—plain but honest fare; you can have a comfortable bed to sleep in—any thing from spruce boughs to feathers; but the entertainment of the inner man can no longer be gained from the newspaper, the club, the evening gossip. You have the lake, the woods, the mountains, the fresh air, and you can do what you please. All these thoughts rush in upon you as the stage lands you at the Eveleth House, its fat landlord the unmistakable sign of generous hospitality, and you stretch your limbs and walk about. Should you go to the other side of the little hamlet, and shake off the dust at the Lake House, you will remark, as you enter the office, the huge fire-place, which belongs to the backwoods inn by right, and the convenient arrangements for story-telling and loafing, without which the tavern would not be complete. These country hotels have a flavor of their own; and in spring-time, when the river men are discharged from the drive, the bar-rooms furnish pictures of humanity at its roughest and worst.

The *Lady of the Lake*, with steam up, is waiting at the wharf for the passengers to Mount Kineo, twenty miles distant; and the trip up the lake in the shadows of the evening is a delightful contrast to the toilsome stage journey. Moosehead Lake is



FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE LAKE.

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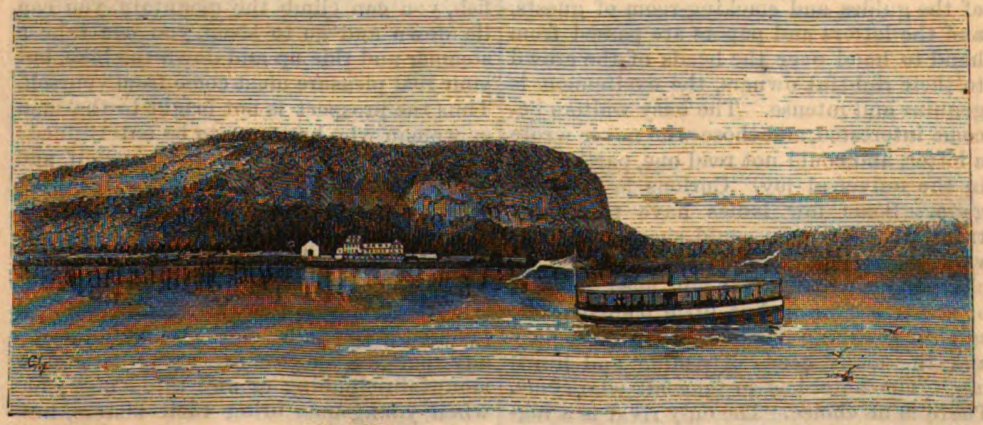
forty miles long, and twenty miles broad from Spencer Bay to the outlet of the Kennebec River. Its usual width is from five to ten miles. It is hemmed in by mountains on every side, wooded to the summit, with an occasional crag or scaur cropping out of the abundant foliage. The little steamer knows well her course among the numerous islands which sparkle and glow in the sunlight. A magnificent panorama of mountain scenery unfolds itself as you proceed. Squaw Mountain looms up grandly to the westward, while far in the north one of the Spencer Twins, next to Katahdin in height, displays its blue peak. Macfarlane Farm, the only gentleman's residence at the lake, gleams out of the forest to the right, and Burnt Jacket lifts up his sugar-loaf head just beyond. The Lily Bay range reaches out into the dim distance still further to the right, subdued into lovely outlines in the waning light, while Mount Kineo, the guardian of the lake, lies concealed behind the wooded islands in front. The steamer pushes on between Deer and Sugar islands at twelve miles an hour. The deck is covered with passengers, many of whom see this wilderness for the first time; and the ladies, as is their privilege, grow enthusiastic over the scene. Now the lake opens out into a sea, and you have reached its widest part. Away forty miles to the east the seamed and hoary side of Katahdin comes in sight, unlike any thing else in the range of the eye. The Spencer Twins are plainly visible to the east, fifteen miles distant. The shadows of night are now increasing and thickening.

MAP OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Behind us the mountains and islands have shut in the lake, and before us the forest comes down to the water's edge, as if to resist our advance. Islands separate, however, and the seemingly near shores recede as we proceed; and finally, behind an island which appeared to be a part of the



Kineo House. MOUNT KINEO.

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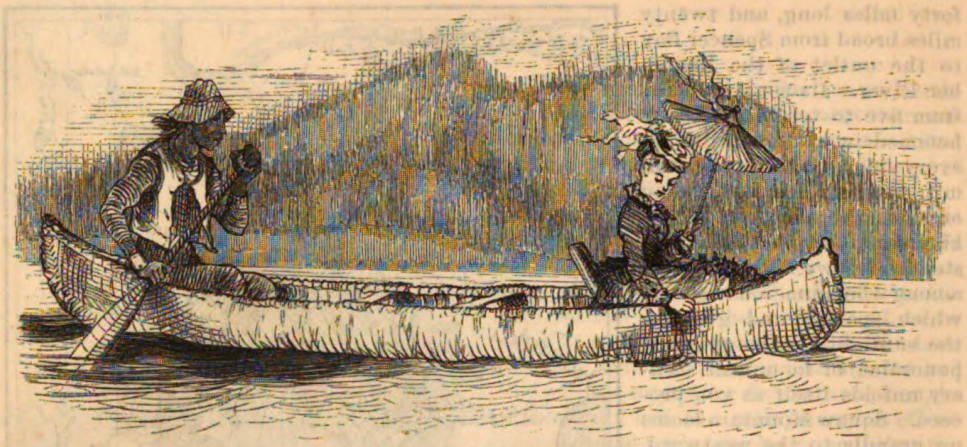

YOUNG LADY IN A CANOE, PADDLED BY A GUIDE.

main-land, Mount Kineo raises up its bold cliff, black as night in the increasing darkness. The Kineo House, a mere speck at its base, is now the single point of interest. The mountains are lost in the darkness. The artist shivers in his overcoat, and walks the deck to keep warm. The boys are entertaining the ladies with their gay manners and youthful wit; and all hands are thinking of supper and a comfortable bed at Mount Kineo.

The arrival of the evening steamer at the hotel is always the great event of the day. She brings the mail and the guests, two important items of life in the wilderness. Every one turns out to greet her, the guests, the guides, the sportsmen; and even Raspberry the porter and his friend the donkey (both responsible for the baggage) manifest delight. The great interest centres in the distribution of the mail, and when the house has its complement of one hundred and fifty guests, each eager for a letter or paper to connect himself with the outside world—when ladies in their silks, and sportsmen in their red shirts, and the guides in their rough rig, all crowd into the bar-room, or, more properly, office, the usual loafing-place of the guides and smoking-room of guests, and the letters and papers are passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd to their rightful owners, the excitement is genuine and intense. The busy waiters become interested, and those who never wrote a letter, and could not read one, participate in the universal joy. Curious is the luggage. Some few ladies have the great trunks, as if dresses could show off to advantage in canoes and sail-boats and in climbing Mount Kineo; but most persons of either sex bring but little baggage, one suit for roughing it and another for society and the many needs of fishing and hunting. The hotel has to take all who come. There is no choice. The only rival is a log-cabin six miles distant, and the gentlemanly superintendent at Mount Kineo has never yet been known to refuse food and shelter to his guests. Many parties come prepared for camping out at once, and pitch their tents on the night of their arrival, using the hotel as a post-office and base of supplies; others live at the house, and go out each day with guides, who furnish canoes and equipments. Old *habitués* of Moosehead sometimes dispense with guides, but newcomers can see but little of the enjoyable side of the lake without them.

The great question on the morning after arrival is what to do. People have heard of Moosehead as a watering-place, and have come in order to be able to say that they have exhausted the pleasures of the lake. They don't fish or shoot; they can play billiards any where, and they pace up and down the piazzas after breakfast, anxiously studying the possibilities of enjoyment. The attempts of the average American at personal pleasure have often been dwelt upon. He makes hard work of it, and returns to his routine intensely satisfied with what God has given him. Here the variety is limited. There is no stable. You can walk, you can run, you can row, you can fish, you can climb the mountain, you can lie down and go to sleep, you can take a steamer and ride up and down the lake, but your real pleasure must come from yourself. Thus the prospect is not bright to the man or woman who has come to be entertained: you just have to take care of yourself, and make the best of it. At such a place women are like a flock of sheep—one does what the others do—and unattached women are in a miserable plight. The lone female is here lonely indeed. She can't fish, because it is not the respectable thing to do. Being paddled about in a canoe by a guide hasn't any romance, and the same may be said of mountain-climbing or any thing else; but when young men bring their sisters, husbands their wives, and papas their daugh-

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ters, it is a different thing, and the parties which are made up for a day's excursion in canoes to different points on the lake are charming and delightful. Bright women are interesting any where; and when people are thrown so much upon their own resources for enjoyment as they are here, their presence in these rambles into the forest, or in the recounting of the day's adventures at the hotel in the evening, makes the hours pass merrily by.

The guests at Mount Kineo are generally agreeable and well-educated people, those whom it is a pleasure to know, and when you have staid long enough to get acquainted, nothing can be more entertaining than the social enjoyments which mingle with the out-door sports. Your fisherman may be silent all day while casting his fly, but not so when he has laid his day's sport triumphantly upon the piazza, the envy of unlucky fishermen, and eaten his supper. The walks in the twilight upon the piazzas, the groups of friends clustered here and there, the peals of laughter from the adjoining rooms, the universal stir and movement of the place, the free intercourse of the guides with the sportsmen, the admitted privilege of any body speaking to any body if he chooses to, the chattering at every available point, make a joyous life whose like can hardly elsewhere be found. It looked dismal at first to interest one's self in this lonely spot of the creation, with mountains and forests as your companions, but each day it is less so; the place grows upon you; the common feeling is, "It is unlike any place I've been in before;" you eat more and more heartily as the days go on, and grow healthier and jollier; and the great world goes on without you, and you

A FLY-FISHER.

don't care if it does. It is impossible to bring your cares up here into the wilderness. Old men find that they can be young again, and young men have the spice and fun of recreation without dissipation. And so it happens that the people who have the capacity of enjoying themselves in close intercourse with nature come to Moosehead again and again, and those who have to be entertained come but once. The company is choice and of the best. In fact, the persons who love the woods, who are patient to fish and hunt, who feel that they are in their element when they are out-of-doors, who take to the woods as ducks take to water, are generally delightful company. They have something in reserve to talk about; you can't read them through like a newspaper at a sitting; they come direct from the original stock of mankind. It would have been to build a fool's castle to erect a hotel

THE CAMPER-OUT.

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NATURE AND ART IN FISHING.

in the centre of Moosehead Lake for any other class of people. Mr. Cheney, of Boston, the proprietor of Mount Kineo House, saw farther into the millstone than the backwoods Yankee when he anticipated the interest of artists and doctors and lawyers and ministers and hard-worked people generally in coming up here to breathe fresh air and catch fish and enjoy themselves. His foresight has already been well rewarded, and made him the recipient of thanks from a numerous and growing household.

There is a great difference in sportsmen. Your city-bred man comes with any number of flies, with patent rod, with all the latest improvements. He dresses in corduroy and flannel, twines his extra flies around his hat-band, and tucks his trowsers into his huge boot legs with the significant air of knowing what he is about. Quite another man is the genuine fisherman, whether from the city or living at the lake. He indulges in no superfluities, don't talk, goes straight for game. He has the best guides, the best canoes, the best fishing ground. Generous as he may be in all things else, he is always selfish in his fishing. He can not endure a rival. Most of the guides understand all that can be known about fishing. It is one of the strong points in their profession. They invest but little in novelties. They are not confined to the fly. A stick, a hook, a worm, make their equipment, and you can always count on their success. Many a minister, apostolic with his rod if not in his commission, and many a lawyer have the same tact in catching trout. They know how to do it. They can no more impart the skill to others than you can make the divining-rod work in unfitting hands. The birch skiffs shoot out from the Kineo pier at 9 A.M. or earlier, often wives and daughters accompanying the fishermen, and go to the famous fishing pools, returning at night with the brilliantly spotted game, which is served for breakfast the next morning. The guides have wonderful skill in handling these birches in quick water and amidst heavy seas. They are Yankees, Indians, and half-breeds, intelligent, thoroughly wide awake and interesting in all that relates to backwoods life, and capable of story-telling to any extent. The *Day-Dream* takes parties to all points on the lake for fishing or pleasure—to the Outlet, to Lily Bay, to the Socatean Stream, to the Northeast or Northwest Carry, to Spencer Stream, and to the North Bay, the east side of Kineo Cliff. A whale-boat with a steam-engine in it, a gem of a steamer, the factotum at Mount Kineo, it works night and day during the height of the season, and brings the distant nooks and points of interest within easy reach for the day's sport. Guides and fishermen rapidly assimilate in appearance as the days go on, till you can hardly tell the

"SOMETHING THAT DOES NOT RISE AT A 'FLY.'"

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bronzed faces one from the other, and are forced to confess the truth of the saying that dress makes the man—certainly makes the distinction which we too often ascribe to birth or fortune.

The fishing itself is hardly what it used to be when the lake was overfull of speckled trout. It now requires more skill. The trout do not rise so readily to the fly, and yet the sport is not lessened; they are still abundant—if you can catch them. They spawn in the brooks which feed the lake. Spencer Stream is a famous spawning bed. It is filled with little mounds or heaps of gravel stones made by the trout, which carry the pebbles in their mouths, and place them in regular order over their spawn with their tails. The survival of the fittest is the law in the realm of fishes as well as in the contest of races. The male trout protects the female, while spawning, from the roaches and red-fins, which seek to destroy the spawn, and these mounds are the castles of defense which the trout erect for this purpose. Even with this protection, it is estimated that not more than one trout in one thousand arrives at maturity. The little streams are alive with the tiny trout darting to and fro in schools in the shimmering light. The fish have their haunts, with which all the good guides are familiar. They often follow the log booms in the spring, and have their holes as in the meadow streams. The fly is used at all seasons, though September is the best month. Deep-water fishing is best in June, July, and early in August. Bait fishing is best from April to June. White-fish and lake trout are caught in large quantities through the ice in the winter. Buoy fishing is common all through the summer. Famous stories are told of the lakers or togue. The largest specimen yet taken weighed twenty-seven pounds. Our guide was positive that he had seen several uncaught which ought to weigh a hundred apiece. These lakers are the monsters of the deep, and prefer to live on their own race—cannibals in fact and cannibals in appearance. The speckled trout are the best to eat, and the most gamy to catch. We went to one of these trout holes for a day's good fishing. The fun began almost before we were ready

INSPECTION OF A DAY'S FISHING.

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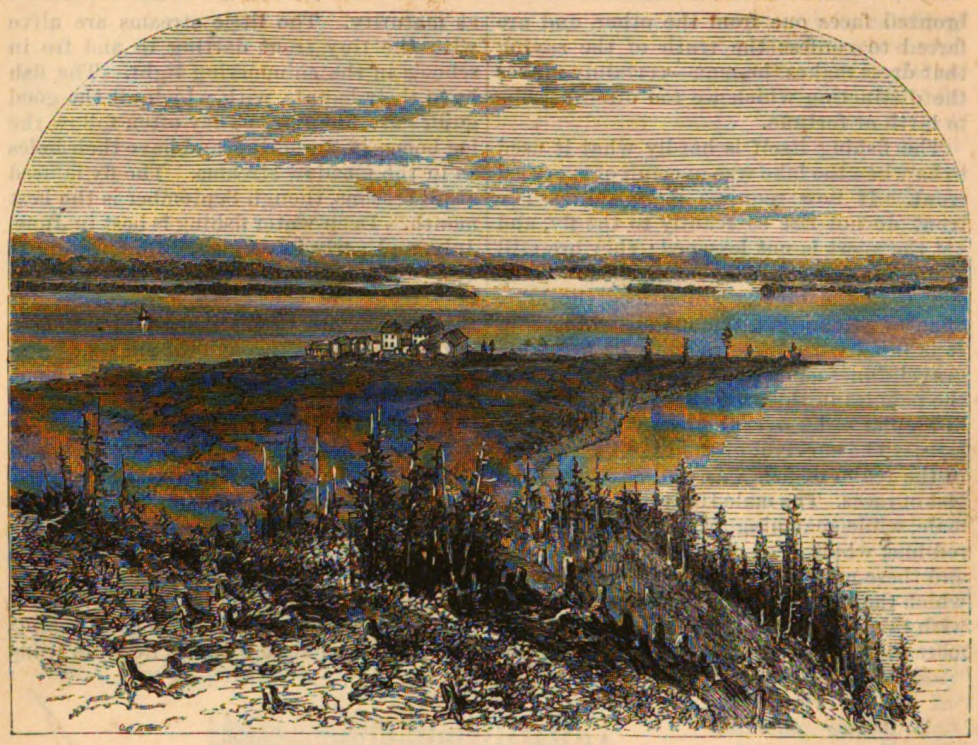

VIEW FROM MOUNT KINEO.

for it. We had drifted our boat over the hole, a dozen yards from a ledge of rock, and were putting our lines in order, when we found that the bait in a luckless moment had been thrown overboard, and we had nothing to supply its place but salt pork. We baited our hooks with this, and I sank my line to try the depth, when, lo! I discovered that we were in a school of trout, and pulling up my line, which was evidently troubled at the other end, I drew in a monster speckled trout weighing five pounds. It was something like inspiration to see him darting up through clear water, and to swing him, not with the calmest feeling, into the boat. Didn't the lines go down then in a hurry! We fished in earnest. Presently the youngster in the bow drew in a bright shining companion, and laid him down beside the champion. Then came another, then another—a pause—then, quick as a flash, another; and so we went on baiting the hook and pulling in the fish, not minding a shower which came up and drifted our boat with the strong tide in upon the rocks, but pushing out again and taking in the boundless enjoyment of a day's good fishing. That night we broiled trout on spits, perforated with bits of pork to season the meat, and sat upon the logs on shore, a piece of hardtack in one hand and a piece of trout in the other, with a tin dish of tea on the sand, talking over the adventures of the day, about as hungry and happy a company of mortals as you could find in a day's ride. The boys were just bubbling over with their new adventures. The guide himself owned that we had met with unusually good luck for the season, and the two fathers of the expedition counted noses that night with more than usual satisfaction.

Mount Kineo is a cliff of flint 789 feet above the surface of the lake, and on two sides presenting a perpendicular surface of dark brown and blackened weather-beaten rock. Around in the North Bay the front is especially bold. It would seem as if some convulsion of nature had thrown up this cliff from the abyss beneath, which is found by actual measurement to be as deep as the frowning battlement is high. The ascent of Mount Kineo is from the western slope. The fog was just lifting as we reached the peak. The scene was beautiful beyond description. The changing sky; the dim outlines of distant mountains; the sloping sides of nearer hills wooded to the top; the full wildness of continuous forest, broken only by two or three habitations within the whole reach of the eye; the lake northward ending in a forest desolation, with tall trunks here and there marking the wilderness; the lake southward dotted with islands, and finally shut in by projecting mountains — who shall transfer to paper the impression which this scene in Northern Maine stamps on the mind's eye? It makes you feel like another man to look from Mount Kineo over upon the Canada border, and stretch out your right arm and

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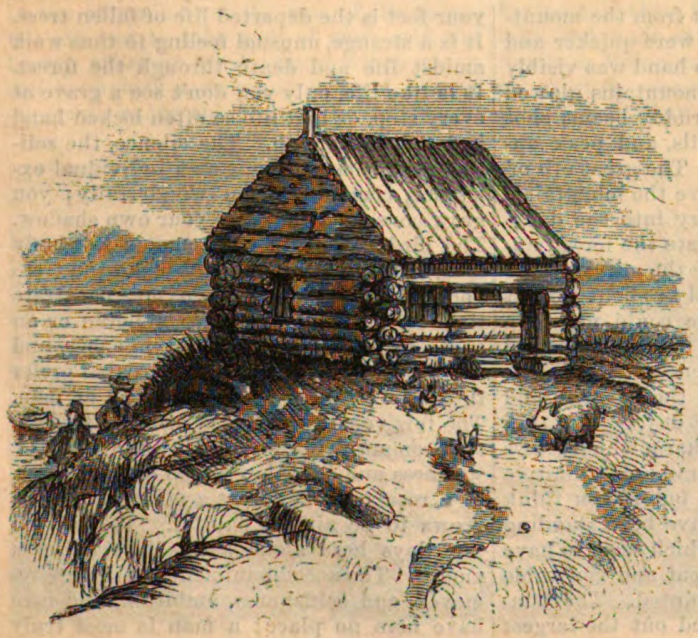
almost shake hands with grand old Katahdin. One would wish to live here not less in winter than in summer. It would have made a delightful home for Wordsworth, or Thoreau, or Starr King, or Percival, and the poetry of the woods and mountains would have been far richer than it is now, had they camped out here in rain and shine.

SOCATEAN FALLS.

Yet the scene from camp that night was hardly less beautiful. The wooded western slope of Kineo stood out in wonderful strength and color. The mottled sky reflected the sunlight upon the distant foliage with exquisite softness. The lake was smooth like a mirror, and the islands seemed like enchanted land. The fish leaped from the water as if to express their delight. The ripples glistened in the lessening light, and the shifting clouds every moment changed shape and color. The distant mountains took the departing rays with a kind of grand repose. The semi-human cry of the loons alone broke the universal stillness and solitude of the hour. It seemed a time when Nature and God could most fitly hold communion together. The scene was changed with the dawn of another day. Long before sunrise I looked out upon the lake and sky. The artist had preceded me, and rose at two o'clock to watch the auroral display. The coming on of day was an event by itself. Dark and stern, the distant hills were outlined against the reddening sky. The rising mist just touched the tranquil lake, and the chill of morning was visible in your breath. Not a leaf stirred; not a sound came from the forest. Nature was in silent prayer to her Maker. The delightfulness of the scene grew every moment. Dark recesses were visible on the wooded hill-sides, and the foliage showed light and shade. The forest seemed to be waking up. The fish again leaped from the surface of the lake.



NEAREST HOUSE TO MOUNT KINEO.

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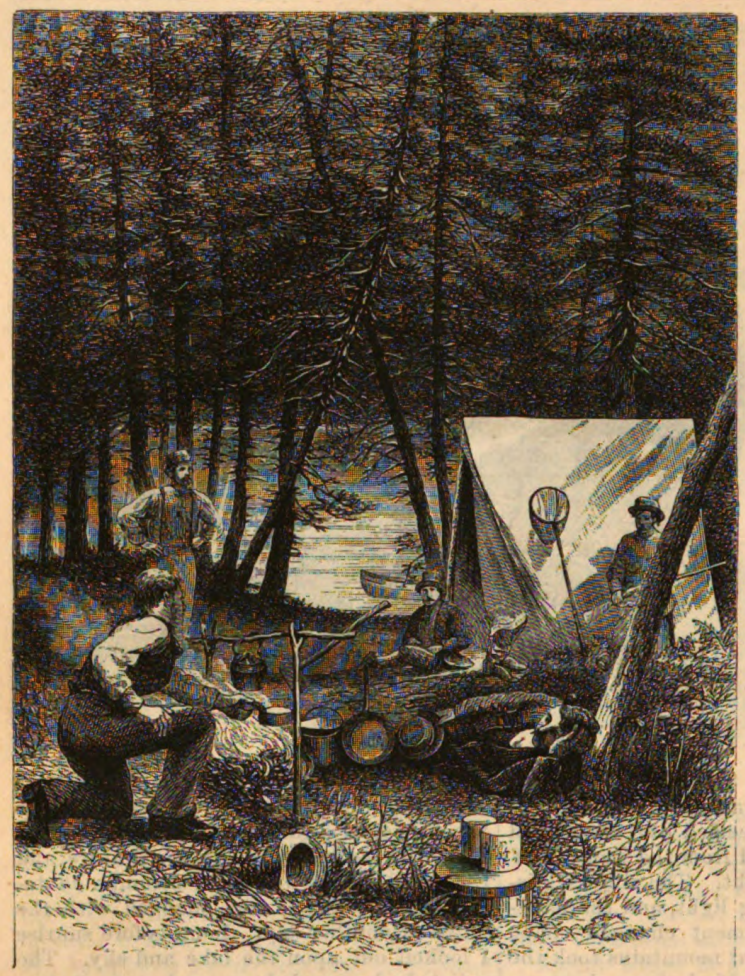

CAMP AT HEAD OF LAKE.

Shoots of light started out from the mountain's edge. The changes were quicker and brighter. The magician's hand was visibly shifting the scene. The mountains glowed with golden light. The ruddy beams shot across to the western hills, and peak answered greeting to peak. The great orb of day lifted up his disk above the mountain's edge, and poured his glory into the darkness across the lake and into the forest, until the water itself became the mirror of the day, and the darkness fled in silent retreat through the forest. One could not help thinking of those words which expressed this glory under other scenes in the beginning of the world, "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

The forest itself has a charm which grows upon you. Here are the grand old primitive forests of New England; but if you think to see sentinels which have been standing for many centuries, and which seem to have come down from an ancient and venerable past, you will be disappointed. The lumberman's axe has searched out the largest and best trees, far inland from every stream and pond, through the entire Maine forest, and the big trees of other days are now as rare as the moose which once stood proudly beside them. In places where you would like to feel that no one has been before you, you will presently find some mark that man has preceded you, and cut down a tree, or killed a moose, or made a camp. There is an impression, too, that trees simply grow old and do not die, and many expect to find them vigorous in a green old age. This is a mistake. You can not go a rod into the forest from the edge of the lake, in any place but the very few clearings, without treading upon the moss-buried shapes of venerable spruce and pines, or climbing over the huge forms which are waiting the gentle process of decay; and the very soil beneath your feet is the departed life of fallen trees. It is a strange, unusual feeling to thus walk amidst life and death through the forest. It is like life, only you don't see a grave at every step, or find life so often locked hand in hand with death. The silence, the solitude, the sense of your own individual existence, come over you wonderfully; you grow conscious almost of your own shadow. The birds which in our common woods fly from branch to branch and make the trees vocal with their songs do not penetrate these wilds. You may see a heron or an eagle, the woodpecker, the kingfisher, and the hawk, but the domestic birds all prefer to keep closer to the habitations of man. The few voices which you hear are foreign, and communicate insensibly the feeling of wildness and isolation which hour by hour, in a recess of the forest a mile from shore, grows to be almost painful. To spend a few days here alone seems like living a month. The accompaniments of life are removed, and selfishness, ambition, and care have here no place; a man is most truly thrown upon his own resources. To be

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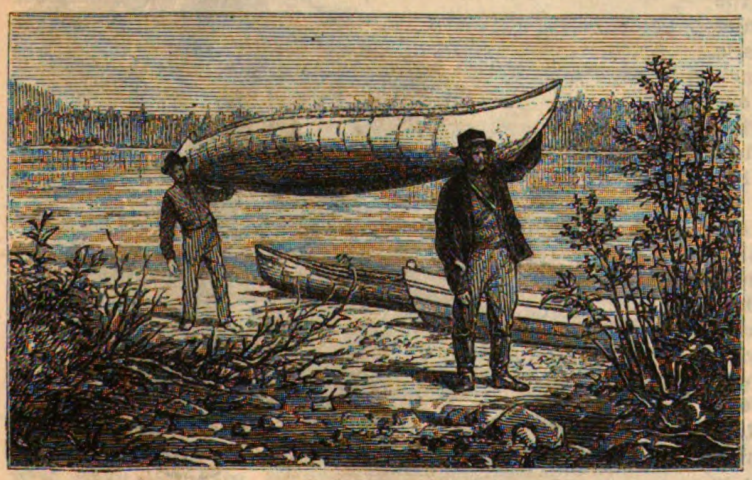
alone with nature, without book, without work, without care, without the slightest hinderance to wandering at your own sweet will, with a heart which beats "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," and to be for this purpose in the very heart of the Moosehead forests, is more than all the trout-fishing, and almost the rival of the matchless views which meet the eye.

DONKEY BAGGAGE WAGON, KINEO HOUSE.

These experiences in their fullness can only be obtained by camping out. Pitching your tent in the wilderness is the favorite way of spending vacation among younger men, and any where from fifty to a hundred persons may be found any day from July to October encamped here and there around this magnificent lake. They come in parties of four and six and eight, bringing their equipments and boarding themselves—as often encamping without guides as with them. The fun of these outdoor experiences is immense. The cooking is of a rare sort—pork and potatoes and hard-tack, and fish if you can catch them. If the appetite were not sharpened by exercise in the fresh clear air, nothing would be eaten, the cooking by men, unless they are professionals, being any thing but congenial to the stomach; yet the zest of the thing, the attempt to take care of one's self, the hearty effort at good nature which alone can keep such a company in good spirits, overcome every thing, and the cuisine is made the best of. It takes a good guide to give camping out a genuine flavor. You can pitch a canvas tent without trouble, but the backwoodsman makes his tent for the place where he stops, and cuts his garment according to the cloth. Our party of six—an artist, a doctor, an ex-minister, two boys, and a priest—engaged one of the oldest and most characteristic guides for our camping out. The splendid steamer *Governor Coburn*, on her trip up the lake, left us at the Northwest Carry, in the midst of a shower, to take care of ourselves. We could stay at Marsh Lane's shanty and be eaten up by fleas, or sleep in his hovel (barn), or camp out. We chose the woods. The guide, Skipper Sam, had pitched his tent and made his bed with the wild beasts often before. He and his stout wife, in the earlier part of their fifty years' sojourn at the lake, had made extensive journeys through Northern Maine in search of gold, and knew all about the woods. The skipper chose the Gothic form of architecture in the construction of our camp, and began the tent, as Agassiz used to draw pictures of fishes, from an existing ideal in his own mind. Three forked sticks were speedily driven into the ground, and a pole was laid in the forks. This was the upper edge. The batteau sail covered one side; the bark of hemlock-trees, peeled off in large sheets and lapped, sheathed the other; the ends were left open



LANDING THE CANOES.

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PIONEER'S WIFE.

for ventilation; spruce and fir boughs were arranged on the ground for our bed; bark was stretched across the ridge-pole to keep out the impending rain; a big fire was made outside; our kettles and pans and accoutrements were hung up on the broken limbs of the nearest trees; and as darkness walled us in, our humble home in cheerfulness, in simplicity, in adaptation of means to ends, was very like a Scotch kitchen. Supper that night was not a distinguished meal. We roasted a few trout, holding them by wooden spits over the fire, and hard-tack and tea completed the humble fare. It was served on a big log, the party sitting around on stumps and rocks, hungry and thankful. The lake was at once well and wash-basin. The skipper cleaned his dishes with Indian's soap—rubbing them in the sand. The first night of camping out is like the day of one's marriage: you are on your best behavior. The only light was the camp fire. A quiet smoke, a few yarns, a good toasting of one's several sides as one shifted from one seat to another, and we turned in for the night. The artist, true to his instinct, had camped out on the Saranac lakes for his wedding tour, and turned in with a familiar air, as if it were pleasure. It was my lot to lie next to the wilderness; my pillow was a bag of potatoes. Rolling myself up in an army blanket, I lay down to sleep; but sleep fled before anxious fears. What if a bear should come down from yonder mountain and just bite my leg off for his supper? What if some of the lesser fry should try their hand on me—squirrels search my pockets, wood mice crawl into my boots and vary my slumbers with a new sensation? There is a time when every man is a coward, and my time had come. Like many a coward, however, I said nothing, and soon lost myself in sleep. Slumber is sweet out in these pine and spruce forests. The aroma of the trees fills the air; the silence is profound; the wild game is harmless; the security is complete; and nothing but a man's own sins need keep him awake. And just here is the tonic of the woods. Your life is completely changed; your thoughts are taken up with the things about you; your observing faculties are exercised within a small but fresh range; you have to learn, if the lesson is new, to be a good fellow; and so camping out becomes a quick test of character, no less than a wonderful renewing power for a worn-out man.

It was a study to see how each man in the party took to his own special liking.

MARSH LANE'S CABIN.

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SKIPPER SAM.

The boys were fast for hunting, and brought in hawks, partridges, and squirrels. The artist had a general disposition to enjoy himself, and didn't fish, didn't hunt, didn't tell stories; but he was thoroughly genial, and we all liked him. The doctor talked "shop" a little, and theology more, and told stories, and developed a character of growing interest each day. The ex-minister had a solemn way about him which was very impressive. He was great with the rod, and supplied the table with trout. The priest had a passion for paddling a canoe, for entering into various experiences, and for finding out every thing. He could tell stories, but didn't fish or shoot; was, in fact, resting from his parish cares, and glad to be much alone. He and the artist took rambles into the thicket, and had much in common. Skipper Sam, a genuine character, made great fun. Clad in homespun, the stub of a pipe in his mouth, his ancient felt hat half concealing his hair, now sprinkled with gray, his eyes under the grim brows twinkling with humor, he liked nothing better than to sit by the hour together, taking a puff from his pipe and spitting at the fire, amidst his wonderful yarns. You could set him agoing as you do a clock, and he was always ready for a little bigger story than the one last told.

The climax of our camping out was reached one evening at Marsh Lane's. We had broken camp and gone over to old Marsh's to spend the night, taking our supper at his shanty with some misgivings for what we might take besides, and obtaining the privilege of bunking upon the straw in his hovel. The night was clear, and the stars shone brightly. Marsh's log-cabin is the rudest possible specimen of the backwoods hotel, and being at the carry which strikes the old Canada road, and the last house before you reach the northwest boundary line of the State, takes the men who come and go both ways. Captain Smart, of the West Branch drive, was waiting to enter the interior with a party prospecting for lumber, and the party had come up from Kineo in a canoe just before sunset, and encamped on the further side of the bay. Skipper Sam built of drift-wood and broken stumps a famous fire upon the beach, and our own party sat down on seats which nature had provided, to wear away the hours till the time for turning in. Every man looked rougher than his wont in the red light, Skipper Sam the roughest of all. We had lighted our pipes, had extemporized comfortable seats,

INDIAN CAMP, NORTHEAST CARRY.

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SKIPPER SAM'S WIFE.

and were warming up for good talking, when the dip of paddles announced the arrival of the exploring party from the other side—two Boston men interested in lumber, with the elder Masterman, a famous hunter, as their guide. Marsh Lane, a six-footer, slightly bent with years, a grim old man, a settler of thirty-five years ago, to whom cleanliness was a stranger and whisky was not, presently straggled in, smoking his pipe, silent, moody, with his dog behind him. His cook, who was, if possible, dirtier than himself, dragged himself along in the rear—a man who works hard for his board and clothes, and is too shiftless to do better. It was one of those rare gatherings where every man was unlike his fellow, and each was anxious to have his own say. Skipper Sam was in his element. He piled the fagots upon the fire till the flames shot up high into the air and glared out upon the darkness of the lake. He was allowed to be the master of ceremonies, and his own doings and sayings were the chief entertainment of the evening. Conversation and story-telling had become quite brisk before our visitors came, and were more brisk afterward. The topics, as was natural, were chiefly hunting and fishing, and the adventures which grow out of life in the woods; and the two guides, stimulated by the attentive listeners, soon began a race to see which could tell the biggest story. It was first trout-fishing, then moose-hunting, then bear-hunting; then the habits of the moose were discussed. Questions increased the number and rapidity of the stories of personal adventure. Old Marsh Lane puffed away at his pipe, discharging tobacco juice furiously at the end of a log, silent, attentive, not dropping even a word. Skipper Sam walked up and down the narrow beach, too excited to sit down. Neither guide could wait till the other had finished his story before he began one of his own, and each by gesticulations and raising of his voice tried to gain exclusive attention. Personal adventures from the lips of one who had killed two hundred bears, told in the picturesque and earnest manner which takes hold of your imagination, made the stories of Masterman intensely interesting; and if the skipper told whoppers, it was a pardonable offense in one who could not bear to be outdone.

Thus these naturally silent men of the woods kept our whole party on the *qui vive* till a late hour over their simple and thrilling narratives. Suddenly the talk ended. It was good-night all around. Rough forms retreated into the darkness, a canoe touched the lake, the dip of the paddles soon died away in the distance, and one after another our own party disappeared into the hovel, each rolling himself up in a blanket for the night, leaving the ex-minister and the priest to keep the fire and watch for the expected steamer, if she should come in the night. Even they finally searched in vain for the soft side of a bed of rocks, and sought shelter in the hovel. The morning disclosed six strange shapes in as many different directions imbedded in the straw, and the guide stoutly insisted that he had slept soundly under his canoe on the rocks. With the morning came the steamer, and after a breakfast, at which you questioned with yourself how little you could eat of Marsh Lane's cook's cooking and live till you reached Mount Kineo, we went on board. Thus ended our camping out. We were glad to have it begin, and more glad to have it end and to return to civilized life.

The list of Moosehead characters is not exhausted by Skipper Sam and Marsh Lane. Mrs. Harford, the wife of the skipper and the mother of six children, is one. A woman hard on to three hundred pounds in weight, as strong as she is stout, always at work, she is the *beau ideal* of a backwoodsman's wife. One winter she cut and hauled on a hand-sled to the shore of the lake fifty cords of wood, and she has lived so much out-of-doors that she prefers a camp to a house. Her husband had on a pair of shoes which she had cut and made, remarking, as he held up his foot, "Them's the best shoes I ever had, and my woman made 'em, every bit." She is tailor and dress-maker, and we found her at a hand-loom weaving homespun for the family of a neighbor. She is as expert with a canoe as Ida Lewis is with a boat, and is rather the heroine for courageous things on the lake. Hardly less so is Mrs. Rufus Lamb, who came to Sand Bar with

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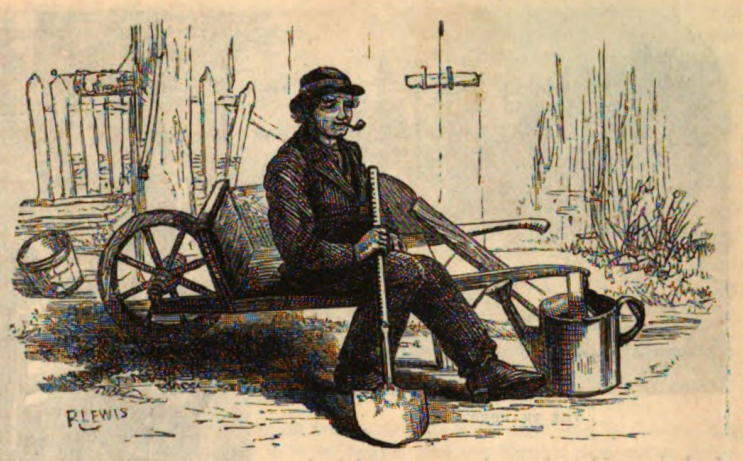
her husband fifteen years ago to begin pioneer life in the wilderness. They built a log-shanty, and began their clearing. Mrs. Lamb believed in copartnership in the work outside, and lent a willing hand. She used to cut wood and sled it to the shore of the lake with her heifers, transporting in this way one winter a hundred cords. In the summer she goes into the hay field, and in her own expressive words, the glow of a healthy soul beaming in her bright eyes as she spoke, "I can take Rufus and go into the field and get as much hay as any other two men in Greenville." She had just come in, on the summer morning I saw her, from trimming her apple-trees—her apology for her rough dress; but a brighter, more capable, more energetic, more intelligent, more self-reliant woman, or one who could entertain you better in conversation, can hardly be found around Moosehead.



OLD SEBATTIS.

Old Sebattis is now gone from Mount Kineo. Very many sportsmen have passed a merry hour in his company. He pretended to an odd sense, and passed for a crack-brained prophet. He said that he made the lake and the mountain, and though only seventy years old, pretended to be one hundred and eighty-five. He was the bar-room wit at the Kineo, and liked nothing better than to entertain the crowd with his strange stories—often much wit amidst exhaustless nonsense. Originally a man of strong constitution, or, in his expressive words, "I used to feel as if I'd like to split myself in two and make four or five of me," he broke down rapidly from dissipation. Being questioned as to his religious views, he instantly replied: "I'm a Free-willer" (Free-will Baptist), "and think a deal more of heaven when I go to bed than these galvanized" (Calvinized) "ministers do. I'll go to heaven when I die." He was an excellent gardener, and seemed as much a part of the establishment as the donkey who carries the baggage.

"OLD IVORY."

"Old Ivory," the *sobriquet* of the late proprietor of the Lake House, is the true fisherman landlord—good-natured, always ready for fishing or a story, and making the best of every thing. May he long live to head fishing parties to Wilson's and the Outlet, and may that round brown face, cropping out below the mass of black hair and the broad-brimmed hat, continue for many years to greet the comers to the lake!

If Roach River be the point of an excursion, one should not fail to make the acquaintance of Ruel Keene, the quickest-witted Yankee around the lake, and the best story-teller. Whether you are sportsman or river-driver, you are sure of a bed and hospitality at his hands, and no better company can be found. The lake is often the resort of queer people. Once a man from Massachusetts came here to poison himself in the woods—a feat which he easily accomplished. In other days a hermit lived on Burnt

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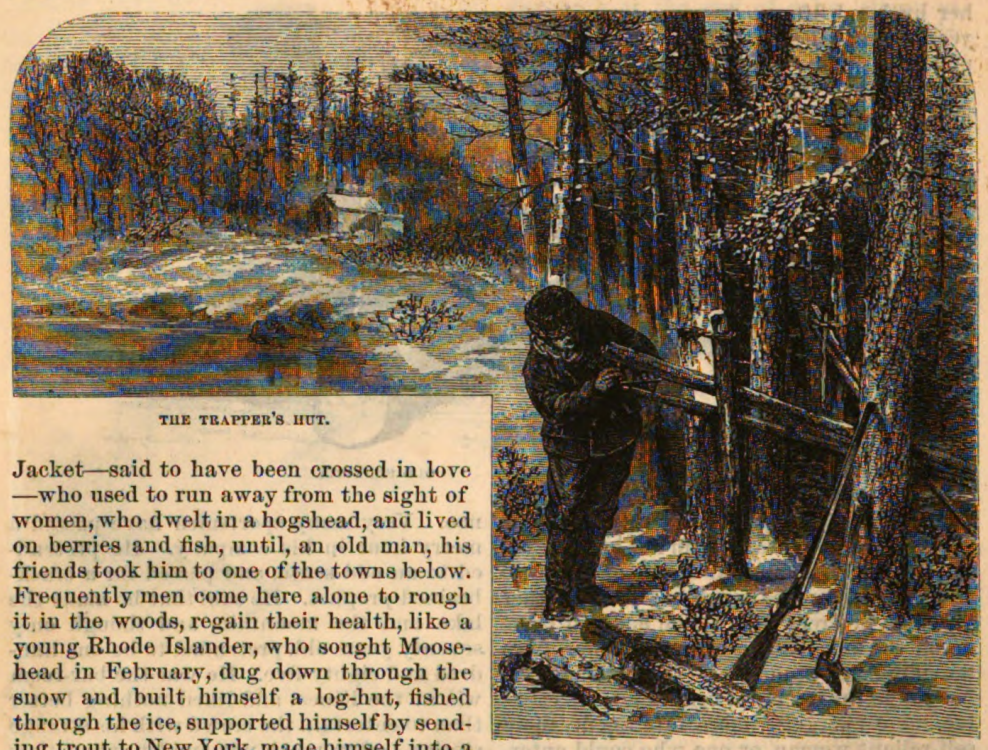

THE TRAPPER'S HUT.

Jacket—said to have been crossed in love—who used to run away from the sight of women, who dwelt in a hogshead, and lived on berries and fish, until, an old man, his friends took him to one of the towns below. Frequently men come here alone to rough it in the woods, regain their health, like a young Rhode Islander, who sought Moosehead in February, dug down through the snow and built himself a log-hut, fished through the ice, supported himself by sending trout to New York, made himself into a backwoodsman, pitched his tent from point to point as the season advanced, finally grew brown and stout, and went home in July, thoroughly built up and renewed, a wiser, stronger, better man.

Many people are disappointed with the hunting. They come expecting to find bears without searching for them, and to kill partridges by the dozen with a single charge of buck-shot. The game around the lake has been greatly killed off, and one must go long distances to find what he wishes. The real hunter goes where the game is, and the guides are chiefly engaged during the winter in hunting expeditions. They usually go in pairs, warmly dressed, but not burdened with equipments, and are often absent a month or six weeks from home. They carry a gun, an axe, a dipper, matches, a few pounds of hard bread, and make their tent each day at night-fall. One prepares logs for the camp fire, while the other with his snow-shoes digs down to the ground, and makes a place eight feet square, which is filled with fir boughs at the bottom and sides. A fire is built in the middle, and they lie down, one on each side, without more covering than the clothes worn during the day. The only caution is to keep your feet warm. Thus men, with the thermometer at zero, go from Greenville down the West Branch to Ripogum's, and even over to Katahdin and up to Chamberlain Farm, in search of moose, bears, and caribou. They often strike a trail, and turn in at the logging camps, where one is always sure of a generous welcome. The game back in the woods is abundant. Moose ten years ago were very plenty, but have been so much killed off that they are seldom found except around Katahdin and further north and west. They live in winter on browse and fir boughs, in summer on blue-joint and lilies; are short-sighted and strong-scented, and are best shot near the streams and lakes. Bears are hunted chiefly in September and October. They feed on ants, berries, and honey trees, prowl around the camps, and are found in the fall by the streams and on the burned lands. They are human enough to be exceedingly fond of rum and molasses, and are often trapped or shot in this way. Masterman, the hero of bear-shooting, says that he never had one face him yet. The black-cats live on hedgehogs, mice, and various small game, inhabit the roughest parts of the mountains, and are not easily trapped, often biting off their toes in order to escape. The beavers live together in families of from two to twelve. The Indians watch and shoot them at night. To catch them you have to set your trap in ten inches of water, so as to take their hind-legs. The musk-rats are taken in traps or in their holes in the bank. The mink is chiefly caught in traps at dead-falls. The otter, furnishing the best fur, live on fish, and are generally trapped. Deer are numerous, live much like the moose, and are hunted in the same way. The caribou, a species of deer, are plenty, and very hard to kill. They live principally on mosses and browse, and are still-hunted. For bird game,

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bald-eagles are plenty, but not often killed; partridges are numerous, and hunted in October; and black-duck shooting is good in September and October. The loons defy the skill of the hunter. They are the evil spirits of the lake. Their cry sounds like the mocking laughter of demons, and is heard at all times, day and night. They are about the size of a goose, but heavier, always in motion, and seldom caught alive. They are shot with a rifle, but are so quick in their movements that hardly one shot in a thousand takes effect. All this hunting is at your hand, if you are patient and can wait for it. It is obviously out of reach for those who spend but a week at the lake, and live at Mount Kineo. In the autumn sportsmen abound, and excursions with guides to all accessible points, until the end of October, are the order of the day. Even then life does not depart from the lake. The lumbermen succeed the sportsmen, and 1200 men pass up into the woods and back again to the towns below before the summer visitors come again. In these grand old forests Maine finds her chief source of wealth.

TICONDEROGA AND MONTCALM.

"There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec;* which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World History."—CARLYLE, *History of Frederick the Great.*

MONTCALM.

I.

FROM the iceberg to the palm-tree,
As a giant check for giants,
Stretch a flawless chain of French posts,
Muskets, traders, priests, and cannon.
From the cold sea to the hot sea,
On our long path let the Northeast
Sift the snow among the forests;
On our long path let the Southwest
Sow the violets in the wet woods.
France will shut the English up now
East behind the Alleghanies.*

In her right hand is the oak-tree,
In her left hand is the olive;
And she walks toward the sunset,
And her couch is in the sunrise.
From the Labrador St. Lawrence
To the tropic Mississippi,
From the arctic moss and reindeer
And the Esquimaux ice village
To the cotton blooms and rice-birds
And the Mexic hills of silver,
Let the woodlands give her welcome.
Let the Great Lakes be our border,
With these rivers we discovered:
Choke the lion with the lilies.

II.

So spake France, and built her strongholds
From the cold sea to the hot sea:
On the gnarled hoarse shores in pine glooms,
Where the dun moose snuffs the salt fog,
And the blue ice floats the walrus,
And the snow-shoe tracks the smooth seal,
And the whale's breath wakes the slow bear,
And the North lights daze the white owl,
In Acadia and bleak Brunswick;

Under mountains shagged with oak woods,
Where the wolf howls from the gray cliff,
And old war-paths thread the cascades,
And the clear springs wash the brown ores,
And the lilies fringe the lone lakes,
And the whippowil drinks night-dew,
At Crown Point, Ticonderoga;

In the quiver of the booming,
Where the rainbow spans the shot seas,
And the awed clouds droop and listen,
And the hushed stars quake at midnight,
And a thunder flaps its vast wings,
And ascendeth pauseless anthem,
At Niagara and Erie;

In the darkling Alleghanies,
Where the grim peaks nurse the lightning,

* "Not a fountain bubbled on the west side of the Alleghanies but was claimed as being within the French Empire."—BANCROFT, *History of the United States*, iii., 343.

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"AND THE STARRY ROMISH CROSIER IN THE GLITTERING HAND OF FAIR FRANCE."

And the swift stag flees the panther,
And the beaver builds his wise weir,
And the oocoocoo struts sunward,
And the lithe fish leap the loud brooks,
At Duquesne and in Venango;

On the prairie's green round ocean,
Where the foam of blossoms rustleth,
And through emerald leagues the waves gleam,
And the bison swim the grass sea,
And the wide sky waketh wide thoughts,
And the slant showers chase the sun-bursts,
At Detroit and still Kaskaskia;

On the dateless mounds and maize fields,
Where the old oaks grow in old graves,
And the heaped earth traceth strange shapes,
And a buried race sleeps nameless,
And thronged ages hide in ashes,
And the bent squaw plants the fat soil,
On the Wabash and Ohio;

Among cotton-trees and rice-birds,
Where the red chief tames the wild horse,
And the vexed herds flee the lasso,
And the bayous steam in fierce suns,
And the orange drops its gold globes,
And the Gulf winds faint with incense,
In Arkansas and New Orleans:
Thus behind the Alleghanies
Join the iceberg and the palm-tree.

III.

"By the treaty made at Utrecht,"
Saith in Paris haughty Louis,
With his statesmen of wide foreheads
Toward the setting sun far-sighted,
"By the long voyage of our Cartier,
By the long voyage of our Joliet,
All the lands are ours forever
Which the Mississippi claspeth
In his bosom or his fingers:
Or St. Lawrence, with the five lakes,
In his bosom or his fingers:
All the lands and all the waters.
See the Mississippi's left hand
Twine with Alleghany vapors,
As with forelocks of a giant;

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"HOLY DEPTHS OF STAINLESS CRYSTAL,
SOWN WITH ISLANDS OUT OF DREAM-LAND."

And the Mississippi's right hand
Twine with Rocky Mountain cloud wrack,
As with forelocks of a giant.
His soft fingers soothe their stern thoughts.
Thus the sunset is our sunrise.
Empire broader than was Cæsar's,
Realm more wide than Alexander's,
Valley fatter than was Pharaoh's;
Waters prouder than the Danube,
Current princelier than Euphrates,
River mightier than the Nile stream;
Dun Missouri from the sunset,
Green Ohio from the sunrise,
Mississippi in the high noon—
Ever ours, for so the sceptre
And the starry Romish crosier
In the glittering hand of fair France
Shall be stretched across the New World,
And be dipped in the Pacific."

IV.

"By the treaty made at Ryswick,"
Saith green Britain to the French king,
With her statesmen of wide foreheads
Toward the setting sun far-sighted,
"Are the subtle, stately red men,
The leagued Iroquois Five Nations,
Our allies, and own the sceptre
In the sinewy hand of England.
But Crown Point, Ticonderoga,
For the swift canoe and snow-shoe,
From the South to North the gateway,
With Niagara, Ohio,
For the swift canoe and snow-shoe,
From the East to West the gateway,
Are the ancient just possession
Of the Iroquois Five Nations—
Subtle, stern, and stately red men.
Thus the sunset is our sunrise.
Where their bow or hatchet ruleth,
Roameth safe the British lion.
In the Adirondack gorges,
In Niagara's huge thunders,
In Ohio's crackling forests,
Croucheth fierce the British lion."

V.

So the loud, hot sky drips lightnings
In the morning of the New World;
Burns while Washington and Braddock
Smite the hemming links of fair France,
Face the whistling bolts of battle,
With a continent at hazard;
Burns while on the savage war-path
Lone Fort Edward, where the Hudson,
Under murmuring pines and hemlocks,
Hears the panther and the owlet,
And hushed Henry, on the Lake George—
Mirror fit to gaze in God's face,
Holy depths of stainless crystal,
Sown with islands out of dream-land,

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"PAST THE THUNDER-CLOUD OF RED TRIBES."

Girt by green and solemn mountains,
Wolf and eagle in their bosoms,
And the joy of all the seasons,
Night and noon, the green and red leaf,
Sun-lit snow-falls, sun-lit rain-falls,
Dreaming moons and crimson twilights,
Glassed Orion, day-star, Iris—
Rise to shield the English border,
Stay the hatchets, quench the fire-brands,
Choke the war-whoops in the midnights;
Burns while proud Montcalm, to match them,
Red and white and blue his standard,
In the rustling sunny wildness
Thinks of France, and plants her lilies
In the grim Ticonderoga.
Growl the gray walls in the green woods,
Where the hoarse white Sounding Waters
Meet the tawny Champlain billows;
Where the sunrise kisses mountains
In the blue and purple distance,
And the mountains kiss the sunset
In the bold transfigured nearness,
He, himself a waxing new moon,
Sees the slow moon's wane and waxing;
He, himself an eagle restless,
Sees the eagles pierce the noontide.

VI.

Through the panting August forests
And the lonely dreaming islands,
Swoops Montcalm as swoops the eagle,
Smites Fort Henry to its haunches;
With the flame beaks of the cannon
Tears it six slow-rolling sad suns;
Sends aloft in smoke its timbers.
As the robins hush their dawn-song,
See defenseless the brave vanquished,
Under sighing forest arches,
Huddle toward a distant shelter,
Past the thunder-cloud of red tribes.
Stretch their bowstrings, lithe Oneidas;
Lift their hatchets, lank Nepissings;
Poise their arrows, greedy Hurons;
Whet their scalping-knives, Algonquins;
Whoop a death-whoop, Sacs and Foxes;
Slip a loose leash, gaunt, parched hell-dogs,
Who the fair shore bathe in murder,
In the rent graves plunder corpses,

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"SEE A THOUSAND FLASHING BARGES."

In the hot blood drench their hot lips.
On the mountains hang the rainbows,
And the ragged rims of thunder,
And the maple drops her red leaf,
And the blood-stain yet remaineth.

VII.

Abercrombie answereth Montcalm,
Strikes across the crystal lakelet
When the summer fills the mountains.
England's arm hath brawny muscles:
See a thousand flashing barges,
And the blue-coats and the red-coats,
And the tartans from Loch Lomond,
And the sunlight on the forests,
And the mirrored oaks and maples,
Breathing beeches, silver birches,
Giant pines on mighty summits,
Iris sheen and iris sparkles,
And the sword glare in the waters;
Hear the pibroch from Loch Katrine,
And the neighing of the horses,
And the crackle of the armor,
And the clashing of the oar-locks,
And the sigh of harping islets,
And the pebbly fret of white strands,
And the dewy drip of bird songs,
And the echoing of the bugles.
Nine blue thousands are Provincials,
Bred with panthers and the eagles,
Men who smoothed a New World's rough face,
And the cradle of its future
Rocked beneath its singing pine-trees,
Putnam, Rogers and his rangers;
Six red thousands British soldiers,
Burnt by suns beyond the salt seas,
Scarred in Fontenoy and Black Watch,
Led by Howe, who on his bear-skin
Couched last night and talked of triumph,
But who goes to God to-morrow.
From the giant tangled dark woods
On the Trout Brook, at the ambush
Wet with mist of roaring cascades,
Floateth up his strong white spirit.
See one lonely barge returning
Where a thousand spanned the clear depths,
Threads the islands with his black pall,
Bears an army's heart beneath it.
In the Abbey of Westminster
Wrote his name young Massachusetts,
Carved the word Ticonderoga
On the proud and pallid marbles.

VIII.

Wail the bugles through the forests,
Wail and grieve and sound to onset,
Fifteen thousand against four;
But the four the fifteen vanquish.
See, Montcalm across Carillon,
As the fateful morning dawneth,
Builds long breastwork of felled timbers*
Pierced for triple row of muskets,
And before these an abatis—
Leveled trees with sharpened branches—
Bristling outward from the trenches.
Rave the Highlanders with broadswords,†
Through the singing leaden tempest,

* "In front was a strong intrenchment consisting of a number of large trees laid lengthwise one over the other, seven to eight feet in height, and pierced with a double row of loop-holes, by which arrangement there was a triple fire. The intrenchment flanked itself perfectly well, and was impregnable to musketry. A huge abatis of trees, which extended outside the entire length, rendered it more formidable....The French were invisible. Nothing was to be seen of them but a small bit of their caps while they were keeping up a terrible and continual fire. Every man who wished to approach nearer than fifteen paces was irreparably dead."—*Letter of an Eye-Witness, New York Colonial Documents*, x., 734–736.

† "The fire on the one side and on the other was like that at the battle of Parma, and the fight continued until eight o'clock at night.....The justice is due them to state that they have attacked us with the most determined bravery. It is not usual that such should be the case with intrenchments for seven consecutive hours... English grenadiers and Scotch Highlanders continued charging for three hours without retreating or breaking, and several were killed within fifteen paces of our abatis."—*Montcalm, July* 12, 1758, *to Marshal De Belleisle, New York Colonial Documents*, x., 733, 740, 741.

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"RAVE THE HIGHLANDERS WITH BROADSWORDS."

To the muzzles of the Frenchmen,
Until Duncan Campbell falleth;
But cowereth at safe distance
This red day faint Abercrombie:
Seven hot hours the fifteen thousand
Set their bare breasts to the bullets:
Snuff the deer and scent the eagles
From the mountains taint of battle;
Shines the holy July sunlight
On white lilies full of blood-stains;
In the holy July twilight,
On the leaves before the French lines,
Faces stark and eyelids open,
Find two thousand their last slumber.
From their blood-pools into God's face
Look the dead men and find solace.
From disaster courage riseth;
Now hath Pitt plans new and mighty;
In the hollow bone of danger
Is the honey of wise boldness.
Here are trained a people's sinews,
Here grow stout the hearts of armies,
Which are soon to quell the lion,
As they follow the young eagle.
Now accomplishing is God's plan,
And the end of it is not yet:
From Lake George God sees red Concord,
And the Lexington stained meadow,
Bunker Hill, and Saratoga;
From Lake George hears He already
Sumter's bugles blow arousal,
Clank of giant fetters riven,
Guns of Gettysburg and Richmond.
On a finger of God's right hand
Stands the world's soft-spinning axle.

IX.

When the lilies next are ripened,
Strikes and throttles Amherst wary,
By investment chokes the fortress;
While Montcalm and Wolfe together
In Quebec, in mortal wrestle,
Cross the flags of France and England
High above the ocean river,
In the audience of the ages;
Cross the glittering hand of fair France

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And the sinewy hand of England,
With a continent hung balanced
From the griping giant fingers.

X.

Slideth toward the Mississippi
From the tops of Alleghanies
And the peaks of Rocky Mountains
Not a rill that doth not tremble;
All the springs that feed the Great Lakes
Quiver in their leafy coverts.
Arctic mosses ask the prairies,
And the prairies ask the tropics,
And the reindeer ask the bison,
And the bison ask the Gulf birds;
Blue Ontario asketh Erie,
Huge Superior asketh Huron—
Which of two will be their master;
And Niagara now listens.
From the icy spur of Asia
To the Cuban shore of spices,
From the shivering Greenland lichens
To the Mexic groves of orange,
From the pole beneath the North Star
To the palms beneath Orion,
From the palms beneath Orion
To the snows beneath the South Cross,
Far vast future crystallizeth,
With a hemisphere at hazard,
As Wolfe hears, "They fly! they fly!"
From the cold sea to the hot sea
Faileth France with Romish fashions,
Shackled printing,* voteless tenants,
Scanty schools, and Caste as ruler;
Triumphs England with Caste waning,
Sleepless printing, voting freeholds,
Thick-sown schools, and open Bible.
These the Mississippi drinketh;
Winneth these unborn Nevada;
These now greeteth the Pacific
From the iceberg to the palm-tree.
Sing, Yosemite's tall cedars;
Shout, far-soaring St. Elias;
Listen, Santee and Savannah;
Pause, Niagara, and listen:

WOLFE.

Strideth on a step colossal,
And the Path's end findeth not yet;
What at last our God performeth,
From the first our God intendeth.
All the past was predetermined;
All to come is now fore-ordered.
See, accomplishing is God's plan,
But the end of it is not yet;
And we know not what He will do,
But we know that He now knoweth.
On a finger of God's right hand
Stands the world's soft-spinning axle,
And His eye-beams swathe its whirled zones.
Through the starry, soundless spaces
Strideth on His step colossal;
Moves the earth upon His finger,
But His eye-beams go before it.

DOUBLE VISTA ISLAND, LAKE GEORGE. JOSEPH COOK.

THE STONE AGE IN EUROPE.

By CHARLES RAU.

V.—KITCHEN-MIDDENS AND LAKE SETTLEMENTS.

THE later or neolithic period of the European Stone Age, upon which we are now entering, marks a great advance in the industrial acquirements and social condition of prehistoric man—a change due in a great measure to the altered climate of Europe, which had gradually lost its severity and given place to a temperature approaching that of our time. Such a change, however slow in its progress, could not fail to exert its influence upon the organic world, and we therefore meet at this period a fauna of essentially modified character. The mammoth, rhinoceros, Irish deer, great bear, lion, and hyena no longer trod the soil of Europe; while the musk-ox, reindeer, chamois, ibex, and other quadrupeds adapted to a rigid temperature had either migrated northward or chosen the cold heights of mountains as their abodes. On the other

* "There was not one printing-press in either Canada or Louisiana."—BANCROFT, *History of the United States*, iv., 458.

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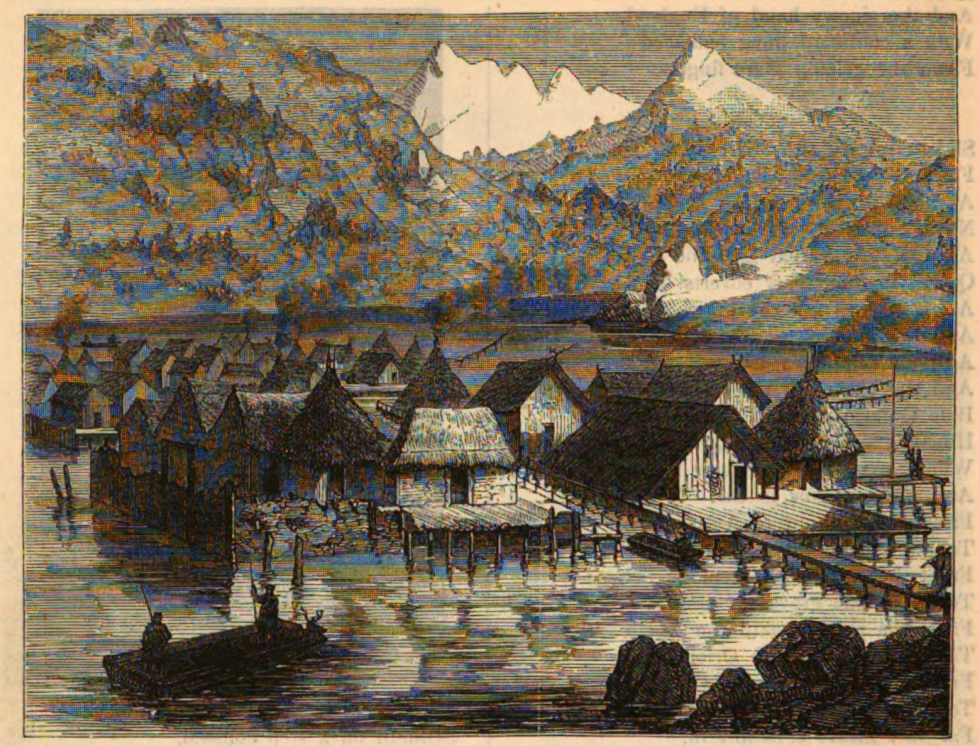

IDEAL REPRESENTATION OF A SWISS LAKE-VILLAGE.

hand, several species of animals, some of them, perhaps, derived from distant countries, appear as the domesticated associates of man, who was now no longer a mere savage hunter, but had become, in some districts at least, a tiller of the soil and a consumer of vegetable food, though still applying himself to the chase and to fishing. During the paleolithic ages, of which an account was given in the preceding articles, man made his stone tools and weapons almost exclusively of flint, reducing them to the intended shape by chipping alone, not having learned yet to improve their form and efficiency by the process of grinding. It was quite different in the times which we are now considering. The stone implements of the neolithic period exhibit a greater variety of well-defined forms, and are no longer exclusively made of flint, but also of other kinds of stone, such as diorite, serpentine, basalt, quartzite, and similar suitable materials. Many are brought into their final shapes by grinding and polishing —a method which characterizes the later Stone Age, as we have stated in our first article. Neolithic axes and chisels are mostly polished. Yet the practice of chipping flint into arrow and spear heads, knives, scrapers, etc., had by no means fallen into disuse, the articles produced in this way being, on the contrary, not only very numerous, but also of superior workmanship, insomuch that flint-chipping may be said to have assumed in this period almost the character of an art. The manufacture of clay vessels was general during this epoch.

Were the men of neolithic times the descendants of the contemporaries of the mammoth, the great bear, and the reindeer, or immigrants from abroad, perhaps from Asia, who brought with them new arts and the animals they had tamed in their old homes? Both views have their supporters. There certainly seems to be a gap between paleolithic and neolithic implements, the gradual transition from one class to the other not being as yet represented with sufficient distinctness by intermediate forms. Prehistoric archæology, however, is almost daily enriched with new discoveries, and thus we may hope that this interesting question ultimately will be decided either in one direction or the other.

On the indented coasts of the Danish islands of Seeland, Fünen, Möen, and Samsöe, and along the fjords of the peninsula of Jütland, there occur, mostly in the immediate neighborhood of the sea, considerable accumulations of shells, which were formerly supposed to have been deposited by the sea at a time when the level of the land was lower than at present. It was noticed, however, that the shell heaps showed no trace of the stratification which always characterizes marine deposits, and that they, instead of inclosing shells of mollusks of every age, contained merely those of full-grown specimens, which belonged, moreover, to a limited number of edible species. Upon fur-

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ther examination there were found among the shells the broken bones of different species of wild quadrupeds and birds, and the remains of fishes; also implements of flint, horn, and bone, fragments of a rude kind of pottery, charcoal, and ashes, but no objects of metal whatever. The artificial origin of these accumulations being now established, they were recognized as the amassed remains of the repasts of a population that dwelt in former ages on the shores of the Baltic, pursuing the chase, but chiefly the capture of fish and shell-fish. The Danes signify shell heaps of this description as *Kjökkenmöddings*, a word meaning "kitchen refuse" in literal translation; but the term *kitchen-middens* is often employed in English, *midden* being a name still used in the north of England to designate a refuse heap. More than fifty kitchen-middens have been examined conjointly by Messrs. Forchhammer, Steenstrup, and Worsaae, distinguished respectively for their proficiency in the departments of geology, natural history, and archæology; and the results of their investigations, contained in several reports addressed to the Academy of Sciences of Copenhagen, have added in a great measure to our knowledge of prehistoric man in the north of Europe.

The thickness of the shell beds, it was ascertained, varies from three to five feet, though they reach in some places to a height of ten feet. Their length sometimes amounts to a thousand feet, and they vary in width, though not exceeding two hundred feet. One of the largest Kjökkenmöddings is that of Meilgaard, in the northeast of Jütland. Very extensive accumulations sometimes present an undulating surface, the refuse having been heaped up more abundantly in some points than in others; and occasionally the heaps surround an irregular free space, where the coast people doubtless had built their huts, which certainly were of the most primitive description, probably consisting of a number of poles stuck in the ground and covered with skins. The oyster is the species of shell-fish occurring most abundantly in the kitchen-middens, and constituting sometimes almost entirely their contents. Next follow, in the order of their frequency, the cockle, mussel, and periwinkle, or *Littorina*. In regard to the oyster it is worthy of remark that this bivalve has disappeared from the neighborhood of the kitchen-middens, being now confined to a few localities on the Cattegat. Yet even there it never attains the large size characterizing the oysters of the ancient shell beds. The cockles and periwinkles too, though still living in the same waters, are much smaller than those of ancient times. These changes have been attributed to a diminution of the saline matter in the water of the Baltic Sea. Among the remains of fishes those of the herring, cod-fish, flounder, and eel are quite frequent, and their presence proves that the coast people ventured upon the open sea, doubtless in small boats formed of trunks of trees, and hollowed by the application of fire. Remains of aquatic birds, such as wild ducks, geese, and swans, are often met. The great penguin or auk, supposed to be now entirely extinct, and the capercailzie, or mountain cock, a bird no longer found in Denmark, though still inhabiting the forests of Germany, deserve special mention. The last-named bird feeds in spring chiefly on the buds of the pine, a kind of tree not growing naturally at present in Denmark, but very common during the Stone Age, as has been ascertained by the examination of Danish peat bogs. Thus it would seem that the disappearance of the pine from Denmark caused the capercailzie to leave that country. Bones of the domestic fowl, the stork, sparrow, and swallow, are totally wanting in the kitchen-middens. The mammals that have left there their remains are the stag, roe, wild boar, urus, beaver, seal, wolf, fox, lynx, wild-cat, marten, otter, hedgehog, water-rat, and dog. Next to the mollusks, the stag, roe, and wild boar evidently constituted the principal food of the coast people. The dog, which is represented by a small race, was their only domesticated animal, but also eaten by them in the fashion of our Indians, who keep dogs as companions, and use them as food, especially on solemn occasions. The urus, it will be remembered, has become extinct, and the beaver no longer inhabits Denmark. No bones of the hare have been found in the kitchen-middens, perhaps for the reason that those ancient people were prevented by superstitious motives, like the Laplanders of our day, from eating that animal. The reindeer and elk are thus far missing in the refuse heaps, though their bones have been discovered among other remains of the Stone Age in Denmark. The marrow-bones of the ruminants and wild boars are broken or split for extracting their contents, and they often exhibit the cuts produced by flint implements. When the bones were thrown away the dogs made a second meal of them, eating the smaller ones, especially bird bones, and gnawing off the soft portions from those of larger size. Professor Steenstrup has made interesting experiments to elucidate that fact. Locking up some dogs, and restricting them to a bone diet, he ascertained that all the bones rejected by the dogs were the same that are present in the kitchen-middens, while the bones or portions of bones devoured by them are correspondingly missing there.

Rude hearths consisting of a kind of pavement of pebbles, not exceeding the size of a man's fist, have been discovered in the refuse heaps. These fire-places are more or

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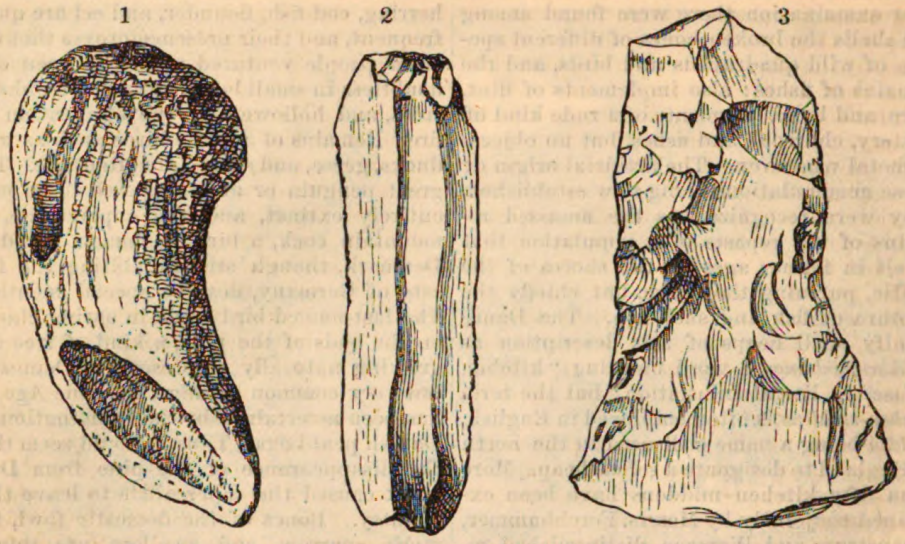

IMPLEMENTS FROM THE KJOKKENMÖDDING AT MEILGAARD.

1. Pierced hammer or adze of stag horn (one-third of natural size). 2. Flint flake (half size). 3. Shell-mound axe (half size).

less circular, only a few feet in diameter, and surrounded with charcoal and ashes. The coast people manufactured a kind of very primitive pottery, fragments of which are found commingled with the shells. Their vessels were formed by hand, the potter's wheel being then, and probably much later, an apparatus unknown in Europe. The clay is always mixed with coarse sand, produced by the trituration of stones, and evidently added for the purpose of preventing the cracking of the vessels while in the fire. This device was well known to the aborigines of this country, who mixed the clay with gross-grained sand, but often employed pounded shells in its stead. The Kjökkenmöddings have yielded a number of awls, chisels, and other tools made of horn and bone, and in great abundance chipped flint implements, such as flakes, piercers, sling-stones, spear-heads, and axes of a peculiar shape, and therefore called "shell-mound axes." Yet nearly all these objects are of rude workmanship, and in no way comparable to the excellent weapons and tools occurring, as will be seen, so frequently in other parts of Denmark. It would be doubtful, therefore, whether the kitchen-middens belong to the neolithic or to an earlier period, if it were not for the fact that, together with the many uncouth articles, a few well-finished arrow and spear heads, and even some polished implements, have been found. The manufacture of articles of this better class required much labor, and the people who have left the kitchen-middens as their memorials doubtless took care not to lose them among the refuse, while they paid less attention to the rude implements, which could be replaced by new ones without much trouble. The fauna of the kitchen-middens, moreover, is not that of paleolithic times, being composed of animals still living in Europe, excepting the urus, which, as we have seen, became extinct during the historical period. The great auk, a bird incapable of flying, being provided with mere apologies for wings, is said to have been totally exterminated every where by man, though it is not altogether improbable that it still survives in lonely localities beyond the reach of human cruelty.* Under these circumstances we may be justified in referring for the present the Kjökkenmöddings to the early part of the neolithic period.

The coast people certainly led a very rude life, being unacquainted with agriculture, and compelled to subsist entirely on the spoils of the sea and the forest. It is not quite certain whether they inhabited the sea-board only in summer or during the whole year, though the character of the bones and antlers, which belong to animals of different ages, would favor the view that they lived there through successive seasons. Notwithstanding their savage state, they were certainly free from the practice of cannibalism, no human bones having been found among the refuse. It is not known how they disposed of their dead, and hence no human remains that can with certainty be ascribed to the coast people are extant. From Danish tumuli, however, skulls have been obtained which are supposed to belong to the age of the kitchen-middens. These skulls are generally of small size and round, like those of the Laplanders, but differing

* Specimens of this bird are still preserved in ornithological collections. According to Professor Vogt, the great auk was found in Iceland, its last retreat, until the year 1842, after which it became extinct.

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from them by a more retreating forehead and very prominent ridges above the eyes.

Kitchen-middens have been discovered in other parts of Europe, though nowhere in such number and so well characterized as in Denmark; and we may further state that they are not confined to Europe, but occur also along the coasts of other continents. In America, for instance, similar artificial shell deposits are frequent, and have been observed from Newfoundland to Tierra del Fuego, and on various points of the Pacific shore. Coast tribes, deriving their subsistence chiefly from the sea, necessarily will leave every where the tokens of their presence. But we must hasten to pass over to another subject.

Alonzo de Ojeda, a Spanish nobleman, who had been a companion of Columbus on his second expedition, undertook in 1499 independently a voyage for the purpose of exploring the northern coast of South America. He was accompanied by the Florentine Amerigo Vespucci, who has left an account of this voyage, from which we quote the following passage, in the words of Washington Irving: "Proceeding along the coast, they arrived at a vast deep gulf, resembling a tranquil lake, entering which, they beheld on the eastern side a village, the construction of which struck them with surprise. It consisted of twenty large houses, shaped like bells, and built on piles driven into the bottom of the lake, which in this part was limpid and of but little depth. Each house was provided with a draw-bridge and with canoes, by which the communication was carried on. From this resemblance to the Italian city, Ojeda gave the bay the name of the Gulf of Venice, and it is called at the present day Venezuela, or Little Venice. The Indian name was Coquibacoa." We can well imagine the surprise of the adventuresome traveler, whose baptismal name is perpetuated in that of our vast continent, at beholding this curious Indian village built on piles in the water; yet he certainly did not dream that the remains of similarly constructed habitations of men who lived tens of centuries ago lay hidden in the bosom of Swiss and Italian lakes. In fact, no one thought of lacustrine settlements until the year 1854, when their traces were first recognized in the lake of Zürich, though the existence of piles in the lakes of Switzerland was well known to fishermen, whose nets had sometimes been caught and damaged by them. There had also occasionally been found in the mud of the lakes pieces of wrought deer horn, fragments of clay vessels, and objects of stone and bronze, which were looked at with great curiosity, and elicited all sorts of comments, until finally the children took hold of them and used them as toys. In the winter months of 1854 the water in the Swiss lakes sank much below its ordinary level, laying bare large tracts of land along their shores, and thus affording the people of the neighborhood a rare chance for adding to their lands by building walls near the water's edge. So it happened at Meilen, on the lake of Zürich. Some persons, desirous of enlarging their gardens, erected squares of walls far into the bed of the lake, raising the area within the walls with loam, which was dug from the denuded lake bottom. During these labors the workmen came upon a layer of black mould, from which they extracted pieces of a rude kind of pottery, articles of stone, bone, and horn; also hazel-nuts and other vegetable remains. As the work progressed there appeared numerous wooden posts from eight to twelve inches thick, which were standing in rows only a foot or a foot and a half apart from each other, and so soft that the spade cut through them with great ease. The teacher of the place collected the various objects found in the black layer, and notified the Antiquarian Society of Zürich of their discovery. Some members of that society, among them its president, Dr. Ferdinand Keller, proceeded without delay to Meilen in order to inspect the relics and the place where they had been exhumed, and Dr. Keller, being an antiquary of note, and well acquainted with prehistoric manufactures, recognized the various articles at once as axes, chisels, whetstones, net-sinkers, grain-crushers, parts of weapons, and cooking vessels of the ancient inhabitants of this locality. The relics, it was ascertained, were most abundant in the immediate neighborhood of the piles, while they became less frequent and finally disappeared at a greater distance from them, a fact indicative of a connection between the piles and the antique objects of human workmanship; and Dr. Keller, summing up his observations, concluded that the piles had served as the supports of platforms on which the ancient people erected their dwellings, thus living above the surface of the water and at some distance from the shore, with which they communicated by means of a narrow bridge. To Dr. Keller, therefore, belongs the merit of having first pointed out the true character of lacustrine remains, and of having inaugurated a series of discoveries hardly surpassed in importance by any yet made in the domain of prehistoric archæology. It was now remembered that in times not long past fishermen had lived in cabins built in the Limmat, a small river issuing from the lake of Zürich. The works of modern travelers were found to contain accounts of certain Asiatic and Polynesian islanders who still inhabit buildings erected on piles in the water, thus perpetuating a custom prevailing in times beyond record and tradition in the lake regions of Switzerland; and a passage in Herodotus,

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relating to the Pæonians, a tribe who dwelt, 520 years before the Christian era, on Lake Prasias, in Thrace (modern Roumelia), was now often quoted as illustrative of the ancient Helvetian mode of life. According to the historian just mentioned, the Pæonians lived upon the lake in dwellings erected on platforms which were supported by piles and connected with the land by narrow bridges. They were polygamists, and a law directed that for each wife three piles should be added to the structure. There was a hut for every family, with a trap-door giving access to the lake beneath. The small children were tied by the foot with a string, lest they should fall into the water. The lake-people fed their horses and other beasts with fish, of which there was an astonishing abundance in the lake.

When the results of Dr. Keller's investigations became known by his writings, a general search for similar memorials of former times was made in the many lakes of the republic, and such unexpected success rewarded the efforts of the explorers that up to this date, twenty years after the discovery at Meilen, the existence of more than two hundred lake-settlements in Switzerland and a part of Germany bordering on the lake of Constance has been ascertained. In these researches the fishermen, who knew well the shallow places of the lakes where piles occurred, proved excellent guides. Remains of ancient lacustrine settlements, it should be stated, are by no means confined to Switzerland and a small portion of Southern Germany, but also have been discovered in the Lombardian lakes, in Savoy, Mecklenburg, Bavaria, Austria, and Prussia, and in several districts of France, even at the foot of the Pyrenees. Hence it is evident that the habit of erecting dwellings in lakes was at one period widely spread over Europe. Nowhere, however, have these remains been found in greater number than in Switzerland, a country abounding in lakes which naturally invited to such aquatic colonies. In fact, the shore-lines of most of the Helvetian lakes are marked with the traces of these ancient habitations. We mention in this connection the lakes of Neuchâtel, Geneva, Constance, Bienne, Morat, Zug, Zürich, Sempach, Pfäffikon (canton of Zürich), Moosseedorf (near Berne), Nussbaumen (canton of Thurgau), Inkwyl (near Soleure), and Wauwyl (canton of Lucerne). In the lake of Neuchâtel forty-six settlements have been counted; in the lake of Constance, thirty-two; in that of Geneva, twenty-four; in the lake of Bienne, twenty-one, etc.; and their number is constantly increasing by the discovery of hitherto unknown sites.

The oldest lake-settlements date back to the neolithic period, when, as the reader knows, only implements of chipped and polished stone, of bone, horn, and wood, were in use. The pile-work at the bank of Lake Pfäffikon, near Robenhausen, for instance, has not yielded any articles of bronze, and at Meilen only a bronze celt (or hatchet) and a bracelet of the same metal were found, which seems to indicate that this colony still flourished at the time when bronze was introduced. There are many other lake-settlements in which, among hundreds of articles of stone, horn, bone, or wood, not the slightest trace of metal has occurred. These stations of the pure Stone Age are chiefly found in Eastern Switzerland. Most of those in the western lakes of the Helvetian republic have furnished articles both of stone and of bronze, the latter of great variety and exquisite workmanship;* and in some stations tools and weapons of iron, thought to be Gallic in character, and even coins and other objects of Roman origin, have come to light. It thus appears that these lacustrine colonies existed for a very long period, which was characterized by remarkable changes in the condition of man, whose progress, whatever its causes may have been, can be traced in an uninterrupted line. Though some of the settlements are supposed to have been abandoned toward the beginning of the Christian era, it is notable that they are not mentioned by Cæsar, who had become acquainted with the Helvetians by his wars, nor by Pliny, an author noted for his propensity to dwell on details. No account, no tradition, alludes to these peculiar structures.

"At first glance," says Professor Desor,† "the idea may seem strange, if not absurd, that men should have established themselves on the water instead of pitching their tents or building their cabins on *terra firma;* but closer reflection will enable us to comprehend that at the origin of the lacustrine period, at an epoch when the soil of Switzerland was covered with forests and the borders of the lakes probably occupied by marshes, these lacustrine abodes may have offered to their inhabitants a more secure asylum against the ambush of enemies and the attack of savage animals."

The following remarks, of course, relate exclusively to the pile buildings of the Stone Age, those of later periods not coming within the scope of the subject treated in these articles. Lacustrine dwellings were built in shallow places, and in no case very far from the shore, simply because the greater depth of the water farther in the lake rendered the erection of those structures difficult, if not impossible. The upright piles were mostly whole stems of trees

* They chiefly consist of leaf-shaped swords, daggers, celts, spear and arrow heads, knives, sickles, fish-hooks, pins, rings, and bracelets.

† Author of an excellent work on the lacustrine constructions of the lake of Neuchâtel.

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growing in the neighborhood (oak, beech, fir, pine, ash, or birch), usually from four to eight inches in diameter, and sharpened at the lower end either by fire or the stone hatchet. Heavy wooden mallets, a number of which have been found, doubtless served to drive them into the bottom of the lake. The piles were evidently placed according to a regularly arranged plan, but in most cases it is impossible to make out the order of their distribution. "They appear above the lake bottom," says Keller, "like the remains of a forest snapped off by a storm or destroyed by an avalanche." Upon these piles, brought to a level several feet above the water, and strengthened by cross-timbers, rested the platform, consisting in many cases merely of unbarked stems lying parallel one to another, but sometimes of boards two inches thick, which were fastened with wooden pegs into the frame-work, thus forming an even and solid floor. The number of piles, of course, varied according to the extent of the settlements, some of which may have been enlarged from time to time, when the increasing population rendered the erection of new huts necessary. The lacustrine colony near the German village of Wangen, on the Untersee, the northwestern expanse of the lake of Constance, contained from forty to fifty thousand posts, and formed a parallelogram seven hundred paces long and one hundred and twenty broad; but in other lake-villages, at Robenhausen, for instance, probably twice as many piles were required. In cases when the bottom of the lake was rocky, or afforded no sufficient hold to the stakes, stones were heaped up between and around them, in order to consolidate the erection. These stones had to be brought in boats, consisting of hollowed trees, to the designed spot; indeed, a boat filled with stones is still to be seen near St. Peter's Island in the lake of Bienne, where it sunk to the bottom, perhaps in consequence of being overloaded. The outer rows of piles were sometimes interwoven with a kind of wattle-work made of twigs, for the purpose of preventing the splashing of the water under the platform, or, perhaps, for protecting the piles from being injured by floating wood. A narrow bridge, likewise a pile construction, connected the settlement with the shore. Remains of such bridges, from twenty to several hundred feet long, actually have been discovered. The huts erected on the platforms, it has been ascertained, were mostly of a rectangular shape, and consisted of a wooden frame-work* wattled with rods or twigs, and covered both inside and outside with a bed of clay from two to three inches thick. The roofs, as it seems, were made of bark, straw, or rushes, the remains of which often have been found in a carbonized state. A plaster of clay mixed with gravel was spread on the floor of the hut to fill the chinks, and a rude hearth, composed of several slabs of sandstone, occupied the middle of each cabin. Some of the buildings were of comparatively large dimensions, measuring twenty-seven by fifteen or more feet, though apparently forming only one room, above which there may have been a garret. Their size has been ascertained by the presence of single planks standing on edge, which inclosed the floor, doubtless for the purpose of keeping off the wet. The cabins probably stood in rows close together, considering that space must have been much valued on account of the great labor which the construction of the platforms required.

Some dwellings were not erected on piles, but on a kind of fascine-work formed by layers of sticks and stems of trees, stones, and loam, built up from the bottom of the lake until the foundation was high enough to receive the platform. Many upright piles are found in these substructures, but they only served to give them steadiness. The fascine dwellings occur in small lakes, not being suitable for large ones, where they would have been liable to injury by the waves during violent storms.*

During the long occupation of the lacustrine villages many objects, no doubt, fell accidentally into the water, while immense quantities of refuse, such as the bones of the consumed animals and broken clay vessels, were intentionally thrown over the platforms, and, as we may assume, through the interstices of the stems or planks forming them. These heterogeneous accumulations of things became imbedded in the mud, forming what are now—ages afterward—called the archæological strata or relic beds, upon which for the last twenty years the dredging implements of antiquaries have operated, and brought to light the evidences of a most curious long-forgotten phase of human existence. In a number of cases the bulk of these relic beds has been swelled by the ruin of the villages themselves, some of which, there can be no doubt, were consumed by fire. These conflagrations can not have taken place in consequence of hostile attacks, because human skeletons are exceedingly scarce in the pile-works, and therefore must be ascribed to accidental ignitions, which were likely to befall wooden straw-roofed huts, each of them provided with an open hearth, probably blazing most of the time. When such calamities happened, many articles fell into the water in a charred

* The upright timbers of the huts, it appears, consisted of long piles projecting above the level of the platform. Hence it would follow that a village was laid out in "lots" at the outset according to a preconceived plan.

* These fascine-works bear some resemblance to the Irish *crannoges* described by Sir W. R. Wilde.

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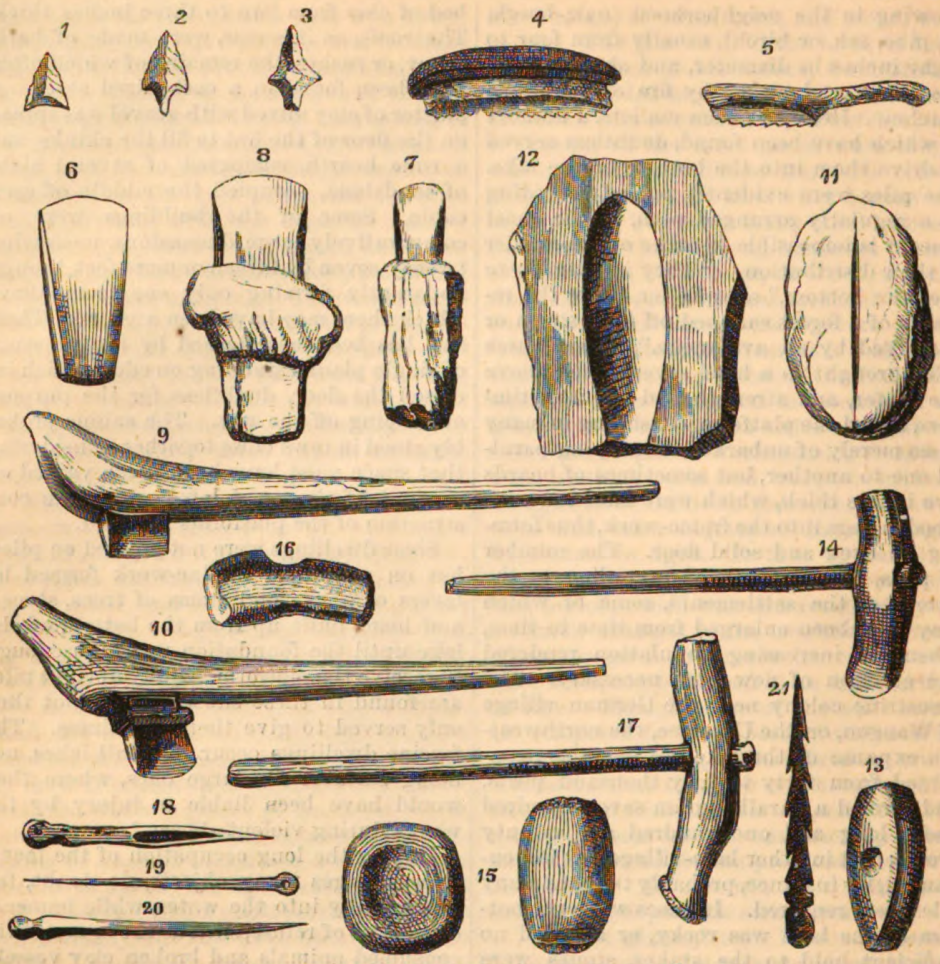

LACUSTRINE RELICS OF STONE, HORN, AND BONE.*

1, 2, 3. Flint arrow-heads. 4, 5. Flint saws in wooden handles (Meilen and Moosseedorf). 6. Stone celt. 7. Stone chisel in stag-horn socket (Meilen). 8. Stone celt in stag-horn socket, squared for insertion into a wooden club (Meilen). 9. Wooden club with a stone celt fixed in it (Robenhausen). 10. Club of ash wood with a stag-horn socket and stone celt (Robenhausen). 11. Rolled stone, showing the cut made with a flint saw. 12. Sandstone for grinding celts (Meilen). 13. Drilled stone axe (Meilen). 14. Drilled stone axe (Estavayer, lake of Neuchâtel). 15. Two grain-crushers (Meilen). 16. Hammer of stag horn (Estavayer). 17. Hoe (?) of stag horn, handle added (Robenhausen). 18, 19, 20. Piercing implements of bone (Meilen). 21. Harpoon-head of stag horn, 6½ inches long (Wauwyl).

state, and were preserved to our days, owing to the almost indestructible nature of carbonized substances. Several Swiss lakes have much decreased in extent, and their former shores are fringed with formations of peat, which now inclose in some instances the remains of lacustrine villages formerly surrounded by water. Such is the case at Moosseedorf, near Berne, at Wauwyl, in the canton of Lucerne, and at Robenhausen, on Lake Pfäffikon, where the owner of the celebrated pile-work, Mr. Jacob Messikommer, has been successfully engaged for years in extracting relics of the early lacustrine period from peat and moor ground.

The builders of the pile-works, it must be admitted, were an intelligent and industrious people, who applied to the utmost the scanty means which their primitive state of civilization offered them. They pursued hunting and fishing, but devoted themselves also to agriculture and the raising of cattle; they were skillful workers in stone, horn, bone, and wood, practiced pottery to a great extent, and produced very creditable tissues, employing a loom of simple construction. The various occupations of the lake-men, and the fact of their living in close communities, indicate no small degree of social order, which necessitated the submission to

* Our drawings of lacustrine relics are almost exclusively taken from a little work by J. Staub, entitled *Die Pfahlbauten in den Schweizer-Seen*, in which the size of the delineated objects is not indicated. The same drawings are contained, on a larger scale, in the English translation of Dr. Keller's work, which is before us; but even there the size is not always given. The reader, it is hoped, will supply that want by his imagination.

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the decrees of chiefs or a majority of the people. These lake-dwellers certainly were far above the rude prehistoric populations thus far introduced to the reader. Let us now throw a hasty glance at their manufactures.

Articles of flint can not be said to abound in the pile-works, for the reason that this material is found sparingly in Switzerland, where it occurs, moreover, only in small masses not fit to be made into large implements like those found in Denmark and other Northern countries. The flint used by the lake-men came from the Swiss Jura, from France and Germany, and thus probably possessed the character of a ware which had to be obtained by barter. Yet they made good arrow and spear heads, scrapers, saws, and various cutting and piercing tools of this material. Their arrow-heads are rather small, usually from five to six quarters of an inch in length, and lozenge-shaped or triangular, those of the latter kind being often provided with projections or stems at the base to facilitate insertion in the shaft. Some are slightly barbed. Flint saws, mostly two or three inches long, occur more frequently, because these implements were indispensable in the preparation of articles of wood, horn, and bone, and even of stone tools, as will be seen. Some of the saws still retain their wooden handles, into which they were cemented with asphaltum, a substance also employed for fastening arrow-heads in their shafts. We give drawings of two handled saws, remarking, however, that the real objects are not as regularly serrated as the illustrations indicate. The artist, knowing that he was representing saws, drew a little on his imagination. The principal implements of the lake-men were the ground celts or wedge-shaped hatchets, not made of flint, but of serpentine, diorite, syenite, and other kinds of stone possessing a sufficient degree of toughness. Large numbers of these implements have been found in the settlements of the Stone Age, and they are not wanting in those of later times, when bronze was already in use. They vary in length from one inch to eight inches, and doubtless served, according to their size and weight, for many purposes—as weapons of war and the chase, for cutting wood, horn, and bone, dismembering and skinning animals, and in various other ways. Many of them may have been used immediately with the hand, but others, which represented small chisels and cutting tools, were set in pieces of deer horn, hollowed on one side to receive the stone blade, which, being thus hafted, could be handled with greater convenience. A few complete axes, blade and shaft united, have been found, two of them at Robenhausen, representations of which are given. One of these weapons shows the stone blade directly inserted into the thick end of a wooden club; the other consists of a blade held by a socket of stag horn, which is worked into a square form at the upper end to fit into a corresponding cavity of the wooden shaft. Such weapons resemble much the war clubs or *casse-têtes* of the North American Indians. The squared sockets of deer horn occur in great number in some of the ancient settlements; but the blades belonging to them are wanting in most cases, while the shafts nearly always have been consumed by decay. The manufacture of the stone celts must have required much time and patient labor, as shown by a number of commenced or more or less finished specimens, which illustrate the work in its various stages of progress. After having chosen a rolled stone of the proper kind and size, the workman cut a groove across it, sometimes half an inch in depth, by means of a flint saw applied with sand and water, after which he split the stone into two pieces, each furnishing the material for a celt, provided the crack had gone in the right direction. If no further sawing was required, these pieces probably were rough-hewn with another stone, and afterward ground into the proper shape on a slab of hard sandstone. The polishing and grinding of the cutting edges were done on a still harder stone.

At Meilen and other lacustrine stations there have been met celts apparently made of nephrite, a kind of hard green stone not known to occur in Europe, but found in Egypt, in China and other parts of Asia. These implements are supposed by some to have been introduced by way of barter from those remote regions, while others incline to the opinion that the material of which they consist was obtained from nearer localities yet to be discovered. A sort of trade or traffic doubtless existed in Europe in the earliest times; but it remains doubtful for the present whether the lake-dwellers of Switzerland were thus provided with celts of nephrite from distant countries. Those who ascribe the lacustrine settlements to new-comers from abroad conjecture that they imported these implements or the material of which they are made. Various lake-villages of the Stone Age have furnished well-shaped stone axes pierced for the insertion of handles. We give drawings of two specimens, one of them provided with a handle, which, we are bound to state, is an addition of the artist, who wanted to restore the implement to its original complete state. Among other lacustrine articles of stone are to be mentioned hammers of a cubical form with rounded edges, and grain-crushers about the size of a fist, and worked into the shape of an orange or a ball, with depressions on four sides. These grain-crushers were used in connection with other flat or more or less concave stones.

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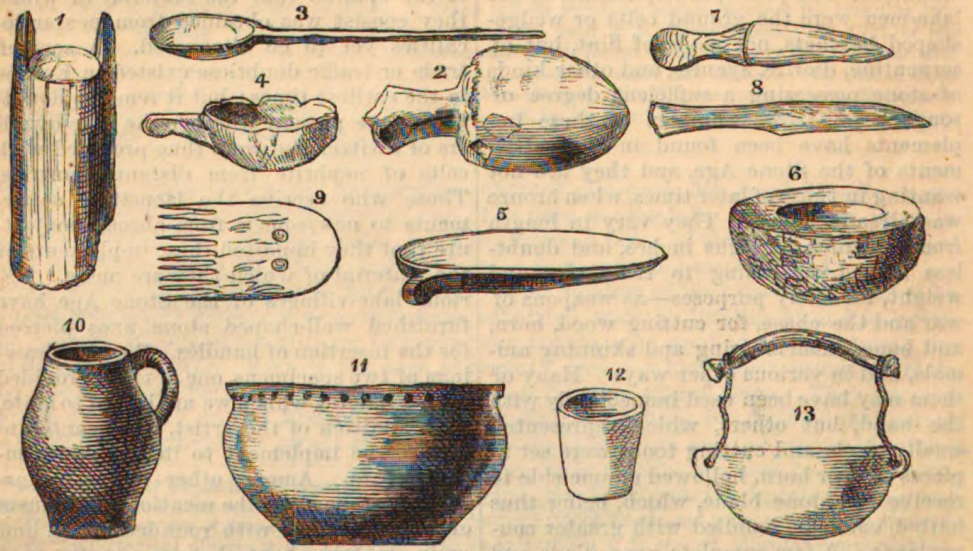
PICK-SHAPED IMPLEMENT OF STAG HORN (LENGTH, 20 INCHES).—LAKE OF NEUCHÂTEL.

Most varied were the uses which the lake-men made of the horns, bones, and teeth of animals. The horns of the stag were made into the celt sockets already described; stout pieces of this material, perforated with holes for holding wooden handles, served, according to the manner in which their ends were fashioned, as hammers, hatchets, or hoes; and the antler was sometimes converted into a club by the removal of the prongs, excepting that near the brow. Such an implement resembled a pick, and could be used with great effect either as a weapon or a hoe.* Bones furnished the material for arrow and spear heads, poniards, chisels, scrapers, piercers, needles with or without eyes, fishing implements, and various other kinds of tools. The teeth of the bear and the tusks of the wild boar were utilized for similar purposes, the latter, for instance, to serve as cutting or scraping tools after their inner curve had been ground to an edge.

Though most of the wooden articles have perished in consequence of decay, many of them that have been preserved in water and peat still remain to show how extensively wood was employed by the lake-dwellers. They consist of handles and shafts for implements, maces resembling that with which Hercules usually is represented, mallets, bows, threshing flails, ladles, dippers, bowls, tubs, and boats made of a single trunk, besides knife-shaped tools, floats for nets, combs, and some other articles of unknown use.† The hollowing of bowls, tubs, and boats undoubtedly was chiefly done by means of fire, while the stone tools, the marks of which are still visible, served for removing the charred portions. In this manner the aborigines of North America hollowed their canoes and wooden mortars. Mr. Messikommer found at Robenhausen a boat with rounded ends, twelve feet long,

* Professor Desor has in his collection a skull pierced with a round hole in the hinder part of the left parietal, which, he thinks, may well have been made with a club of this description.

† We should have added primitive "racks" for suspending utensils, apparel, etc., formed of young trees from which the branches are cut off at some distance from their junction with the stem.



LACUSTRINE MANUFACTURES OF WOOD AND CLAY.

1. Upper portion of a pile, cut out for receiving a cross-beam (Robenhausen). 2. Mallet of oak wood (Niederwyl). 3, 4, 5. Domestic utensils of maple wood (Robenhausen). 6. Bowl of oak wood, showing the marks of the stone hatchet (Robenhausen). 7, 8. Knife-shaped implements of yew wood (Robenhausen and Wauwyl). 9. Comb of yew wood (Moosseedorf). 10, 11, 12, 13. Pottery (Robenhausen and Meilen).

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two and a half feet wide, and five inches deep. A number of such lacustrine "dug-outs," some of them much larger than that just mentioned, are still in existence, and similar ones are even now occasionally to be seen on the lakes of Eastern Switzerland.

The domestic wooden utensils of the lake-dwellers resemble much corresponding objects manufactured at the present day, as the reader will perceive by examining our illustrations. That pottery was extensively made even in the lake-settlements of earliest date is proved by the great number of sherds scattered over their sites. Entire vessels, it may be imagined, are rarely met, but the curve and shape of the fragments often suffice for determining their original forms. The material is mostly unpurified clay mixed with coarse gravel, pounded granite, or charcoal, and the vessels are all hand-made, of rude appearance, and slightly baked, probably in an open fire. Notwithstanding these imperfections, attempts at decoration are not wanting, some of the vessels being encircled by knobs below the rim, or showing rows of impressions made with the finger or some blunt tool. In other cases lines are traced either with an implement or by pressing a cord on the soft clay. Most of the pottery has a blackish appearance, perhaps owing to a coating with graphite.* There is evidence that vessels of large size were used for storing grain, apples, and other provisions. We give drawings of four clay vessels from Robenhausen and Meilen, which will convey some idea of early lacustrine pottery.

It has been mentioned that, in consequence of the destruction of certain lake-villages by fire, many objects fell into the water in a charred state, and were preserved to our days in consequence of their carbonization. Not the least interesting among these specimens are the twisted, plaited, and woven manufactures which were found at various stations, but especially at Robenhausen and Wangen. A kind of short flax was cultivated by the lake-men, and used most extensively in the fabrication not only of thread, cordage, and nets for fishing, and probably for hunting, but also of different sorts of linen cloth, some with inwoven patterns, a fact proving that they employed some kind of loom.† Mr. Paur, of Zürich, a manufacturer of ribbon, has constructed a loom supposed to resemble that of the lake-dwellers, by which he is able to reproduce their different kinds of textile fabrics. We give a drawing of this restored loom, yet without deeming it improbable that an apparatus of simpler construction was employed by the lake-men.* Conical objects of clay, thought to have served as stretchers in the process of weaving, often occur; and numerous spindle-whorls, either of stone or of clay, are indicative of the common practice of spinning. The lake-people doubtless dressed to a great extent in woven garments, but we may assume that they also employed the prepared skins of animals for this purpose; indeed, fragments of leather have been found, though sparingly, at Robenhausen.

During the early lacustrine period hunting still furnished to a great extent the means of subsistence, as shown by the large number of bones of wild animals found on the sites of the ancient lake-villages. Professor Rütimeyer, of Basle, has carefully investigated the fauna of those times, which, on the whole, corresponds with that of our days, though certain species of animals now no longer to be found in Switzerland then still flourished in that country. The urus and aurochs, or bison, were hunted by the lake-men, or perhaps caught by them in pitfalls. The elk, an animal not known to have lived in Switzerland during historical times, still roamed through the woods; but the reindeer had migrated to the north in search of a colder climate, no remains of it having been discovered in any of the pile-works. It is hardly necessary to state that the mammoth, rhinoceros, cave-bear, lion, and hyena had vanished from the soil of Europe long before the lacustrine era. The stag and wild boar, both no longer living in Switzerland, were much hunted by the lake-dwellers, and their bones indicate animals of very large size. Another species of wild hog, differing from the wild boar proper, and called the "marsh hog" by Rütimeyer, is represented by numerous remains in the pile-works. Bones of the roe deer are far less abundant than those of the stag. Among the carnivores may be mentioned the brown bear, wolf, and fox, the last-named of which occurs frequently in the settlements of the Stone Age, and was eaten by the lake-men, a fact proved by the condition of its bones, which are broken, and exhibit the marks of stone instruments, like those of the other animals serving as food. The hare, it seems, formed no article of diet among these peo-

* There are in the writer's collection many fragments of lacustrine pottery, and some entire vessels, which the most practiced eye hardly can distinguish from the ceramic productions of the North American Indians. Material, shape, and ornamentation are almost identical.

† The writer has among his lacustrine relics flax in the shape of seed-pods, seeds, fibres, tow, thread, strings, and of numerous plaited and woven fabrics, all found at Robenhausen. Hemp, it appears, was not grown during the lacustrine period.

* The Pima Indians of the Gila River, for instance, make very good and really ornamental tissues, employing a loom that consists only of a few sticks, which they carry about in a small bundle. The loom of the ancient Mexicans was far less complicated than that constructed by Mr. Paur, and yet the inhabitants wove cotton cloth which excited the admiration of the Spanish conquerors.

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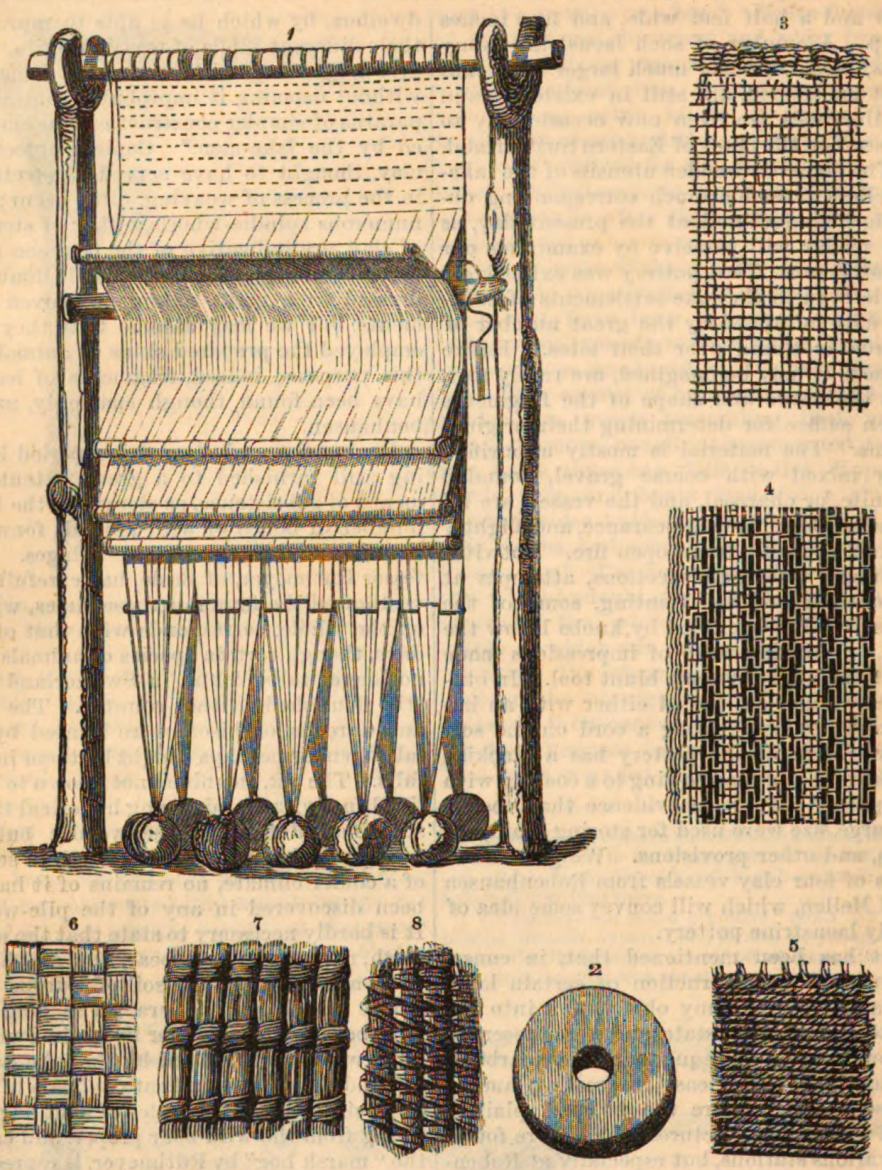

WOVEN AND PLAITED FABRICS OF THE LAKE-MEN.

1. Restored lacustrine loom. 2. Spindle-whorl of sandstone (half size: Auvernier, lake of Neuchâtel). 3, 4. Tissues of flax. 5. Compact cloth, undecided whether plaited or woven. 6. Mat of bast. 7. Mat of flax strands. 8. Mat of willow twigs and straw. The woven and plaited articles here figured were obtained at Robenhausen and Wangen.

ple, owing, perhaps, to the same prejudice which caused, as we have seen, the men of the Danish Kjökkenmöddings to abstain from its flesh. The lake-dwellers possessed a species of domestic dog of middle size, which they seem to have much valued, if the fact that it was not used as food, unless in cases of extreme need, warrants such a conclusion. The bones and skulls of these faithful companions of man are generally not broken like those of other animals, but nearly always occur in an entire state in the lacustrine accumulations. Remains of the horse are exceedingly scarce in the settlements of the Stone Age; but two kinds of tame cattle were common during that period, one of them small, and called the "marsh cow" by Professor Rütimeyer; the second species, of larger size, is supposed by this author to have descended from the urus. The other domesticated animals were goats and sheep, and, during the later division of the lacustrine Stone Age, two kinds of hogs, derived, according to Rütimeyer, from the wild species already mentioned. It has been ascertained beyond doubt that the tamed animals were brought for shelter to the lake-villages, where they were kept in stalls

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distributed between the huts. No traces of domestic fowl have been discovered in the lake-settlements; nor of the cat, which, moreover, could easily be dispensed with, since those people, as it seems, were not plagued by rats and mice: the only bone of a mouse thus far found belongs to a wild species that never enters the dwellings of man.* The birds, amphibians, and fishes which have left their traces in the deposits around the piles pertain to the present fauna of Switzerland, and therefore need not be specialized. That wild-ducks, geese, swans, water-hens, grouse, and other species of the feathered tribe were objects of hunting is demonstrated by their discovered remains. The lake-people evidently practiced fishing with good success. They caught the various kinds of fish abounding in their lakes, especially pike of large size, either in nets, remains of which have been found at several stations, or with the line; and it is probable, too, that the methods of shooting and spearing fish were in vogue among them. There have been found fish-hooks made of boars' tusks, and other implements consisting of small rods of bone, pointed at both ends and notched in the middle for the attachment of a fishing line. When these pointed rods were baited and swallowed, they could not easily be disgorged by the fish, which thus became the prey of man. According to Keller, this primitive device is still resorted to in Switzerland for catching wild-ducks.

Owing to causes known to the reader, carbonized vegetable remains have been preserved in great abundance and variety, to assist, as it were, in elucidating the mode of life of those ancient lake-villagers. They undoubtedly raised barley, wheat, and millet, several kinds of each of these cereals having been found in the lacustrine deposits. Some of these species of grain were cultivated in Egypt, and therefore are believed to have found their way from that country to Switzerland. Rye was not known to the colonists, and oats not before bronze had come into use. Barley and wheat appear either in grains, sometimes in considerable quantities, or, more rarely, still retain the shape of ears; and even carbonized wheat bread, in which the bran and the imperfectly crushed grains can be distinctly seen, has been found at Robenhausen and Wangen. This unleavened prehistoric bread, which is very coarse and compact, occurs mostly in fragments, but sometimes in the form of small roundish cakes about an inch or an inch and a half thick, and was doubtless baked by placing the dough on hot stones, and covering it over with glowing ashes. Millet was employed in a similar manner for making bread. It is probable, however, that the lake-people consumed their farinaceous food chiefly in the shape of porridge.

Carbonized apples of small size, identical with those growing wild in the woods of Switzerland, have been found abundantly, and in a tolerable state of preservation. Mr. Messikommer discovered on one occasion more than three hundred of them lying close together. They are often cut in halves, more rarely in three or four parts, and were evidently dried for consumption during winter. Whether a larger kind of apple, found at Robenhausen, was cultivated, or a wild-growing species, remains undecided. Professor Oswald Heer, of Zürich, who has published an interesting work on lacustrine vegetable remains, inclines to the former view. Wild pears were treated in the same manner; but they are far less common than apples, which must have formed a much-sought article of diet. Among other vegetable remains accumulated in the lake mud may be mentioned hazel-nuts and beech-nuts, both in great plenty; also water-chestnuts, which doubtless were collected and eaten by the lake-men, as they are in Upper Italy at this day. Their present occurrence in Switzerland appears to be restricted to a tarn in the canton of Lucerne. There have further been found abundantly the stones of sloes, bird-cherries, and wild plums, and seeds of the raspberry, blackberry, and strawberry, showing that these fruits of the forest were used as food. According to Dr. Keller, the lake-colonists of the Stone Age drew their sustenance chiefly from the vegetable kingdom. Their animal food evidently was acquired by hunting rather than by the breeding of cattle, considering that in the accumulations around the piles the bones of wild animals outnumber those of the domestic species.* Milk, we may assume, formed an important article of their diet.

A lacustrine village must have presented a curious but not unpleasing sight, when, on a fine day, the poor and industrious colonists were gathered on the platform, and engaged in their various occupations. We may imagine groups of women busily turning the spindle and gossiping—in what language it would be interesting to know. Other females are at work forming vessels of clay, to be burned on the shore, or perhaps knitting nets or preparing garments. Lacustrine urchins abandon themselves to juvenile frolics, just like civilized children, while here and there a veteran, too old for fatiguing exertions, is busied in whittling some domestic utensil or in fashioning a weapon

* If certain records are to be credited, the domestic cat of Europe was introduced from Egypt about a thousand years ago.

* In the lacustrine stations of the Bronze Age, however, the remains of tamed animals prevail, a fact which unmistakably indicates an advance in civilization.

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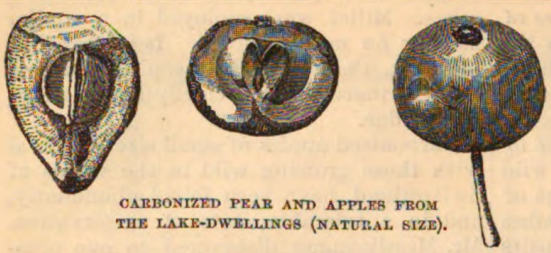

CARBONIZED PEAR AND APPLES FROM THE LAKE-DWELLINGS (NATURAL SIZE).

for his son or grandson. When evening draws near, smoke begins to rise from the huts, where the women are baking and cooking, for the men who have been hunting in the woods will soon return, armed with spear and bow, and loaded with the game killed by them. Those who have spent the day in fishing guide their boats homeward; field laborers, returning from the cultivated patches along the shore, are seen to wend their way toward the bridge, driving before them the lowing cattle, which were permitted to graze on the land during day-time, and are now to be stabled for the night among the huts, safe from the attacks of wolf and bear.

The interesting question to what race of man the early pile-works are to be referred has been discussed, but, as the reader may imagine, without leading to any thing like a result. It is not known in what manner the lake-colonists disposed of their dead, no burial-places having thus far been discovered in the neighborhood of their settlements. Human remains, moreover, are very scarce in the lacustrine relic beds of the Stone Age, and mostly belong to children, who, it appears, had perished by drowning. A fragmentary skull found at Meilen, and described by Professor His, of Basle, "is allied to the cranial forms now prevalent in German Switzerland." Notwithstanding various computations, no one knows how far back the origin of the lake-dwellings can be dated. The presence of Roman coins, pottery, and tiles in a few settlements of the Iron Age gives us some clew as to the epoch when the lacustrine period approached its termination, but we are absolutely in the dark in regard to the beginning and duration of the lake-colonies belonging to the earliest times, during which the use of metal was yet unknown in Switzerland.

Our condensed account relates, as we stated at the outset, only to the settlements of the Stone Age. The gradual introduction of far more serviceable implements of bronze, as may be imagined, brought about a great change for the better in the mode of existence of the lake-people, yet without modifying in a marked degree the character of their aquatic dwellings. Though we should like to follow these remarkable developments, we must abstain from that attempt, and confine our further remarks to the Stone Age proper.

AN APPLE OF SODOM.

A LITTLE wild rose, as blushing, as trembling, as dewy, as shy, was Emily Rivers; and just as sweet as one, thought her cousin Lawrence.

Indeed, Lawrence idealized her a trifle; for when he came back from his long stay in the East, where he had seen few but the swarthy women of the meridian, Emily dawned upon him, as fair and pure and delicate as any spirit of the sky. Her very shyness lent her an air of reserve that made one feel as though she were something the least in the world remote. She carried her pretty head like a young fawn, alert, listening, ready to fly; and there was a fascination, a piquancy, in this reserve that tempted the young man to break its barrier, and make the maidenly thoughts and fancies his own. Still he was not sure that he had any right to the indulgence of such a temptation. Not sure? He was very sure that he had no right at all. It had been understood ever since there had been any understanding about him whatever, and he had acquiesced in the understanding, that he was one of the particular members of the family who were not to indulge themselves in that way. There had been too much indulgence in that race—it had brought them to poverty—and Lawrence had been set apart for a rich wife from the day when the elders began to assort the portions: so decidedly set apart that it was generally determined Valeria Gueltan should fall to his lot, probably because she was, in a distant manner, within the family circle, and because at her majority she became a sufficient heiress to satisfy even the family desire for money. As for love— "Love goes where it's sent," said Aunt Paget. "It's all nonsense to think of letting such a trifle interfere with serious matters. Mr. Paget and I never pretended any especial love for each other, but we got along very well, and when he died he left me comfortable, which I shouldn't have been if I had married poor Mark Eldon, as I wanted to do. Though, to be sure, Mark— But there!" continued Aunt Paget: "when two people find other things to their mind, it's perfectly easy to accommodate their emotions to their circumstances. Nothing's wanting but the will. Lawrence can interest Valeria easily—has done so already by his letters and his pictures. Yes, she's half in love with him now; and he'd be a very singular person if he didn't feel tenderly toward the one by whose means all his comforts come!"

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"I don't know about that," said Uncle Martin. "It isn't the way with men—to love those to whom they are under obligation."

"And so you'll advise—" began Aunt Paget, sharply.

"Oh no, by no means; not at all. I was about to say that, still, there's no doubt, with his extravagant habits and luxurious tastes, Lawrence must marry money."

"I'm glad you're so sensible. It's no use to mince matters, and plain talk is the only thing to be understood," said Aunt Paget.

And Lawrence understood plain talk.

Nevertheless, that was in the future: the future was far off, and the present moment was all the while passing; and Emily was very lovely, and Lawrence was not the man to be balked of a pleasure for fear of consequences: perhaps he had not enough vanity to think of any consequences as affecting her. So when he saw Emily sitting with her book down in the meadow, he was very apt to go striding down the hill-side to join her, and be greeted by the smile in the wide-open eyes, half measuring, half confiding, that he had not yet learned to interpret; to wile her away with him on his fishing ramble down the brook-side; to listen unseen when she sang in her sweet lark-like notes her simple ballads; to look over her shoulder when she read, and see what it was that so absorbed her; to talk to her, as she sewed, of all his roaming life since early boyhood, and the marvels of the East, till her needle hung suspended, and her breath came and went, with flushes in her cheeks, over the interest of the story and the hero. One day, as they were lingering on the lawn, some young ragamuffins came up with baskets of fresh violets on their arms; he bought them all, and as they sat there he took his fine Manilla line and wove the fragrant purple things into a thick crown, and threw it lightly on her bright soft hair.

She laughed a little, re-adjusted it on one side, and looked up; a broad ray of sunshine fell just athwart her face, lighted all the apple-blossom fairness and color, made an aureole of the loose bright locks of hair, deepened the purple of the violets, showed him the large eyes bluer than the heavens, and illumined the smile—the kindling, radiant smile—which while it seemed to hold the very secret of joy, yet nevertheless had always a trait of pathos in it that touched the heart. And looking at her in that long bright moment, it was all over with Lawrence. The light of that smile, the whiteness of the soul that looked through it, the purity of the heart behind it, eclipsed all else there was: farewell wealth, sumptuous luxury, Valeria Gueltan! Life would not be worth a rush to Lawrence unless he shared it with Emily.

What a month it was that followed that day of the violets—the month of roses and June! How unconscious was Emily in her happiness! how eager was Lawrence in his pursuit! How happily blind were the uncles and aunts of the household! Was she walking, he must walk beside her; was she reading, he must hold the book; was she dreaming, he must dream with her. It was all the same as on the month before, but with such a mighty difference. Then he had gazed upon the temple and admired it from the outside; now he was within the sanctuary and exploring its most beautiful recesses, all his way lighted by as pure and holy a flame, it seemed to him, as ever burned in the torch of love.

For not a syllable had he yet spoken to Emily in confession of his regard; her innocent smile was untouched by any solicitude, by any knowledge of what it was that constituted her bliss; they were together; he met her every glance, her every thought; she breathed an atmosphere that was rapture even while it was peace. It all came to her as naturally as life itself; it was as simple and absolute content as that of a summer bird swinging in the nest, undreaming of any autumn; and unless some angel of annunciation called this new joy by name, she would hardly know what she had till she should have lost it. It came to her so naturally, indeed, that she thought as little as if she had entirely forgotten it of the life before Lawrence returned from the East; it was as if they had always been singing together the same songs, driving together along the leafy lanes, facing each other in the boat slowly dropping down stream, wandering side by side along the moon-lighted avenue of this old Castle Rackrent in the shadow of the trees, reading together the great book, new to both of them, and fresh and delightful to them as to the first man and woman who ever turned its enchanted pages. As for him, he felt that she made the earth beautiful by living on it; as for her, Lawrence's shadow shut out the sun itself.

But such an affair could go on no great while before Aunt Paget's lynx eyes began to follow its manifestations. She, with Uncle Martin and the rest of them, had been so persuaded of Lawrence's complete comprehension of the necessities of his case that they had thought it needless to take trouble with any espionage, and would, in fact, have as soon mistrusted one of themselves. But all at once a suspicion started up, black-winged, in the sunshiny field before Aunt Paget's vision. "It's very well," said she, "for Lawrence and Emily to pass the time pleasantly. But though Emily is still such a child, so much of this strolling and philandering isn't to my mind. It's just as necessary for Emily to make a good marriage as it is for Lawrence—"

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"As she hasn't a piece of silver to cross her palm with," said Uncle Martin, "unless you leave it to her."

"And I'm not in the way of leaving," said Aunt Paget, sweetly. "No," she added; "if there's one established axiom, it is that young folks think old folks fools, but old folks *know* young folks are! And if you leave fools together, they will certainly hatch mischief."

"We must take measures accordingly," said the other old conspirator.

"I will lose no time. I will telegraph Valeria this very morning," said Aunt Paget.

And while these wary guardians were laying their wires the young victims were in the balcony, in the sunshine, leaning over the little parapet and feeding the swans in the miniature lake below, admiring the splendid plumage of the peacock perched on the stone vase beneath the old blasted white pine, laughing gayly, and reckless of every thing but the happy present; especially reckless that it was Valeria Gueltan's swans and peacock with which they amused themselves—her gift, at least, to Aunt Paget.

"Come and sing to me, Emily," said Lawrence that evening after dinner, throwing himself lazily on the lounge, where the last bright ray fell on his head before the soft twilight gloom stole up; and Emily, sitting at her harp, sang to him the songs he loved the best, and others that he had not heard before. As the twilight deepened round her, and Lawrence, lifted on one arm, gazed upon her, her fair hair loosened, as it chanced, and falling round her face, her white hands gleaming across the strings, she seemed too ethereally lovely for earth, and the voice, too, had such a delicate sweetness in it as that with which a spirit might sing—all the more when by-and-by it took on an exquisite pathos, and she sang, with drooping head, and as if with a boding of melancholy:

"When passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!"

"Why do you sing such heart-breaking things as that!" demanded Lawrence, suddenly starting to his feet. "Do you want to drive a man beside himself with possibilities?" he cried, rudely, and in a strange, hoarse voice. For all at once, remembering some words of his aunt Paget's that day, those possibilities and the strait in which he was had struck him and overpowered him. "Do you want to madden a man with your sweet voice and your fair face and the chances of despair?" And he stalked through the long casement and out upon the balcony. He was leaning over the parapet, breathing hard, when she followed him and lingered, leaning beside him.

"I don't know what you mean, Lawrence," she said.

He turned and looked at her. The moon had not yet risen above the wood, but its light already filled the upper heavens, while the distant fields and the garden beneath them, the flower beds and the old half-choked fountain, were in shadow, and a reflection of that light lay upon her face, and lent her again that almost unearthly loveliness.

"You don't know what I mean?" he cried—"you don't know that I love you! Yes, that I love you, that I see your love for me, that you are mine—mine before Heaven—and that all the fates stand between us; that never in this life can I claim my own; that we are forbidden to each other—"

"Oh, Lawrence!" she said, shrinking back and pulling down the branch of honeysuckle with its shadow about her.

"By the Lord, I will!" he cried. And in another moment he had taken the step between them, and had clasped her in his arms, clasped her to his heart and sealed her lips, her sweet, warm, loving lips, with his tender kisses. "What do I care for all their forbidding!" he exclaimed. "I have a strong right hand that can earn our bread. Luxuries—let them go. We shall have the luxury of love."

And just then a gay voice was heard within, and an imperious step; and Lawrence released Emily only in time to turn and meet Valeria Gueltan, as, obedient to Aunt Paget's telegram, she appeared upon the scene, and lifted the curtain behind them.

"What, mooning on the balcony with little Emily?" she cried; and she came out into the first broad dash of moonlight that fell across the crest of the wood and lighted up her dark cheek with its carnation flush, the blaze of her black eyes, and all her sumptuous curve and color. "I should have known you in a million!" she exclaimed.

"And I suppose you are my correspondent of ten years," he answered.

"Introduce us in due form, Emily," she said. "It is ten years since we spent long weeks together."

For the instant, but only for the instant, she seemed half hideous to the gaze of Lawrence; but later that night, when the vision recurred to him, he felt, in the midst of his palpitation, as if, after all, Emily were but a phantom beside such a reality—yet how beautiful a phantom, he said, as he tossed feverishly; how tender a being, how pure a soul! And what was the end of this to be? His love was like a wave, he feared, in his self-knowledge, beating itself against a rock only to be dissipated—the rock of his fate, his training, his long expectations, his self-indulgent love of luxury and splendor that would make it almost impossible for him to

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forego a fortune for the sake of a passion. "And how base a nature is that!" he cried. And in the ardor of his self-condemnation he sprang up and hurriedly dressed himself, and sallied forth to cool his disturbance in the night and the dew.

He was coming up the avenue an hour later, after a good tramp across the fields, when he glanced up at the windows of the house, all silvered over with the full flood of the moonlight, and saw Emily sitting at one of the open casements with some slight wrap about her, half hidden behind the muslin cloud of the curtain, but the white light beaming full upon her face and fallen hair till she looked like a glorified spirit. He stopped a moment beneath the shelter of the beech-trees, and gazed at her as though she were the image of a saint in a shrine, and he a worshiper. Then he plucked a stem of the great fragrant lilies, heavy with dew, and tossed them up at her, and passed on. The sight had clinched his purpose. Not for all the gold of all the Gueltans, he said, would he barter this love of Emily's!

"So, Lawrence," said Valeria, at the breakfast-table, with the freedom of old friendship pleasantly renewed, "you didn't have mooning enough on the balcony, but must needs go marauding over the grounds last night like a Wildschütz. If you had only remembered that my window was next to Emily's, I should have had a lily to wear in my hair too."

And Emily colored clearer and clearer, deeper and deeper, under her words, and the lily in the bright hair trembled till, stooping for the handkerchief she dropped, it fell from her hair to the floor; and Lawrence picked it up, she saw, and kept it, and twirling it lightly between his fingers, took it away with him at last.

"It's a good thing you've come, Valeria," said Aunt Paget, winking violently, when, by-and-by, Lawrence happened to be with them all again. "It was very dull for Lawrence and his cousin Emily, all alone with us old folks. Now we will have the young people that always come when you do, and a couple of fiddlers, and make things cheerful a little while—as much so as any thing can be in this house of antediluvians, each with a foot in the grave. We have been very thoughtless to let it be so dull for the children."

"I don't believe they've found it dull," said Valeria, looking, with a pleasant laugh, at Lawrence.

"Well, at any rate, you may write to the Luttrells and the Pennymans to-day—we sent for the Doyles—and we shall have quite a gay house."

"It was a happy house before," said Emily to Lawrence, under her breath. He was standing beside her as she filled the big vase with flowers, and behind the shield of the vines and leaves he caught her hand, and held it in a close, long pressure.

"It will be a happy house again," he said, as he dropped the hand and broke off a bit of sweet-brier for his boutonnière, that Valeria came and fastened on for him.

It was as gay a house as Aunt Paget foretold, though; for the Pennymans and the Doyles and the Luttrells all came; and there were picnics and garden parties and driving and dancing—the young beaux of town and country-side following after the pretty damsels as well: a fortnight of real revelry, in which even old Uncle Martin, Aunt Paget, and the rest of them seemed to grow young again. From it Emily would have shrunk like an unnoticed shadow, half out of sight, if she could. But Valeria, overflowing with vitality, with warmth and gayety, drew every one into her sphere, and was herself like nothing so much as one of these very days of August sunshine in which their revelry went on; and as for Lawrence, before the third week of that hospitality on which Aunt Paget was risking so much of her precious hoard began, he found himself enjoying it like all the others, and eagerly planning new pleasures.

"I am going to send for horses to-day," said Valeria, "and we will every one drive over to see mamma. There she is 'all sole alone,' and it will be the sweetest sort of surprise to her. It is only twenty miles. What say? And I will show you the Gueltan Place, Lawrence. You haven't seen it since you were a boy, and it has grown as you have. Oh, it is too beautiful for any thing! And I love it so!"

"What a girl you are, Valeria!" said wise old Aunt Paget. "Go, by all means, and bring your ma back with you. I declare! the way you are always thinking of other people's pleasure amounts to a positive genius."

So they all drove over with much merriment to the great farm. And Valeria had certainly calculated with shrewdness when she counted upon the charms of the Gueltan Place to reinforce her own. Such a property as it was, too!—wood and field and river in landscapes of enchantment on every side; acres of billowy grain yellowing to the harvest; velvet sward undulating with hill and valley; with pastures dotted by superb cattle; with forest trees so grand that the possession of them was like an ancestral patent of nobility; with orchards laden in fruit; with dairies and poultry-yards and farm-house; and then the lawns, the greenhouses, the shrubberies, and, most alluring of all, the gardens—gardens almost as beautiful, it seemed to Lawrence's curious and half-bewildered gaze, as the hanging gardens of Babylon could have been. And the mansion itself, moreover—a stately stone building covering much ground, with grouped

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windows and chimneys, a thick creeper softening every angle and lending nature's grace to that of art, with an inner magnificence, too, of vast rooms, carved wainscots, pictures, ringing plate—ah, yes! a man might lead a life that was worth while at the Gueltan Place; with the Gueltan fortune to keep it up! And Valeria— Lawrence looked at her anew; some other nature sprang up in him. Truly she had a positive beauty of her own. He preferred the more delicate, the pale and pensive style; but she would any where be pronounced a royal-looking thing, with her fine stature, her rich colors, her haughty bearing in the midst of all her jubilation. He glanced again at Emily: it was like moonlight beside sunset. But his heart was with the moonlight. If only Emily had this fortune! What evil fate was it that had made both himself and Emily penniless? Here, in this place, with Emily— And without her? No, he had resolved upon that—he would never be without her!

So they feasted richly; and the servants in waiting, the gold and crystal, the state and ceremony, were something that kept striking vibrating strings in Lawrence's sensations, and attuning his wishes yet more and more to themselves, and were something, besides, that took on all the further splendor in contrast to the usual simplicity of life in the decayed old house at home. And after dinner they explored the immense dwelling and a portion of its treasures—the curious things this Gueltan and that had brought home from the Chinese or the Indian or the African trade—paintings from Italy, armor from Spain, prints from France, *bric-à-brac* from the world over. Then they lingered in the lovely music-room, with its great instruments, and Emily was begged to sing at the ivory harp; but she knew that her simple little strains were not the music for such a spot as this, and Valeria herself sat down at the grand piano and dashed off an intricate sonata. And then, at last, the old livery hacks which brought them were allowed to take their time for home with a groom, and the fast Gueltan horses were brought out of the stables to speed them along—Mrs. Gueltan with them now—as if they traveled on the wings of the wind.

"We are living while we can," said Valeria to Aunt Paget, as she and Lawrence alighted first at the door, and the various parties came driving up the avenue, with song and laughter and all the tintinnabulation of gay voices, to receive the welcome which the indefatigable Aunt Paget had sat up till this hour to give. "By-and-by, you see, we shall be past enjoyment; so, if we make every day a festival now, we shall, at any rate, have that to look back upon. Isn't that wisdom?" she cried, joyously, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks burning like autumn leaves. "I always did pity those people who spend all the time they can enjoy in getting ready to enjoy!" It was an arrogant speech, the speech of insolent wealth; it sounded only like a heedless, happy speech from the gay young woman with her overflowing spirits; but it was a speech that went to its mark like an arrow, for Lawrence heard it, and laid its meaning to heart. Yes, he also pitied those who spent their youth preparing for their age. It was the lot before him—if he married Emily. If! Had he already begun to say "if?"

The next night was the night of the charades; they had turned their gayety to the uses of charity, and a large company were coming out from town to pay tribute. "I expect to make enough out of these charades," said Aunt Paget, "to play my Lady Bountiful to all the poor children in the neighborhood next winter. It will be a great relief—to conscience. Emily will have her hands full, after you are all gone, making up flannels for the destitute babies half a mile about us."

"Cheerful prospect for Emily," laughed Valeria. "How lucky that I brought my maid from the Place, and sha'n't have to tax Emily's fingers to help me with my toilet in the bride's part to-night! They are the nimblest little fingers with a thimble on; and I have had to take so few stitches in the course of my life that I am unhandy as you might suppose a queen would be with a needle and thread. I will give you a diamond-pointed gold needle, Emily, as soon as they invent it!"

"Though she could only use it as a bare bodkin," said young Luttrell.

Well, they certainly were superb charades, with superb music of Valeria's provision between the acts. Aunt Paget never thought such things any liberties on Valeria's part, and would not have objected if the superb supper at the end had been of Valeria's provision too, when she opened her own purse for it—her poor old miserly purse. And how magnificently Valeria swept through all the parts allotted her—now the East Indian princess in her snowy gauzes and blazing gems; now the Spanish lady with comb and mantilla; now in the curdling part of the Bride of Death, with her white robe brocaded in gold, and her veil of costly lace shrouding her like a cloud! Emily looked on as if a pageant were passing before her and she herself were invisible; and so, indeed, it might be said she was, for her fair pale identity seemed to retire, to fade and vanish, before this splendid reality of flesh and tint.

"Do see Valeria tremble!" whispered Mary Pennyman to young Luttrell.

"I should think she would tremble," he replied: "it takes nerve to represent the Bride of Death."

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"None of the rest of us would do it—it was so ill-omened. Oh, it isn't fear with which Valeria trembles—she doesn't know the word. Are the rooms cold? Any one would suppose it was positively real. Just look at her—how fervent! what an actress! I should think it would set Lawrence to thinking!"

"About making it real? I've never seen the lover that could approach Miss Gueltan sufficiently to *propose* making such a scene real!"

"Mrs. Paget says there was always an understanding in the family that they should marry some day."

"But they're cousins."

"Oh, only thousandth cousins."

"He's welcome—with all her shekels," said young Luttrell, taking Mary's bouquet and giving her a quick sidelong look. "For my part, it is a very different kind of beauty that touches me!"

Yet it was true; there was the least possible tremor about Valeria in that last picture she made, under the shimmer of that bridal veil. She had turned white as clay when, from behind the scenes, Aunt Paget whispered to Lawrence to speak up, and if she had not caught his hand for support, she might have fallen. He turned in a surprised inspection to see if it could be an imaginative horror at the ghastly presentment, or any emotion at this mimic marriage with himself—for he was the Knight of Death—that so affected Valeria. At his look all her color came leaping back like a beautiful flame; and then there was, perhaps, a trifle more ardor than need be in the tone which failed to be sepulchral, and with which he pronounced the responses that, after all, he had not expected to make orally. It was a fine scene—the radiant bride in her rich antique attire, the haughty mailed and visored groom, the robed and reverend priest, the armed servitors, the gloom, the torches. It was applauded to the echo; but Valeria refused the encore.

There was waltzing that night, when the charades were over. Flutes, horns, violins, breathed a magical strain, and Lawrence was dancing with Valeria. Faster grew the measure; swifter fled the dancers by; swifter beat the currents of his blood. What was the wild, strange spell sweeping over him as he moved there in those mazy circles, and forgot Emily, and remembered only this voluptuous, pulsating creature in his arms?

At last the dance was done, the music had taken another key, and they were standing alone together on the little balcony where she had boldly drawn the curtain on the night of her arrival—how long ago that seemed! All sounds came to them subdued through the heavy folds; they heard the murmurs within, the minor music of the band, the plashing of the half-choked fountain, the swaying of the garden boughs in the fitful wind of the starry night.

"There is something—perhaps terrible—that I must tell you," Valeria was saying, while he heard her as if in a dream.

"Terrible?" he said.

"You may think so," she answered. "Do you know—how can I say it! Lawrence, the priest who married us in the charade—he is a justice of the peace, I learn. He is in a sad quandary, for it subjects him to fine in some way. But—but, Lawrence, we are—really married!"

Really married! He paused a moment before replying. Then fate had taken it out of his hands; fate had assumed the responsibility; fate had done the work.

"Is there any step you will take to undo it?" she was asking, silverly.

"Do you wish to undo it?" he murmured.

She was silent—silent and trembling.

"If you are my wife," he whispered, "you shall never go out of these arms again!"

As he stood there and held her in that impetuous clasp, the curtains parted behind them, an innocent little face, where the smile had grown doubtful and infrequent of late, looked out upon them, blanched as its eager look faded, grew white and whiter, while the seal of a great agony seemed to stamp itself there slowly, and then retreated silently as it had come. But it would have taken more than any little innocent face, or agonized one either, to waken Lawrence from the madness of that passionate moment.

That night, when the other guests had departed, the horses were brought round, and Lawrence went home with his wife.

As Aunt Paget, in the lighted doorway, ran laboriously but triumphantly from the side of Uncle Martin and of Mrs. Gueltan, who remained for a time with them, to pick up the slipper she had generously thrown after the phaeton, a little figure came slowly up the avenue, all its thin light garments, its hanging hair, dripping with dew. It was Emily, white as any wraith of herself, wild-eyed as one utterly bewildered, and talking incoherently when they bespoke her.

They took her in, and led her to her room, put her into bed, and gave her a mild opiate—guilty old Aunt Paget's hand shaking as she smoothed the pillow. Some called it fever, and some insanity. Whatever it was, it was a death-warrant: she exchanged that bed only for one in the bosom of the great mother who hides us at last from all the woes that have beset us.

But what of that? They knew nothing of it over at the Gueltan Place. Aunt Paget allowed no untoward news to disturb that honey-moon. It had been a delicious month, in which they hardly knew if they walked the earth. That unrestricted mar-

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riage, without a paper, without a settlement, had placed the chief part of the great Gueltan fortune in Lawrence's possession; he was master of all the wealth he coveted; the fruition of the earth was at his command, it almost seemed; all gratification of the senses, all pomp of pride. It was a wild dream, in which he was enchanted like one of Circe's swine—a wild dream of passion, of pleasure, of possession, and out of which he did not awake till six weeks after he had entered the Gueltan Place, and word was brought to him of Emily's death.

Guests had begun to come and go during the last half of that time. Lawrence's old friends had found him out, and it suited him to display his splendid state to them, his splendid wife. Newer friends clustered round him; it suited him to entertain them like a prince. He had no time to think of the past, or of any childish folly in it. Breakfasts, dinners, balls, hunting parties, gayety followed gayety at the Place, and the banqueting was kept up as if they felt the shadow chasing behind them, and must make the most of a brief season; for to-day the sun shone, but to-morrow it would be the gloom of the tomb!

It was on returning at twilight from one of these gay hunting parties that, as he strode into the hall with his half dozen guests about him, Valeria came forward as usual to greet her husband, perhaps her color a trifle deeper than usual, certainly her dress a degree more dazzling—a dress of some silver-threaded gauze over a lustre of satin, with a fantastic stomacher of rubies, and a great ruby burning above her forehead; while, because the early September evening had a breath of chill in it, she had wrapped about her a crimson satin mantle, whose swan's-down lining only displayed the creaminess and *rondeur* of her perfect shoulder. He looked at her as at some rich painting; he was proud to have his comrades see what magnificence in flesh and blood it was that he possessed as well; and then he gallantly followed her down the hall, past the room devoted to the whips and spurs and guns and hunting trophies, and into her own sitting-room.

"I have some unhappy intelligence," she said then, gently. "The messenger just came, half an hour since, to tell us that our little cousin Emily will be buried to-morrow."

Lawrence stared straight before him. Her words stupefied and chilled him to the soul, as one just waking out of delicious warmth to an icy wind and rain.

"Emily! Buried!" he gasped.

"Yes; she died yesterday," said Valeria, still gently. "Some trouble of the brain. I always thought there was trouble there. She was a poor sweet little thing. She never could have succeeded here."

"Died!" he said, in a ghastly voice.

Valeria made a movement as if to cling about him. He put out his hand in its riding-glove and pushed her back, with the open palm against her breast—no blow, yet as bitter as one. And then for one long breathing space he surveyed her. "This animal!" with sharpened ears she heard him mutter to himself, unconscious that he spoke; "this creature! this mere flesh!" and in another breath he was gone, and was galloping with might and main to the place where Emily lay. But it was one of the Gueltan horses on which he galloped.

It was nearly midnight when Lawrence reached his aunt's house. He stabled his horse himself, climbed in a window, and mounted alone and in the dark to the room where, he knew, was laid away the thing he came to see. A late moon, just rising, threw a weird light across the room as he went in. The white curtains wavered to and fro in the breeze blowing through the open window; the white sheet wavered too above the rigid outline underneath. He pulled the face-cloth down to see—no Emily that he had ever known: only the withered mask, from under which, with unknown pangs, a suffering soul had escaped. And then the look that grew like transformation on the sweet face that night when she surprised him with Valeria on the balcony, that marriage night, came back and hung before him—that face taking on its seal of agony came back and hung before him, an actual, visible thing upon the air, to plague his sight throughout the days and nights of weary years!

There is no one who ever knew a syllable about that dreadful night, with the wretched man pacing the room, and pausing at every turn to gaze on the wreck he had made—no one who knows aught of the fiery furnace in which he walked, of the anguish in which so much of his noble nature exhaled like perishable substance in a crucible. He allowed none to enter that room, commanded his people away from him, placed her form himself in the coffin; and when they piled the earth upon it, "They are burying me with you, Emily," he cried, and galloped back to Gueltan.

It was another man from the one whom she had trapped into that sordid marriage with her who met Valeria at the door of the great Place—a reckless, desperate, and wicked man. He saluted her mockingly; he treated her disdainfully; sometimes for days together failed to acknowledge her existence. If she remonstrated, he would say, "You bought your bargain tare and tret: take it as it comes." The old stately quiet of the Gueltan Place was disturbed night after night by the noise of riotous orgies, to which Valeria and her mother listened remotely in affright; card parties kept up their fires from dark to dawn, from dawn to

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dark again, with fortunes changing hands; Lawrence seemed to be trying to evade recognition and thought of this thing with its seal of agony that hung so unfailingly before his eyes. Now and then he forsook that haunted home and his wife there for weeks without a word, vouchsafing no explanation on his return—his absence to her a misery, his return a thing to dread. The splendid color left her cheek, the bright light left her eye; he could no longer call her mere flesh—she was developing a soul, a soul born with great throes out of sorrow. If, seldom, he remembered that the fault was his, his more than hers, and bore himself toward her with some unaccustomed tenderness that made her heart bound and her tears start—to such pass had she come—then in the midst of it that face came floating before his eyes, and it was all naught again. "The man is mad!" she said.

So day followed day, year followed year. They were years, indeed, long years—ten long years—in which Valeria was tortured, as he was, like victims at a slow fire. In that time she buried her mother, felt herself as alone in the world, as one lost in a wilderness, and saw Gueltan Place go under the hammer.

Are there any of us quite outside the possibility of forgiveness? Are agonized devotion and patience and long unspoken pain no reparation, no cleansing, for sin? If Valeria sinned, she suffered, and faith and determination never once forsook her. Only when Gueltan Place had gone did her long faith and patience do their work—did that haunting face cease to hover before Lawrence's eyes.

"Is it worth the toss-up?" he said; for white and statuesque and sad as Niobe, in her black clothes, the sight of her had lately softened him. "Would you lay it down now?" he exclaimed, defiantly, "or would you begin life again at thirty-five, and without a penny?"

"Begin!" said Valeria.

He glanced up in amazement at the bright ring in her voice—in amazement, too, at the flush that his unwonted address had brought to her colorless cheeks.

"Shall you begin with me?" he said, after a strange hesitation. In his ruin he turned to the one thing that had not deserted him.

"With you?" she cried, the smothered fire of years breaking out. "Oh, I will live in a hovel, sleep on ashes, eat crusts, if you forgive me the wrong I did, the work I wrought, and give me only a kind look now and then!"

So they went out over seas into the wide world together—the aunts and uncles still living, but living to themselves, as of old. Effort brought success. Valeria's smile never faltered, her tender word never failed him. After all, hers was the stronger nature; trial had strengthened it for nobler use; and her fate had been more cruel than Emily's. In some dim sense Lawrence recognized it, and would have atoned to her for those dark years. "I was mad then," he used to say. "There is a strange vein in my race."

Dark years; but they were growing light. For when at last a little child was born to them, it seemed like Heaven's forgiveness, Heaven's blessing, and the apple of Sodom that they had plucked was not all ashes to their teeth.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Tenth Paper.]

GROWTH AND DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION.

OF the five maps which illustrate the present paper, the first exhibits the acquisition of territory by the United States from 1776 to the present time. The second shows the areas actually covered by population at each alternate decennial census from 1790 to 1870. The third presents the movement of the centre of population, the "star of empire," if the reader please, across the face of the country from east to west, upon the line of the thirty-ninth degree north latitude, from its first recorded position, twenty-three miles east of Baltimore, in 1790, to its resting-place in 1870, forty-eight miles east by north of Cincinnati. We said its resting-place: we should have said its last recorded position, for the time has not yet come for it to stand in its place above any favored town or city in the land. Its course is still westward; and while we write it is pressing on with an equable motion of seventy or seventy-five feet a day in a direction generally west, but also slightly north. The fourth map is illustrative of interstate migration; showing the *habitat* at 1870 of the natives of New York and of South Carolina severally. The fifth exhibits in three degrees the density of population within the area settled at 1870 east of the one-hundredth meridian.

If we examine the first of these maps, we shall find ten divisions of the existing territory of the United States noted thereon; but these, for our present purpose, may be consolidated into seven, namely: the original thirteen States; the original Western Territory (embracing the territory northwest of the river Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, and the Mississippi Territory); the French cession of 1803 (called Louisiana);

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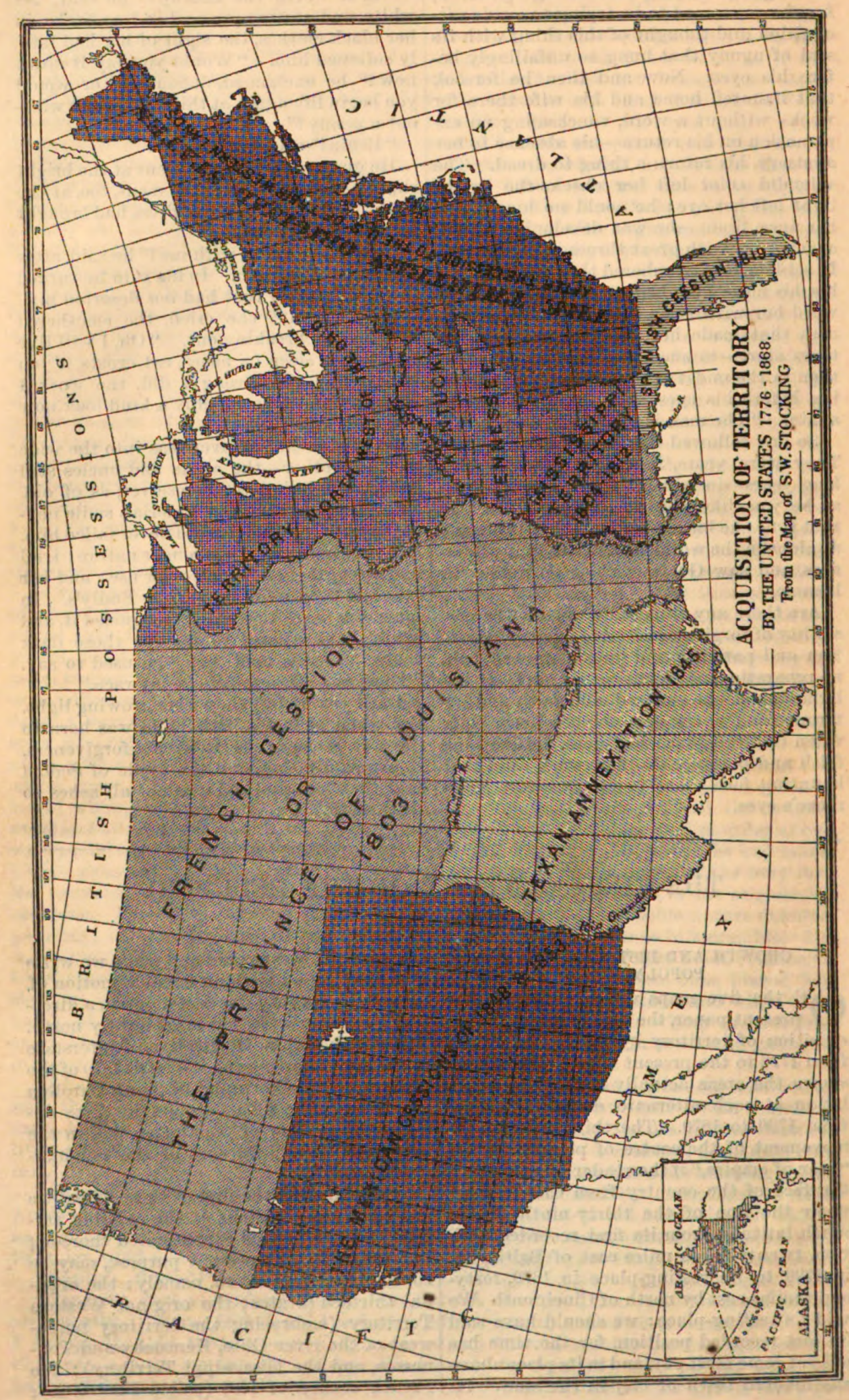

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the Spanish cession of 1819 (Florida); the Texan annexation of 1845; the Mexican cessions of 1848 and 1853; and last, though, perhaps unfortunately, not least, the Russian cession of 1868 (Alaska).

Of these the first comprises 420,892 square miles, and contained in 1870 about eighteen millions of inhabitants; the second comprises 406,952 square miles, with thirteen and a half millions of inhabitants; the third, 1,171,931 square miles, with five and a quarter millions of inhabitants; the fourth, 59,268 square miles, with less than two hundred thousand inhabitants; the fifth, 376,133 square miles, with about eight hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants; the sixth, 591,318 square miles, with about the same population as the fifth; the seventh, 577,390 square miles, with but four or five hundred white inhabitants.*

Although the Spanish and Mexican cessions comprise towns which far antedate the earliest settlements within the original thirteen States, it is to the latter that we must first turn in any attempt to broadly grasp the history of population within the United States. But we shall fail to reach the full significance of the situation if we only give to ourselves, as reasons for treating this portion of territory first in order, its present population, exceeding that of any other section, its earlier political development, or its more conspicuous figure in American history. It is not more, but rather less, on account of these than on account of the actual contributions which this section has made to the population of each one in turn of the other geographical divisions of the United States, early or recent, that the writer on population must turn first to Jamestown and Plymouth, or he will read his theme backward. St. Augustine (1565) and Santa Fé (1582) were, indeed, planted before English Cavalier or English Puritan sought the more northern lands for settlement; but St. Augustine and Santa Fé were a barren stock, and the populations that to-day occupy the regions in which these were planted in the sixteenth century have poured forth from States founded in penury and neglect long afterward. When the great province of Louisiana came to us, in 1803, more than three centuries after the discovery of the main-land of America, it contained, from the delta of the Mississippi to Puget Sound, scarcely twenty thousand white inhabitants. That this vast territory now contains more than five millions of inhabitants, who will by 1880 be eight millions or ten, is not due to the robustness of the stock which Jefferson annexed with the soil, or mainly to direct immigration.* In like manner, when we received Florida from Spain by the treaty of 1819, not consummated, however, until 1821, the white population was but twelve or fifteen thousand, so slight had been the fecundity of the Spanish settlements. And when, in 1822, Congress directed the Postmaster-General to make provision for a post-route from St. Augustine to Pensacola, that officer was obliged to report the next year as follows:

"Diligent inquiry has been made, and it does not appear that there is a road between these places on the route designated on which the mail can be conveyed. There are Indian paths which pass through different Indian settlements, but none, it is understood, that extend for any considerable distance in the proper direction."

And so late as 1850, the first date for which we have the statistics of nativity in the United States, it was found that of the free inhabitants of Florida more had been born in the original thirteen States than in Florida itself, while less than six per cent. of the free inhabitants were of foreign birth. The Texan annexation, again, now contains about 830,000 souls; but when Texas revolted from Mexico, it contained probably not more than 40,000, of whom by far the greater part had come, in anticipation† of "manifest destiny," from the States. In 1850, of the free inhabitants scarcely more than one-third, including, of course, an undue proportion of children, were natives of Texas.

In the same way the first Mexican cession, when taken possession of by the United States, embraced but a small white population. Of this tract it is true that, in the furious excitement caused by the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848, it was settled more largely than any other had been by direct immigration. Yet of the first eighty thousand eager gold-hunters who pressed into the valleys of California, more than three-fourths were born in the East, of whom one-half, as nearly as might be, were natives of the original thirteen States, while probably not less than two-thirds of the remainder would be found to be cis-appalachian in their origin, could we go but thirty years further back.

Of the second Mexican cession, the Gadsden purchase of 1853, embracing the territory south of the river Gila, in Arizona and New Mexico, little can be said any way. Two or three hundred whites, insecurely guarded by perhaps as many soldiers, as yet

* These statements of population are exclusive of Indians, who are not embraced in a census of the United States. On their account there should be added to No. 1 about six thousand souls; to No. 2 about twenty-six thousand; to No. 3 about one hundred and sixty thousand; to No. 5 perhaps thirty thousand; to No. 6 about eighty thousand; and to No. 7 about seventy thousand.

* At the southeastern extremity only are the effects of direct immigration traceable in any marked degree. New Orleans has been to some extent supported by arrivals from Mexico and the West Indies, as well as from France, Ireland, and Germany.

† Indeed, the immigration into Texas had been largely for the very purpose of wresting the country from Mexico.

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constitute the population of this treeless, trackless desert.

Twenty-three degrees to the north, under the very "shadow of the pole," lies, securely frozen up, the latest purchase of the United States, a region as large as Great Britain, France, Spain, and the German Empire combined, all the eligible portions of which are now devoted to the preservation in theory and extermination in fact of fur-bearing seal.

It is not so easy to show statistically the derivation of the people of the original territory of the United States from the original thirteen States, but it is, at the same time, less needful. Our history from 1763 onward is full of the migrations from the Atlantic slope into the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, at first through the passes of the Alleghanies, and later by the lakes and around the southern extremity of the great coast chain. And even of the vast immigration from Europe which has helped to build up these nine interior States between the mountains and the river, no small part, perhaps the greater part, has been received from the original States, not merely through their ports, but after a period of residence, acclimation, and often even of naturalization at the East.

So incessant had been the fresh supply of Eastern blood, so little had the "Great West" of two or three generations ago been left to the propagation of the stock then planted there, that, so late as 1850, seventy-five years after Kentucky was founded, more than one-fourth of the free inhabitants of these nine States had been born east of the mountains, while, if the adult inhabitants only had been taken into account, the proportion must have greatly exceeded one-third, if, indeed, it did not reach nearly to one-half.

If thus the early settlements in what we shall always know as the "Thirteen States" were vastly more prolific than those made by the Spaniards and French at the south and southwest, they also greatly surpassed in the vigor of their growth the settlements to the north and northeast, whether by the French or the English. In 1754, when the thirteen colonies aggregated of whites and blacks nearly a million and a half, New France, though planted at the same time with Virginia, had scarcely a hundred thousand people, mainly collected on the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Montreal.

"At the time of Queen Elizabeth's death (1603)," writes the annalist of America, "which was 110 years after the discovery of America by Columbus, neither the French, Dutch, nor English, nor any other nation excepting the Spanish, had made any permanent settlement in this New World. In North America to the north of Mexico not a single European family could be found."*

Between 1607 and 1733 were founded all the original States of the American Union. The order of their settlement and the main facts of their growth in population while colonies of Great Britain are, if not essential, at least important to a comprehension of their history as independent States, and still more to an understanding of the origin of the twenty-four equal members of the Union which have come into existence since 1789.

1607–1660.

By a natural grouping of the facts of our early settlement, one who chooses to regard the growth of population merely, irrespective of grants, charters, and political institutions, may consider the colonies in three classes—those of New England, the middle colonies, and those to the South, from and including Maryland.

The first permanent settlement within the territory of the original States was at Jamestown, Virginia, on the James River, 1607, by a colony of about 100 English. For twelve years the colony grew slowly, so that but 600 persons, men, women, and children, were counted among the inhabitants at the beginning of 1619. During the two years which followed, however, the number was increased nearly sixfold. At the outbreak of the civil war in England the population was estimated at 20,000, which was probably in excess of the true number.

Mr. Bancroft explains as follows the liability to "glaring mistakes in the enumerations" in the Southern provinces: "The mild climate invited emigrants to the inland glades;" "the crown-lands were often occupied on warrants of surveys without patents, or even without warrants;" "the people were never assembled but at muster."

The settlement of Maryland was closely connected with that of Virginia. In 1631–32 Captain William Clayborne established small settlements on Kent Island, in Chesapeake Bay, and also near the mouth of the Susquehanna. In 1634 a colony of about 200 English was planted at St. Mary's, on the mainland, under Leonard Calvert, brother of the proprietary, Lord Baltimore. Virginia and Maryland were the only colonies of the Southern group which were planted prior to the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660. At that date they were estimated to contain respectively 30,000 and 12,000 inhabitants.

Passing northeastward to New England, we find the first settlement made in 1620 by a body of about 100 English at Plymouth, within the present limits of Massachusetts, constituting what was, until 1692, known as the "Plymouth Colony." In 1643 this col-

* Holmes's *Annals*, i. 123.

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ony had grown to contain seven townships.

In 1628 a colony was planted at Salem, on Massachusetts Bay; in 1630 and 1633 large accessions were received; in 1634 the settlements were reported as extending thirty miles from the capital; 1635 was a year of rapid extension; by 1636 population had reached the Connecticut, and Springfield was settled. There were now twenty "towns," and the colony was divided into three "regiments." During the summer of 1638 twenty ships arrived with 2000 persons. The colony was divided into four counties. In 1640 it was at its highest point of prosperity within the period we are considering. "The number of emigrants who had arrived in New England before the assembling of the Long Parliament is estimated to have been 21,200; 198 ships had borne them across the Atlantic."* Hildreth adds: "The accessions which New England henceforward received were more than counterbalanced by perpetual emigration."†

The Puritans in England, instead of fleeing before Acts of Conformity, were now engaged in reforming church and state to suit themselves.

In 1660 there were three towns on the Connecticut River within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts.

For the first settlement of New Hampshire, Mr. Bancroft assigns the date 1623, permanent plantations being then established on the Piscataqua. Dover and Portsmouth are among the oldest towns in New England. The province grew at first very slowly.

Of the first settlements within the State of Maine, Bancroft remarks (i. 331): "It is not possible, perhaps, to ascertain the precise time when the rude shelters of the fishermen on the coast began to be tenanted by permanent inmates, and the fishing stages of a summer to be transferred into regular establishments of trade. The first settlement was probably made 'on the Maine,' but a few miles from Monhegan, at the mouth of the Pemaquid." The probable date assigned is 1626.

In 1636 Providence, in the present State of Rhode Island, was planted by Roger Williams and five companions. In 1638 the "Rhode Island Colony" was established on the Isle of Rhodes by William Coddington and eighteen associates. Six years later Rhode Island and Providence plantations were united in self-government.

In 1633 trading posts were established within the limits of the present State of Connecticut, both by Dutch from New Netherlands (New York), and by English from Plymouth, the former at Hartford, the latter at Windsor.

During 1635 removals took place from Massachusetts to Wethersfield and Windsor, and in 1636 these towns, with Hartford, were occupied, constituting the "Connecticut Colony." In 1645 there were eight taxable towns within the colony.

In 1633 a settlement was made at New Haven, which, with its adjacent towns, constituted the "New Haven Colony," until it was united with the Connecticut Colony by charter of Charles II. The consolidated colony contained nineteen towns, distributed among four counties.

We have thus shown the beginnings east of the Hudson of four of the original thirteen States, prior to 1660. At 1640 these contained twelve independent communities, with not less than fifty towns or distinct settlements; but before the Restoration a consolidation had taken place, which reduced the separate jurisdictions to six.*

Of the central group of colonies New York was first settled. The Dutch had for some years maintained trade with the natives at Manhattan and up the Hudson River. In 1623–24 "New Netherlands" was planted, and a permanent settlement, called New Amsterdam, was made at Manhattan, the site of the present city of New York. By 1656 the village had been laid out into several small streets; 1660 found the Dutch still in possession, as well as disputing the title to Western Connecticut. The population at that date of New Netherlands, which in 1647 was hardly 2000 or 3000, even including the Swedes on the Delaware (Hildreth, i. 436), had risen to about 10,000, of whom 1500 resided in New Amsterdam.

One part of the present State of New York, however, has a history which directly connects its settlement both with New England and with the central group of colonies.

Long Island was first settled at its western end, under the protection of the Dutch, and a number of towns were a little later planted there by this people.† The eastern portion of the island was settled about 1640 by Puritans from Lynn, Massachusetts, and from the New Haven Colony, and these settlements grew rapidly to meet those advancing from the west. The island was partitioned by the treaty of 1650 between the Dutch and the English, and so remained until the fall of the Dutch power in 1664.

In 1631 a small settlement had been made by the Dutch near Lewistown, within the present State of Delaware, but the young

* Bancroft, *United States*, i. 415.
† *Hist. United States*, i. 267.

* Hildreth, *United States*, i. 267.
† Anabaptist refugees from Massachusetts settled Newtown and Gravesend, under Dutch protection. So numerous were the English-speaking inhabitants of the Dutch part of the island that an English secretary was appointed.—Hildreth, i. 417.

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colony was entirely cut off by Indians a year later. In 1638 a company of Swedes and Finns, under the then renowned flag of Sweden, arrived in Delaware, and built a fort near the mouth of the creek, which they called Christiana. The Swedish settlements soon extended northward almost to the present site of Philadelphia. In 1655, however, the fear of Swedish arms had so far abated that the Dutch from Manhattan accomplished the subjection of Delaware to the dominion of Holland.

This completes the tale of colonies planted within the limits of the thirteen States prior to the Restoration. Thus at 1660 the only English colonies were those of New England, Virginia, and Maryland, estimated to contain in all not more than eighty thousand inhabitants.

1660–1688.

Within a few years from the Restoration the Dutch colonists of New Netherlands (New York), as well as the Dutch, Swedish, and Finnish residents of Delaware, were brought under English dominion, and the colonies of New Jersey and Carolina were planted.

Settlements had been made in what is now New Jersey very early in the seventeenth century. Dutch, Swedes, and Finns, English, Dutch again, and again English, had successively appeared and disappeared in the course of the early contests for the sovereignty of the soil. "Here and there," says Bancroft,* "in the counties of Gloucester and Burlington a Swedish farmer may have preserved his dwelling on the Jersey side of the river, and before 1664 perhaps three families were established about Burlington; but as yet West New Jersey had not a hamlet. In East Jersey.....a trading station seems in 1618 to have been occupied at Bergen. In December, 1651, August Herman purchased but hardly took possession of the land that stretched from Newark Bay to the west of Elizabethtown; while in January, 1658, other purchasers obtained the large grant called Bergen, where the early station became a permanent settlement. Before the end of 1664 a few families of Quakers appear also to have found a refuge south of Raritan Bay."

In 1664 the settlement of New Jersey began under conflicting grants. There were soon four towns—Elizabeth, Newark, Middletown, and Shrewsbury. In 1676 New Jersey was divided as East and West New Jersey, the latter being purchased by the Quakers, who settled Burlington the following year. In 1682 the towns of East Jersey were supposed to have 700 families; those of West Jersey perhaps as many persons.

In 1663 Carolina was granted to eight proprietors; but it would appear that Albemarle had been settled already* by the growth southward of the Nansemond settlement just on the borders of the Virginia grant.

Two or three years prior to the grant, moreover, it would appear that a settlement had been effected by men from New England on the southern bank of Cape Fear River. Whatever remained of this settlement was, however, absorbed by a colony planted near the same spot in 1665 by the exertions of the proprietary, and which so prospered that in 1666 it embraced 800 persons.

In 1670 a company, brought out in three ships, settled on the Ashley River, at "Old Charlestown."

In 1671–72 Dutch both from New York and from Holland arrived at the Ashley River settlement. Subsequently, it would appear, to both these dates—perhaps 1679 or 1680—the colonists generally passed over to the west bank of Cooper River, and settled on Oyster Point, which became the city of Charleston.

In 1681 Pennsylvania was planted. The growth of this colony was rapid. In the first three years "fifty sail" arrived with settlers.

Thus, prior to 1688, the period of the great Revolution in England, we see settlements made within the territory of all the original thirteen States except Georgia. The whole population of the colonies at this time was about 200,000, "of whom," says Bancroft,† "Massachusetts, with Plymouth and Maine, may have had 44,000; New Hampshire and Rhode Island, with Providence, each 6000; Connecticut, from 17,000 to 20,000—that is, all New England, 75,000 souls; New York, not less than 20,000; New Jersey, half as many; Pennsylvania and Delaware, perhaps 12,000; Maryland, 25,000; Virginia, 50,000 or more; and the two Carolinas, which then included the soil of Georgia, probably not less than 8000 souls."

1688–1754.

In 1733 Georgia was settled and Savannah founded by Oglethorpe, with about one hundred and twenty persons. In 1734 Augusta was laid out. The immigrants of this year were computed at six hundred. In 1835

* *Hist. United States*, ii. 316.

* "Perhaps a few vagrant families were planted within the limits of Carolina before the Restoration."—Bancroft, ii. 134, 135.

The historian Grahame charged that scarce any historian at his day had correctly given the facts relating to the early settlement of Carolina. "Even that laborious and generally accurate writer, Jedediah Morse, has been so far misled by defective materials as to assert (*American Gazetteer*) that the first permanent settlement in North Carolina was formed by certain German refugees in 1710."—*Hist. United States in North America*, ii. 111, n.

† *Hist. United States*, ii. 450.

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a colony of Highlanders planted New Inverness, in Darien. In 1736 Oglethorpe brought out three hundred emigrants.

But though perhaps the most auspiciously founded of all the colonies except Pennsylvania, the growth of Georgia was not rapid, and more than twenty years after its settlement we find the Board of Trade estimating its white inhabitants at but 3000.*

Meanwhile we find the other twelve colonies growing very unequally, both as we compare one colony with another and as we compare one epoch with another.†

In Virginia the number of "tithables" (*i. e.*, free males above sixteen years, and slaves above that age of both sexes) had been estimated in 1691 at 14,000; in 1703 the number was computed at 25,023; in 1754 the "tithables" had increased to nearly 100,000.

In the Carolinas the growth had been rapid in both the white and the black population. In 1700 5500 white inhabitants were counted. In 1723 the white inhabitants of that part alone which became South Carolina were estimated at 14,000; the slaves (negroes and a few Indians) at 18,000.‡ In 1729 the crown, having bought out the proprietors, formed Carolina into two distinct royal provinces, North and South Carolina. In 1730 the negroes of South Carolina were estimated at 28,000. This sudden increase in the estimate of their number may have been in some measure due to the alarm aroused by a plot for a servile insurrection.* In 1738 there was another attempt at servile insurrection, and the negroes were now estimated at 40,000.† Mr. Bancroft makes the number but little greater in 1754. Both the Carolinas meanwhile received large accessions of Irish and of French Protestants from Europe, of Puritans from New England, and of Dutch from New York, so that in 1754 the white inhabitants of the two colonies were estimated at twenty-two times the number stated for 1700.

If we follow Mr. Bancroft's classification, and place Maryland with the middle colonies, we find this group in 1754 exceeding New England in the ratio nearly of five to four. Of the middle colonies, Pennsylvania had, in the sixty years since its settlement, become by far the most populous.

New England, during the period we are considering, had increased nearly fivefold. Maine, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire had now considerable populations; and the beginnings of a new State, though not to be reckoned among the immortal "Thirteen," had been made, in 1724, by the establishment of Fort Dummer, on the site of Brattleborough, within the present State of Vermont.

It is natural that on the verge of the Seven Years' War, which broke the power of France on the American continent, the historian should pause to review the progress of settlement; and accordingly we find Mr. Bancroft summing up thus, for the year 1754, the population of the several colonies:

"Of persons of European ancestry perhaps 50,000 dwelt in New Hampshire, 207,000 in Massachusetts, 35,000 in Rhode Island, and 133,000 in Connecticut: in New England, therefore, 425,000 souls.

"Of the middle colonies, New York may have had 85,000; New Jersey, 73,000; Pennsylvania, with Delaware, 195,000; Maryland, 104,000: in all not far from 457,000.... To Virginia may be assigned 168,000 white inhabitants; to North Carolina scarcely more than 70,000; to South Carolina, 40,000; to Georgia not more than 5000: to the whole country south of the Potomac, 283,000....

"Of persons of African lineage the home was chiefly determined by climate. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Maine, may have had 3000 negroes; Rhode Island, 4500; Connecticut, 3500: all New England, therefore, about 11,000. New York alone had not far from 11,000; New Jersey about half that number; Pennsylvania, with Delaware, 11,000; Maryland, 44,000: the central colonies collectively, 71,000. In Virginia there were not less than 116,000; in North Carolina, perhaps more than 20,000; in South Carolina, full 40,000; in Georgia, about 2000: so that the country south of the Potomac may have had 178,000."‡

These estimates yield totals of 1,165,000 whites and 260,000 negroes.

* Grahame (*Hist. United States*, ii. 403, n.), referring to the many inconsistent statements of the population of the colonies at different dates, says: "Even writers so accurate and sagacious as Dwight and Holmes have been led to underrate the early population of North America by relying too far on the estimates which the provincial governments furnished to the British ministry *for the ascertainment of the numbers of men whom they were to be required to supply for the purposes of naval and military expeditions.*" The reason suggested for the probable disparagement of the early population of the colonies has not a little force.

† In his *History of the United States*, vol. iv. p. 128, Mr. Bancroft expresses the opinion that "he who, like H. C. Carey, in his *Principles of Political Economy*, Part iii. p. 25, will construct retrospectively general tables from the rule of increase in America since 1790, will err very little." The writer must dissent from this opinion. The approximate regularity of increase from 1790 to 1860 was due to the fact that the accession by immigration bore a very small proportion to the total population. Thus, Professor Tucker places the foreign arrivals at 50,000 for the period 1790–1800, 70,000 for 1800–10, 114,000 for 1810–20, and this with an aggregate population rising meanwhile from four to nine and a half millions. Moreover, that immigration tended more and more to uniformity as between individual years. In the period before the Revolution, however, to which Mr. Bancroft refers, the average annual foreign arrivals unquestionably bore a much higher ratio to the existing population, and the immigration was very spasmodic and without system. Thus in 1750, when the total population of the thirteen colonies was, by Mr. Bancroft's estimates, a million and a quarter, we have an account of 5317 persons arriving in that single year in the single colony of Pennsylvania; and in 1729, when the total population must have been about 650,000, we find 6208 persons arriving in the same colony. Where disturbing elements of such magnitude enter, subject to no law that any one can presume to state, such computations as Mr. Bancroft suggests become most fallacious.

‡ Hewatt, i. 308, 309.

* Holmes, i. 547. † Holmes, ii. 10, 11.

‡ *Hist. United States*, iv. 127–129.

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1754–1790.

Pitt's war with France ensued. In 1763 his Most Christian Majesty by treaty relinquished to England all his rights to territory east of the Mississippi and north of thirty-one degrees north latitude. Population had gone on increasing all the time in spite of the war, but the triumphant conclusion was instantly followed by an extension of settlement in every direction. The presence of the French military posts in an unbroken chain from the Atlantic through the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and the fear of the Indian allies of the French, had repressed in a degree even the adventurous courage of the English-Americans. When once this pressure was removed, population bounded forward with astonishing alacrity.

On the extreme Northeast, in Maine, where settlement had been retarded by six successive Indian wars, "old claims under ancient grants began now to be revived, and new grants to be solicited."* The counties of Cumberland and Lincoln were erected in the year following the peace. Settlements stretched unrestrained along the coast toward the Penobscot, and population soon became almost continuous, even to Nova Scotia. To the North, the New Hampshire side of the Upper Connecticut witnessed a rapid immigration; while the other bank, contested then between New York and New Hampshire, became the scene of a petty warfare between rival patentees, possession and law being generally invoked against each other. Population also began to seek the borders of Lake Champlain, and to force its way through the forests to the lakes of Central New York.

To the South again, Georgia and South Carolina were now increasing in population and extending their settlements with unexampled rapidity. In 1752 the population of Georgia had been computed at 9000. In 1775 it was estimated to be 75,000. About the latter date the colony was divided into eight counties—four along the coast and four up the Savannah River.

But it was to the West, between the parallels which embraced the colonies of North Carolina and Virginia, and upon lands included within their charters, that the greatest movement in this period took place. Notwithstanding the exclusively agricultural character of the industry of these colonies, inviting a wide extension of population, the Blue Ridge had been, so late as 1731, the western boundary of settlement. From that time forward, however, settlers gradually penetrated the mountains north of the James River, and found homes in the valleys beyond, until in 1751–52 the furthermost wave of population had reached the base of the Alleghanies, and here for a time was stayed. But the Virginians and North Carolinians of that day knew better what lay beyond that mountain barrier than did the British Board of Trade when they sent Captain John Smith up the Chickahominy to discover the Pacific Ocean. By the explorations of Colonel Wood in 1654–64 several of the branches of the Ohio River had been made known, though for fifty years it still remained the general belief that the Alleghanies themselves were impassable. In 1714, however, Lieutenant-Governor Spottiswoode, of Virginia, led in person, "with great parade and solemnity," an expedition for the discovery of a passage across the mountains, which was crowned with such complete success that Spottiswoode was hailed by the Virginians with acclamations "of grateful and, indeed, hyperbolical praise, which exalted him to an approach to the glory of Hannibal."*

The statesmen of Virginia early saw that the long French line might be thrust through with fatal effect if settlements properly covered with military force were pushed across the mountains. It was the attempt of Governor Dinwiddie to seize the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela in 1754 which brought on the war which ended in the conquest of the Ohio Valley.

Yet even after the peace of 1763, which gave all this country into the undisputed possession of England, subject only to Indian claims (and curiously enough, and in this connection importantly enough, it happened that no Indian tribe at any time had title to the territory immediately west of Virginia, which subsequently became the State of Kentucky), the home government persistently discouraged emigration to the West; and by proclamation of October 7, 1763, "it was ordered that, except in Quebec and West Florida, no public lands should be taken up *beyond the heads of the rivers which flow into the Atlantic.*" Thus the Alleghanies were set as the boundary of American enterprise; and the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi were to be locked against the intrusion of the pioneer.

But little did the pioneer reck of proclamations. His axe and rifle were his patent, and, looking down on the richest soil of the world, he was not likely to be long hindered by minutes from the Board of Trade.

Hardly was the proclamation issued when the banks of the Monongahela were occupied by emigrants from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. In 1768 James Robertson planted his North Carolina colony on the Watauga, in the present State of Tennessee, and soon the Clinch and Holston valleys

* Hildreth, *Hist. United States*, ii. 510.

* Grahame, iii. 69.

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experienced the influx of emigrants from across the mountains.

In 1769 began the romantic exploits of Daniel Boone upon the "dark and bloody ground" later to be known as the State of Kentucky. Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and Lexington appear to have been founded by 1776. In 1788 the settlement of Ohio was begun by the establishment of Marietta on the left bank of the Muskingum. In two years 20,000 persons were reported to have passed the Muskingum on their westward way.*

The surrender by France of the territory east of the Mississippi had brought within the jurisdiction of England in 1763 not a few settlements whose age, while it can not always be precisely ascertained, gives them still most respectable standing among the present towns of the United States.

There was Detroit, in the present State of Michigan, reported, though erroneously, to contain in its immediate vicinity as many as 2500 Europeans, destined to become in the very year of the surrender the prime object of the famous "conspiracy of Pontiac."

The non-Indian population within the present State of Illinois was, according to Mr. Bancroft, not more than 1358 persons, of whom more than 300 were Africans.

Indiana had but one settlement, Vincennes, of nearly equal age with Detroit, with 400 to 500 inhabitants.

To the loyalty of the people thus transferred by the fortune of war, Mr. Jefferson bears the following testimony:

"Having been Governor of Virginia when Vincennes and the other French settlements of that quarter surrendered to the arms of that State twenty-eight years ago, I have had a particular knowledge of their character....I have ever considered them as sober, honest, and orderly citizens, submissive to the laws, and faithful to the nation of which they are a part."—*To William M'Intosh, January* 30, 1808.

Nor was the settlement of the newly acquired territory limited to the northern portions. President Stiles preserves account of extensive migrations in 1773 to reinforce the existing settlements on the Mississippi at and about Natchez.

But while population was thus spreading over the vast territory opened up by the peace of 1763, the older settlements, especially at the South,† were also growing rapidly, and even the war did not suffice to check the progress of population in communities where but a small proportion of the fertile lands was yet taken up, and where every added man was added strength to the State.‡

"From many returns and computations," says Mr. Bancroft, "I deduce the annexed table as some approximation to exactness:"

Year.	Whites.	Blacks.	Total.
1750	1,040,000	220,000	1,260,000
1754	1,165,000	260,000	1,425,000
1760	1,385,000	310,000	1,695,000
1770	1,850,000	462,000	2,312,000
1780	2,383,000	562,000	2,945,000

At the first glance it will seem incredible that in the decade which bore almost the entire brunt of the Revolutionary struggle against England population should have held its own not only, but have made an advance of nearly thirty per cent. Yet much can be said in favor of this estimate for the period 1770–80. 1770–73 witnessed a rapid and continuous immigration, especially from Ireland and Germany, which provided a great resource during the long-continued drain which followed in the years of war. In 1773 especially we have accounts of wholesale immigration from Ireland into Pennsylvania, New York, and the Carolinas.*

The outbreak of the Revolution and the union of the colonies, which, in 1776, declared themselves States, required that the population of each should be at least approximately ascertained for the apportionment of the fiscal burdens of the war. The numbers, as then settled, "exclusive of slaves at the South," is given in Pitkin's *Statistics* (p. 583) as follows:

New Hampshire†	102,000	Delaware	37,000
Massachusetts	352,000	Maryland	174,000
Rhode Island	58,000	Virginia	300,000
Connecticut	202,000	North Carolina	181,000
New York	238,000	South Carolina	93,000
New Jersey	138,000	Georgia	27,000
Pennsylvania	341,000		
Total	2,243,000		

The slaves being then estimated at 500,000 (*ibid.*), the total estimated population at this time was 2,750,000. In the Convention of 1787, which framed the present Constitution of the United States, it became necessary to use the estimated population of each State for another purpose, namely, that of determining provisionally its representation in Congress pending an actual enumeration.

* Holmes's *Annals*, ii. 370.

† Mr. Hildreth calls the years immediately succeeding 1763 "the golden age of Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina."

‡ Our fathers very early set themselves to figuring out their coming greatness through this rapid increase of population. The works of Franklin and Jefferson abound in allusions to the growth of the past and predictions of corresponding growth in the future. Mr. Jefferson especially delighted to dwell on the possibilities of increase. "A duplication in little more than twenty-two years," he writes in his first annual message as President after the second census. "In fifty years more the United States alone," he writes to Humboldt in 1813, "will contain fifty millions of inhabitants." In 1815 he states it to Mr. Maury as forty millions in forty years, and in sixty years eighty millions. The time is already up, but the eighty millions are not forth-coming. The truth is that no expectation is so unreasonable respecting a geometrical ratio of increase as that it will continue.

* Holmes's *Annals*, ii. 183.

† New Hampshire complained that her number was too high, and in 1782 caused an actual enumeration to be made, by which it appeared that the number of her inhabitants was only 82,000. Congress, however, refused to alter her proportion of taxes on that account. —*Pitkin's Statistics.*

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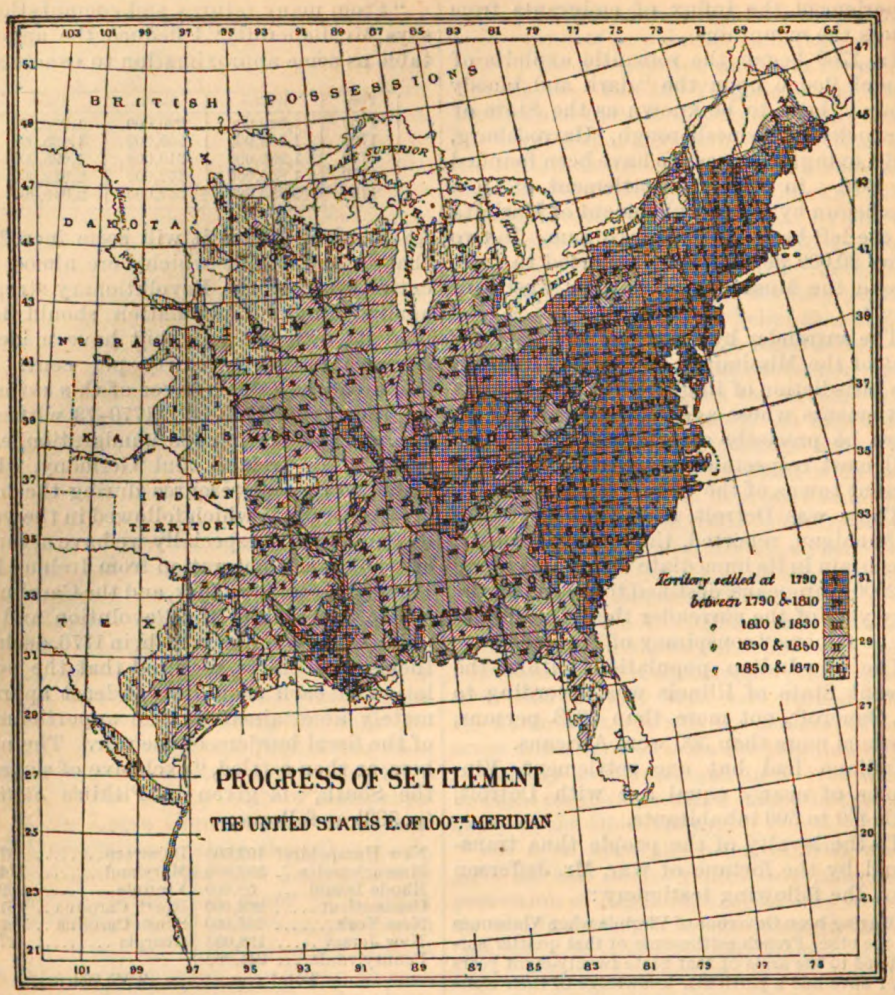

Mr. Curtis, in his *History of the Constitution* (vol. ii. p. 168, 169), gives the following table as that "made and used in the Federal Convention, according to the most accurate accounts they could obtain:"

New Hampshire	102,000
Massachusetts*	360,000
Rhode Island	58,000
Connecticut	202,000
New York*	238,000
New Jersey	138,000
Pennsylvania	360,000
Delaware	37,000
Maryland, including three-fifths of 80,000 negroes	218,000
Virginia,* including three-fifths of 280,000 negroes	420,000
North Carolina,* including three-fifths of 60,000 negroes	200,000
South Carolina, including three-fifths of 80,000 negroes	150,000
Georgia, including three-fifths of 20,000 negroes	90,000
	2,573,000
Add for negroes omitted	208,000
Total estimated population	2,781,000

* Massachusetts, it will be remembered, then comprised the territory which in 1820 became the State of Maine; New York that which in 1791 became the State of Vermont; Virginia that which in 1792 became the State of Kentucky; North Carolina that which in 1796 became the State of Tennessee.

1790–1870.

The first census of the United States was taken in 1790, fourteen years after the Declaration of the Independence of the States, and determined the population to be 3,172,006 whites, and 757,208 blacks.

Pretty much as a matter of course, great disappointment was felt at the result, and dissatisfaction at the methods of enumeration was loudly expressed. Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, in sending copies of the published tables to our representatives at foreign courts, was careful to impress it on the minds of his correspondents that the returns fell far short of the truth, and even went so far as to supply the omissions which he assumed by entries "in red ink" (see letters to William Carmichael, August 24, 1791, and to William Short, August 29, 1791). The results of later censuses, however, substantially establish the accuracy of the first enumeration, and show that the dissatisfaction felt by patriotic Americans in 1791 was but the inevitable disappointment of overstrained anticipations.

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Where was this population found to be? The following table (anticipating the formation of State governments in Maine, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee) exhibits the result by States:

Maine	96,540	Delaware	59,096
New Hampshire	141,885	Maryland	319,728
Vermont	85,425	Virginia	747,610
Massachusetts	378,787	North Carolina	393,751
Rhode Island	68,825	South Carolina	249,073
Connecticut	237,946	Georgia	82,548
New York	340,120	Kentucky	73,677
New Jersey	184,139	Tennessee	35,691
Pennsylvania	434,373		

The general position of these settlements along the sea-board is well known to all our readers. The second map we present exhibits the areas actually covered by a population of two inhabitants or more to the square mile at each alternate decennial census. The deepest shading (No. 5) indicates the settlements of 1790. The aggregate area covered by population at that time was 239,935 square miles,* which, with the population then returned, would yield an average of 16.4 inhabitants to the square mile. This inhabited area stretched from the thirty-first degree north latitude in the south of Georgia to the forty-fifth degree north latitude in Maine, while its extent inland was comparatively insignificant. The following table shows the number of miles on each parallel of latitude occupied by population at each alternate decennial census, measuring from the Atlantic coast westward, and leaving out of account all tracts vacant of population. The measurements only extend to the 100th meridian, to correspond to Map No. 2.

Degree of North Latitude.	1790.	1810.	1830.	1850.	1870.
47	0	0	0	79	209
46	0	0	15	50	230
45	30	392	392	437	858
44	226	279	299	404	777
43	339	425	485	816	1137
42	234	568	691	984	1248
41	238	471	663	1107	1325
40	358	584	912	1140	1252
39	270	565	1038	1043	1224
38	425	707	871	1032	1193
37	344	706	797	1018	1134
36	462	682	878	1057	1057
35	384	391	961	1030	1030
34	302	362	707	938	938
33	175	230	554	989	1055
32	30	227	742	929	1008
31	10	240	634	860	991
30	0	150	323	725	785
29	0	0	0	255	372
28	0	0	0	80	140
27	0	0	0	0	25
26	0	0	0	0	65

Examining the figures for 1790, we find the average settlement inland, along the fifteen degrees of latitude on which there was then population, to be but 255 miles, while if we exclude the forty-fifth and the thirty-first and thirty-second degrees, which were most scantily populated, we shall still have an extent inland of but 313 miles, one-half at least of which, the writer is disposed to believe, had been covered with population* since 1763.

We have said little of charters and constitutions, and have sought to carry forward our account of the growth of population in the American colonies without much regard to the greater or the smaller politics of the time. But one effect, of a political character, due to the geographical relations of the population just noted, fairly comes within the scope of this paper. It is that, by reason of the location of settlements coastwise, the tendency toward a union of the colonies under a common government had, from the first, been reduced to a minimum. If, on the other hand, we imagine the colonies to have been originally planted on the Mississippi and its principal tributaries, the Red, Arkansas, Missouri, and Ohio, we can not but be struck with the reason, and almost the imperative necessity, for an early union, which would have been found in their geographical relations alone. Especially as we recall how quickly the free navigation of the Mississippi became a vital issue with the first few thousands of pioneers who pushed across the Alleghanies after the peace of 1763 to make their homes in the valley of the Ohio, how constantly ever after, until the final adjustment of the question, that region was embroiled by contests arising out of disputed rights, and how ready these sons of Massachusetts, of Virginia, and of Carolina were reputed to be to fling away even their allegiance before submitting to be "cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in," by the grasp of another sovereignty upon their only outlet to the sea, it becomes scarcely possible to believe that the thirteen colonies, had they been planted in any order within the great Mississippi system, could, even under the tempering and controlling supervision of the crown, have remained for so much as one human generation at peace with each other without some common form of government representing their own free and perennial consent. War must, in spite of all the restraining influence of the crown, have furnished the only relief for the stifling sensations of the interior colonies, or else, as with English good sense and good feeling would have been more likely, some form of union for general purposes would at an early date have been resorted to.

But the colonies were not planted upon the Mississippi, which for more than two hundred years after the discovery of the main-

* *Statistical Atlas of the United States*, 1874: article, "The Progress of the Nation." We shall, from this point forward, freely use the statements made in that article without the affectation of an acknowledgment.

* That is, to the degree necessary to allow of its representation on this map, namely, with at least two inhabitants to the square mile.

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land remained, we can not say unknown, but avoided by immigration, its difficult approaches and its tedious navigation below the Isle of Orleans giving it the unpromising name of "Malbouchia." It was on the coast, from Georgia to Maine, that colonies were planted in the seventeenth century. Now the Atlantic slope is made up of scores of distinct river basins, within each of which colonies might have been planted in practical independence of each other. As matter of fact, the malignant force of circumstances* and the more effectual ignorance and stupidity of the home government combined to involve the colonies in many disputes; yet still it remained true that each colony had its own coast-line and harbors and its own water-courses, sufficient to enable it to maintain its communication with the outer world without the leave of any other colony. Massachusetts and Connecticut did, indeed, quarrel for a while (1647–50) over the dues levied at the mouth of the Connecticut River (Saybrook) on goods destined for Springfield, and retaliatory measures were for a short time resorted to. New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey might quarrel, as, indeed, they have, in a feeble way, even since the adoption of the Constitution,† over the navigation of the waters of New York Bay. Virginia and Maryland had cause of dispute, traditions of which survive even to our day, in the petty war of oyster-men over their conflicting rights upon the Chesapeake, Potomac, and Pocomoke; and several of the colonies had reason to complain that their neighbors took advantage of superior power and better geographical location to tax their products.‡ But in none of these, or other instances that might be cited, were the actual or possible injuries of a vital character, tending to destroy the existence,§ or even in an appreciable degree to impair the growth, of the colonies suffering them.

It is in this attitude of natural independence that we find the explanation of the fact that no popular sentiment in favor of an American nationality appeared in the early days of our colonial history. Even the ever-dreaded hostility of the French and their Indian allies was insufficient to furnish a motive to union. Virginians were content to be Virginians, Carolinians to be Carolinians, New Yorkers to be New Yorkers. None seemed to aspire to be Americans. The partial confederation of New England in 1643, an occasional joint expedition or contribution,* and the abortive convention at Albany in 1754 were all that came of the common needs and common dangers of the colonies, until the one overwhelming necessity of a common resistance to the wrongs of the mother country, which should have been the common protector, assembled the Continental Congress of 1774.

THE EXTENSION OF SETTLEMENT SINCE 1790.

Group No. 4 on the map already referred to exhibits the settlements of 1810; group No. 3, those of 1830; group No. 2, those of 1850; and group No. 1, those of 1870. The following table shows the areas which are thus represented on the map, reduced to figures, in square miles. For 1850 and 1870 we have, however, for convenience of comparison, added the settled areas west of the 100th meridian, which are not on the map.

Year.	Total Area of Settlement.	Population.	Average Density of Settlement. Persons to a square mile.
1790	239,935	3,929,214	16.4
1810	407,945	7,239,881	17.7
1830	632,717	12,866,020	20.3
1850	979,249	23,191,876	23.7
1870	1,272,239	38,558,371	30.2

This table excludes the nearly eighteen hundred thousand square miles of territory belonging to the United States (without reckoning the area of Alaska), which have either no population at all, or else are so sparsely populated that the settlements can not be exhibited on the scale taken for our map. The following table shows the degrees of latitude and longitude within which the *solid body* of settlement was at each period comprised, the plan of constructing it being to exclude all patches of settlement, or even considerable tracts, which were separated from the main body by vacant spaces, leaving thus only the solid mass of continuous settlement reaching from the Atlantic westward to the frontier for the time being.

Year.	EXTENT OF CONTINUOUS SETTLEMENT.	
	North Latitude.	West Longitude.
1790	31° —45°	67°—83°
1810	29° 30′—45° 15′	67°—88° 30′
1830	29° 15′—46° 15′	67°—95°
1850	28° 30′—46° 30′	67°—99°
1870	27° 15′—47° 30′	67°—99° 45′

* Such as the cutting into two of the Massachusetts and Connecticut grants by the Dutch occupation of New York.

† Over the matter of the exclusive right of certain patentees of New York to navigate the waters of New York with vessels propelled by steam. Mr. Webster summed up the situation as it existed in 1824 as follows: "The North River shut up by a monopoly from New York; the Sound interdicted by a penal law of Connecticut; reprisals authorized by New Jersey against citizens of New York."—*Argument in "Gibbons and Ogden."*

‡ Virginia had taxed the tobacco of North Carolina; Pennsylvania had taxed the products of Maryland, of New Jersey, and of Delaware.—Curtis, *Hist. Const.*, i. 290.

§ Delaware would seem to afford an instance in contradiction of this remark. But Delaware originally formed a part of Pennsylvania, being known as "the lower counties on the Delaware." From 1703 it enjoyed a separate Legislature; but it continued to have the same Governor as Pennsylvania—a fact which generally sufficed to prevent that antagonism of interests which otherwise might have arisen from the geographical relations of the two colonies.

* Maryland was the most southern colony which contributed to the defense of New York in 1695.—Bancroft, iii. 34.

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CITIES.

The population of 1790 was very largely rural. Of the 226,085 square miles which were covered with population, 166,782 had between 2 and 18 inhabitants to the square mile; 59,282 had between 18 and 45; and but 13,871 had over 45.

Of cities of 8000 or more inhabitants, there were at this date but six: Philadelphia, with a population of 42,520; New York, with 33,131; Boston, with 18,038; Charleston, with 16,359; Baltimore, with 13,503; Salem, with (in round numbers) 8000.

Of the six cities named only three had been the first-chosen seats of population. Salem had been settled in 1628 in preference to Boston; Calvert's company sought St. Mary's, and not Baltimore; "Old Charlestown" had to be abandoned to found modern Charleston.

Of the six, Philadelphia, though founded nearly sixty years after New York, early took the lead, remaining the chief city until nearly 1810. As early as 1696 it is described as containing 1000 houses, mostly of brick, and doubtless all then as decorous in aspect, and appearing as incapable of being out of the way, as their successors at the present time. At 1750 the population of the city is put at 13,000.*

New York, which had grown out of a few trading huts on Manhattan Island, had come in 1677 to be a smart village of 350 houses, with perhaps 3000 inhabitants. In 1696 the number of houses had increased to 594. In 1759 there were 2000 houses, with perhaps 12,000 inhabitants. By the colonial census of 1773 the population was determined to be 21,363.

Boston had a rapid growth at first, which was checked by the almost entire cessation of immigration about 1670. In 1700 1000 houses are reported; in 1765 the number had increased only to 1676, the number of inhabitants being 15,520.

Baltimore had not been laid out until 1729. It was incorporated 1745. It remained, says Hildreth, but a petty village for twenty years afterward (ii. 414).

Of cities now noted, Providence, Portland, Albany, and Richmond were then smart towns. Newport, though past its greatest prosperity, was still a considerable place. Norfolk was coming to be known for its export trade. Savannah was as yet of little account. It was described in 1754 as containing "about 150 houses, all wooden ones, very small, and mostly old."* The beginnings of Detroit have already been spoken of. Mobile, New Orleans, and St. Louis were as yet foreign territory. Mobile was little more than a Spanish garrison. The site of New Orleans, a pestilential swamp, had been cleared in 1718 by the Mississippi Company, under "the reign of Law" in France. In 1769, after the transfer of Louisiana to Spain, New Orleans was found to contain 1801 whites, 99 free colored, 60 domiciliated Indians, 1225 slaves.† St. Louis had been founded in 1764 as the emporium for the fur trade of the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. President Jefferson, writing of it to Colonel (afterward President) Monroe, May 4, 1806, says, "St. Louis, where there is good society, both French and American, a healthy climate, and the finest field in the United States for acquiring property."

The aggregate population of the six cities at 1790 was 131,472, being 3.4 per cent. of the total population of the country. There are now twenty-nine cities which have a larger population than the largest at 1790; 226 cities and towns as large as Salem then was; the aggregate city population of today is 8,071,875, being 20.9 per cent. of the total population.

The following table shows the growth of the city system from 1790 to 1870:

Year.	CITIES BY CLASSES, ACCORDING TO SIZE.								
	8000 to 12,000.	12,000 to 20,000.	20,000 to 40,000.	40,000 to 75,000.	75,000 to 125,000.	125,000 to 250,000.	250,000 to 500,000.	500,000 and over.	Total.
1790	1	3	1	1	..	..	..	..	6
1810	4	2	3	..	2	..	..	..	11
1830	12	7	3	1	1	2	..	..	26
1850	36	20	14	7	3	3	1	1	85
1870	92	63	39	14	8	3	5	2	226

The next table exhibits the aggregate city population at each specified date, in comparison with the total population of the country:

Year.	Population of United States.	Population of Cities.	Inhabitants of Cities in each 100 of the total Population.
1790	3,929,214	131,472	3.4
1810	7,239,881	356,920	4.9
1830	12,866,020	864,509	6.7
1850	23,191,876	2,897,586	12.5
1870	38,558,371	8,071,875	20.9

Speaking roundly, it may be said that at 1790 one-thirtieth of the population was in cities; at 1810, one-twentieth; at 1830, one-sixteenth; at 1860, one-eighth; at 1870, one-fifth and more.

THE CENTRE OF POPULATION.

It has been said that the average extent inland of population at 1790 was 313 miles, if we exclude the three parallels then most

* *European Settlements in America*, ii. 254.

* Hildreth, ii. 454. † Bancroft, vi. 296.

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scantily populated. If the density of population over the settled area had been every where uniform, the centre of population* would have been easily found. But, in fact, so irregular was the settlement of the Atlantic slope, so far as it was occupied at all, that very elaborate calculations require to be made in order to ascertain even approximately the point at which the population would, so to speak, have *balanced*. Entering into these calculations, we find the denser settlements immediately on the coast, and especially the sea-port cities, drawing the centre of population far to the east of the geographical centre of the then populated tract, and fixing it about twenty-three miles east of Baltimore. Since that date the centre of population has moved a total distance of 399 miles, being, as nearly as possible, an average of fifty miles every ten years. The following table exhibits the position, by latitude and longitude, of the centre of population at the beginning of each decennial period, with its location approximately by reference to important towns, and the number of miles traversed in the westward movement of the preceding decade:

Year.	POSITION OF CENTRE OF POPULATION.			Westward Movement during preceding Decade.
	North Latitude.	West Longitude.	Approximate Location by important Towns.	
1790	39° 16.5′	76° 11.2′	23 miles E. of Baltimore.	
1800	39° 16.1′	76° 56.5′	18 " W. of Baltimore.	41 miles.
1810	39° 11.5′	77° 37.2′	40 " N.W. by W. of Washington.	36 "
1820	39° 05.7′	78° 33′	16 " N. of Woodstock.	50 "
1830	38° 57.9′	79° 16.9′	19 " W.S.W. of Moorefield.	39 "
1840	39° 02′	80° 18′	16 " S. of Clarksburg.	55 "
1850	38° 59′	81° 19′	23 " S.E. of Parkersburg.	55 "
1860	39° 00.4′	82° 48.8′	20 " S. of Chillicothe.	81 "
1870	39° 12′	83° 35.7′	48 " E. by N. of Cincinnati.	42 "
				Total..399 "

The tremendous leap from 1850 to 1860, eighty-one miles, is due to the sudden transfer of a considerable body of population from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, consequent on the gold discoveries, twelve individuals in San Francisco exerting as much pressure at the pivotal point, say, the crossing of the 83d meridian and the 39th parallel, as forty individuals in Boston.

The third map exhibits to the eye the movement of population which is stated in figures in the foregoing table.

THE ARITHMETICAL PROCESS OF THE NATIONAL GROWTH.

The arithmetical process of the national growth has been so fully set forth by a score of writers on population that we shall give but little space to its exposition here.

The table following exhibits the ratio of increase, by ten, twenty, and thirty year periods, from 1790 to 1870:

Year.	INCREASE PER CENT.		
	In Ten Years.	In Twenty Years.	In Thirty Years.
1800	35.1	....	....
1810	36.3	84.2	....
1820	33.1	81.5	145.1
1830	33.5	77.7	142.3
1840	32.6	77.2	135.8
1850	35.8	80.2	140.7
1860	35.6	84.2	144.4
1870	22.6	66.2	125.9

THE GEOGRAPHICAL PROCESS OF THE NATIONAL GROWTH.

We find in a recent review so good a generalization of the process of our national growth geographically that we can not do better than quote it, premising that the description has reference to a series of maps like No. 5 of the present series (following), one for each census of the United States, showing the location and density of population at each date by shades of the same color. The writer says:

"The feature which this series of plates brings to view most strikingly is the constant tendency to the formation beyond the general frontier line of detached patches of color in localities favorable to population, at first of insignificant proportions, but increasing during each decade; the subsequent projection of branches toward the main body, which itself seems to develop sympathetically in the direction of these outlying masses; the formation of a broad connecting band; and finally the complete absorption of the outlying groups by the advancing main body, which in the mean time has been deepening in tint simultaneously with the extension of its area. The foregoing process, in continuous action, seems to be the normal law of growth of our population, and its operation can be distinctly discerned to-day in the feelers cautiously thrown out from the east along the lines of the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas rivers toward the Rocky Mountain settlements in Colorado and New Mexico."*

The process may perhaps be illustrated by supposing an overflow from one of the banks of a lake of a definite volume of water, the overflow then to cease. The ground beyond the bank may seem to be level, but the water quickly discovers a slight depression through the middle of the plain, and flows out along this as a channel until, sooner or later, it finds a shallow basin, into which it drains, leaving perhaps here and there a small pool along its former channel.

Now let us suppose a second overflow to

* By the phrase "centre of population" is commonly intended the point at which equilibrium would be reached were the country taken as a plane surface, itself without weight, but capable of sustaining weight, and *loaded* with its inhabitants, in number and position such as they are found at the period under consideration, each individual being assumed to be of the same gravity as every other, and consequently to exert pressure on the pivotal point directly proportioned to his distance therefrom.

* *International Review*, Jan.–Feb., 1875, p. 133.

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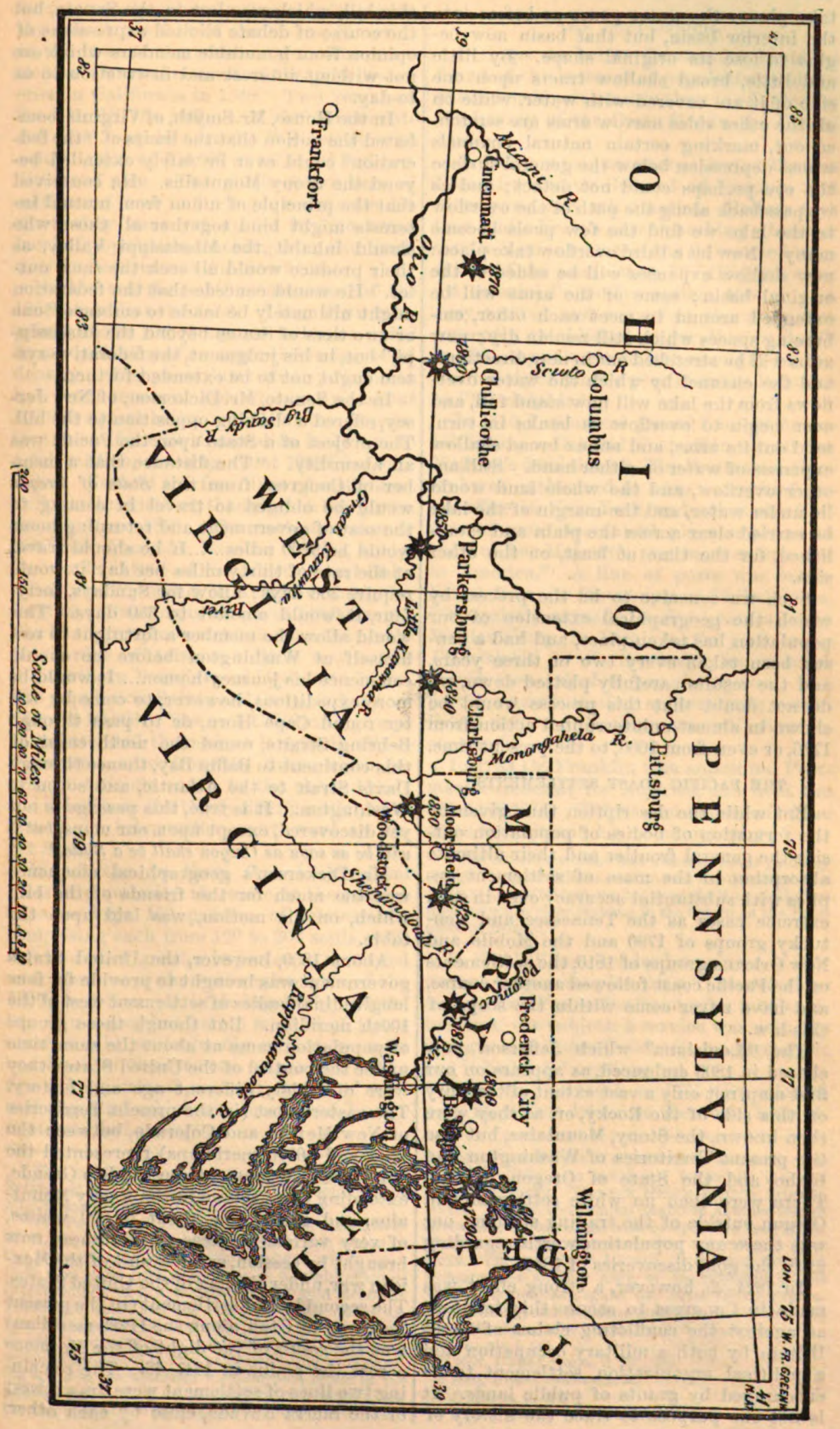

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take place: the water pours as before into the interior basin, but that basin now begins to lose its original shape. By little and little, broad shallow tracts upon one side of it are covered with water, while on all the other sides narrow arms are stretched out, marking certain natural channels whose depression below the general surface the eye perhaps could not detect; and as we pass back along the path of the overflow to the lake we find the few pools become many. Now let a third overflow take place: new shallow expanses will be added to the original basin; some of the arms will be extended around to meet each other, embracing spaces which still remain dry; new arms will be stretched out in new directions, and the channel by which the water overflows from the lake will now stand full, and even begin to overflow *its* banks in turn, send out its arms, and annex broad shallow expanses of water on either hand. Still another overflow, and the whole land would lie under water, and the margin of the lake be carried clear across the plain and established, for the time at least, on the other side.

Such we conceive to be the process by which the geographical extension of our population has taken place, and had a census been taken every two or three years, and the results carefully plotted down, we do not doubt that this process would be shown in almost uninterrupted action from 1776, or even from 1660, to the present time.

THE PACIFIC COAST SETTLEMENTS.

But while the description thus given of the formation of bodies of population outside the general frontier and their ultimate absorption in the mass of settlement applies with substantial accuracy even in such extreme cases as the Tennessee and Kentucky groups of 1790 and the Mobile and New Orleans groups of 1810, the settlements on the Pacific coast followed another course, and have never come within the scope of this law.

The "Louisiana" which Jefferson purchased in 1803 embraced, as appears on our first map, not only a vast extent of territory on this side of the Rocky, or, as they were then known, the Stony, Mountains, but also the present Territories of Washington and Idaho and the State of Oregon beyond. There were then no white settlements in Oregon outside of the trading stations, nor was there any population worth regarding until the gold discoveries of 1848.

In 1824–25, however, a strong effort was made in Congress to secure this territory as against the conflicting claims of Great Britain by both a military occupation and a political organization, settlement to be encouraged by grants of public lands. It is not our purpose to trace the history of this bill, which was lost in the Senate, but the course of debate elicited expressions of opinion from honorable members which are not without interest and instruction to us to-day.

In the House, Mr. Smyth, of Virginia, combated the notion that the limits of "the federation" could ever be safely extended beyond the Stony Mountains. He conceived that the principle of union from mutual interests might bind together all those who should inhabit the Mississippi Valley, as their produce would all seek the same outlet. He would concede that the federation might ultimately be made to embrace "one or two tiers of States beyond the Mississippi," but, in his judgment, the federative system ought not to be extended further.

In the Senate, Mr. Dickerson, of New Jersey, offered a slashing opposition to the bill. The project of a State upon the Pacific was an absurdity. "The distance that a member of Congress from this *State of Oregon* would be obliged to travel in coming to the seat of government and returning home would be 9200 miles.....If he should travel at the rate of thirty miles per day, it would require 306 days; allow for Sundays, forty-four, it would amount to 350 days. This would allow the member a fortnight to rest himself at Washington before he should commence his journey home.....It would be more expeditious, however, to come by water round Cape Horn, or to pass through Behring Straits, round the north coast of this continent to Baffin Bay, thence through Davis Strait to the Atlantic, and so on to Washington. It is true, this passage is not yet discovered, except upon our maps, *but it will be as soon as Oregon shall be a State.*"

Mr. Dickerson's geographical eloquence was too much for the friends of the bill, which, on his motion, was laid upon the table.

About 1850, however, the United States government was brought to provide for four longitudinal bodies of settlement west of the 100th meridian. But though these groups of population came at about the same time under the control of the United States, they were of widely different age and history. The easternmost (in the present Territories of New Mexico and Colorado, between the 103d and 105th meridians) represented the old Spanish settlements on the Rio Grande, extending to its source in the Rocky Mountains, and containing about 50,000 whites, of very various degrees of whiteness, now brought by cession, as the result of the Mexican war, under the flag of the United States. The second line of settlement (in the present Territory of Utah, along the 112th meridian) was the result of the flight of the Mormons across the plains in 1847–48. The remaining two lines of settlement were drawn west of the Sierra Nevada, close by each other,

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being scarcely distant a degree in longitude, the one at the foot of the Sierra, the other at the base of the coast range. These settlements were the result of the gold discoveries in California in 1848. Two years sufficed to fill the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin and the Willamette with a population of 100,000 of all races and conditions of men. Though these two lines of settlement were in their general course distinct, they were yet united by one broad band of population reaching from San Francisco to Sacramento and Stockton.

Such were the settlements west of the 100th meridian in 1850. They then comprised about 33,600 square miles, occupied by a population of an appreciable degree of density. Ten years later their population had risen to about 620,000, covering about 100,000 square miles. In 1870 the population west of the 100th meridian had risen to a full million, covering about 120,000 square miles. Each of the four lines of settlement still remains distinct, though each has grown greatly since 1850. The easternmost now stretches from the Mexican border, across the whole extent of New Mexico and Colorado, into Wyoming, in a narrow, irregular fashion, embracing in all about 140,000 souls. The Utah group now extends from the northern border of Arizona, a little way across the northern boundary of Utah, into Idaho. The population, Saints and Gentiles, has now risen to 90,000. The two California groups have extended themselves longitudinally—the westernmost from the thirty-ninth degree of latitude south to the thirty-third; the other from the thirty-fifth parallel, with but slight interruption, northward to Puget Sound.

In addition to these four longitudinal belts of population there are at the present time perhaps 150 patches of settlements, comprising each from 100 to 300 souls, with a few of even greater importance, scattered over the face of the vast region west of the 100th meridian. A little ingenuity and the use of a somewhat heroic method of treatment would undoubtedly suffice to refer nearly all of these to one or another of the seven longitudinal zones or chains of mineral deposits* which are recognized by our explorers and geologists.

* This generalization was first made by Professor Blake, and has been more minutely brought out by Mr. Clarence King, as follows:

"The Pacific coast ranges upon the west carry quicksilver, tin, and chromic iron. The next belt is that of the Sierra Nevada and Oregon Cascades, which upon their west slope bear two zones—a foot-hill chain of copper mines and a middle line of gold deposits. These gold veins and the resultant placer mines extend far into Alaska, characterized by the occurrence of gold in quartz, by a small amount of that metal which is entangled in iron sulphurets, and by occupying splits in the upturned metamorphic strata of the jurassic age. Lying to the east of this zone, along the east base of the Sierras, and stretching southward into Mexico, is a chain of silver mines, containing comparatively little base metal, and frequently included in volcanic rocks. Through Middle Mexico, Arizona, Middle Nevada, and Central Idaho is another line of silver mines, mineralized with complicated association of the base metals, and more often occurring in older rocks. Through New Mexico, Utah, and Western Montana lies another zone, of argentiferous galena lodes. To the east, again, the New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana gold belt is an extremely well defined and continuous chain of deposits."

THE POST-OFFICE.

Perhaps no better illustration could be found of the increase of population and the extension of settlements than is afforded by the history of the Post-office in the United States.

In 1692 a royal patent constituted Thomas Neale Postmaster-General of Virginia and other parts of North America. Holmes says that under Neale's patent nothing whatever resulted, on account of the "dispersed situations of the inhabitants."* Hildreth says, "A colonial Post-office system, though of a very limited and imperfect character, was presently established under this patent."† In 1695, says Bancroft, letters might be forwarded eight times a year from the Potomac to Philadelphia.‡

In 1710 Parliament passed "an act for establishing a General Post-office for all her Majesty's dominions." The Postmaster-General was authorized to keep "one chief letter office in New York, and other chief offices at some convenient place or places in each of her Majesty's provinces or colonies in America." A line of posts was established from the Piscataqua to Philadelphia, "irregularly extended a few years after to Williamsburg, in Virginia, *the post leaving Philadelphia for the South as often as letters enough were lodged to pay the expense.* The postal communication subsequently established with the Carolinas was still more irregular."§

In 1753 Dr. Franklin was appointed Postmaster-General‖ for America, and held the office till 1774. Of his administration of the office he writes in his autobiography:

"The American office had hitherto never paid any thing to that of Britain....Before I was displaced by a freak of the ministers, we had brought it to yield *three times* as much clear revenue to the crown as the Post-office of Ireland."

In 1774 William Goddard, a printer, of Baltimore, proposed a plan for a "Constitutional American Post-office," and, after much agitation of the subject, a service was actually inaugurated under Goddard's management; but it had brief continuance.

After the outbreak in 1775 the colonies were for a time driven to their own individ-

* *Annals*, i. 444.
† *Hist. United States*, ii. 181, 182.
‡ *Hist. United States*, iii. 34.
§ Hildreth, ii. 263.
‖ At first jointly with William Hunter.

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ual efforts for maintaining the Post-office.* On the 26th of July, 1775, however, the Continental Congress resolved that a Postmaster-General be appointed for the "United Colonies," who should hold his office at Philadelphia, where the Congress was sitting. The phraseology of the resolution fixing the general scope of the postal service is most significant, and we ask special attention to it:

"That *a line of posts* be appointed, under the direction of the Postmaster-General, *from Falmouth, in New England, to Savannah, in Georgia, with as many cross posts as he shall think fit.*"

Could any expression more strikingly signalize the situation of the colonies, on which we have previously commented, as stretched along the coast, with but little extent inland, than the language of this resolution?

The same month we find the New York Provincial Congress making the following representations to the Continental Congress: "We conceive our present eastern riders proceed too far to the eastward.....We are frequently obliged to *send messengers to Albany*, which a regular post to the northward would prevent."

In 1790 the number of post-offices in the United States was seventy-five; the aggregate length of the post-roads, 1875 miles; the amount paid for transportation of the mails, $22,081; the gross postal revenues were $37,935, and the expenditures $32,140. Mails were conveyed but three times per week between New York and Boston in summer, and twice in winter, occupying five days in transit.† Only five mails per week were exchanged between New York and Philadelphia, requiring two days in each direction, the weight rarely, if ever, exceeding the capacity of horseback mails. The number of letters transported during 1790 probably did not exceed 300,000, and the annual transportation (counting every trip) was about 350,000 miles. In 1870 there were 28,492 post-offices; the length of post-roads was 231,232 miles; the amount paid for transportation was $10,884,653; the postal revenue was $19,772,220; the expenditures, $23,948,837. In 1870 the number of letters carried in the mails was not less than 590,000,000, and the aggregate of distances traveled amounted to 97,024,996 miles.‡ In 1870 the letter-carriers of Manchester, New Hampshire, delivered more letters than constituted the whole burden of the postal service in 1790.

In 1835 the total steamboat transportation of the mails aggregated 906,959 miles, the railroad transportation, 270,504 miles.* In 1850 the steamboat transportation was 2,659,656 miles, the railroad transportation, 604,396. In 1870 the steamboat transportation had risen to 4,122,385 miles, the railroad transportation† to 47,551,970 miles.

The following table exhibits the growth of the postal system, by five-year intervals, from 1790 to 1870:

Year.	Number of Post-offices.	Length of Post Routes in Miles.	Year.	Number of Post-offices.	Length of Post Routes in Miles.
1790	75	1,875	1835	10,770	115,176
1795	453	13,207	1840	13,468	155,739
1800	903	20,817	1845	14,183	143,940
1805	1558	31,070	1850	18,417	178,672
1810	2300‡	36,406	1855	24,410	227,906
1815	3000	43,748	1860	28,498	240,594
1820	4500	72,492	1865	20,550§	142,340
1825	5677	94,052	1870	28,492	231,232
1830	8450	112,774			

THE CONSTITUENTS OF OUR POPULATION.

It will have been noted that the result of the national enumeration at 1790 showed the proportion of whites to blacks to be a little more than five to one. The following table shows the number of parts in each 100 of the total population sustained by the colored element at each successive census under the Constitution, and, secondly, the decennial rate of increase within the colored element itself:

Year.	COLORED.	
	Percentage of total Population.	Percentage of Increase during preceding Decade.
1790	19.3	
1800	18.9	32.32
1810	19	37.05
1820	18.4	28.58
1830	18.2	31.44
1840	16.8	23.40
1850	13.3	26.60
1860	14.1	22.07
1870	12.7	9.21

* The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, May 13, established a postal system, with routes from Cambridge to Georgetown, in Lincoln County, Maine; to Haverhill; to Providence; to Woodstock (Connecticut) by way of Worcester; and from Worcester, by way of Springfield, to Great Barrington; and to Falmouth, in Barnstable County. Fourteen post-offices were set up. New Hampshire, May 18, established an office at Portsmouth. In June, Rhode Island established post-routes and post-offices.

† In 1792 we find Mr. Jefferson, as Secretary of State, writing to Colonel Pickering respecting the practicability of sending the mails 100 miles a day. Op., iii. 344.

‡ Rep. Postmaster-Gen., 1870.

* Transportation by four-horse post-coaches and two-horse stages, 16,874,050 miles; on horseback and in sulkies, 7,817,973 miles.

† We find General Jackson's Postmaster-General, Amos Kendall, engaged in 1835 in the same warfare with the railroads which so enlisted the passions and the energies of Mr. Creswell. Mr. Kendall, in his report of that year, informs Congress that he does not purpose to pay the exorbitant rates demanded by the companies. "He will sooner put post-coaches or mail-wagons on the old roads, and run them there until public opinion or the force of superior authority induces the associations which have been permitted to monopolize the means of speedy conveyance on their routes to abate their terms."

‡ This and the two following entries have much the appearance of guess-work, and are perhaps explained by the following somewhat remarkable expression occurring in the report of the Postmaster-General for 1823: "*As near as can be known from the records of this department*, there are about 5142 post-offices established. Means have been taken to ascertain the exact number."

§ The reduction is explained by the war of secession.

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The rapid falling off in the rate of increase from 1860 to 1870 is the feature of this table which will at once arrest attention. Unfortunately we can not know how much of this is due to the effects of war from 1860 to 1865, when a violent and unprepared emancipation was wrought, not so much by the proclamation of the Executive as by the operations of armies, drawing after them vast bodies of the blacks to be crowded into camps and cities, uninstructed and unprovided, to perish by disease and privations in uncounted thousands; how much to the effects of emancipation upon habits of life, occupation, diet, and location during the period following the return of peace. Had Congress in a proper view of the prodigious change which had passed upon the United States, and of the especial need of statistical information for directing the reconstruction, social, political, and industrial, of the South, provided for a census in 1865, we should have been able to see just where and in what condition the war left this race, and where and how the state of peace took them up. But that opportunity has gone by.

The number of colored persons counted in the census of 1870 was 4,880,009. Few of these were found north of the forty-first degree of latitude.

OUR FOREIGN ELEMENTS.

The statistics of the foreign elements in the United States are historically very incomplete. For only three censuses, 1850–70, has the "place of birth" been returned with enumeration. From the former of these dates backward to 1820 we have only the tables compiled from the passenger lists of vessels bringing immigrants—data notoriously imperfect. Before 1820 we have only scraps of evidence on the subject.

In one sense, substantially all the white inhabitants within the present United States were at one time foreigners. But in the days when the population was mainly recruited by immigration the word "foreigner" was never applied to an Englishman, nor generally to a Scot or Welshman, nor always to an Irishman. Thus we find it recorded of the Rhode Island Colony in 1680: "We have lately had few or no new-comers, either of English, Scotch, Irish, or *foreigners*."*

The population of the thirteen States was mainly composed of Englishmen. Mr. Bancroft (vol. vii. 355) speaks of the colonies in 1775 as inhabited by persons "one-fifth of whom had for their mother-tongue some other language than the English." The order in which other nationalities contributed to the numbers of that population the same writer indicates as follows: "Intermixed with French, still more with Swedes, and yet more with Dutch and Germans."

The French were mainly Protestant refugees. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, William III. dispatched to the colonies large numbers of those who had sought a home in England. A few of these came to Massachusetts,* where some of the most illustrious names of subsequent history speak of the virtues of the Huguenots. In 1690 a large number of these refugees were sent out to Virginia, and in the same year many arrived in Carolina. In 1698 another considerable body arrived in Virginia. Even prior to these dates the French had appeared in New York. "When the Protestant churches in Rochelle were razed," says Mr. Bancroft (ii. 302), "the colonists of that city were gladly admitted, and the French Protestants came in such numbers that the public documents were sometimes issued in French as well as in Dutch and English."

The persons of Swedish stock referred to by Mr. Bancroft as found in the colonies in 1775 were largely the descendants of those who settled Delaware. Of these Mr. Bancroft says, in another part of his history (ii. 297, 298): "The descendants of the colonists, in the course of generations widely scattered and blended with emigrants of other lineage, constitute probably more than one part in two hundred of the present population of our country. At the time of the surrender they did not much exceed seven hundred souls." The fecundity which Mr. Bancroft thus assigns these Swedes is only surpassed by that which Mr. Hildreth (i. 267) assigns to the twenty-five thousand, or fewer, original emigrants into New England prior to 1640—"a primitive stock from which has been derived not less, perhaps, than a fourth part of the present population of the United States." Mr. Hildreth must have formed his notions of the average capabilities of the early New Englanders from the contemplation of exceptional cases like that of Obadiah Holmes, the Anabaptist, who was publicly flogged about 1651, and is reputed to have had five thousand descendants in 1790.

But of all the European nations outside the British Isles, "the chief migration," says Mr. Bancroft (i. 450), "was from that Germanic race most famed for love of personal independence."

The commercial enterprise of Holland had already planted many thousands of her subjects in the "New Netherlands" when the dominion of the last of the colonies passed to England; nor did Dutch or German emigration cease, but it rather increased, when

* Chalmers, i. 282–284.

* Holmes cites an act of the Legislature of 1692 prohibiting any of the French nation to reside in any of the sea-ports or frontier towns within the province without license, the reason assigned for the rule being that with the French Protestants "many of a contrary religion and interest" had obtruded themselves.—*Annals of America*, i. 441.

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New York lost scout, burgomaster, and schepens, to gain mayor, aldermen, and sheriff.

We have said that South Carolina, in its earliest settlement, received accessions of Dutch both from New York and from Holland. Before the downfall of the power of Holland on the Continent the Dutch had also appeared in Connecticut, and for a time disputed with the English the sovereignty of the soil even to the Connecticut River, but their few colonists were overwhelmed by the rapid invasion of the English.

To Pennsylvania the Germans resorted, until, in 1764, Durand, in a report to Choiseul, wrote that "Germans weary of subordination to England, and unwilling to serve under English officers, openly declared that Pennsylvania would one day be called Little Germany." "Like Pennsylvania and the Carolinas," says Mr. Hildreth of New York in 1749, "it contained a great admixture, but those of Dutch origin still constituted a majority."

Of all the German states, the misfortunes of the Palatinate made it the largest contributor to the population of the New World. When Hunter came out in 1710 as Governor of New York, we find notice of his bringing with him 2700 of this unfortunate people. Large numbers of the Palatines settled also in Carolina, upon the Roanoke and Pamlico, and many were cut off by the Tuscaroras in the savage rising of 1712. "We shall soon have a German colony," wrote Logan of Pennsylvania in 1726, "so many thousands of Palatines are already in the country."

Even after the adoption of the Constitution, and the removal of the seat of government to the banks of the Potomac, we find a proposition seriously entertained for bringing over Germans to furnish the labor for building up Washington city.*

The Swiss also appeared in considerable force among the early settlers of America. Newbern (as we now write it), on the Neuse, speaks of old Bern, on the Aar. In 1730 Swiss immigrants founded Purysburg, the first town on the Savannah; and Grahame speaks of considerable accessions to the same State from the same source in 1733.

"Asylum for the oppressed," of all nations and all religions, as America had become, the Moravians found their way in large numbers to our shores. Of Oglethorpe's 300 recruits in 1736 more than one-half were of this faith, to which their brethren who preceded them had already witnessed by raising their "Ebenezer" on the banks of the Savannah. Pennsylvania, however, was their chosen country of refuge during the eighteenth century.

It will readily be believed that help in building up so many youthful colonies, from whatever quarter it came, was eagerly welcomed by the English population, and that foreigners were not long excluded from the full privileges of citizenship. The first colonial naturalization act of which we find notice was that of Maryland in 1666. Virginia followed in 1671. Pennsylvania naturalized the Swedes, Finns, and Dutch of Delaware. Carolina naturalized the French refugees she received in 1696.

The English Privy Council was long troubled by the scope and effect given to the colonial acts of naturalization, by which aliens were vested with the power of exercising functions which they were disabled from performing by the Navigation Acts. At last, by act of Parliament in 1746, a uniform system of naturalization was established, on the basis of seven years' residence, an oath of allegiance, and profession of the "Protestant Christian faith."

Of the inhabitants of the British Isles by far the largest contribution, next to that of England, was from Ireland. This immigration, though somewhat spasmodic, had reached a vast though indeterminate total before the Revolution. The Irish settled all the way from New Hampshire, where Londonderry was founded in 1719 by a colony of about 100 families from Ulster, to Carolina, where a colony of 500 arrived as early as 1715.* The author of *European Settlements in America* speaks of the population of Virginia in 1750–54 as "growing every day more numerous by the migration of the Irish, who, not succeeding so well in Pennsylvania as the more industrious and frugal Germans, sell their lands in that province to the latter, and take up new ground in the remote counties of Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina.† These," he adds, "are chiefly Presbyterians from the north of Ireland, who in America are generally called the Scotch-Irish" (ii. 216). It is probably to some colony thus planted that Jefferson referred when he wrote (Op., vi. 485) of "the wild Irish who had gotten possession of the valley between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountains, forming a barrier over which none ventured to leap, and could still less venture to settle among."

But Pennsylvania was still the especial centre of attraction to the Irish before the Revolution. In 1729 there was a large Irish migration to Pennsylvania. The years 1771–73 appear also to have witnessed a wholesale movement of population from Ireland, especially the northern counties, into this province. Of these large numbers found their way to the region of the Monongahela and the Alleghany, and formed the pioneers of a vast population in Western and South-

* *Washington's Works*, xii. 305, 396.

* A small colony under Fergusson had preceded them, arriving as early as 1683.—Bancroft's *Hist. United States*, ii. 173.

† Especially in the northwestern counties.—Hildreth, ii. 416.

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western Pennsylvania. We get a lively impression of the importance of this element a little later, when we find in the letters of that vehement Federalist, Oliver Wolcott, Jun., the formidable "whisky insurrection" of 1794 attributed almost wholly to the Irish of Pittsburg and vicinity. Thus: "The Irishmen in that quarter have at length proceeded to great extremities;"* "Pennsylvania need not be envied her Irishmen,"† etc. They might be in a strange land, but in making war upon the excise they found no unfamiliar or uncongenial occupation.

The Scotch were then, as they are now, every where, though not largely in New England, nor generally *in colonies* any where.

In New Jersey,‡ Georgia, and North Carolina we find, perhaps, the most prominent mention of the Scotch as a distinct element of the population. One exception to the rule that the Scotch did not tend to settle in colonies was found in the case of Highland soldiers of the British army discharged from service in America.

New York, as the only considerable State of the thirteen which was originally formed under any other flag than that of England, might be supposed to have possessed the largest foreign element, proportionally, of all; and, indeed, from the first, not only was New York "a city of the world," with a citizenship "chosen from the Belgic provinces and England, from France and Bohemia, from Germany and Switzerland, from Piedmont and the Italian Alps,"§ but the Hudson, from the bay to Albany, was settled with a most motley population.

But Pennsylvania long disputed with New York the honor of having the most curiously and variously composed population, and at the date of the Revolution indisputably carried off the palm. Chalmers says that Penn found the banks of the Delaware inhabited by 3000 persons, Swedes, Dutch, Finlanders, and English. Those he brought with him and drew after him were only more widely assorted. "The diversity of people, religions, nations, and languages," says the author of *European Settlements*, "here is prodigious. Upward of 250,000 people," is his summary for 1750, "half of whom are Germans, Swedes, or Dutch."

At a little later date within the century General Washington wrote: "Pennsylvania is a large State, and from the policy of its founder, and especially from the great celebrity of Philadelphia, has become the general receptacle of foreigners from all countries and of all descriptions" (Op., xii. 324).

The large accessions from other countries than England, received by the Southern colonies from Maryland to Georgia, have already been sufficiently noticed. The States which now represent these colonies are those which have fewest foreigners.

On the other hand, of all the colonies, those of New England received the smallest proportional accessions from nationalities other than pure English, and earliest experienced the cessation of immigration, even from England.

"The policy of encouraging immigration from abroad," says Hildreth (ii. 312, 313), "which contributed so much to the rapid advancement of Pennsylvania and Carolina, never found favor in New England. Even the few Irish settlers at Londonderry became objects of jealousy."

In 1796 we find Washington writing to Sir John Sinclair as follows (Op., xii. 323, 324):

"Their numbers are not augmented by foreign emigrants; yet from their circumscribed limits, compact situation, and natural population, they are filling the western parts of the State of New York and the country on the Ohio with their own surplusage."

It is to this long cessation of immigration into New England that Madison refers when, writing after the fourth census (1820), he says:

"It is worth remarking that New England, which has sent out such a continued swarm to other parts of the Union for a number of years, has continued at the same time, as the census shows, to increase in population, although it is well known that it has received but comparatively few emigrants from any quarter" (Op., iii. 213).

Of the immigration between 1790 and 1820 we know little precisely. Dr. Seybert estimates the total arrivals at 250,000, but the very form of the estimate reveals the inadequacy of the data from which it was constructed. With 1820 begins the record of arrivals at our ports. The following table shows the immigration for the period 1820–50:

Year.	Total.	From Germany.	From British Isles.
1820–30	151,000	8,000	82,000
1830–40	599,000	152,000	283,000
1840–50	1,713,000	435,000	1,048,000

With the seventh census begins our exact account of foreigners in the United States. From this it appears that of the total population at 1850 nine and a half per cent. were of foreign birth, at 1860 thirteen per cent., at 1870 fourteen per cent. At the several dates named the several specified nationalities contributed as follows to the total foreign population:

Nationality.	1850.	1860.	1870.
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Irish	43.5	38.9	33.3
Germans	26.4	30.8	30.4
English and Welsh	13.9	11.5	11.2
British Americans	6.7	6.0	8.9
Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes	0.81	1.7	4.4

* Gibbs, *Adm. Washington and Adams*, i. 156.

† Gibbs, i. 157.

‡ In 1686, in defending their charter, the proprietors of East Jersey urged that they had sent out several hundreds of persons from Scotland.

§ Bancroft, ii. 301. The Bohemians survive unto this day.

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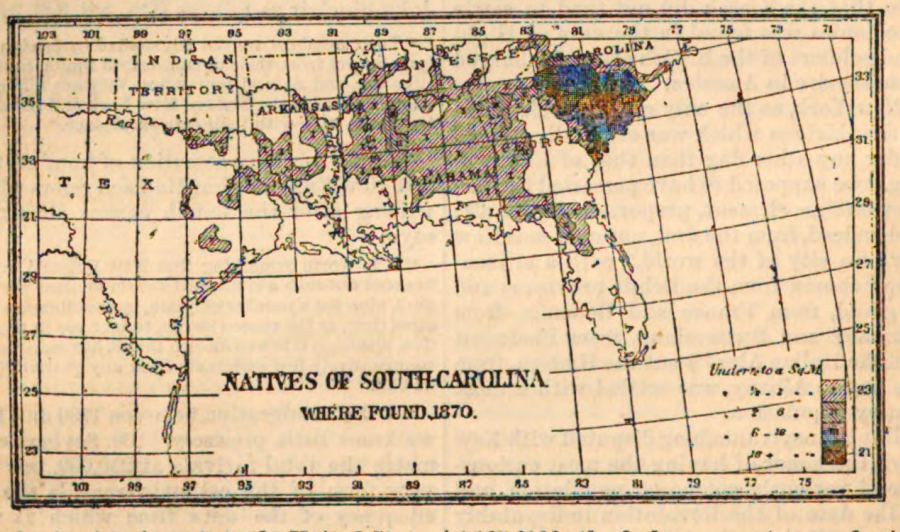

The foreign immigrants to the United States have placed themselves mainly between the thirty-eighth and the forty-sixth degrees of latitude.* The meridian of the western boundary of Pennsylvania divides this foreign population into an eastern and a western half.

THE FECUNDITY OF THE FOREIGN ELEMENTS.

In addition to the 5,500,000 foreigners residing in the United States, there are 4,167,616 both of whose parents were foreign, 786,388 more who had a foreign father and a native mother, 370,782 who had a native father and a foreign mother, and by consequence there are 5,324,786 who have one *or* both parents foreign.

Very grave statistical blunders have been committed by some very pretentious writers on population, who have sought to establish the comparative sterility of the native white population of North America. The following sentence, quoted from a paper read before the British Association in 1856, contains in substance a doctrine which was for a long time generally accepted in Europe, and has even been repeated on this side the Atlantic:

"From the general unfitness of the climate to the European constitution, coupled with the occasional pestilential visitations which occur in the healthier localities, on the whole, on an average of three or four generations, *extinction of the European races in North America* would be almost certain, if the communication with Europe were entirely cut off."

Our space would not serve for the discussion of this question did it require to be ar-

* The geographical relation of the foreign and colored elements of the population is complemental in a high degree. Taking the States of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri as constituting a central zone neutral to the two elements, we have the following numerical proportions for each 1000 of the population:

	Colored.	Foreign.
Northern and Northwestern States....	14 ...	197
Central States.....	132 ...	91
Southern and Southwestern States....	415 ...	22

Some of the foreign elements are themselves in turn complemental in their location. Thus two-thirds of the Germans are found west of Buffalo, two-thirds of the Irish east of it; the Scandinavians are mainly west of Lake Michigan, the British Americans east of it.

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gued at length; but Dr. Edward Jarvis, of Massachusetts, has so completely exposed* the successive mistakes in figures and fallacies in reasoning by which this most disparaging conclusion† was reached that it is only necessary to refer to the subject here in order to assure our readers, who are liable at any time to meet statements of this character floating through the press or stranded in the proceedings of scientific associations, that there is not the shadow of a statistical reason for attributing to the native American population prior to the war of secession a deficiency in reproductive vigor compared with any people that ever lived upon the face of the earth.

INTERSTATE MIGRATION.

It will have been observed that the early colonists did not wait for a common form of government before inaugurating that system of internal migration which has been one of the most marked features of our national history. Almost as if from love of change, they moved up and down the coast by turns, or from a half-settled East to a wholly unsettled West. We have already had so many occasions to notice these movements of population that under the present title we will speak only of those wholesale migrations which are revealed by the census since 1850, when the "place of birth" came first to be recorded. The *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1854, so well summarizes the results of the seventh census in this respect that we condense the statement for insertion here.

1. In the Free States the movement was generally due west—from New York, for instance, to Michigan and Wisconsin, and from Pennsylvania to Ohio. And so strong was this passion that the West itself supplied a population to the further West. Ohio had sent 215,000 to the three States beyond her; Indiana had retained 120,000 from Ohio, but had sent on 50,000 of her own; Illinois had taken 95,000 from Ohio and Indiana, and given 7000 to Iowa.

2. The migration from the central Slave States had followed the same general law of a westerly movement; but it had taken also a partial northwest direction into the Free States.

3. In the planting States the movement had been mostly within themselves, taking a southwesterly and westerly direction.

4. The American-born population of Texas had come principally from the Slave States; that of California from the Free States; that of the Territories more from the Free than from the Slave.

The census of 1870 shows the internal movements of population to be not less but more wholesale and incessant than at 1850. Our fourth map shows where the natives of New York and of South Carolina severally were found within the United States at the date of enumeration. The reader will be struck by the conformity to the rules laid down by the Edinburgh reviewer in his Nos. 1 and 3. A map showing the *habitat* of the Kentucky-born population, which our space does not allow us to introduce, shows that this one of the former "central Slave States" still conforms in its emigrations to the rule laid down in No. 2.

The following table shows *by even thousands* for each State at 1870 (1) the number of persons residing in the State who were born therein; (2) the number residing in the State who were born in other States and Territories of the Union; (3) the number born in the State who were residing in other States or Territories. The figures on the left indicate the rank of the States in population.

	State.	(1)	(2)	(3)
16	Alabama	744,000	243,000	230,000
26	Arkansas	233,000	247,000	55,000
24	California	170,000	181,000	12,000
25	Connecticut	350,000	73,000	137,000
34	Delaware	95,000	21,000	39,000
33	Florida	110,000	73,000	15,000
12	Georgia	1,034,000	139,000	274,000
4	Illinois	1,190,000	835,000	290,000
6	Indiana	1,049,000	491,000	321,000
11	Iowa	429,000	561,000	89,000
29	Kansas	63,000	253,000	11,000
8	Kentucky	1,081,000	177,000	403,000
21	Louisiana	502,000	163,000	63,000
23	Maine	551,000	27,000	149,000
20	Maryland	630,000	68,000	176,000
7	Massachusetts	903,000	201,000	244,000
13	Michigan	507,000	409,000	66,000
28	Minnesota	126,000	153,000	13,000
18	Mississippi	564,000	253,000	139,000
5	Missouri	874,000	625,000	171,000
35	Nebraska	19,000	74,000	5,000
37	Nevada	3,000	20,000	2,000
31	New Hampshire	242,000	46,000	125,000
17	New Jersey	575,000	142,000	149,000
1	New York	2,988,000	257,000	1,074,000
14	North Carolina	1,029,000	40,000	307,000
3	Ohio	1,842,000	450,000	807,000
36	Oregon	37,000	42,000	6,000
2	Pennsylvania	2,727,000	250,000	675,000
32	Rhode Island	125,000	37,000	45,000
22	South Carolina	679,000	19,000	246,000
9	Tennessee	1,028,000	212,000	404,000
19	Texas	389,000	368,000	26,000
30	Vermont	244,000	40,000	177,000
10	Virginia	1,545,000	91,000	584,000
27	West Virginia			
15	Wisconsin	450,000	240,000	97,000

THE POPULATION OF 1870.

The *situs* of the thirty-seven and a half millions of our people who at 1870 were west of the 100th meridian is shown separately in our fifth map. The solid mass of continuous settlement here represented covers more than 1,150,000 square miles, lying between 27° 15′ and 47° 30′ north latitude,

* *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1872.

† Mr. Frederick Kapp, formerly of New York, now of Germany, who has perhaps done more than any one else to give currency to these views in Europe, reached the conclusion that of the free population of 1850 but thirty-six per cent., and of that of 1860 but twenty-nine per cent., was American in the sense of being derived from inhabitants of the country at 1790. No result on this subject has been too monstrous to receive credence from the press of Europe.

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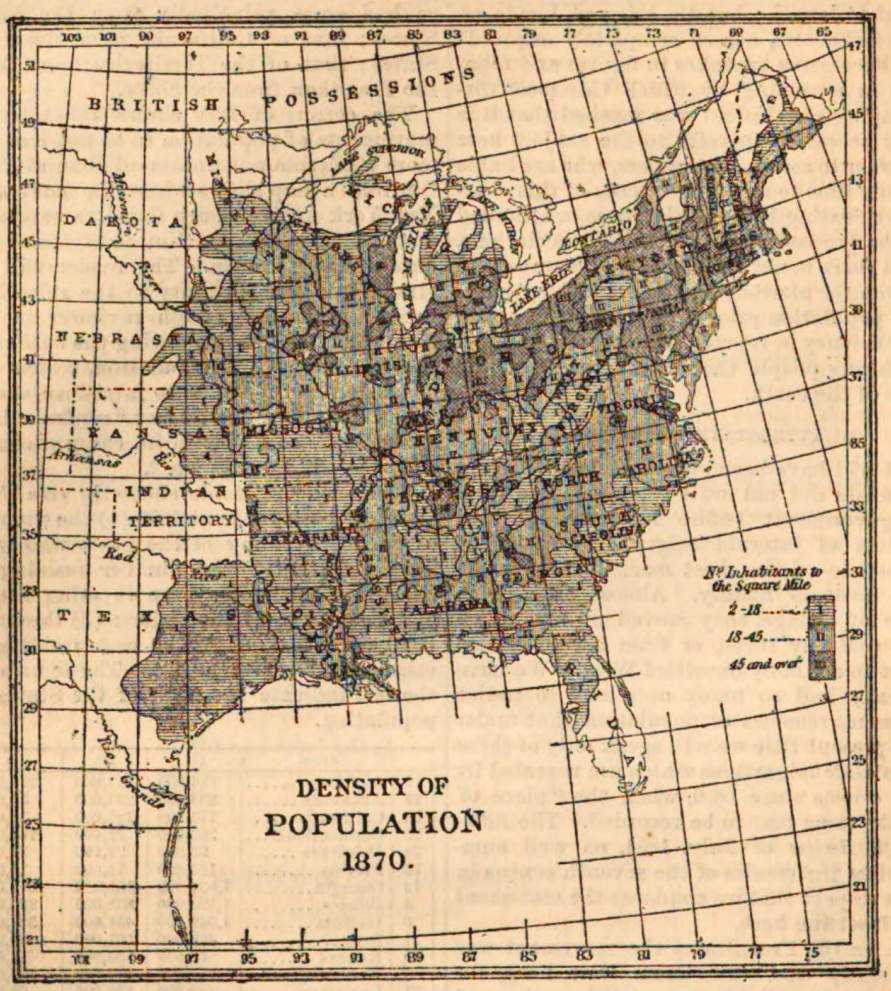

and between 67° and 99° 45′ west longitude. The average density of population over this vast tract is 32.7 inhabitants to the square mile. This population is, however, shown not as an average, but in three degrees of density of wide range. More than one-half—namely, 609,372 square miles—appears covered with a population of between two and eighteen inhabitants to the square mile; 470,529 square miles contain between eighteen and forty-five to the square mile; and 192,338 square miles contain forty-five inhabitants or more to the square mile.

Of the four great river systems, the Atlantic system, with 304,538 square miles, contains 14,207,453 inhabitants, or 46.6 to the square mile; the northern lake system, with 185,339 square miles, 4,399,604 inhabitants, an average of 23.7; the Mississippi or Gulf system, with 1,683,303 square miles, 19,111,804 inhabitants, an average of 11.3; the Pacific system, an average of but 0.98 inhabitants to the square mile.

Such is the story of our population, told with more figures of arithmetic than figures of speech. Speculation on the future would here be alike impertinent and vain. Whether the writer who tells of the increase and territorial expansion of our population at the second centennial of independence shall describe the settlement of six hundred thousand, or twelve hundred thousand, or the whole of the vast domain yet uninhabited—whether the flag of the Union shall wave over fifty States and a hundred millions of people only, within our present borders, or over a territory co-extensive with the continent and populous as Europe, may be left in all trustfulness with the Power that hath thus far guided the career of this young nation. As I write, my eye falls on the motto of Connecticut, lifted up first in a savage wilderness, and lifted up since in many a day of battle: *Qui transtulit, sustinet.* Yea, and will sustain.

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

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A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

POOR SARA—angular and muscular from hard work, as a rule ill dressed, compelled by fate to be systematically and enterprisingly energetic—I do not wonder that people had the impression that she was strong-minded and "woman's rights." It does seem unfeminine to dress in open defiance of fashion and taste; yet it does not logically follow that one is dissatisfied with woman's sphere.

Still, gentlemen were often saying to her, "Of course *you* would like to vote, Miss Lemoine?" until one day she flashed out upon Tom Saymore. "Vote!—why should I? Politics can't right *my* grievances. My troubles are with Labor and Wages. Frank and Mina here discourse about the elevation of Our Class in a grand way; but *I* am pressed too close to the wall to care for any body but myself; and I wouldn't give one fig for the ballot, simply because I see government never can have the power to compel my mistress to pay me three dollars per week instead of two, which is what I want. Life, Mr. Saymore, is too short to wait for law-making. If my condition is to be bettered, I know I must better it myself."

"Humph!" quoth Tom, as he closed the gate; "when you hear a young woman talk like that, she *is* a little touched, a little strong-minded. What do you say, John?"

John turned toward him gravely. "Strong-minded?—yes. I often think *how* strong-minded. You, Saymore, would go shoot yourself if you had just that girl's duties, and only her prospects."

We—Mina and I—have lived down our restlessness, passed the time of scheme and adventure, reached the blessed season of a steady purpose and a serene faith in the ultimate good of every thing which may befall us; but I am often thankful we have a vivid sympathy left with the restlessness of the girls of Our Class, and that we sometimes have the privilege of advising and "lecturing" these girls. And though Sara Lemoine seldom followed our advice, she always asked it, and confided to us all her projects, if few of her feelings. *We* knew her ideas were not unwomanly: we held fate and poverty responsible for the Bohemianism of her character—for Sara was restlessly changing her employment, domestic service for the factory, that for teaching, that for house-work again, and now had accepted a book agency—and we knew, too, it was because she was devoted to her mother and the family (obliged to be in reality the head of the house) that she dressed so shabbily, poor girl. She never had means to purchase a hat when she selected a shawl, or the ribbon with the dress, so, of course, they seldom suited each other: yet Mina, for instance, contrives to always look feminine and pleasing, though she expends even less for dress than Sara did.

To-night she had run over to exhibit a dress she had prepared for her journey, and, as it was for a blonde while she was a brunette, she looked darker and older than I ever thought her before, as she whirled herself round for our inspection as coolly as if John were not sitting there—a handsome and unmarried man—but then, if she had appreciated handsome, unmarried John as I did in her behalf, many of my suggestions to her need never have been made, I think. I suppose I betrayed my impatience with her lack of taste, for as she looked around at me, an expression which I had often seen came into her eyes, and she silently sat down and leaned her head upon the table. John's face flushed up, and he certainly did regard me for a moment as if *I* was to blame.

I certainly was *not* to blame because Miss Sara was a better judge of a fine passage in a poem than of what was becoming to her; instead, I had lectured her upon taste and care about little things, so had Mina, so, indeed, had John himself, until she had denominated us "The Disagreeable Club." And of all our acquaintance Sara Lemoine needs the most careful dressing. I have always thought some artist like Worth might dress her into a striking-looking woman. She is dark, but lacks the mantling flush upon the cheek, the brilliant tint upon the lip, the ripple and the sheen upon her raven hair, that transparent darkness of brow: she is simply dusky and dull; but we think her smile sweet, and that her eyes are fine—they are black and soft, like black velvet, soft, sweet eyes to look into *tête-à-tête*, smiling eyes, too, upon occasion, but in the bewildering flash and brilliance of the American promenade and public assembly you would pass them unnoticed by. Labor has done its best with strain and pull, and meagre fare, and stint of sleep and pleasure, to dull and deform her; and if people still find her attractive, it is because she has the manners, outspoken as she is, which naturally belong with a lovely face and a bright fortune, but which now and then, by a caprice of Nature, render some plain and humble person charming and beloved. And though we know only her practical side, she had long ago won her way with us, and it had been a long, long time indeed since we began wishing John might marry her, and I still believed he would, although they seemed oftener on the verge of a quarrel than of love-making. Grave, dignified John—Sara's ways must often have been a trial and a problem to him, though he had been in the family for years. He was only an apprentice of Mr. Lemoine's time who had bought the shop after his master's failure and death; but with his fine, old-fashioned notions, he

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was to me a pleasant contrast with the young men of the period.

Sara's face was swarthy with color when she lifted it; but she laughed as she took up her canvassing book, and turned to the frontispiece. "Why not own it?" she said. "I look homely and fierce enough in my new frock to be the Field Nurse herself. If I had patience to read the book, I might personate her."

"Very effectively you'll talk to people," remarked Mina, "selling a book you haven't read."

But Sara only tossed the book aside. As she did so the color deepened on John's cheek, and she smiled in a vexed way as she looked at him. "I read your thoughts, my grave mentor," she said; "and you and Frances both, this moment, are preparing a lecture for me. You tiresome John, do you expect when a woman goes into business she will conduct it as a man would, by dint of plodding, according to a theory, with all the strength of her character and constitution? Here, plodding old John, you may head my list yourself," and she slipped her pencil within his fingers, and laid her canvassing book upon his knee.

John laid down his paper and wrote his name; and I was vexed to see Sara so triumphant over the subscription, so careless of the tender smile which followed her. She gave Mina's ear a malicious pinch as she passed. "There! how much of that dreary agent's monologue did I need recite? If selling books may properly be one of woman's vocations, as Mrs. Stowe says, why, let me look at it in a woman's way. That John is as formidable as my victims will average, you will admit, I suppose?"

"It's a substantial token of your prowess to take *John's* subscription," Mina commented, mockingly, with a glance that brought the blood to John's face, and he muttered something of having read the book.

"Easy matter enough," sneered Sara, taking up the book again. "One-third margin; print like a child's primer. I am ashamed, John, that I am *not* ashamed to sell you such a book. But, you see, I must have it for traveling expenses—it's pay *before* delivery, if you please."

He immediately counted out the sum. "I am the humble servant of the Coming Woman. That honor will suffice; I shall not trouble you for the book."

Sara received the bills, but stood looking at him. Suddenly she spoke: "No, your compliments never meant any thing good, John Havens. You think I have chosen an unfeminine employment, and you are rebuking me. I know you of old, John Havens."

Why he could not have spoken to her then as tenderly as he felt, I can not tell, for I am sure that at that very moment his heart was aching over her pressing pecuniary needs; but he merely waved aside her charges with a deprecating gesture, and resumed his reading. I never saw Sara so ill at ease. She stood pondering his words and gazing blankly upon his face, mechanically rolling the money up and over and over, looking at last as if she would like to toss it in his face; but she ended—poor Sara!—by placing it in her empty porte-monnaie. "You don't any of you like me to-night," she said, "therefore I'm going home to mother; so good-night, most worthy Disagreeables!"

We, the Disagreeables, sat in silence, Mina and I sewing, John with his paper. I knew by sundry signs he was not reading, but I scarcely fancied the lofty tone he had taken with Sara, and, with a woman's proverbial contrariness, I determined I would not help him by so much as a word to what he might be wishing to say. Finally, he laid down his paper and asked, abruptly, "Why, in the name of all that's amiable, Miss Frances, haven't you advised her?"

"As you may have observed, Miss Lemoine is not always amenable to advice."

He sat some time in silence; so did I. When he spoke again it was in his usual quiet tone. "You have influence over her. I believe you could induce her to give up this wild plan."

"Try inducing her yourself," answered Mina; "for *we* have nothing to offer her in its place."

I have always respected John Havens for the way in which he met Mina's sauciness. He made no attempt to ignore the inference he was expected to draw, but said: "I have nothing to offer her which she would accept, Miss Mina. But if it will excuse my solicitude, I am perfectly willing to confess to you that I love Sara Lemoine, would gladly make her my wife, gladly snatch her out of this public battle with poverty. And now that I have surrendered my secret—if it *was* a secret—I trust you will magnanimously permit me to talk with you about her."

"You are a good fellow, John!" I exclaimed, cordially, "and I wish Sara loved you."

He took up my words bitterly. "It is also evident to you that she does *not*."

"Is it not possible to learn more from Sara upon that subject than from Frances?" asked Mina, who could not endure womanish anxiety in a man.

He winced, but listened for my words. "Ten years, John—you ought to know."

"I do know. In the sisterly confidences which, when we are both amiable, she pours into my ears, do you not suppose I have learned I am nothing but 'grave old John' to her? And, by Heavens! Miss Maynard, it nearly drives me mad to listen to plans which I have no right to dissuade her from, since it is she who keeps the family from going to pieces. It was bad enough in the factory,

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worse in that quarrelsome school district; but what a plan is this last for a sensitive woman! But it is part of her plan for her life: she takes this agency in order to accumulate capital for opening a news dépôt."

"Yes, John, but she won't succeed," I said, soothingly: "she will not be steadfast."

"I hope not—I pray not!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "Were she nothing to me except my old master's daughter, I would at once loan her means to open her store—if her place really is, as she thinks, among those independent women who are engaged in active business. Heaven help us! they are a class now. But place her in a pleasant business, and I fear she would succeed; I fear success would satisfy her; and I will not do it. Don't think now I don't hate myself for letting her go out upon this errand. Of course women succeed with it, sometimes make large profits—but my poor Sara! Miss Maynard, I do not want to see the shrewd, bargaining, business side of her character developed; I have no admiration for this new type of woman who buys and sells and gets gain. But there! I have afforded Miss Mina entertainment for many a day;" and, with a stiff good-night, he was gone.

I could only run over for a moment in the morning, but I brightened up her attire a little, as I often did. A crimson ribbon for her collar, and a crimson rose, with a scarf of lace, for her hat, quite altered the style of the girl; the heavy black lace, the gleam of rich color, and her flush of pride at looking so well, lent her, for a moment, a romantic and Spanish look. I told her so, and she sparkled out brighter still—not the first homely woman I have seen brighten into good looks by just a becoming flower or feather, together with a judicious compliment.

At the very last I thought I saw the determined girl shrink a little, but she made me no confession of weakness—not she—until we came down stairs, where John and her mother were waiting by the hack to say good-by. Then she sighed—and Sara did not often sigh; she oftener scolded—"Oh, I wish I had never to leave home, mother—and John!"

So I could not resist going to her with my good-by again, and whispering as I kissed her, "There is no need, Sara, if John could have his way;" but as I tripped home I was uncertain whether I had made or marred John's fortunes, for I knew I never yet had had one glimpse inside Sara Lemoine's heart.

As I expected, I presently heard Sara called strong-minded again, and denounced for stepping outside the circle of woman's traditional employments; but my own heart ached for her those first days of her absence, for I had talked with many of the business women of our times—they are a class, as John Havens said—and I could not name one who did not look with a secret, wistful envy upon those of their sex who spend their lives within the dear shelter and sanctity of home, scarce one to whom the progress along the first miles of Fortune's highway, crowded as it is with the sterner sex, was not a Lady Godiva's journey. I need no more convincing proof of the womanliness of these women and of their not-to-be-eradicated attraction toward the sphere of home than I find in the fact that so many of them leave a business which finally they had firmly established, leave trades which supported them in independence, leave situations where they were paid handsome salaries, to marry (and to marry third-rate men, very likely) and enter homes where their food and clothing—both miserably inferior to what they had been able to procure for themselves—are their only reward for their daily toil over and above the considerations of *husband, home, and love.*

And I afterward knew that Sara berated herself as the weakest of all women during her journey. While the necessities of the home *ménage* pressed urgently, and while yet even a day lay between herself and her work, she felt an ability to push her way. But now her spirits sank as she found herself shrinking like a coward from the public duties of the business she had chosen.

Late in the afternoon the train thundered into Schodac station. The last pang of the journey was a cruel one as she alighted in the dépôt, intending to make her way thence—she could not decide where. She felt strangely forlorn as she paused until the train started on, and the hacks were rolling away. The gongs were sounding for supper at the hotels around the dépôt, but her purse held only the few remaining shillings of John's money—his money still, for she intended to repay it.

Making no reply to the lingering "runners" who gathered round her, she made her way up town, and instinctively sought the least pretentious streets. She inquired at house after house for board, but received only polite refusals. Finally, just as the streets were being lighted, she found a house where she was invited in, considered, and at last hesitatingly received. She failed not to understand her position perfectly, knew her attire was scanned, was conscious her words were weighed, comprehended the drift of each polite inquiry, all the while indignantly feeling that a man in her place would not have been thus scrutinized—why need she?

Shown to a room, she sat down by the bed, and the glow upon her face grew hotter, as she said, "Had I this to do over, I would buy a presentable wardrobe on credit, and"—and she curled her lip—"I think I

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would ask each minister in town for a certificate of character." She was sobbing when Mrs. Lawson announced tea, and the well-bred inquiries had just the lack of sympathy needful to arouse Sara's spirit. As the door closed, she turned to the mirror, her lip curling again. "Well, who *could* be tenderly sympathetic to such a fright? Nobody but mother and John ever were. Oh dear, I wish I could forget what Frances said! It must have been her own idea; yet she knows I never did, and never could, suit him. I never knew when I was *not* to be lectured. John Havens, indeed! I never *will* read my book through!—thorough! *thorough!* THOROUGH! I detest that pet word of his; for even poor little mother has begun to echo it, and Frances and Mina were ceaselessly dinning it in my ears. I'll teach them it is sufficient to be successful!"

Just angry enough with her best friends to be self-reliant, she went out into the dining-room, resolved to win her way; and win her way she did, brightening, and still brightening, as Mrs. Lawson's cautious manners thawed, and proving herself a listener so tender, when the tale of the dead soldiers of the family was told, that Mrs. Lawson wrote her name under John's out of sheer gratitude. It was a long, cozy evening for them all; and quite independent of John she felt as she went to her room; yet she sat up to read her book through thoughtfully.

The spicy breath of Schodac's hundred rose gardens and the sparkle of the sunshine were delightfully inspiring to Sara as she stood next morning within the veranda, gazing out upon the scene of her future labors, and beholding in every passer-by a possible subscriber; and she sparkled into sunshine, too, as she set forth, accompanied by Mrs. Lawson.

I have never heard Sara talk to a subscriber, but I have known from the length of her lists how the magic of her manners must have made itself felt—clergymen, lawyers, professors, men who had "smelled the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather all their lives," men of every shade of political opinion, alike purchased the book. She was surprised at her own self-possession and versatility of address; surprised again and again as here and there she met those who inspired her to talk with an eloquence she herself appreciated and admired. She returned at night flushed with her success; she had secured every name at the court-house, swept half Main Street, found every man a living Chevalier Bayard, and, as she had suspected that there were other places in the world than Westport, more profitable work for women than the few old kinds, and far politer men than John Havens. Her face flushed as her thoughts recurred to him. "Frances need make no matches for us. John is too perfect to think of marriage, and certainly I have no idea of making my life merely one long endeavor to reach his standard of excellence." The angry tears came into her eyes as she continued, "He is so unreasonable with me! expecting me to be as sweet and retiring as that sister of his, when I have a man's burdens on my shoulders. John Havens is a tyrant!"

It was the next day that she received a letter directed in that stiff, conservative hand she knew so well. "Really!" she exclaimed. Then she laughed outright. "Supposing there could be something in what Frank said, and this could be a proposal, what a grave state-paper it would be, defining distinctly his ideas of Mrs. John's duties, and cataloguing the faults I should be expected to correct before my acceptance of himself would be accepted—the tyrant!"

But she opened her great soft black eyes with astonishment at the slip of paper which dropped — a draft for $200. She turned to the brief letter for explanation.

"MISS SARA,—Not certain that you have the means with which to purchase the books for your subscribers, I take the liberty to inclose you two hundred dollars, and I am always Your obedient servant,

"JOHN L. HAVENS."

Humbly enough Sara lifted her head. Supposing she could negotiate for the money at the banks in Schodac, she had little idea at the time what "the tyrant's" care had saved her from; but she was ashamed of her anger. Her impulse was to write a penitent note, and she wrote it. Presently destroyed it, and concocted a dainty piece of thanks; then tore that in pieces. Next, with her pencil she composed, corrected, and revised a formal letter. That, however, shared the fate of its predecessors, and dismissing the subject, she hurried to her labor. But she soon found she was not succeeding as before; presently discovered she was absent-minded and talking mechanically. Wisely she returned to her room. By the next morning she had a satisfactory letter to mail to John—an envelope containing her note bearing interest, duly signed and stamped. "He asked for nothing, he shall have nothing," she said, with unnecessary emphasis, as she dropped the letter in.

Her work by this time was not so *couleur de rose*. Her resolution to be as thorough as even John could require led her into places where John would not have allowed her to go—into the workshops and among the journeymen of all trades, talking with the men at the forges, making her way through foundries and mills; but Sara had the instincts of a lady, and through the length and breadth of her campaign she was not annoyed by a rude look or doubtful word. The private houses paid her least of all. Only one married woman in ten possessed a purse of her own; the penniless and dependent nine referred her to their husbands;

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while the fortunate and independent tenth had invariably an opinion of her own, and always had just purchased, or was about to, *Mistress and Maid*, or *Romola*, or *Our Mutual Friend*, or some other of the long, fascinating list Sara herself knew so well; and Sara, anxious though she was to obtain the lady's money, could not consistently condemn her choice.

Frequently—yes, often enough to warrant my use of the word—ladies who would have received the professions and good manners of a gentleman without question, chose to bring the clouding tears to Sara's eyes and the flush to her cheek by some of the various ungraciousnesses of which the best of us are mistresses upon occasion. Sometimes the door was but half opened, and before she could name her errand she would be told, "We do not wish to look at your book," and the door would be closed in her face. Sara used to grieve over this after she came home: "For they were ladies I should have liked so much—so elegant and bright and fair; they would have liked me too, could they have really known me, known how passionately I also appreciate all that is refined and beautiful. Was it not a shame to treat me so? But so it goes—riches to the rich, beauty and love to the beloved and the beautiful."

Completing the canvass of the village, she commenced her country work; she had looked forward to it with truly Arcadian anticipations. We have often laughed over the dismay of those weeks when she would trudge five miles to visit as many houses, often arriving only to find the man of the house absent, and herself so exhausted she was fain to beg shelter until the next day. And her own humble home seemed strangely elegant to her in those domiciles where she was forced to surreptitiously dry her face upon her handkerchief after turning away from the great farm-house towel upon its roller, scratchingly coarse, soiled and crumpled in the service of the half dozen men who, in their shirt sleeves, sat down at table and unceremoniously attacked the tin pan of pork and beans and the huge platter of potatoes *au naturel*. Over the home tea and toast she had longed for country fare; but she ate sparingly indeed of the thick dry bread and crude pie: wholesome food and fresh air are not so common in Arcadia as in town.

Yet with the true tourist's zest she entertained herself with the backwoods life of the people as she plodded on those long stretches of country, one night stopping at the manorial farm-house of a handsome estate, the next at a log-cabin where, after assisting all the evening at the "mosquito smudges," she climbed a ladder to a bed in the loft, where the stars looked in and winked and blinked and twinkled at her all night through the rents in the roof; perhaps the cabin on the adjacent farm would afford the coziest of interiors, the flowers, the music, the books, the pictures, the dainty cookery, the conversation, all at once assuring her *here* she would not be mistaken for a gypsy fortune-teller, or called a "peddler," or "charged" for her stay. "It was enough that I came from a city and could and did talk. I learned to describe Emerson and Curtis and Du Chaillu and Gough and Anna Dickinson, repeating the fine things of their lectures; I would give them an idea of the new books, and for the sylvan music-lovers nested off in those far forest homes I would whistle or sing the concert music at the opera-house; and they were so delighted with my entertainments that sometimes I could scarce tell whether I was a working-woman of these modern times, or a wandering troubadour with my store of minstrelsy and story."

But there came a time when we at Westport did not hear from her for weeks, until our anxiety became insupportable; and one morning Mrs. Lemoine told me John had gone to Schodac.

Of all our various visions of Sara in trouble, only one or two were more frightful than what had actually happened. I never could bear to hear its history but once; so I have often wondered how John, with those tender, old-fashioned traditions of his concerning woman's helplessness and dependence, must feel. For that July day, when all over the country laborers were fleeing to the shade for safety, our Sara was determinedly toiling along an uninhabited road which she had ignorantly taken, and which led for miles and miles and miles through a dense swamp.....When next she became conscious, and feebly looked around for her basket and books, she was bewildered to find herself lying in the front chamber at Mrs. Lawson's, icy bandages upon her head, Mrs. Lawson and Dr. Heywood standing by the bedside. Little by little she learned it all—how nearly fatal had been the brain-fever which had followed the nearly fatal sun-stroke. The story of that day, told by the kind old farmer and his family jogging homeward in their ox-cart, she did not hear till later. Her eyes wandered feebly around the room. Mrs. Lawson understood, and told her they had examined the mail-mark of the letters which came, and had written to *Westfield*, but as yet neither reply nor friend had come.

Sara had no strength for explanation or direction then; but as she weakly turned her face away, and counted how long it was, she knew then nobody had cared, after all; and as the long, dreary, gasping sobs shook her wasted form, the wretched feeling came that she should never write now: not even her mother cared.

Days passed before she could sit up, or bear the light or the sounds of daily life.

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Yet at last came the time when she could dress herself, and could go down stairs, feverish with anxiety to deliver her books, settle her bills, and be gone—if, indeed, she could fully discharge the indebtedness she had incurred during those long expensive weeks of insensibility, and have money remain to take her—home? She was not sure she should go there.

Days passed. No one came, and her feverish anxiety increased to hasten away and lose herself in the great world, since they were so willing she should be lost. The wildest plans took possession of her weak brain, until she was in danger of a relapse into the fever they had snatched her from. One sultry morning, when she had cried herself sick for the day, as was her daily habit now, Mrs. Lawson came in to say a gentleman was waiting in the parlor, "for his book, I presume." For, feeling very pitiful toward the unfortunate young stranger in their midst, many of the citizens had called there to receive and pay for their books.

Sara rose and slowly made her way along the hall into the parlor. She did not recognize the gentleman in the soft curtained gloom as she closed the door, until he rose, then, with a rapturous cry, she sprang forward—"You *have* come, John! Oh, John! John!"

He was advancing with hand courteously extended, but he paused. Through her blinding tears she held out hers, but John took her in his arms. "I think you love me, Sara," he said, in his usual quiet tones—quiet, old-fashioned, and tyrannical to the last, Sara said afterward.

Old-fashioned? Yes, but not so quiet as she thought; for there were tears in his eyes as he gravely bowed his head over hers, and murmured, "Thank God!" ere folding her

"So close and close."

When he saw she would stay, he said again, "I think you love me, Sara?"

And the strong-minded woman nestled her weak, weary head nearer, and replied, with the little nervous laugh he remembered so well, "I am afraid I do, John."

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.*

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Eighteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—XIV.

BUT continuing the exposition of the transcendental doctrines of Strauss, and coming to the exposition of his political doctrines, we must not forget his book of *The New Faith*, nor the stormy contests which it excited, and the transformation of his intelligence which it manifested. Strauss had broken the union between dogma and science, of which Hegel and Schleiermacher were the godfathers. The former, declaring that the substance of revelation and science is the same, had brought reason and revelation together, and the latter, discarding traditions and miracle, every thing outside of the mission of Christ, had brought together revelation and reason; so that the two systems had been reconciled and fused in something superior to the historical church, in the human conscience, which appeared to flourish with new bloom, and to yield as savory fruit a sure peace to souls.

The publication of the *Life of Jesus* broke this spell and brought about a new divorce. Philosophers, theologians, turned at once against him, accusing him of destroying without rebuilding. At the end of his days, in the last hours of his old age, shortly before his death, blind or nearly blind, he wrote his last book, his scientific testament, *The New Faith*. In this book he turns against all that tends to conciliate religion and philosophy. He wants no more eclecticism; he no longer supports the discordant concord of religion with science. He asks these questions: Are we still Christians? Have we still a religion? How do we regard life and the world? In the answer to these questions he sets forth all he believes of science, and declares its definite principles radically at variance with the idealist tendency, which, in spite of every thing, used to characterize his doctrine, falling into pure materialism and its most extreme results.

Farewell religion of childhood, the maternal Protestantism which he believed as pure, as innocent, as divine, as the evangelical ideas. Farewell mysticism of Boehm, which discovered even in the laws of nature mysterious theological combinations. Farewell idealist pantheism of Schelling, which saturated all beings in God, like sponges in the sea. Farewell Hegelian philosophy and its eternal Idea, producing, in the infinite movement of its career through space, spirits and suns. Farewell the last efforts to reconcile Christianity with science, revelation with reason, the divine idea with the human. Farewell heavens in which the resplendent soul of the philosopher was bathed, and the earth on which it was nourished. From the grand dialectic which constructed from the idea nature, state, art, religion, and philoso-

* Continued from the May number, page 873.

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phy, Strauss fell into contemporary Darwinism—the formation by minute causes of the planet, the successive evolutions of matter developed by means of progressive organisms, the theory that crystals are connected with plants, and plants with animated beings, and animated beings with each other, from family to family, from species to species, by means of intermediate families or species, springing one from another by virtue of natural or sexual selection, which gives the prize of perpetuity to the strongest or the most beautiful or the most agile, resolving all its principles into the laws of universal competition and the struggle for existence, which convert the planet into a cruel battle-field, where beings, families, species, and races fight with each other without truce or pause, heaping up the corpses of their rivals, of their conquered and dead enemies, after each bloody victory, advancing one step more in the progressive scale of organism.

This materialist philosophy, from which God, the soul, and the idea are forever absent, had its origin in the last century, having, like all modern ideas, many ancient predecessors in the science of the Greeks. Lamark, a Frenchman, was the first to point out that species were developed through progressive evolutions. The immense authority of Cuvier discredited this theory, in spite of its having appeared again in St. Hilaire, until Darwin came to revive it, after twenty years of observations and study, in his wonderful book of the *Origin of Species*.

In Germany this doctrine had forerunners, and still has adherents, who extend and push it to extremes. Treviranus regarded the zoophytes as the root of the tree of organism, whose most perfect fruit is the human brain. Oken gives the same origin to all beings, says they grow, transform themselves one into another, and all continually ascend to a superior life. Goethe, whose studies on organic beings are much more meritorious and profound than his studies upon light, declares, in the *Metamorphoses*, the existence of an organic type, the leaf, of which all plants are variations and irradiations. And he considers the vertebra in zoological organisms the same as the leaf in the vegetable organism, and regards the human brain as composed of vertebræ similar to those which form the spinal marrow in vertebrate animals. The cranium is a bony capsule, a larger variation of the rings which encircle and contain the marrow, and the same is true of the cranium of all mammals. After having recognized in man the intermaxillary bone, which demonstrates his kinship with inferior beings, he declares that all organisms proceed from one common root; that there is a close relation between the vegetable organism and the animal; that some species are derived from others, as the butterfly is derived from the grub; that by a centripetal force organisms are strongly attached to the fundamental law of their species, and by another centrifugal force they are disunited and diversified into innumerable species, which fill the eternal and the infinite with the rich texture of their forms.

We would never finish if we had to mention all the authors in Germany who have, before or since Darwin, sustained the principle of the transformation of species. The one who with most energy and success has promulgated the doctrine, under the high guidance of Darwin himself, is Haeckel, who is still bolder and more enthusiastic in his generalizations, carrying the theory from the vegetable and animal creations into history, and extending it as well to the development of worlds in space as to the development of humanity in time.

As the world moves between two poles, and the universe is kept in equilibrium by the two centripetal and centrifugal forces, species are determined by two laws, the conservative law of inheritance and the progressive law of variety. Variety in species proceeds from their nourishment, inheritance from their birth and generation; so that there are in organisms, as in societies, one force which urges forward, and another which gives stability and permanence.

Man observes the plants in his garden or conservatory, the pigeons in his dove-cote, the horses in his stable, the cattle in his pasture, and, by careful cultivation and labor, educates and perfects them; and as this artificial selection in plants and animals is of immediate utility for man, the natural selection in the universe is determined by the law of vital competition, by battle and death, among all beings, from zoophytes to man, to preserve and advance their lives.

The law which Malthus gave to production and consumption, the law of economic competition, is the law which Darwin finds throughout nature wherever extend the warmth of life and the combinations of organism. Among species also there are many called but few chosen in the great banquet of life. A multitude of eggs disappear before producing the being; many individuals die when scarcely born; others at their first steps encounter formidable enemies which destroy them. Some serve to feed others, and all are surrounded by dangers. But if among these species the superior individuals of different sexes meet each other, they engender superior individuals, who may succeed by progressive ascension to founding in time a still superior species by means of the law of variety and metamorphosis which rules all creation.

In the inferior grades of life, the monads, organic beings without organs, not far

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removed from the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, reproduce themselves by segmentation, dividing and separating themselves into equal identical beings, like the leaves, which open and separate themselves in the bud. And from segmentation to sexual generation, by which the superior animals and various plants are reproduced, the generating functions pass through various series, from the imperfect to the most perfect, following the course of organisms. The germ of different analogous species is very much alike, and from this the metamorphosists base their argument to prove the relationship among them all; and from this almost imperceptible germ spring organisms and their attributes, maintained or perpetuated by the great conservative principle of inheritance which dominates in nature.

But side by side with the conservative principle of inheritance in nature there is also the progressive principle of diversity and variety. Inheritance proceeds from generation, and variety from nutrition. Nutrition does not simply mean food. The animal is nourished by the soil, by the air, by the electricity which traverses its nerves, by the water it drinks, the plants near which it lives, the magnetism and the light of the stars, the substances it takes in by absorption, the country in which it lives, the atoms which in their continual decomposition afford it the chemistry of life. And there is in species the faculty which the advocates of metamorphosis call adaptation, which consists in assimilating itself to its environment, the soil, the air, the light, and the food, and thus attaining to the transformation which its environment demands. And there is also what is called virtual adaptation, which consists in certain changes of organism, determined by the environment, which is not manifested immediately in the organism submitted to its influence, but in the organisms it engenders.

The struggle for existence elects among species and individuals the strongest, those gifted with some qualities lacking in their rivals. Every being struggles not only with those of its own species, but with those of other species, with the whole universe in open tenacious conflict. Nature creates them with offensive and defensive resources: this one has a horn like a lance; another, fangs which rend and cut like swords; another troubles the water to escape its pursuers; another rolls itself up in its own body, forming a ball of thorns; the lion's mane preserves its neck from the teeth and claws of its kind, which would dispute the possession of female companions. And sometimes the strongest, sometimes the most beautiful, sometimes the sharpest claws, sometimes the most conspicuous plumage, the loudest roar or the most melodious voice, may conquer or seduce, and form through the creative magic of sexual attraction new and progressive species, which stand on a pedestal of bones heaped up by death.

The world was not formed by those violent revolutions which are now considered mythological, and of which Cuvier has discoursed. The miracle of creation is reproduced every day in our sight. The wave of the Mediterranean still forms the fossil, as the eruption of Vesuvius still continues the production of the soil which seems so remote from us. The mountain ranges were not formed by that species of immense gushing forth of incandescent matter produced by the cracking of the terrestrial crust. An incalculable time, millions and millions of years, are required to explain the elevation of the great ranges. Upon this scene of life chemical, physical, biological causes, all of them natural, produce organisms. The crystals are in the mineral kingdom the prophets of the organic world. In the composition of this world no matter is met with which is not met with in inferior worlds. In reality there is no organic matter. That which remains in the inferior state and that which rises to superior spheres are the same. Every thing in creation is interlaced among the beings which appear most various through intermediate points which unite them. The bird which loses itself in the blue of heaven, filling it with warbles and trills, is connected with the reptile which crawls upon the earth by means of the fossil found recently in the Jura, which has under its wings the tail of the lizard. Thus the monads, which appear inorganic beings, are in turn the natural term which unites the organic and inorganic worlds. The jelly-fish found in the sea, a vegetable in form, an animal by movement, is like a mysterious line which unites the confines of two worlds. The algæ, the lichens, represent in their turn beings intermediate between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The mushroom and the field agaric absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid, in contradiction with other plants, as if announcing the limit of another new organic world.

The progression, the ascending series, continues in animals, which are in turn connected by means of mysterious links. The zoophyte belongs almost to the vegetable world. Its form, its color, its digestion and respiration united in a single organ, its growth in the water, its almost mineral superpositions, clearly seen in the coral reef, give it the appearance of a plant, and place it in those bodies where vegetable and animal life are lost in each other. But organism ascends a grade higher in the ascidians, whose development seems like a preliminary sketch of the vertebrate; and beyond the ascidians come the mollusks, of which some inhabit the water and some the land, and all, with their imperfect ganglia, ap-

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pear to be stretching the mysterious cords of the nerves on the sounding harp of life. And beyond the mullusks the insects, which in their innumerable families, their multiform wings, their brilliant attire, mark another advance of matter, a rich variety in the tree of organism, the prophecy of the world of vertebrates. The vertebra is extended in the fish. The batrachians next become the medium between the fish and the reptile, inhabiting at the same time the water and the land, with means of respiration in both atmospheres, hydrogen and oxygen, occupying in their sphere the places of the sponges and corals, points in the series of life, intermediate links of the immense chain of being. The last class of vertebrates are united by common traits, by having five fingers, by being therefore pentadactyls. The reptile goes on rising little by little in the battle of life until it becomes a bird. The archiropteryx, the fossil found in the Jura, with a lizard's tail, above which grow wings, represents the mysterious organism where reptiles and birds come together. Then come the running birds, like the ostrich, which is nearer to its fathers, the reptiles—it can not leave the ground; and then the flying birds, the lark, for instance, with the color of the ground, but the love of the sky, the sibyl of life, the priestess of the dawn, which in its minute body contains a whole orchestra of musical nerves, and which in its gayety and love fills the air with odes and symphonies. The ornithorynchus is the middle term between the bird and the mammal, and the mammals pass through divers series, from the marsupial to the ape, which becomes the father and ancestor of the last, the most perfect of all the mammals, man.

This is the new faith of the Christian theologian, the idealist philosopher, the young mystic—a philosophy which has nothing to do with spirit; a philosophy reduced to chemistry and natural history; a philosophy which by force of study and acuteness has encountered, if you please, analogies of one being with another and the relationship between different organisms, but which has never been able to explain, either through adaptation, nor atavism, nor inheritance, nor vital competition, nor by series, that superior world of the human spirit, that heaven of life, that mystery of speech, that harmony of art, that conception of right, that organism of the state, that succession of the sciences, that interior world which does not fall within the senses, which can not be analyzed in retorts, which can not be precipitated by any chemical combination, and which is called, and always will be called, the world of the spirit, upon whose summit is God.

At first view the faults of the system appear. To believe that alimentation explains intelligence is to deny the eternal teachings of history. If the better fed were the more intelligent, why did not Philip the Third and not Cervantes write *Don Quixote?* The intermediate species have never been found. Even those creatures bordering on the inferior world, which have the greatest analogy with still lower grades of organism, belong resolutely to one species. The intermediate species do not appear. The new naturalists avoid this difficulty by saying that intermediate species have disappeared through their own weakness and in the period in which they arose. The anthropoid ape, which they seek every where, in every corner of the earth, in the bowels of the planet, among fossils, they have never been able to find. By his good luck and ours, that venerable father of the human race, that Japhet of the human organism, who gave birth to Raphael of Urbino and to Newton, must be found in the bottom of the Indian Ocean, drowned with the land which was his cradle. You must fish for him there.

The naturalists are troubled by our transcendental theories, our hypotheses, yet they present every where hypothetical animals, creations of their fancy, children of their naturalism. The protamniotes, for example, do not exist, have never been seen, do not possess, as the great apostle of Darwinism in Germany confesses, any thing more than a fantastic existence. But they have been created to establish more clearly the relationship between reptiles and birds and mammals, so that the metamorphosists are like those forgers of heraldic genealogies, who, when they lack a grandfather or so to flatter the vanity of customers with noble aspirations, if they do not find him they invent him. All that can be said of the anthropoid ape is that the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee resemble man and belong to that caste. The whole argument to prove our descent from monkeys is that they are not quadrumanous; that they have feet and even claws, and that men are almost quadrumanous; that children grasp things with their feet. And as the anthropoid ape has never been found, neither has the man-monkey. Where is he? Where have you seen this man who does not speak? Show him to us! The existence of the speechless man is imagined, supposed, but never demonstrated. And these are the men who reject idealism because it does not fall within the jurisdiction of the senses, because it is not demonstrated according to the criterion of experience, and yet their theories, purely experimental, are devoid of sure data in experiment. But they may be fortunate enough to attain favor in European states, as princes and monarchs and the powerful of the world come to see that this theory favors them, and that their doctrine of divine right may be easily replaced

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by that of atavism. Dynasties, instead of being personifications of artificial privileges, founded by the strength of the powerful, and admitted by the ignorance of the weak, may be called the work of the evolutions of matter, castes born from the very bowels of nature, privileged families which have risen by natural selection, which have been perfected by food which has conveyed enormous quantities of phosphorus to their brain, and which have conquered in vital competition in the battle of life. Haeckel, in his eighth discourse on Inheritance and Reproduction in his book entitled *History of the Creation of Organic Beings according to Natural Laws*, avows his belief in castes, aristocracy, and hereditary monarchies. Dumont, a disciple of the former, and the propagator in France of his doctrine, which he reduced to the proportions of a pamphlet so that it may be more easily circulated and read, has maintained that spiritualism, with its idea of liberty and of moral dignity, is essentially revolutionary, democratic, republican, because it gives to man eternal rights; while Darwinism takes away from us all pride, showing us that the germ of our race is identical with the germs of the vilest animals; that inequalities in society are justified by physiological inequalities in nature; that the hereditary principle is that of preservation, upon which monarchies and dynasties may take their stand; that the doctrine of evolution ought to be adopted by all conservatives, that apart from it they will fall inevitably into democracy. And doubtless through the theory of evolution the phenomenon may be explained, which at first appears inexplicable, that Strauss, the pure naturalist, the enemy of religious traditions, the ardent adorer of the liberty of thought, the great democrat of intelligence, the revolutionist in ideas, can appear also the most conservative of men, the most devoted to the political reaction as well as to dead institutions, comparing in his Darwinian book of *The New Faith* modern peoples with the Alani and the Vandals, and defending hereditary monarchies as the best form of government, best fitted for the education of humanity and the continuation of its progress.

It is a singular case. This man who saluted Darwin as a savior because Darwin had succeeded in proscribing the miraculous and the supernatural in the universe, because Darwin had succeeded in relying upon the geological works of Lyell, through the succession of ages, through the evolutions of matter, through the series of organisms, in explaining naturally creation, and the various species which dwell in creation—he stands in ecstasy before the monarchical principle, and gives as a reason for this preference the following words, which are the contradiction of his whole philosophical system: "In the monarchical form there is something enigmatical and absurd at first view, but this is the reason and the motive for the preference which should be given to it. Every mystery appears absurd; nevertheless there is nothing more profound. Art, life, and the state are impossible without mystery." Could there be a more direct contradiction? He is not willing to admit any mystery in the infinite, in the absolute, in the eternal, in the horizons of religion, in the bosom of God, in Providence, in the marvelous work of nature, in the advent of species on the scene of life, in their changes, in their transformations, in the obscurity of death, and yet he admits mystery in the essentially human, in what depends principally upon our will and our reason, in the organization of the state, in the form of government; and after having tried to dethrone God, he makes a god of the king, and crowns him with the divine diadem of the supernatural, and envelops him in the cerulean mantle of mystery.

Does the transmission of genius exist? Can dynasties entail merit by the privilege of nature, as they entail power by the errors of society? There were five Cæsars of the family of the great Julius, and none of them attained the universal and humanitarian genius of the illustrious chief of his race. Augustus, though able and prudent, was so timid that he would hide himself under a bed when he heard a crash of thunder. Tiberius avoided war, and wasted himself in pleasure. Claudius deserved that Seneca should compare his divine skull with a gigantic calabash. Caligula was a sanguinary madman, and Nero a sanguinary mountebank. Individuals of the same family, children of the blood, St. Louis and Charles of Anjou, the one was a saint and the other a demon; the one founded tribunals and the other suborned them; the one concluded peace and the other kindled wars; the one compelled respect to that point that kings submitted to his judgment the bloody strifes of nations, and the other excited hatred to such a point as to commend the horrors of the Sicilian Vespers; the one under the oak of Vincennes gives every man his right, and the other in the public square of Naples assassinates the last scion of the house of Suabia; the one leads the Crusaders like a great missionary and a great general, the other robs them by land and sea like a thief and a pirate. It can not be denied that Charles the Fifth bears gloriously on his shoulders for thirty years the weight of the world, but a century afterward the successor of that Atlas is called Charles the Second. Isabel the Catholic, who conquers Granada and discovers America, who ends the feudal age and initiates the modern time, is daughter of the feeble Juan the Second, and sister of the impotent Henry the Fourth. Charles the Third imbibes on

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the throne, in great draughts, the moral spirit of the eighteenth century, assists the progress of his time, fills a glorious page in the history of Italy, and another glorious page in the history of Spain, but he leaves his name and his authority and his rights to two imbeciles, one of whom knows nothing but to kill javalies in the Prado, and the other to train kangaroos in Caserta. No dynasties exist in nature. Genius is like the god of Mohammed, without father or sons in its greatness and its eternity. The hereditary principle in power is a principle which is at once condemned by reason, nature, and history.

It seems impossible. Strauss, who is a monarchist and a reactionary conservative in his political works, in his political life, is a democrat and a republican, a revolutionist, in his best and most appreciated historical works. He wrote an apologetic memoir of Voltaire, that illustrious man who freed the human conscience from superstition, to prepare the advent of the French Revolution. He collected and translated into the vulgar tongue the works of Hutten, the free son of Franconia; the stainless cavalier, enamored of liberty as the ancient knights-errant were of their ladies; the pupil of the monks of Fulda, who never could bear the cowl on his neck or a censure upon his conscience; the keeper of those impregnable fortresses, full of material of war and saturated with powder smoke, near hostile castles where feudal lords sharpened their arms, surrounded by forests filled with howling wolves, the sanctuary of the noble family of Huttens, loaded with aristocratic titles which in the eyes of the most illustrious of them all were not worth the most insignificant idea; a writer wandering and poor, without home or bread, whose habitation was his hopes, and whose food was his studies; an admirer of antiquity, of whose orators and tribunes he made his example while following his vocation as a soldier in the savage war on the side of freedom of thought and of reason; a great satirist, who, by his sparkling wit, his keen sayings, his felicitous retorts, his immortal epigrams, destroyed the monastic edifice of the Middle Ages; the implacable persecutor of scholasticism and its commentators, of the ancient law and the Bartolist lawyers, of all reactions and all reactionists; the revolutionist who dethroned the Duke of Würtemberg, the tyrant and assassin of husbands, the robber of fair women; the audacious critic who showed that the bodies of the Three Kings of Cologne were the skeletons of three poor peasants of Westphalia; the denouncer of the Inquisition and its barbarous executions, of the wretches who opposed the light of truth with the fire of the stake; the propagator of those effective contradictions to the domination of Constantine which were destined to undermine the temporal power of the popes, which we have seen in our times fall and roll at our feet; the warrior and the poet, who draws with equal enthusiasm the feudal sword and the ardent speech of revolution in favor of human progress; an arm of iron and a lion heart, an artist pen, a style precise and tempered for combat, the language of the pamphleteer and the prophet, a Lucian in grace, a Demosthenes in eloquence, a Tacitus when he paints tyrants, a hero every where, preferring death to slavery; with one hand destroying theocracy in his immortal satires, elevating with the other, in the golden urn of his poems, the ashes of martyrs dead for the cause of free conscience; with all the terrible wrath and noble aspirations of the Renaissance in his soul, with the tocsin of revolution always resounding under his hand, with the arms of the soldier at his girdle and his shoulder, living for the religion of liberty, and gifted with all the faculties and aptitudes of men designed by Providence to impel humanity forward in its stormy way.

And he has not only idolized the tribunes and the reformers, all those who have brought us the material and the essence of modern ideas, whose natural organization is, finally, the republic, but he has also persecuted and attacked the kings. His pamphlet, *The Romanticist on the Throne of the Cæsars*, from the first to the last word is a bitter diatribe on Frederick William the Fourth. Romanticism was a name given in Germany to that reactionary tendency of poetry and philosophy to return to the time of the Middle Ages and its extinct ideas. The romanticist on the throne is Julian the Apostate. Giving the name of romanticist to Julian, who fought and opposed the inclination of his time to receive and adore the ideas which were later to compose the spirit of the Middle Ages, merely means that under the title of the emperor and under his purple the writer prudently hides the august person of the reactionary king who fights to restore a historical Christianity nearly related to Roman Catholicism. Thus the critic does not trouble himself about a faithful likeness of the historic emperor. It is enough if it resembles King Frederick William the Fourth, whom he abhors, who was one day the hope of young Germany, which as prince he encouraged with his ardent liberalism and humanitarian philosophy, and as king abandoned to join the bigots and the pietists; to restore the cathedral of Cologne, the ark where the beliefs of the Middle Ages were preserved; to pension philosophers of much mystic warmth of heart and little scientific light of understanding, corrupters of dogmas and of science, whose work was to resuscitate the ancient faith in false sophistries, and

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to maintain new generations in everlasting servitude.

He therefore collects all the bitterest speeches hurled by his enemies at the ancient emperor, and applies them to the modern king. The Nebuchadnezzar, the Dragon, the Devil, the Apostate, the Fanatic, described by St. Gregory Nazianzen; devoted to exalted mysticism and the protection of pious frauds; apparently disposed to put an end to the theological wars born of the fever of his time, but in reality inclined to the popular superstitions; the rhetorician of phrases, fond of classic quotations, a coxcomb vain of his style, a comedian careful of his attitudes and gestures, a chemist who composed an extraordinary mixture of Greek literature, Christian religion, and Alexandrian philosophy; surrounded by a crowd of bureaucratic sophists and philosophers inspired by their salaries; grieved with the solitude of the temples and the falling off of the sacrifices; a conservative more of the names than of the ideas of the ancient gods, transformed and renovated by his semi-rationalist interpretations; conscious of his dignity of Pontifex Maximus, which he wore over his dignity of Roman Cæsar; an exaggerator of religious ceremonies and of hecatombs to such a point that cattle became scarce wherever he was; assiduous at the temple, scrupulous in sacrifice, ecstatic before the altars, observing even the futile regulations of fasting; a writer of circulars against the teachers and the professors of the new faith; filled with the archæological mania of restoring the temple of Salonica upon its ruined foundation; opposed to the employment of Christians as masters in the imperial schools; more obstinate than strong, of more persistence than genuine conviction; always shaking his head, raising his eyes, unsteady in his gaze, restless in his movements, a loud laugher and uncertain speaker, short in his phrase as if he lacked breath, and long in his meditations, absurd and unexpected in his questions, heedless and contradictory in his replies—the Julian of Strauss is precisely the romantic King of Prussia, whom he abuses and ridicules for having opposed with the orthodox and realist reaction the enlightened liberalism of young and thinking Germany.

But this writer, who attacks the historic kings of his country and who sighs for the republican times of Greece and Rome, approves the elevation and the authority of one over the rights of all; censures the French for having exiled their own dynasties and having proclaimed the new republic; sings countless pæans to the imperial family of Prussia, and incites the people to submit to them and adore them; moves with all sails set into absolutism and Cæsarism; speaks with contempt of parliamentary government and the institutions born of free investigation; counsels the restoration of aristocracies, with large possessions in the country and aptitude for war; condemns the middle classes, whose last hour he thinks is sounded on the clock of time—condemns them for their liberality; is greatly troubled by the persistent aspirations of the fourth estate; blames governments for having granted too great concessions to these Vandals; proposes all sorts of repressive measures; rejoices that the fomenters of democracies like Goethe and Humboldt have been replaced by Bismarck and Moltke, creators of armies. He calls universal suffrage barbarous, and gives his consent at most to a modest oligarchy. He wants large authority and little right. He announces that the world will always belong to the strongest, and with a furious eloquence worthy of the ultramontane De Maistre, he says that society requires as a necessary restraint the fatal hand of the executioner.

It seems, we say, impossible. This man represents a contradiction which wounds every sentiment and stupefies the intelligence. He has worked all his life for the liberty of thought and the emancipation of the conscience, and he desires that these labors shall have no influence in life, and that this struggle shall pause at the first of human rights without passing on to the rest. He wishes that we shall be conquerors in the sphere of conscience and of reason, and that we shall be conquered in society and in the world. He says that matter is one, and he denies that liberty is one. It is impossible to proclaim it in the higher spheres of life without immediately extending it to all spheres equally. Those who said in the sixteenth century that all men had the right to be priests, said at the same time that all men had the right to be citizens. Those who proclaimed religious liberty implicitly proclaimed political liberty; to desire the one and not to desire the other is to give freedom to speech and a gag to the lips. The labors for the emancipation of human thought, the rights of conscience, the war against all which oppresses the human understanding, the aspirations of great intellectual revivals, the praise given to the apologists, the heroes, and the martyrs of modern civilization, all this mass of ideas is practically condensed in great democracies, and sooner or later is organized in genuine republics. You load a man with chains and then put in his hands the fire of Prometheus. He will not be long in melting them and in giving freedom to the ideas of his soul in the heaven of conscience, to the movements of his organism on earth, to the faculties of his being in society. Liberty is like the Christian Trinity, various in its attributes, fundamentally one in its science. The day will come when all liberties shall be mutually interfused without the power of man

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to divide or separate them. Then it will be seen, even by the obstinate and the blind, that as our natural organism needs all its fundamental organs, liver, brain, lungs, and heart, our social organism needs all fundamental liberties, from the free interchange of ideas to the free interchange of products. And it will be also seen that our penal codes admit no castes in the fulfillment of duty, nor hierarchies in the administration of laws; that our political codes can recognize no castes nor hierarchies in the existence and exercise of right. And it will finally be seen that society, like the universe, has its laws, and that these laws admit no lawless intervention of any privileged family in their direction, and that only the true mechanism and the true force meet in that organization natural to the life of mature, cultivated nations, the organization of the republic.

I have always distrusted a philosophy which lessens or kills the dignity of man. I have always believed public liberties can not be founded without raising a luminous ideal of morality in the conscience, and that this can not be done without admitting the immortality of our existence beyond the grave. No particle is lost in the universe, no atom is dissipated in life, no being is annihilated in the tomb; and can it be that our personality is to be lost and reduced to nothing? "The dead, alas, are in ourselves," said a strange contemporaneous thinker; and, in fact, how many times have I seen in my youth, going to the cemetery in my village to bear some offering or some prayer to the grave of my grandmother, over the turf of the dead the grass of the fields growing, the balsamic flowers of May opening, the butterfly, warm with all the colors of the rainbow, fluttering, the bee humming, drunken with sweet juices, even the white and innocent lambs joyfully gamboling! It recalls to us the giddy dance of atoms, the transubstantiation of one material into another, the growth of one creature by imbibing the life of another, so that at last the fibres of the slave may be fed by the corpse of his tyrant in the mysterious chemistry of nature, wherever extends the warmth of provident attractions, the labor of incessant transformations, the renaissance of beings. Nowhere is death felt, nowhere is nothingness seen.

Who has not been moved at the reading or the representation of the immortal dramatic poem with which the first of Saxon poets has delighted the world? Poor Ophelia, who seems made of the mist of the lakes and the rays of the moon, all love, and therefore all sorrow and pain, clothed with gauze as white as her soul, crowned with flowers as fair as her first illusions, sprinkled with dew as clear as her tears, hanging like a prophetic harp from the willow over the torrent, which, as she falls, bears her a moment on its surface, as if to listen to her melancholy love-song, and then swallows her up, as if to extinguish in death the thirst of her heart, eternal and inextinguishable on earth.

And then when Hamlet goes to the cemetery, and hears the mingled sound of the spades and the bottles of the grave-diggers, their drunken songs and the rattle of the bones among the rocks, their empty laughter and the empty skulls, he questions himself, not so much as to the mystery of being and not being as of the course followed in this world by the ashes of Cæsar and the ashes of Alexander, in whose hands the world had been taken as a fly in the claws of the spider, and who to-day serve only to stop the bung of the barrel from which the grave-diggers had drunken, or the hole by which the air enters and the rats come out.

Do what you please with the atoms that course through the fibres of plants, the globules of blood that descend to the callous feet of the peasant or rise to the brain of the philosopher, but do not attack my personality nor dissolve me in a barbarous communism of matter. I feel my close kinship with all created things, but at the same time I feel it with all uncreated things. We have been light, heat, gas, in the aerolitic or cometary journey of our planet during its fluid state, as when it hung like a red tress from the head of the sun. We have felt our flesh condencing itself in the first condensation of the world. We find the deepest roots of our bodies in the fossils buried every where, like letters of rock which declare in immortal carving and indelible epitaphs the triumphal career of organism. We have grown with the zoophyte, and swayed in bottomless seas with the sponge. We dragged ourselves with the reptile over the earth after having passed through the transformations of the insect. We entered, full of warm blood and lyric nerves, clothed with variegated feathers, into the wide ether singing in the sublime chorus of the birds. We have fought over and over with the beasts of the desert and the forest. We have made war with the lion and the tiger. We have run with the horse and the stag. We have been, if you please, the absurd buffoon of the universe with the ape, the chimpanzee, and the parrot. But from the moment when we have come to our organization we have felt flowing throughout our being something which did not live in time, which was not developed in space; something clearer than light, more rapid than electricity, more vivid than heat and magnetism, the spirit, the human spirit, and within it a never-setting sun which is called thought, an irresistible force which is called liberty. And when we had believed that this sun and this force were ours, and that

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we belonged to ourselves, tyrants and conquerors have made us pass through another street of bitterness, through another passion longer than that suffered in our millennial voyages through matter; we have been pariahs, sudras, helots, slaves, and serfs, the creature of others' pleasure, the instrument of others' profit, every thing but free, until have arisen the prophets, the martyrs, the heroes, the redeemers, and they have revealed to us our own being, and have broken the chain upon our hands and freed our shoulders from the lash, have created us anew, giving us, as it were, a second spirit with the idea of our right. And now we are citizens—a victory which still can not satisfy us, because after having completed our destiny in the world, after having realized our ideal in time, after having labored for the good of humanity and of the planet, we sigh with the desire of new worlds, of new horizons, of new heavens, for the harmony of arts more beautiful, the light of a science more grand; and we must labor and struggle through the love of the infinite, ascending in the scale of progress, bathed to-day in blood and to-morrow in light, until we meet face to face our Creator and our God.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

HOW GARTH WENT TO A PICNIC.

ON picnic morning Garth was up early, though he had slept ill during the night. Fantastic visions of the morrow had flitted through his brain, and tossed him in flushed discomfort from one side of his bed to the other. He fancied himself on the brink of a new phase of life, and was puzzled to conceive how he should assimilate himself to it. He pursued a phantom Garth through all manner of grotesque adventures, and was distressed to observe that the spectre always contrived to fail, by an inch or a moment, of creditably acquitting himself.

Wishing that Garth incarnate might do better, the boy let himself quietly out of his bedroom window at sunrise, and struck off through the awakening woods toward the picnic grounds. He knew that some hours must elapse before the party would arrive, but he meant to employ this spare time in thoroughly reconnoitring the scene of the coming festival, and trying to accustom himself to the idea of facing so many people; for although he might know every person in the company, Garth dreaded confronting them in mass. Assuming as he did that every one would make a point of observing his slightest manifestation, and taking it for granted that he must appear to other eyes at least as transparent as he did to his own, it was not strange that his courage sometimes misgave him. On the other hand, there was Madge—or Miss Danver, as he must begin to call her, since their acquaintance was about to emerge from fairy-land into the every-day world—whom to meet he knew not whether he most rejoiced or feared. To meet her, to be near her, perhaps to converse with her—oh, to think of it! After all, was not the real world a yet more marvelous place than fairy-land?

As he walked on, however, brushed by the leaves which had scarcely begun to be autumnal, and cheered by the lusty enthusiasm of the morning sunshine, his fears dwindled, and he felt brave enough to look his joys in the face. They were all Madge! The vistas of the wood, the glimpses of heaven overhead, the tonic breath of the pines, the stirring of the breeze, were beautiful because of her. He so delighted in these reflections and reminders of his mistress that the way did not seem long nor the time wearisome ere she should appear in her proper person. An older or more experienced lover would have found every thing irksome save the actual beloved presence, but Garth knew as yet neither the sweetness nor the disappointment of living hands and lips. He looked back, nevertheless, with long-drawn breaths and reddenings of the cheek, at his several encounters with Madge thus far, and especially to that memorable evening when she had sat behind him on horseback, her small arm round his waist, and her face so near that when he turned to answer his grandfather, stalking beside them, he could feel her warm breath on his cheek. Ah! sighed Garth, would they ever ride thus again? At all events, he was resolved on making unheard-of advances to-day. He would go up to her as soon as she arrived, and take her by the hand in bidding her good-morning. He would sit near her at dinner-time, and persuade her to share the contents of his luncheon basket. He would pluck off the burs from the chestnuts for her; and in the games and trials of strength and skill which were to occupy the forenoon, he would win every prize for her sake: even Sam Kineo should not prevail against him.

After proceeding a mile or two on his way,

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he came to a spot where the path branched off in two directions. Here, amidst a cluster of moist and mossy stones, a spring bubbled up and flowed across the track and onward through the roots of the trees into the forest. The spring was overshadowed by a young rock maple, whose foliage had forced the season, most of it being already yellow, and branches here and there clustered with clear red leaves which seemed adrip with living blood. The boy threw himself down to drink of the cold water, staring the while at the mysterious bubbling commotion at the sandy bottom of the spring, as seen through the reflection of his own brown face. Some time, he thought, in pursuance of the custom of pious knights of old when they had had their fill of bloodshed, it would be well to erect on this spot a sort of temple or shrine consecrated to lovely Madge Danver, and affording her and him a place of meeting, or of refuge if need were. Love and peace should reign here; no deeds nor thoughts should be allowed which were not as pure and kindly as this beneficent spring. Urmhurst had been built upon a grave, and its foundation had been laid in strife and blood; but Garth would raise his edifice on innocent ground, and so keep his life blameless. The plan so took his fancy that, by way of securing his site against foreign appropriation, he pulled out his knife and cut his own and Madge's initials deep in the bark of the rock maple, and drew a line round them. Pleased with the conceit, which was as original with him as with the forefather of all lovers, Garth put his knife in his pocket, and resumed his way to the picnic ground.

As he neared it, and finally looked upon the place where this assemblage of living and palpable human beings was actually to appear within an hour or two, the boy's apprehensions in a measure returned, and he was glad he had allowed himself space to compose his mind and fortify his resolution for the ordeal. He rambled hither and thither about the rocky and wildly picturesque glen, peopling it with imaginary picnickers, and endeavoring to make himself at home with them, while a shadowy Madge seemed ever at his side. At length he came to an enormous chestnut, standing near the upper verge of the tract, and stretching its mighty limbs over a diameter of fifty feet. The ground beneath was strewn with clusters of the burred nuts, and thousands more hung between the thick leaves overhead. After trying his teeth for a while upon the former, Garth began to turn his eyes upward, and consider the practicability of a climb.

Swarming was out of the question; the chestnut was eighteen feet in girth, but there were twigs sprouting here and there from the lower trunk, and a few promising knots and clefts which might be of use. Once ten feet from the ground and the lowest of the main limbs could be reached, and thence was a broad winding staircase to the tiptop. It was a very tall tree, and no doubt commanded a large view: perhaps he could see the picnic party on their way hither from the village. This last thought bound him to the attempt, and forgetting that enough time had already passed to allow of their being very near, to say the least, he forthwith set about it. It was a shrewd and slow job, and after working hard for ten minutes, and ascending about eight feet, it became necessary either to trust his weight to a dead twig or to come down again. Garth paused to deliberate. In the midst of his pause a strange sound fell upon his ear—a throbbing, reduplicating, long-drawn note, dying away in a cadence which would have sounded melancholy to any one ignorant (as Garth was not) that it was the stentorian laughter of Minister Graeme echoing afar through the woods.

The party must be close at hand, and the climber, following the first and most natural impulse, committed himself to the twig, which cracked, indeed, but did not break, and helped him to a main limb of the tree. He rapidly clambered upward, and before the van-guard of the revelers had come in sight he was safe among the topmost branches, whence he could see over the whole ground, excepting only the space immediately beneath him, but was himself invisible from all points.

By the time he had recovered his breath and wiped the perspiration from his face, the picnickers were defiling with jollity into the glen, the gigantic minister in front, with Madge's hand in his, Sam Kineo not far off, upward of a score of grown people and children following on behind, and, last of all, an old hay cart drawn by a venerable white steed, that had retired from active life, and reserved himself for festive occasions like the present. The cart was beladen with provision baskets, in charge of three or four elderly ladies, whose years entitled them to a ride, though it is doubtful whether the jolting they got was not a sharper trial of endurance than a three-mile walk would have been.

Garth had climbed his tree involuntarily, so to speak; but it now occurred to him that the opportunity of overlooking his company and familiarizing himself with their individual and aggregate aspect, before descending and mixing with them on an equal footing, was far from being ill-timed. He kept his perch accordingly, and held his peace, and enjoyed the aroma of affairs like a superior being, without having his appreciation dulled by a personal share in them.

The cart was drawn up beneath Garth's very chestnut, and the venerable steed was relieved of his harness and turned out to

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amuse himself, while the elderly ladies were severally lifted down by the gallant parson, who was provided with a flattering witticism for each one of them. The next thing was to take out the provision baskets and select a site for the table.

"Why not have it here beneath the tree?" demanded the ponderous tones of the Reverend Titan.

But somebody objected that the chestnut burs would render sitting down impossible; and therefore, after some discussion and much mirth, the place was fixed a few rods off, under the southern side of a lichened rock: entirely with Garth's approval, since he could now see all that went on, without overhearing conversation perhaps not intended for his ears. Whatever his grandfather said he must, indeed, make up his mind to be privy to; the old gentleman would have been audible at the top of a mimosa. But then his grandfather never talked secrets.

"Now, boys and girls," bellowed he, having left the elderly ladies to unpack the baskets and make dilatory preparations for the feast—"now, then, we must have our games. What shall we begin with? Speak up, somebody. Boys, you ought to give the ladies the first choice. Or what do you say to a boy and a girl being chosen to decide it, between themselves, for all of us? Very well, who shall they be? What do you say to—let me see—to Madge Danver and Garth Urmson?"

Garth started and dropped a chestnut. Was he discovered? and did he hear his name coupled with hers? Oh, he must come down!

But hark again! "Why, where is Garth? not here? no one seen him? That's odd—that's odd. He told me he'd be here. Well! —however, it's early still; he'll come yet, depend upon it. What did you say, my dear?" to Madge. Garth did not catch her rejoinder, but it seemed to tickle the minister, whose mood changed from solicitude to mirth. "Ho! ho! ho! Oh, very well, if that's the case, we needn't feel anxious about him; he'll come, sooner or later. I thought it was all on *my* account—ha! ha! ha! Well, boys and girls, we can't wait for him, so whom shall we choose in his place? Let me see—what do you say to Sam Kineo?"

It was a foible of the good minister to be most autocratic under the guise of deferring to the opinion of others; so now, while appearing to choose Madge and Sam by appeal to the popular will, he in reality (though unawares) pleased no one except himself and his nominees. The girls were affronted that the Frenchified little thing should be put over them, while the boys were as little flattered to play second fiddle to an Indian half-breed. However, there was no disputing the minister's vote, and Sam and Madge were chosen, if not unanimously, at least without a dissentient voice. They walked apart mysteriously and consulted. There was not much to consult about; but still Garth's eyes followed the pair with singular anxiety, and he was continually wondering how Sam felt, and imagining how he himself would feel in Sam's place, and berating himself for having been out of the way at the critical moment. Not but that Sam carried it off well enough; indeed, Garth could not help acknowledging that the half-breed's behavior was more easy and gallant than his own would have dared to be in the circumstances. And Madge—Miss Danver—seemed charmingly affable. For a moment Garth questioned whether she would have been so affable to him!

Nevertheless, he was not jealous: he had too much refinement and too little experience for that. Madge was gracious as a queen might be; and Sam's self-possession was that of a courtier who knows his place. With Garth it would be different; he must meet the queen only as her destined lover; and on those high terms it was no marvel if the dapper forms of society should hitch and stammer a little at first. He was not jealous, for the idea that Madge would receive the advances of any one but himself, or that any one except himself would venture to make advances to her, never entered his head. But he could not with equanimity behold so much sweetness thrown away on Sam Kineo—sweetness from which only this unlucky chestnut debarred him. What had possessed him to expend so much pains in climbing out of the reach of his own happiness? Why had he not been content to remain on the same footing with the rest of the world, and take his equal chances? Solitude and seclusion are good in their way, but a body among the clouds, while the soul languishes on earth, Garth found a most unprofitable predicament.

Meanwhile the committee had decided upon their programme, and the games began. Garth, sitting disconsolate like a deserted idol in his niche, was astonished to see what a good time boys and girls had together. He had always taken it for granted that enjoyment was in a direct ratio to isolation; but here numbers seemed to be the very zest of the fun. How they laughed, shouted, ran about, and laughed again! What a delightful game blindman's-buff was, and hunt-the-slipper, and kitchen-furniture, and pass-the-ring! Garth joined in every laugh, and nearly fell out of his tree in the heedless sympathy with which he followed the movements of the players. How lovely Madge looked! how handy and clever was Sam Kineo! A sigh surprised Garth in the midst of his enjoyment. What right had he to laugh? he was not playing. He was like a forlorn ghost vainly attempt-

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ing a return to earthly pleasures. He was resolved, if once he got his foot on solid earth again, to give up tree-climbing. Meanwhile it was plain that he must stay where he was so long as the picnic lasted. To come down now would be indeed a come-down, and Garth's dignity and sense of the ludicrous alike forbade it.

By-and-by the girls were worn out, and there was a pause. The minister, who had contributed more noise to the games than any of the players, now revived the topic of Garth's absence, observing that he the more regretted it since, in the trials of strength and skill which were to come off between the boys, he was certain that his grandson would have borne a distinguished part. But at this Sam Kineo ventured to turn up his nose, intimating that it might be just as well for Garth's reputation to keep out of the way. Sam, in fact, was generally admitted to be a formidable athlete; he was a year older than the minister's grandson, and had the two been matched against each other, the odds must have been in the Indian's favor. Garth, nevertheless, cramped and impatient in his tree, would gladly have descended to try his strength, had Sam's prowess been double what it was. In Madge's presence, too, he could scarcely have failed of success—so he fancied; and now he was to lose this signal opportunity of proving himself worthy of her favor. O, for a bout at wrestling with Sam Kineo! Perhaps, to own the truth, something more than ordinary rivalry was at the bottom of that wish. Sam seemed to be eating Garth's cake and his own too. How easy it would be quietly to drop down in the midst! and yet how much harder it was to climb down against moral obstacles than up against material ones, and what a different kind of agility was requisite!

After a sufficient rest, the minister, abandoning all hopes of his young relative's appearance, gave orders for the athletic sports to begin. Madge was probably the only person who (for her own private reasons) shared the old gentleman's disappointment at Master Urmson's defection. She had laid plans which promised to bring about an exciting little episode or two; but Garth and Sam were alike involved in the scheme, and its consequent failure made Madge rather captious. She was piqued at the former's implicit slight, but this did not prevent her taking his part against the latter, who probably found her less disposed to encourage his attentions than had Garth been on the ground. Thus, when Sam jumped higher, ran faster, leaped further, and wrestled better than any of his opponents, Madge only shrugged her little shoulders, and would have him to understand that matters would have fallen out otherwise if Garth Urmson had been there. Poor Sam could only scowl and secretly wish to tear his rival limb from limb; but then Madge would look so irresistible that wrath was perforce merged in adulation.

As for Garth, he would have been glad to be free of his leafy prison at the risk of being tomahawked and scalped as soon as he reached the earth. Mental irritation apart, his physical discomfort was most dolorous; he had tried every practicable position again and again, and not one was tolerable. The forenoon dragged past; there was a contra-dance, in which Madge and Sam were partners; then dinner was announced by the elderly ladies, and interminably eaten, under favor of a stentorian grace from Parson Graeme; and it was Sam, not Garth, who kept Madge supplied with delicacies. After dinner the minister leaned back against the rock and went fast asleep; and the elderly ladies, when they had finished replacing the knives and forks and table-ware in the baskets, crawled into the hay cart, and followed his example. The younger part of the company being thus left to their own devices, paired off and strolled away, each couple toward a different point of the compass, and at length only Sam and Madge remained. Between these two there seemed to be some misunderstanding, a state of things which Garth accepted more philosophically than the Indian. The latter, after several ineffectual attempts to persuade Madge to accompany him, loitered moodily off by himself, and was presently lost to sight behind a clump of sombre hemlocks. Madge sat still for a while, looking up into the chestnut-tree, apparently lost in thought; once or twice Garth could almost believe that their glances met. But before he could decide upon the propriety of then and there discovering himself to the mistress of his heart, she abruptly arose, tied on her broad-brimmed straw hat beneath her soft little chin, and walked demurely away, with her short steps and erect little figure. The direction she took, though not exactly opposite to Sam's, was at a considerable angle from it. Garth, having satisfied himself that whoever was not asleep was out of the way, descended his tree as fast as his stiffened legs would let him, and dropped to the ground with almost a shout of relief.

At last he was once more his own master—the owner of his own limbs, motions, and volitions; he had learned more than one wise lesson up yonder among the chestnut burs; he had pricked his fingers, but it was his fault if he had not profited by a few solid kernels. The first use he made of his wisdom was to determine on pursuing Madge; but, looking about him, he found the aspect of the country so much altered from his new point of view as to put him in some doubt which way she had gone. He paused a mo-

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ment to listen. It was a silent afternoon, the loudest noise being the snoring of his grandfather, which was re-echoed in a fainter key from the hay cart. Far off somewhere a boy was whistling a tune that sounded like "Yankee Doodle." A cat-bird piped from an alder thicket near at hand. From another direction came a distant murmur of laughter. But there was nothing that told of Madge; so, having reconsidered his bearings as accurately as possible, the sturdy young lover set forth, and was quickly swallowed up in the inscrutable mazes of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

FIGHTING AND LOVING.

ABOUT six hours later, weary in body and dejected in mind, ragged, hungry, and thirsty, Garth emerged at the cool bubbling spring amidst the stones, at the meeting of the ways; and once more he threw himself at length beneath the crimson maple and drank a refreshing draught. He had not found Madge, neither had he seen a human being since leaving the picnic ground; he had wandered on, preoccupied, he knew not where; ever surrounded by a twilight of trees; sometimes fancying he heard a voice or caught a glimpse of a broad-brimmed straw hat, which would change to a festoon of moss or a bird-note as he approached. He made a vast detour of loneliness, and it was not till he came upon the fountain, and saw in the moss the imprint he had made in the morning, that he realized in what part of the world he was. He drank, and then seated himself upon a stone to meditate over his first picnic.

Hark! was not that the minister's laugh? —some faint echo of it, seeming to come from the direction of the village. Then the picnickers must newly have passed by: a few minutes earlier, and Garth would have fallen in with them. He rose to his feet, resolved to pursue them, and put to the proof his late-learned doctrine of the value of society; at all events, to clear his character with his grandfather and Madge—Miss Danver; to show them that he had kept his promise in being at the festival, albeit veiled in the invisibility of a chestnut-tree. But before he had advanced two steps toward putting these good resolutions in practice he heard a foot-tramp from behind, and turning, beheld Sam Kineo hastening toward him as if from the picnic ground. Sam looked elate and excited, but on seeing Garth he stopped in surprise.

"Hullo! hullo!" said he, in his rapid way, eying the other all over, and finally fixing a sharp look on his face. "Where ha' you been, Garth? Been lost? Ha! ha!"

"Didn't you meet her either?" demanded Garth.

"Meet who? What d' you know about it? 'Meet her either!' What you talkin' about, Garth? You weren't at th' picnic; you know nothin'."

"I was in the chestnut-tree," said Garth, reddening a little. "I saw Ma—Miss Danver."

Here Sam interrupted him with a laugh, the undisguised offensiveness of which made Garth redden still more. "Ha! ha! Up in tree like a chipmonk! Ha! ha! 'Fraid to come down—fear you'd be beaten runnin', wrestlin', jumpin'. Ha! very sensible. We didn't want you! Madge 'nd I rather be alone together. Ha! ha!"

"Sam!" exclaimed the reverential Garth, too much shocked at the other's light mention of the adored name to remember that he ought to be angry.

"Well? well?" rejoined the half-breed, coming forward a step, with a hectoring air. He threw the black straight hair from his face, and met the other's eyes with a keen, shining glance. He was certainly a handsome lad, as well as an active and well-grown one; but there was the hardness and superficiality of the Indian in his expression, and just now a savage suggestiveness in the gleam of his white teeth.

"D' you think she likes you, eh?" he continued, rapidly—"think she likes you, Garth Urmson? I tell you what, she likes nobody but me. She loves me, Madge does. She's my girl. You better not interfere."

"Stop!" said Garth, in a low tone. "You have no right—"

There had been a tremor in his voice, which caught Sam's ear, and caused him to make a grave mistake. He had been inclined to pick a quarrel from the first, and Garth's behavior thus far had rather fostered the inclination. But the quaver in these last words appeared to Sam to be due to fear, and determined him to proceed to extremities at once. He believed himself able to give Garth a thrashing, and there was more than one reason why it was desirable he should do so. He threw off all disguise.

"You hold your tongue—you Garth! Tell me I have no right? Ha! ha! I kiss her often as I please; she gives me half a dozen kisses, puts her arms round my neck, lets me carry her over th' brook! Guess I have a right. Hallo! hallo!"

Garth had waked up at last, though this unexpected torrent of hideous blasphemy (such he considered it) had made him powerless for a few moments. The words stung and rankled, and seemed to blacken the day. There could be no adequate punishment for them. Since they were spoken, all innocence and freshness were parched and blighted out of his life. Had he believed them true, he would have wished to live no longer.

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But he held them falsest of the false, and he felt that it rested with him to inflict whatever punishment was possible. That Madge was innocent, that her lips and heart were pure, was to him as certain as that she existed. Sam had lied as no one ever lied before. To be so wicked must bring a punishment of its own, but it was none the less Garth's duty to vindicate Madge's honor to the uttermost. He took Sam by the throat in the midst of his blasphemies, and pushed him backward to a level bit of turf beside the maple-tree. Here the half-breed wrenched himself loose, and the boys faced each other in silence for nearly a minute. Something there was in the moulding and play of their features at this juncture which almost amounted to a resemblance, each to each. The lines of passion are much alike in all faces.

"You don't deserve to live," said Garth at length, drawing a deep breath, and with an air of profound solemnity.

In fact, there was a sternness and an absence of flourish in Garth's demeanor which a little dashed Sam's high spirits. It made him feel the need of bending his every physical and mental faculty to the work before him. He was puzzled, perhaps, at the sudden change in Garth's attitude from shrinking to aggressive; he lacked the refined insight which might sympathetically have fathomed the cause of it. He could easily understand jealousy on his rival's part; but of wrath kindled at mere wantonness of speech he had no comprehension. It was to his disadvantage that he had not, since the loftier passion is ever the more potent and enduring.

"Now, then, what do you want?" blustered he, raising his voice.

"Fight!" whispered Garth, glowing, and doubling his fists; and the very atmosphere seemed to grow murky and heavy with the word.

"What for?" demanded Sam, hesitating.

Garth, whose every bone yearned for battle, could hardly command his voice to speak. "Was it a lie?" he asked, tremulously.

"D' you mean about the kissing? You ask her—"

"Fight! or I'll kill you," hissed Garth; and the fight began on the instant.

It was a breathless, fierce, desperate fight enough, though the fighters were boys fresh in their teens. Not a scientific fight on either side: there were no rounds, no rules, no courtesies. There was no noise either, except the sound of the blows, and the quick gasping for breath, and the soft trampling on the turf. There is a concentration and an economy about affairs of this kind which is lacking in most other business transactions: waste, diffuseness, is suicidal.

A blackbird happened to perch on the top of the maple at the moment the fight began, and was its sole witness. At first the shorter boy got the worst of it; he was knocked down three times within as many minutes. Whoever has been knocked down once can tell what this means. But Garth was not beaten. He started up as if the touch of earth refreshed him. Such stamina a little disheartened his adversary, to whom, indeed, the other's deliberate fury was quite unaccountable, and gradually became appalling. Sam fought with his strength, but Garth put the annihilation of all evil into every blow. He got more and more terribly in a rage each moment, but it was rage that calmed and cooled the faculties, not blinded them. No enemy is so unpleasant to meet as one of this kind; only killing can beat him, and if not killed, he is very apt to kill. Garth's face was fixed in a singular expression—a compound of a smile and a frown. He was bleeding from a blow on the chin. Two hundred years before, an ancestor of his, on his wedding-day, had looked precisely thus.

When Sam stopped knocking his opponent down, the blackbird noted a change in the aspect of the fray. The larger boy was now defending himself. He was tiring, and was lacking in the unquenchable passion which should take the place of strength. He was fighting for his life, yet showed less vigor than the attacking party, who, it must be inferred, was doing battle for something to which life was secondary. It was an ugly sight now; even a bird, one would think, would have felt the ugliness of it. Both the faces were bleeding and disfigured, the leaves of the maple looked dabbled with blood, the setting sun was swathed in a bloody mist, and the black plumage of the bird was dashed here and there with red. All of a sudden the larger boy fell heavily and loosely backward, and lay inert. It was the other's first knock-down blow; with the force of it he too fell on his enemy's body.

The blackbird flew away. Garth, with an effort, staggered to his feet, and set his foot on Sam's breast, saying, after the custom of the knights in the *Faerie Queene*, "Do you yield?"

Sam neither answered nor made sign of surrender, but lay exactly as he had fallen. In truth, the boy was stunned by the blow and the concussion. But Garth, who knew nothing of stounds, but was well read in details of mortal engagements, straightway took him for dead. He snatched back his foot, and stared at the motionless body, with a strange feeling curdling round his heart. He had fought fair—ay, with the odds against him; he could plead justice, truth, honor, and all on his side; barely had he won the victory; he could reproach himself in nothing: and yet there lay Sam, who so lately had lived and breathed, dead by Garth's hand, and the deadness of him seemed somehow to have filled the world and the

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sky, and even to have communicated itself to the springs of his slayer's life, and made the better part of him dead too.

Garth raised his eyes, and they fell upon the trunk of the maple-tree just beyond, on which were cut his own and Madge Danver's initials. This was the spot which, twelve hours before, he had consecrated to the genius of love, and to peace and innocence and such pretty things—had consecrated it at sunrise in order to pollute it at sunset, or rather to consecrate it anew to bloodshed, strife, and hate. Had he done wrong or right in this matter? He could reproach himself in nothing; and Sam, there, could not accuse him—alas! no—could only lie still and accuse by not accusing. All was a puzzle and a mystery except that awful unmoving thing that was, and yet was not, Sam.

Kneeling down beside the spring, Garth washed the blood from his face and hands, hastily bethinking himself, the while, what was to be done. The deadly earnestness and reality of the situation purged his mind of the fantastic vapors and visions which had beset him heretofore. He was in fairy-land no longer; Sam and he were not knights, but two boys, one of whom had killed the other. Madge—yes, even she was disenchanted—was no longer Gloriana, or Una, or Belphœbe, but a little girl, in defense of whose innocent reputation Garth had compromised his own innocence and his life. For the boy knew that murder was punished by hanging, and not being acquainted with the various gradations of manslaughter and justifiable homicide, he made no doubt that hanging was his due. Mindful of his early discipline, therefore—of that self-invited discipline of the rod—he considered it incumbent upon himself not only to be hanged, but to lose no time in putting his head into the noose.

Had it occurred to him to spend a few minutes in applying to Sam the ordinary methods for restoring suspended animation, he would have been spared half an hour or so of very tragic anguish. But Garth had a natural bent to tragedy—a tendency to regard the saddest aspect of a thing as the most likely to be true. That Sam appeared dead, accordingly, was reason enough for believing that he was so: it would perhaps have seemed disrespectful to the awful majesty of fate to believe otherwise. He did not look at the body any more, though he was conscious of it as it lay there, with one knee bent, and one arm thrown over its head. He resolutely concentrated his thoughts on the two or three questions which demanded an immediate answer. Must he set off for Haverhill at once, and deliver himself up to justice without bidding farewell to his relatives, or would it be allowable first to go home? and might he not see Madge before he went, and have the consolation of telling her that he was to die in her cause?

He answered the last question first, and said no to it. He was blood-stained; he carried a death scent about him; and though the stain had been incurred for Madge's sake, it was not fitting that he should invade her pure presence with it. If she wished to see him, she would visit him in prison, and he could receive her there. As to his father and mother, he was in doubt. He felt that he belonged to them, and might approach them, stained as he was, without offense; but when he thought of his mother's agony at hearing that he was to be hanged, he hesitated and held back. Yet, on the other hand, it was scarcely practicable for him to get to Haverhill and tell his story there entirely unsupported. In the midst of his doubts he suddenly remembered his grandfather. He was the man for the emergency—wise, influential, energetic, and not too tender-nerved. He could give the advice and assistance needed, and to him Garth would go.

It was already twilight in the solemn woods as the boy rose to act upon this decision. He walked hurriedly away without a sidewise or backward glance. The burden of his deed was heavy upon him, and he could not rest until the penalty was paid. He had done what seemed to him right; but was any right right enough to warrant his taking a life? Garth feared not. He was ready to be hanged; and yet he would rather have been hanged innocent than in requital of this questionable crime. His soul was very heavy; and when he had left the polluted ground behind him he was presently seized with a nervous horror, and began to run; and then the misery of his plight overcame him, and he sobbed dolefully, still running and stumbling along the darkening pathway.

When he had gone about a mile, an abrupt turning brought him close upon a small figure seated on an old tree stump. It rose as he approached, and he saw that it was Madge. The encounter did not surprise him—he was too unhappy for surprise; yet it was strange that she should be there so late alone. She seemed to have been expecting some one—not Garth certainly. She must have mistaken him at first for another person, for on recognizing him she gave a start and an exclamation:

"Ah! it is not— It is Garth Urmson."

Garth, unready of tongue, stood silent, an unlovely object. Hatless, bloody, distraught, he looked any thing but a squire of dames. But Madge, apparently embarrassed on her own account, did not immediately remark his disorder.

"The others have gone on," she observed, in an airy tone, smoothing out the strings of her hat and tying them again. "I—

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missed something, and had come back to look for it. Then it grew dark. Oh, Mr. Garth," she continued, archly uplifting her small forefinger, "you were unkind not to come as you promised me. I was very unhappy. You forgot all about me!"

"Oh!" groaned Garth. Then, finding himself unequal to any protestations, "You must not talk so. I have just killed him. Will you say good-by to me?"

The little Frenchwoman stared, laughed, checked herself, scrutinized the boy's face keenly, and finally began to whimper.

"Wh-what do you mean? Oh, don't look so—you fr-frighten me so!"

"I'm going to be hanged," said Garth, apologetically. "I didn't know you were here. We fought on equal ground—because he told lies about you."

"How—he told lies about me?" she exclaimed, forgetting every thing in curiosity. You did fight him? but who—who was it? Tell me, Garth!"

"Sam."

"Sam!" repeated she, softly, clasping her hands. "Oh, Garth! Good Heavens! really have you killed him? He told lies, but you didn't believe him, dear Garth?" She came close, and put her hand on his sleeve with a lovely beseeching tearfulness. "It was wicked of him to tell—to say such things. What did he say about poor little Madge? I am glad he is dead!"

Garth was thrilling beneath her touch and the caress of her voice; and she had called him "dear!" But in the midst of his happiness her harshness toward Sam, whose ears would never be blessed by her sweet tones again, jarred upon him. He could not echo her words. He had not a heart which could at once melt toward his living mistress and harden against a dead enemy. Moreover, the anticipation of his own near dissolution disposed him to charity.

"Be sorry," said he; "he is dead, you know. When he said that he—that you—"

"Don't believe it. It was a wi-wicked falsehood!"

"He would not confess. I did not know I should kill him. He seemed to die of himself," exclaimed Garth, greatly agitated.

By this time Madge was clinging to him, and sobbing with her face against his shoulder. She did not half comprehend him; she feared him to the marrow of her pretty little bones; and therefore she admired him, as women do admire the enigmatic, the terrible, and the victorious. "Oh, don't leave me! You don't hate me, do you? You will take me home, won't you? Oh, you are so hurt, dear! I will nurse you."

"But I must be hanged," faltered Garth.

"No, no, you shall not. What! for killing an Indian? And nobody saw you do it, and—you need not say you did it."

"I must be," repeated Garth, half inclined to think that hanging, so sweetly mourned, was preferable to ordinary life. "And since I did kill him, I can't say I did not."

"You must! I will not have you die! I want y-you to live! You are the bravest and the strongest, and—Garth—*you* may—" She held up to his her tremulous, red, delicious mouth; and he—simple, unhackneyed soul—did!

Yes, it was no dream, but a concrete fact; and he would have resented the suggestion that the fact was not as good or better than the dream. Nevertheless it is not too much to say that Madge was less overcome by the situation—possibly less a stranger to such situations—than Garth. The feminine nature seems to be better appointed to such predicaments than the male, and accepts them more easily and philosophically. Meanwhile, with those soft arms round his neck, it was hard to prefer the hangman's knot, and perhaps the boy's resolution may have wavered a little. At all events, before he had found time distinctly to vindicate both his love and his honor, the struggle was annulled by the apparition of the murdered Sam himself.

Madge was the first to hear the approaching footfall, and, with admirable presence of mind, she withdrew with Garth behind the thick screen of an arbor vitæ. Sam approached slowly, staggering now and then as he walked. When his late adversary recognized him, he felt a tumult of joy and thankfulness rising up within him like a fountain. Forgetting himself, and Madge almost, in his glad emotion, he thought only of leaping forth and hugging his bruised and beaten enemy. But Madge kept her wits about her, and resolutely held Garth back. For reasons best known to herself, she was determined to at least postpone a meeting. Sam, therefore, hobbled past, unconscious of spectators. His face was sullen, livid, and disfigured.

"I'm sure he's ugly enough!" whispered Madge, half to herself. "So—he is not dead."

"No, not dead!" repeated Garth, with a different intonation. "Why didn't we speak to him? We forgive him, and we are so happy!"

"Do you forgive him?" said the little creature, fixing her black eyes on her companion's face. "He is just as wicked as before you beat him. Perhaps, now he's alive, he will tell those falsehoods again. But you'll never believe him, will you?"

"How could I believe what is not true? But he will never say it again," added Garth, with a wholesome confidence in the moral efficacy of knock-down blows.

Madge, however, had turned pensive, and made no reply; but when the guilty Sam was some time gone by, she put her small warm hand in the boy's, and they walked

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along together through the gloom, Garth thinking he had never been so happy in all his life; and as for Madge, she too was single-minded: she liked the dark shy boy better than any body. She believed in power that could be felt and seen, such as Garth had shown to-day. She had a feminine love of display, and of being allied with strength and conspicuous merit like Garth's. He frightened her, but she liked that sort of frightening. She scarcely appreciated, it would seem, the finer and really essential part of his nature. She was like Sam in supposing that he had fought out of common jealousy. She missed the far higher compliment he had paid her. She feared him as a force swayed by rude impulse, not tempered and concentrated by delicacy, conscience, and reverence. She believed, and liked to believe, that on due provocation he would knock her senseless as well as Sam. Of course she would beware of offering the provocation; but there was to her mind a sense of security in the very danger.

If Madge was incomplete in her apprehension of Garth, she nevertheless got at him very shrewdly on some points; whereas he so entirely missed her that so she retained her outward semblance and her tone of voice unaltered, she might have run the whole human gamut of temperament, character, and disposition without the smallest suspicion on his part of what was happening. The only Madge he knew was the graceful piece of flesh-and-blood sculpture which went by her name, the actual informing essence of which he quietly ignored, and substituted therefor a conception of his own, which seemed to him feminine perfection, but which, it is safe to say, no woman would have been a sister to. He was happy with his plaything, and fancied it a living truth. When he should become acquainted with the secret of its construction, the effect on him of his discovery must depend upon circumstances; but in any event his attitude lacked the stability of Madge's. She built in the first instance on the tangible, and was thus both safe from falls and provided with a solid starting-point for possible flights.

Garth reached home that night by moonlight, tired, sore, and in an exalted mood of happiness. He went to his room and took from its place a blue kerchief, with which in hand he proceeded to the porch, where his father and mother were sitting. He was too full of his purpose to give orderly answer to the questions wherewith they greeted him. He pressed the kerchief into his mother's hands.

"I must not keep it any longer," said he.

"What is it, my dear?" inquired placid Mrs. Urmson, relinquishing her knitting and examining the kerchief in the moonlight. "Why, I declare, it looks like an old one of mine!"

"I love you as much as ever, mamma," continued Garth, too much preoccupied to notice this inappreciative remark; "but something has happened, and it would be dishonorable in me to keep it any longer."

"Dishonorable, my child? Surely not. Keep it if you want it; it is too much soiled and creased for me to use again."

"Papa," said Garth, in a mortified tone, "mamma does not understand me."

"There is apt to be a misunderstanding about matters of this sort, my boy. For my part, I should consider it a fortunate circumstance if the lady-love I proposed deserting had forgotten our troth-plighting. You will find it does not always turn out so."

"I do not desert her. She is always mamma."

"But she is not quite equal to your new mistress."

Garth paused and hesitated. At length he said, "If mamma were not your wife, she could not be my mother."

"Cotton, my dear, you must be content with me alone for the future," said her husband, gravely. "Garth has hit upon the fatal argument, and is weaned henceforth. We are old people, of secondary importance at best, from this day forward. Garth, when you are married and settled, you will not refuse us a place by your kitchen fire?"

"How can you plague the dear child so?" said Cotton, reproachfully, drawing Garth to her and kissing him; and she added to him, "I remember about the kerchief now. But has my boy really fallen in love? How did it happen?"

"His grandfather would make him go to the picnic," suggested Cuthbert, stroking his nose.

"It was after the picnic," said the ingenuous Garth; and being artfully questioned, the whole day's history was drawn from him, with the single exception of what Sam had said about Miss Margaret Danver, which, in obedience to that young lady's request, was hinted at only in general terms. Cuthbert laughed a good deal, being one of those persons who can laugh at a pathetic tale more sympathetically than another could weep at it, so that Garth's sensibilities were not hurt. His mother was in such a tremor about the fight that she could hardly give due attention to the love-story, nor rest until she had poured wine and oil into his every scratch. "And poor Sam Kineo!" murmured she; "you should have brought him home with you, my dear. I'm afraid his grandmother won't take proper care of him."

"You forget that Sam had not yielded," interposed Cuthbert. "The etiquette of chivalry must be observed. So Miss Danver is to be your mother's successor?"

"She is a beautiful child," said Mrs. Urm-

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son, smiling with a wistful tenderness at her son; "not like her grandaunt; but she seems good, and I dare say she is much sweeter than I know. We must see more of her. I shall love whoever Garth loves. Your mother is not a rival—remember that, dear. I wish you to be happier than I can make you."

Years afterward, when his mother was dead, Garth used to muse over this saying of hers and over the whole episode of the silken kerchief; but for that night his head was full of the new elixir, whose potent flavor overpowered the older and subtler aroma. Even his father's parting words seemed less significant at the time than afterward:

"We will call to-morrow on your late adversary, Sir Samuel Kineo, and try to conclude an honorable peace between the families. I understand he wishes to try his fortune at Newburyport or Boston; and perhaps we may be able to smooth his way thither. As for Madam Nikomis, I think of asking her to come and sit in our kitchen for the future; she knows both how to fry an omelet and boil a potato; and mamma will then have more time for her darning. By-the-way, Garth—"

Garth knew his father's tones, and turned quickly.

"Your ancestor, Neil Urmson, before he left England, standing with his bride before the marriage altar, killed the man who had been his dearest friend. A generation afterward, Ralph, his son, slew in a petty duel the man who had saved his life. Seventy-five years after that your grandfather, Captain Brian Urmson, shot dead the brother of the woman to whom he was betrothed, and whom he afterward married. Then more than fifty years passed, and Garth Urmson, by no fault of his own, failed to kill an acquaintance of his who had never been taught to fight against himself."

Here Cuthbert allowed a solemn pause to intervene, during which he and his son steadfastly regarded one another, the latter reddening and awe-stricken.

"I make no doubt," the former then continued, "that the next time he engages, his opponent will die in earnest. But when that happens I trust the gallant conqueror will forget that he once bore his mother's favor and pretended to be her knight, because such feats of arms are not of a kind to do her memory honor. In fact, unless he can make up his mind to rest contented with his exploits of to-day, and forego all such indulgences for the future, I think he ought to disown her now."

Garth made no reply, except by the changes in his eyes, and a sort of inward movement of the lips, as if something were speaking within him. At length his mother bade him come and kiss her, which he did in so humble and penitent a manner that his father smiled. But when the boy had gone to bed, and Martha had gently upbraided the paternal severity which, she averred, had almost broken their son's heart, Cuthbert passed his slender hand through his soft grayish hair with something like a sigh.

"Perhaps, after all, nothing less than heart-break will save him. The old fellow meant something by that kiss he gave you, however.—Cotton, tell me something!"

She looked up.

"About Miss Margaret Danver. Do you suppose her indignation at Mr. Kineo's indiscreet statements proceeded from precisely the same ground as Garth's?"

"We don't know what Sam said," replied Mrs. Urmson, after some consideration.

"True. I forgot that! Well, Garth is a more attractive young gentleman than I had supposed. I should have pitched on Mr. Kineo as likely to be the fortunate man in this case—judging from my knowledge of the lady."

"How could she help loving Garth best?" returned tender Cotton Martha, with a mother's serene arrogance; and Cuthbert only arched his eyebrow.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

A Fairy Tale.

THEY were two princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath:
"Leave us our life, and we will bring
Rare gifts unto our lord the king."

They went together. In the dew
A charmèd bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorns one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Pearls of great price the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one—his fate;
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands;
The other—torn and empty hands.

At bird and rose and pearl and fruit
The king was cold, the king was mute;
At last he sadly spoke: "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

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THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

XXIX.

Liane yamme ca marer yamme.

The yam vines bind the yam.

Those who lead or beguile the innocent into danger, physical or moral, who, like Haman, build gibbets for the unoffending, are sure, sooner or later, to become the victims of their own perfidy. "Whoso diggeth a pit," says Solomon, "shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him."*

He is "taken in his own toils."

Like Acteon, he is eaten by his own dogs.

He is hoist by his own petard.

Punishment is a cripple, says a Spanish proverb, *but it arrives.*

Every stage and condition of life has limitations and conditions peculiar to it. Youth yearns for the strength of manhood, not suspecting that the vigor of manhood is mortgaged as soon as developed to new and proportionate service. The poor fancy that the wealth which seems far from giving happiness to a neighbor, if theirs, would leave them nothing to desire. When they acquire wealth, power, or station, however, they either find it involves corresponding duties and cares, or that it tempts to self-indulgence, weakens the moral energies, impairs the health, provokes jealousy and envy, and in a thousand ways eats away the pleasure with which, when seen through the spectrum of poverty or obscurity, it seemed so prolific.

"*Vois ce fleuve,*" said Béranger, pointing to the Loire; "*plus il monte, plus il est troublé.*"†

No one has turned his experience of life to much account who has not realized that happiness, like the yam, is nourished and sustained by those providential restrictions and limitations which grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength, and which, by revealing to us, put us on our guard against, our besetting sins and infirmities.

XXX.

Macaque connaite qui bois li ca monter.

The monkey knows what tree to climb.

XXXI.

Cochon maron connaite qui bois li frotte.

The wild hog knows what wood he rubs against.

Both these proverbs no doubt owe their currency, if not their origin, to slavery. Such aphorisms would spring naturally to the lips of the oppressed and dependent. People are rarely insolent or overbearing to those who can chastise them. Who experiences this earlier or more frequently than those "who have no rights which a white man is bound to respect?" Unhappily, when slavery shall cease in the world, there is little chance that these proverbs will become obsolete. The Spaniards have a proverb of substantially the same import:

*Bien sabe el asno en cuya cara rebuzna.**

We have also in English another like unto it:

The cat knows whose lips she licks.

XXXII.

Jardin loin, gumbo gâte.

The garden far, the gumbo (ochra) *spoils.*

Those who have lived among slaves know the difficulty of having a garden. The propensity of these dependents to forage upon the vegetables and poultry of the proprietary class is incurable. To this is owing in a great measure the fact that, with manifold advantages of soil, of climate, and of cheap labor, such a thing as a good garden in the Slave States of America was almost unknown. In the days of slavery, a lady of South Carolina told me, strawberries and pease were rarely seen in the Charleston market, though the richest city for its population in all the Slave States. Now (1873), she said, for six miles around Charleston the land is a continuous market-garden.

The negro's plea for treating his master's fruit as his own is the same as that which the Hebrews may be supposed to have used when reproached with appropriating to their own use the jewelry of their Egyptian taskmasters. A garden, therefore, not under the immediate and watchful eye of the master, was apt to prove unprofitable property.

It is your own fault, says an English moralist, *if your neglected wife deceives you.*

Poor Richard says:

The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them with your purse open.

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

The Italians have a proverb, borrowed, however, from the Greek, which teaches the same lesson:

The master's eye makes the horse fat.†

"Perses being asked," says Aristotle, "what was the best thing to make a horse thrive, answered, 'The master's eye;' and Libys being asked what was the best manure, answered, 'The master's footsteps.'"

Pertinent to this is the story told by Au-

* Proverbs, xxvi. 27.

† See this river (the Loire); the more it swells, the more it is troubled.

* The ass knows in whose face he brays.

† *Œconom.*, ii.

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lus Gellius of a fat man riding on a lean horse. He was asked why he was so fat and his horse so lean. "Because," he said, "I feed myself, and my servant feeds my horse."

But the Haytian proverb has a wider application than any of these. The garden that is near to its master will receive the labor and the thought of many of his spare moments in the course of the day when other employments are suspended, which would not be the case if the garden were more remote. It is visited more frequently; the growth of weeds and the presence of insects and vermin are detected in season, and before they work irreparable mischief.

There is also a lesson in the proverb for that large class who are more concerned about the faults of other people than about their own, who are more occupied in evangelizing the heathen than in grubbing up the weeds and destroying the vermin that infest their own hearts, who, as De Maintenon said of Louis XIV., "think to expiate their own sins by being inexorable toward the sins of their fellow-creatures." Their garden is so far from home that it is overrun with the weeds and insects of self-righteousness, and what it yields is only fit to be burned or fed to swine.

XXXIII.

Li mene li comme hareng mène banane.

They are as inseparable as herring and banana.

To comprehend the force of this proverb it should be borne in mind that the country people of Hayti habitually cook banana with pickled herring, of which, therefore, very large quantities are imported annually. Besides the obvious applicability of this proverb to those who seem united to each other socially or politically by ties of peculiar intimacy, it also corresponds in some measure with a form of speech quite current in political circles, and which dates back at least to the days of George III. "When Pitt takes snuff," the opposition would say, "Dundas sneezes." It is applied to all who blindly accept another's leadership.

XXXIV.

Toute cabinette gagné maringoin à yo.

Every closet has its moscheto, or, as we say in Northern lands, *Every closet has its skeleton.*

It is painful to notice the variety of forms which this sentiment has taken, and the universality of its currency. For example,

Every gap has its bush,
Every bean has its black,
Every grain has its bran,
Every man has a fool in his sleeve,
Every path hath a puddle,
Every day hath its night,
Every light has its shadow,
Chacun a son marotte, etc.,

are only variations of the same theme.

What a grievous pity it is that this skeleton in every closet, this black in every bean, this puddle in every path, the unavoidable trials, sorrows, and embarrassments which beset us through life, are not more generally recognized and turned to account; that we are so inapt to learn the lessons they are mercifully sent to teach, and so unmindful of the fact that when they are unnecessary they are certain to disappear!

XXXV.

Croquez maconte ou oueti main ou ca rive.*

Hang your knapsack where you can reach it.

In other words,

Cut your coat according to your cloth;
In laying your plans, measure your resources;
Before you build, count the cost;
Stretch your arm no farther than your sleeve will reach.

XXXVI.

Ciramon pas donne calabasse.

The pumpkin vine does not yield the calabash.

This is the creole's way of saying:

You can't make a horn of a pig's tail, or a silk purse of a hog's ear;
Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn;
Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum;†
You can't get blood from a beet, etc.
Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.

XXXVII.

Gambette ous trouvé gan chemin, nen gan chemin ous va pêde li.

Every jackknife found on the highway, on the highway will be lost.

That is:

Light come, light go;
What comes with the flute goes with the drum;
Quelche viene di salti, va via di balzi;
Schnell gewonnen,
Schnell zerronnen;
Soon gotten, soon spent;
Soon hot, soon cold;
Soon ripe, soon rotten;
Soon learned, soon forgotten;
Soon todd,‡
Soon with God;
Ce que vient de pille-pille s'en va de tire-tire;
Père pilleur, fils gaspilleur.

The Romans used to say, "The third heir never enjoys a fraudulently acquired fortune."

There are few adult persons of any condition who have not had opportunities of observing how very perishable are apt to be

* The maconte is a sort of knapsack or saddle-bag made of flag or swamp grass, and which the Haytian peasant throws across the back of his donkey; and in it he carries every thing, from a baby to a piece of pork, from a bunch of sugar-cane to a sack of flour.

† An allusion of Horace's to the exorbitant price which a famous courtesan of Corinth set upon her favors.

‡ An old English proverb applied to children who have their teeth too soon.

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the immediate fruits of what is vulgarly termed "luck," how rarely wealth or success not the legitimate fruit of our own labor, or the outgrowth of or complement to our own maturing characters, abides with us. It seems as if it were the order of Providence that our capacities to enjoy and retain wealth or any other species of worldly prosperity are proportioned in no inconsiderable degree to the trouble we have had in acquiring it. Nothing is more unreliable than a fortune won at the gaming-table, except perhaps a fortune won by fraud. Every thing in this world gravitates to the point where it may be most useful in the order of Providence, and no attempt by fraud or violence to divert it from that channel can be successful. "The unrighteous penny," say the Germans, "corrupts the righteous pound;"* and "that which is another's," say the Spaniards, "always yearns for its lord."†

"Time," says Lamartine, "only respects that in which he has a part."

"We see men fall from high position," says La Bruyère, "because of the very faults through which they rose."

Descartes makes a confession in his *Discours de la Méthode* that is but an amplification of the Haytian proverb.

"As for me," he says, "I am persuaded that if in my youth I had been taught all the truths of which I have since sought the demonstrations, I should never, perhaps, have known any others, or at least never have acquired the habit and facility which I think I possess of finding new ones whenever I apply myself to the search for them."

What is got over the devil's back is spent under his belly.

"An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning," said the wise man; "but the end thereof shall not be blessed."‡

The Tuscans have two proverbs of substantially the same import:

Bene di fortuna passano come la luna;
Farina del Diavolo riduce in crusca.

Chi confessa la sorte, nega Dio.

Seneca was accustomed to pay the postage of his letters to his friend Lucilius—the *portorium*, as he sometimes termed it—by quoting at its close something striking that he had read in the course of the day. In one of them he cites the following line from Publius Syrus, which shows that the notion *that nothing we acquire is worth to us more than it cost us* is neither of modern nor exclusively of Christian currency:

Non est tuum Fortuna quod fecit tuum.§

XXXVIII.

Tout bois cé bois, main mapou pas cajou.

All wood is wood, but mapou (a worthless sort of wood) *is not cedar.*

All people are good for something, but none are good for every thing. Every one is a member of the state, but all are not statesmen.

A' are na maidens that wear bare hair.
All are not hunters that blow the horn.
All is not gold that glitters.
All are not friends that speak one fair.
All are not saints that go to church.
All are not thieves that the dogs bark at, etc.

The Haytians have another proverb, which, if not a variation, may be regarded as a corollary of the foregoing:

XXXIX.

Ca qui pas bon pour sac pas bon pour maconte.

What is not good for the bag is not good for the knapsack.

This homage to the fitness of things is in the following proverb restricted to the discreet use of the tongue:

XL.

Toute mangé bon pour mangé, mais toutes paroles pas bon pour à di.

All food is good to eat, but all words are not fit to speak.

Akin to this is the English proverb,

He who says what he likes shall hear what he don't like.

"Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words?" says Solomon: "there is more hope of a fool than of him."*

If one might judge from the proverbs to which it has given rise, indiscretions of the tongue are the most besetting of human infirmities. Every one is familiar with this of the Persian, so often in the mouth of diplomatists:

Speech is silvern; silence is golden.

The Italian says, *He who speaks, sows; he who keeps silence, reaps.*† Again, *Silence was never written down.*‡ The Spaniards, in a yet profounder strain, say, *The evil which comes from thy mouth falls into thy bosom.*§ The Hebrews say, *If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth a pair.*

Think what you please; say what you ought.

Words written are male; words spoken are female.

Verba volant; scripta manent.

The following inscription, which used to decorate the refectory of a Franciscan convent at Lyons, in France, includes discretion in speech among the four cardinal virtues of monastic life:

Garde toi—
De désirer tout ce que tu vois;
De croire tout ce que tu entende;

* *Ungerechter Pfenning verzehrt gerechten Thaler.*
† *Lo ageno siempre pia por su dueño.*
‡ Proverbs, xx. 21.
§ *That is not yours which chance bestows.*

* Proverbs, xxix. 20.
† *Chi parla, semina; chi tace, ricoglie.*
‡ *Il tacere non su mai scritte.*
§ *El mal que de tu boca sale en tu seno se cae.*

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DE DIRE TOUT CE QUE TU SAIS;
*De faire tout ce que tu peux.**

The Haytians permit the frog to teach them discretion in the use of their tongue:

XLI.

Ce langue crapaud qui ca trahi crapaud.

'Tis the frog's own tongue that betrays him.

We all know what sort of a character it is desirable to be thought to have, but nothing is so difficult to counterfeit successfully. Those who talk much are liable, like frogs, to reveal what they would prefer to conceal. "There is nothing," says La Bruyère, "so inartificial, so simple, so imperceptible, in our character that our manners do not betray it. A fool neither enters nor leaves a room, he neither sits nor rises, he does not even preserve silence nor stand on his legs, like a man of sense."

XLII.

It is distressing to think how many thousand poor creatures must have lain down at night with misery and awakened to despair before the mint of slavery could have coined the three proverbs which follow:

Bon blanc mouri; mauvais rête.

The good white dies; the bad remains.

XLIII.

Soleil couché; malheur pas jamain couché.

The sun sets; misfortunes never.

But there is no situation so desperate that has not its alleviations, and even the poor slave found comfort in reflecting that—

XLIV.

Méme baton qui batte chien noir la pé batte chien blanc la.

The same stick that beat the black dog may beat the white one.

Disappointment, humiliation, sorrow, sickness, and death visit the palace of the rich white as well as the cabin of the poor black.

The French say, *The devil is not always at the door of the poor man;*† that is, the poor man is not always tried. And again, *The sun rises here; he sets there.*

In a more Christian spirit, the Spaniards say, *God has made no one to abandon him;* and the Russians, *What God has wet, He will dry.*

In the same sense, the mother of Baron Stockmar, the intimate friend and counselor of Queen Victoria and of her late husband, used to say, "Heaven takes care that the cow's tail shall not grow too long."

XLV.

Battre un nègre, c'est le nourrir; battre un Indien, c'est le tuer.

XLVI.

Bondin pas tini zoreilles.

The belly has no ears.

That is, there is no reasoning with starvation. *Jejunus venter non audet libenter;* or, as Seneca says, *Venter præcepta non audit.**

The ancients also had a proverb analogous to this, but applicable to another order of ideas:

Venter ingenii largitor.

The belly (that is, hunger) *develops talents.*

There is a very old French Provençal proverb to the effect that *He who needs fire will seek it with his fingers.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Beware—
Of wishing all you see;
Of believing all you hear;
Of saying all you know;
Of doing all you can.

† *Le diable n'est pas toujours à la porte du pauvre homme.*

SUBMISSION.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

THE sparrow sits and sings, and sings;
Softly the sunset's lingering light
Lies rosy over rock and turf,
And reddens where the restless surf
Tosses on high its plumes of white.

Gently and clear the sparrow sings,
While twilight steals across the sea,
And still and bright the evening-star
Twinkles above the golden bar
That in the west lies quietly.

Oh, steadfastly the sparrow sings,
And sweet the sound; and sweet the touch
Of wooing winds; and sweet the sight
Of happy Nature's deep delight
In her fair spring, desired so much!

But while so clear the sparrow sings
A cry of death is in my ear;
The crashing of the riven wreck,
Breakers that sweep the shuddering deck,
And sounds of agony and fear.

How is it that the birds can sing?
Life is so full of bitter pain;
Hearts are so wrung with hopeless grief;
Woe is so long and joy so brief;
Nor shall the lost return again.

Though rapturously the sparrow sings,
No bliss of Nature can restore
The friends whose hands I clasped so warm,
Sweet souls that through the night and storm
Fled from the earth for evermore.

Yet still the sparrow sits and sings,
Till longing, mourning, sorrowing love,
Groping to find what hope may be
Within death's awful mystery,
Reaches its empty arms above;

And listening, while the sparrow sings,
And soft the evening shadows fall,
Sees, through the crowding tears that blind,
A little light, and seems to find
And clasp God's hand, who wrought it all.

* *Epistolæ Lucillii*, XX.

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MORITURI SALUTAMUS.*

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.
OVID, *Fastorum*, Lib. vi.

"O CÆSAR, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine,—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are about to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us,—alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:
"O, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive under-tone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here;
Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law;

* Poem for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Class of 1825 in Bowdoin College. Published, by arrangement with the author, exclusively in *Harper's Magazine*.

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Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But labored in their sphere, as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest:
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you; asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold! and every where be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,

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And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.
I see the scattered grave-stones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to all a tender thought, and pass
Out of the grave-yards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.

I can not go;—I pause;—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!
Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;

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The unwritten only still belongs to thee,
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are re-assured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;

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The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The telltale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair has received a letter from Mr. Tibbins, which that gentleman desires may be submitted to the readers of the Magazine.

"Mr. Tibbins presents his compliments to the Easy Chair, and begs leave to say that he has been assured of the deep interest and sympathy of many fellow-sufferers in the communication respecting dogs which he laid before the Easy Chair some time ago, and which was made the text of a little sermon upon the deceitfulness of appearances. The publication has been the means of persuading him that a very large number of persons are living in a state of oppression and of subjection to public opinion which it is pitiful to consider. One victim, whose name and the place of whose residence Mr. Tibbins for obvious motives prefers to conceal, hoping that the conscience of the offender may be awakened so as to insure relief—one victim states that his neighbor has a large hound of some kind which at intervals during the night and very early in the morning begins a course of yelping and barking which, whether it signifies thirst or hunger or unpleasant dreams, or, as he remarks, 'mere natural cussedness,' necessarily exasperates all the sensitive nerves in the neighborhood, disturbs every household, and is a nuisance, like an open drain or a trying-out factory, which should be presented by the Grand Jury. The victim is the adjoining neighbor. His house is near the dog's kennel, and his wife is a prey to a nervous malady. When he has remonstrated, the owner of the wild beast has pleasantly replied that Forester may be a little loud, but that he is the best dog in the world—'wouldn't hurt a flea;' and when the victim suggested selling him or promoting euthanasia as a public benefit, the owner laughed good-naturedly and said that it was an excellent joke. The charm of the victim's home is destroyed, the peace of his family is ruined, and he has offered his estate for sale.

"Another victim writes to Mr. Tibbins that he is especially oppressed by bull-pups. A neighbor, who is a fancier of dogs and—as Mr. Tibbins's correspondent expresses it—other vermin, insists upon bringing them with him whenever he makes a call, and he is very sociable. The dogs lie about the parlor or examine the remoter parts of the house; and whenever they disappear, as they perpetually do, the owner calls and whistles, and breaks up the conversation by suddenly exclaiming that those sly fellows are off again. The entire party rises, whistles, calls, and when the dogs return, the owner says, 'There, now! lie still;' and in five minutes the whole scene is repeated. When the victim, sensitive to the slightest appearance of inhospitality, tries indirectly to suggest that he does not care to entertain bull-pups in his parlor, the good-natured owner replies, 'What! my pups? Why, my dear fellow, they are the most harmless little things in the world: the children play with them all day long. And as for me, I never go out without them. Should never see my friends at all if I couldn't bring my dogs. Hey, Daisy! Hymen! Tulip! poor fellows! poor fellows!' And presently, thank Heaven!—exclaims the correspondent of whom Mr. Tibbins has the honor to be at present speaking—the four-legged nuisances and the two-legged nuisance, their leader, quit the house, and leave wrath and wonder behind.

"Still another victim, but of a different form of canine tyranny, writes to Mr. Tibbins that she is held up to scorn and contumely as the enemy of dogs, and for that reason a kind of monster in human form. If she calls upon a neighbor who has a dog, the neighbor upon seeing her instantly exclaims to her children, 'Jane, Thomas, Dick, Mary, all of you, run, scamper, tie up poor little Tim: Mrs. Pother hates dogs.' In vain the lady good-humoredly protests that it is an injustice, that she is fond of dogs in their places, but prefers not to have her ankles nibbled. The hostess replies that she knows: Mrs. Pother may like dogs in their place, but she thinks that their true place is at the bottom of the pond. 'No, no; she shall not be troubled by a dog in *my* house. Run, Jane, shut up Tim; catch him and tie him up: Mrs. Pother hates dogs.' Poor Mrs. Pother submits to Mr. Tibbins that this is intolerable oppression. It is slander and libel and lying. She asserts that she does not hate dogs, but she is sometimes tempted to go near saying that she hates those who misrepresent her. She does not hate dogs; but she does hate ill-bred brutes that snarl and growl and bark the moment she lifts the latch of the gate, and that worry her steps, and smell suspiciously at her feet, and rush at her when she is not keeping them off; and she hates exceedingly the injustice which insists because she does not like this, and does not like to have dogs leaping into her lap, or licking her face, or twitching her skirt, that she hates dogs. She does not hate dogs, she reiterates; she hates only the bad manners of dogs, and dogs out of place.

"Mr. Tibbins, without quoting other instances, begs to submit to the Easy Chair that these already quoted represent a large part of suffering humanity, and that they suggest another little sermon, which might be a discourse upon the art of loving animals so as not to make other people hate them or seem to hate them. Mr. Tibbins has a friend, a young gentleman recently married, who has taken a house in the country, and is exceedingly fond of hens. He has built a fine hen-house; he reads books upon hens and hatching; he carefully collects and marks the eggs; and is generally as happy with his hens as the good lady in Leech's picture who is moving elate and triumphant to the hen-yard, upon hearing from the young page in buttons whom she has brought with her from town, 'Oh, ma'am, the new rooster have laid a hegg!' Fondness for hens is praiseworthy, and the care of poultry in the country is an interesting occupation. To watch young chickens from the moment of emerging from the shell until they scratch and crow in all their plenitude of power is a pleasing relaxation of the mind. To feed them properly and to procure an abundance of eggs are very serviceable and economical in rural housekeeping, although hens are the most stupid and unattractive of brute pets. But Mr. Tibbins begs respectfully to suggest that a young husband

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who is always in the hen-yard, who goes out to it before breakfast and is busy in it before dinner, who seems, in fact, more devoted to his hens than to his wife, is a husband who loves not wisely but too well in a wrong direction.

"There are a great many young husbands who have hens of various kinds. Sometimes they are the club, sometimes billiards, sometimes horses, sometimes books, sometimes an art or a profession; but whatever the hen may be, if the husband have not the art of loving it wisely, he will make somebody else hate it, and produce all kinds of disagreeable results. Mr. Tibbins begs further respectfully to suggest that a great many people's hens are dogs, and that they love them in such a way as to make them nuisances to all other people. It is plain, he thinks, that if the young husband were very careful that his attentions to his hens should be so ordered that they did not take him from table, nor out of the house when his wife naturally expected him to be in it, if he would consider the very great importance of very little things, he would find that his wife, instead of hating his hens, whatever they might be, whether cigars, or boats, or books, or billiards, or horses, or his art or his profession, would share his affection for them, or at least understand his fondness for them. And the same theory is true of the devotees of dogs. If they would not obtrude their love—if they would not insist that convenience, taste, comfort, conversation, society, every thing, must give way to the animals—if they would regard times and places and persons, they would find the human heart responsive, for they would show that they had mastered the consummate art to which Mr. Tibbins has had the honor of alluding—the art of loving pets so as not to make others hate them."

It is a most gratifying circumstance, reflecting equal honor upon the newspapers and upon the supposed taste of the public, that when the Lieutenant-General of the Army was recently married we were all entertained with a catalogue of his household furniture and the details of his wife's wardrobe. There was, indeed, one painful omission, for we do not remember to have seen the name of the maker of the bridegroom's boots, nor any statement as to their adaptability for assisting impertinent intruders into the street. But, thanks to the enterprise of the fourth estate, of the free and enlightened press which is the bulwark of civilization, there is not an American who can read his native tongue who does not know that the wife of the Lieutenant-General "possesses the loveliest hand and arm in the city," and that "the *lingerie* is all that any young lady in her position might be expected to possess." The general's house and the chamber of his wife were also the subject of the most minute and elaborate description; and as it is of course every body's business to know every particular of the household arrangements, it was most delightful and instructive reading. It is an interesting speculation what kind of person it is that does this work. The sense of the universal respect with which he would be regarded if he were known must be a little overwhelming to his modesty, while nothing can easily be conceived more satisfactory than the consciousness of being engaged in such business. Self-respect, at least, is secured. For the man or woman who goes into a private house and describes the sink and the back stairs for the wonder and delight of chamber-maids and bar-rooms must have an elevating conviction of noble employment of which there can be no smaller minds to deprive the writer.

The newspapers which publish these charming narratives show at least their own estimate of the character of their readers, and their own determination to make the press, the engine over which they wax so eloquent, the minister of refinement and a softer civilization. In one column they denounce with lofty patriotism the absurdities of a moribund aristocracy and an effete despotism, and in the next, to show the universality and facility of the American genius, they laboriously imitate the follies they decry. "What zanies," exclaims the free and independent press of America, "what inexpressible snobs, those English people are, who have such souls of lackeys that they actually print in their chief newspapers and read with breathless awe that yesterday the princess walked upon the slopes of Windsor, and his Royal Highness took pony exercise in the Park! How humiliating to every manly soul!" Amen, responds the reader, cordially, and turns the page to find the same lofty Mentor informing him that a young woman married yesterday to a respected gentleman and gallant soldier "has more than the average of society accomplishments," "with that graceful, semi-languid, drooping bend that has such fascination for many people," and that she has not only "a second carriage hat," of which "Madame Stoughton directed the trimming and harmonizing of colors herself," but that the fortunate young woman "possesses" "white linen suits of under-wear, braided and embroidered, tucked and trimmed with thread laces, or finished in delicate silk linings and colored embroideries; dainty colored, plain, and striped silk hosiery; several pairs of silk corsets; morning wrappers and breakfast toilets of white linen, Swiss, and percale; and all the *bijoux* of the toilet; embroidered handkerchiefs, fancy breakfast caps with aprons to match, *negligee* jackets for the toilet, and semi-invalid costumes."

This, fortunately, is not humiliating to the manly soul, and the taste which delights in it and that which ministers to it are not snobbish—oh no! This is the gratification of a great and noble curiosity, the joy of a being of large discourse looking before and after. There is no sign of the soul of the lackey in this peeping through the key-holes of wardrobes and into bureau drawers. No, no, thank Heaven! The enlightened American whose home is in the setting sun leaves snobbery to the servile Britons, who bow before lords and gaze with awe upon princes. Our tastes, Sir, are simple; broad as our prairies and pure as our mountain air. How can you, men of sense, tolerate a *Court Circular*? and why is it that you do not feel insulted when you are told, as if you cared for it, that the princess walked upon the slopes? Why haven't you the manhood to demand to know something of her *lingerie* and of the trimming of her second carriage hat? Walked on the slopes, indeed! No, no, Sir. Are the "ruffles of her pillows" laced, and is there a "richly embroidered *sachet* of rose-colored silk" upon them? That is what

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we sons of freedom, scorning your debasing monarchical restrictions, demand to know. And that is what our newspapers tell us.

And which it is very comforting to be assured of, is it not, respected Madam Gamp? and to know that a general and his wife presented a medallion locket of turquois and gold, and another general and his wife a white silk parasol with ivory handle and lace cover, and a colonel and his wife a lavender silk parasol with thread lace cover, and another colonel a châtelaine of gold, and his wife a handsome pearl-covered prayer-book with illuminated text, and other military friends and their wives a point lace fan intricately carved, and a bronze inkstand and a lace-embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and another lace handkerchief? These, indeed, were the gifts of personal friends, and the tokens of sincere interest and affection. And how pleasant it is to have them all catalogued in print for every body to see, and for Mrs. Grundy to say that she thinks this gift is rather scrimpy, and that rather small, and the other positively mean. It is so agreeable to have a wedding without any provoking privacy, and to hear all about the spoons and butter plates. There is sometimes a vulgar seclusion and reticence upon such occasions, but the free and independent press carefully guards any noted or conspicuous man from falling into such vulgarity. The size of his gloves and the shape of his under-waistcoats are conscientiously marked and reported, and the coarseness which would avoid inspecting the closets is trenchantly rebuked by inviting the public into the bride's dressing-room. Gilded clocks and mantel ornaments, bronze inkstands and pie knives—they are all catalogued, and the names of the givers announced.

A brave defender of his country, a soldier whom all patriotic hearts loyally salute, marries, and nothing is more natural, you say, than the desire to know the size of his wife's slippers and the color of her stockings. Cynics may rail, and prigs may sneer, and Swallow-tails may gibe, but the Short-hairs, Sir, the great American people, wish to see their favorites at home. Their interest shows their appreciation and homage.

Oh yes, it is very familiar. The free and independent press regaled us with the same interesting details at the great Tweed nuptials. What a list of gifts and givers was there! What point lace handkerchiefs, and pie knives, and oxidized silver spittoons, and exquisitely ruffled *lingerie!* It was a noble curiosity, wasn't it? The interest in the china slop jars and the dusters and hearth brushes of the daughters and the brides of distinguished men is very natural, isn't it, Jenkins? Mr. Tweed was a great statesman. He was a conspicuous public benefactor. There were the tulips in the City Hall Park, and the concrete pavement in the squares—what more would you have? His merit was so evident, his services so commanding, that, not content with the offering of nuptial gifts, many of the givers—their names survive in the immortality of the scrap-book—proposed to erect a statue to him. Upon further reflection, was it because of his greatness that we were so interested in reading that famous list of the Tweed nuptial gifts and givers? Of course it was not a mean and vulgar curiosity—oh no! but was it altogether homage to that unique greatness? And is it altogether because of our honest and grateful admiration of the Lieutenant-General that Jenkins tells us of the second carriage hat, and of a certain dress that "the waist is a postilion corsage with Bulgare back?" It is not of course to gratify an impertinent and vapid and gossiping curiosity. Not at all. It is to satisfy the laudable and lofty desire of the American people to know about their favorites. It is to show how very much loftier our tastes are than those of snobbish Englishmen, or of ridiculous Frenchmen, and that a free and enlightened press is the palladium of a refined and progressive civilization.

So common have great disasters at sea become, and so little does the constant tragedy seem to affect the means provided for the safety of passengers, that before this number of the Magazine is issued some more recent but not more lamentable shipwreck than that of the *Schiller* may have occurred, and a fresh shock of horror and momentary indignation may have thrilled the country. There is an examination proceeding as we write, in England, and the German authorities announce that they will hold another. There has been likewise an examination of all the circumstances of the preceding catastrophes, but the sharp lesson of experience was wholly lost upon the management of the *Schiller;* nor have all the investigations made the ocean voyage which the reader may propose to take safer than that taken by the traveler of thirty years ago. The more haste, says the old proverb, the worse speed; and it certainly seems to be justified in the history of ocean steam navigation when the object of the company, the officers, and the passengers is to make the shortest voyage possible. There was a very remarkable statement in a letter of Mr. Blunt, one of the Pilot Commissioners in New York, regarding the orders which the captain of the *Schiller* told him he had received. Long before these pages are published the report of the investigation will be known. Let us hope that it will show the catastrophe to have been unavoidable, and not the probable result of actual directions.

But no report, no verdict, no censure, can restore the lost, or console the sorrowing hearts that break, but live. To the American reader the list of names seemed mainly to include Germans, and it had a somewhat foreign and remote aspect. But among those names there was one of an American woman, young and of singular promise, of whom one of the most eminent surgeons in Boston said: "Had she lived, she would have been sure to stand in time among those at the head of her profession. The usual weapons of ridicule would have been impotent against a woman who had reached that supreme position which Susan Dimock would certainly have attained." She was born in North Carolina in 1847, and in 1861 Miss Zakrzewska, well known as a most thoroughly trained and successful physician and surgeon in Boston, received a letter from the young Carolinian of fourteen, stating that she had always preferred medical and surgical books to all others, and asking advice and directions in fitting herself for the practice of the profession. Miss Zakrzewska replied as if to a fanciful girl, and thought of the matter no more. But the girl herself quietly continued her studies, and her family having left the State during the

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war, and being settled in Massachusetts, she applied to Miss Zakrzewska five years afterward—at the age of nineteen—to enter the New England Hospital as a student. Twice she applied for admission to the medical school of Harvard University, but was refused. Yet her genius for the profession she had chosen was so evident, her qualifications so remarkable, that her teachers and friends advised her to enter some European school, for which her general accomplishments and knowledge of languages peculiarly fitted her. She went accordingly to the University of Zurich, and after studying for three years, graduated with high honors, and then went to Vienna and Paris, devoting herself especially to surgery. At Vienna a noted German physician said to an American friend that he had always thought lightly of women as physicians, but that he had seen a young American woman in the school whose intelligence, devotion, and aptitude were such that he began to feel that he was wrong.

In 1872 she returned to Boston, and became resident physician and surgeon at the New England Hospital for Women and Children. As the surgeon whose words we have quoted said, "It was not merely her skill,.....but also her nerve, that qualified her to become a great surgeon. I have seldom known one at once so determined and so self-possessed. Skill is a quality much more easily found than this self-control that nothing can flurry." In her work she was thoroughly conscientious and self-reliant, and so gracious and accomplished and attractive that the most skeptical could not escape the perception that a woman could be mistress of the medical and surgical profession, yet with all the charm of the lady absolutely untouched, as a man may be absolutely master of the same profession, yet be still the gentleman. Students and patients were deeply attached to her. Nor is this wonderful, for she had the wise and profuse sympathy which is the key of the heart. "I wish you," she said in one of her lectures in the training school for nurses, "of all my instructions, especially to remember this: when you go to nurse a patient, imagine that it is your own sister before you in that bed, and treat her in every respect as you would wish your own sister to be treated." Nor did she permit any student to be present as a mere spectator at the treatment of patients, and this rule was uniform with the poorest as with the richest patients. Miss Dimock had asked five months' leave of absence to visit some friends in Europe, as a necessary relaxation before entering upon another term of three years' service. With a young friend of her own age—a daughter of Colonel W. B. Greene, of Boston, of rare character and accomplishment, and with all that life offers the young and beautiful and fortunate to live for—she sailed upon the *Schiller*, and her body alone was found. It was brought home and buried in Boston. The pall was held by the most eminent of the surgeons of the city, and the Rev. James Freeman Clarke spoke with affectionate and tender eloquence of the dead. He read a letter which stated that when last seen Miss Dimock was kneeling on the deck praying aloud, and, as she knelt, a sea broke over the vessel and swept her, with a group near her, out of human sight or aid. When she was taken from the water her face wore a peaceful, even a happy, expression. The inhabitants of the island were touched by its sweet repose, and the body was presently strewn with flowers by compassionate men and women. Even the rude fishermen who bore the body to the steamer which brought it home felt the same influence, one of them saying, as they left the bier, "We laid her down as softly as ever her own mother did."

When Dr. Follen was lost in the *Lexington* upon Long Island Sound, thirty-five years ago, his friend Dr. Channing, who preached a memorial discourse, said he had no doubt that in the sudden terror of that appalling night the character of his friend, manly, tender, and serene, did not betray him, but enabled him to confront death as he had met every chance of life, with celestial courage and tranquillity. And, of that nearer awful night, the heart and mind instinctively believe that those so dearly beloved, and who had lived so nobly, died bravely and content.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE great mass of readers will not care to inquire whether the *Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman, written by Himself* (D. Appleton and Co.), are likely to accomplish what he intimates in his preface was his first and principal object in preparing them, namely, that he might "assist the future historian when he comes to describe the whole, and account for the motives and reasons which influenced some of the actors in the grand drama of war." The present readers will generally be inclined to leave the future historian to take care of himself, and will be more solicitous to know how the writer has accomplished the second part of his design: "I trust a perusal of these pages will prove interesting to the survivors,.....and equally so to the rising generation, who therefrom may learn that a country and government such as ours are worth fighting for, and dying for, if need be." Whatever may be thought as to his success in the first respect, there can be no doubt that he has succeeded in the second. His work is one the fascinations of which are unquestionable, and even by the most hostile criticism unquestioned. His life in Louisiana at the period immediately preceding the breaking out of the civil war enables him to furnish an inside view of the secession movement, its strength and its weakness. His subsequent military career made him a witness of and a participant in the most romantic and interesting, if not the most critical and important, operations in the war. He was active throughout the whole Mississippi Valley campaign—at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at Chattanooga; his march into Georgia and across it to the sea has always, by its peculiar hazards, taken strong hold on the popular heart, however purely military critics may differ in their estimate of its actual importance; and though he finally missed being in "at the death," there is no doubt that

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his unresisted approach contributed to the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee. Thus while his "Memoirs" do not afford a history of the war, nor even of its pivotal facts—the battle of Gettysburg and the operations against Richmond—they give the story of its most romantic campaigns. General Sherman wields his pen as he does his sword, with a certain moderated rashness. He is not a timid writer. He does not count the cost either to others or to himself. He takes the public into his confidence. He writes with a frankness which is not perhaps always wise, but is certainly always fascinating. The public is interested to know to what such a military leader as General Sherman attributes both our successes and our defeats; and he tells us without reserve. He criticises sharply some of our own best generals, he commends heartily the tactics of some of his own opponents, particularly General Johnston, and he admits with perfect freedom his own mistakes. Where he justifies his course, as in neglecting to throw up earth-works at Shiloh, he gives the whole story of the disaster, and leaves the non-military reader to judge of the wisdom of his course by its results. Of course some fair reputations suffer from his frankness. We are not sure that he will not be the greatest sufferer of all. But the very outspokenness which has evoked such a literature of correction, reply, and hostile criticism gives his pages a charm of which caution would have robbed them. Whether his criticisms are always just is a question which only that "future historian" can determine. It appears to us very clear that they are candid and fair-minded, and that the accusations of egotism, prejudice, and partiality which have been heaped upon him are as unfounded as the spirit which thus judges one of the nation's defenders is ungenerous. This frankness is not, however, the only literary charm of the book. General Sherman writes in a marvelously clear style; he is always graphic, and often pictorial; he has an eye for details, and recalls and repeats many a significant incident of camp and army life; and his descriptions of his principal battles are neither too technical to be easily understood, nor too bloody to be attractive. Not only the "survivors" will find these volumes interesting, but the entire American people will read them with not less, but probably greater zest, because after reading them the great jury (the public) will be unable to agree on any verdict respecting the disaster at Shiloh, the unsuccessful assault at Chickasaw Bayou, the escape of Johnston from Dalton and Resaca, and of Hardee from Savannah, and even the march to the sea itself, with the consequent release of Hood's army from the grip in which General Sherman apparently might have held it. In respect to the "future historian," we shall not undertake to judge how much he will find in these volumes to assist him; but if the body of hostile criticism which these "Memoirs" have provoked is only gathered up and preserved in the archives of some library, there is no doubt that in General Sherman's book and this responsive literature there will be found material not surpassed in value by either the contemporaneous accounts of newspaper writers or the official reports. We have only to add that it is to be regretted that the publishers should have allowed such a work to go out without maps of the principal battle-grounds—Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and perhaps Savannah—and without an index. The former deficiency is not supplied by the large map which accompanies the second volume in a pocket, and which can only be consulted by hanging it against a wall.

The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus, edited by Basil L. Gildersleeve, Ph.D. (Göttingen), LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Virginia (Harper and Brothers). No author, perhaps, requires a commentary more than Persius, and consequently no author has suffered more from commentators. In the introduction to this edition Professor Gildersleeve has given us all the information requisite to understand a writer who was at once an Etruscan noble, a Roman knight, and a devout Stoic, while at the same time he is free from that misapplied ingenuity which seeks to find in the few hundred lines, evidently fragmentary and unfinished, which Persius left behind him at his early death deep philosophical maxims and recondite political allusions. With regard to the philosophy, it does not seem to have been very deep, and the lines in which annotators detect covert attacks on Nero and his poetical efforts may with greater probability be considered the sarcasms of a youth on his professor of rhetoric. The account of the Stoic philosophy given in the introduction is succinct, but sufficient, pointing out that under the Roman emperors Stoicism was not merely an ethical system, but a religion by which men died and lived, and that Persius may not inaptly be called its sensational preacher. No less admirable is the way in which Professor Gildersleeve discusses Persius's relation to his predecessors, Roman and Greek, and to his contemporaries, the fashionable authors and *dilettanti* of the court. The hostility to the military, which is so marked a trait in Persius, is beyond a doubt to be attributed in a great degree to his study of the later Greek comic writers. Had he been less of a recluse student, he would have detected in the army which produced Corbulo and Agricola something more than mere "rammy centurions." Passing from the very instructive and suggestive introduction to the commentary, we note as excellent the arguments prefixed to each satire. In too many editions we find a mere bony skeleton of the author's thoughts put before us, but here, instead of a dull, dry outline, we have a bright, fresh, readable analysis, executed with an eye to the present as well as the past. The same freshness and brightness, the same reference to modern thought and style, run through all the notes—a very valuable characteristic in a book for the use of students, who too often are apt to regard the ancient writers as mere lay figures on which editors arrange grammatical tatters. In the notes to the vexed and vexing passage, Sat. v., 56, *exossatus ager juxta est*, we are glad to find no new rendering suggested. The eight current interpretations are given, and the simple remark added that the only thing clear is that *exossatus* can not mean "impoverished"—a rare instance of self-restraint in an editor. In the same satire, line 189, *varicosos* is translated "straddling." Persius, we fancy, was thinking of Archilochus (frag. 52, Berg), whose sentiments about soldiers he fully shared. We doubt the note on *ciconia pinsit*, Sat. i., 58. Jerome (ad Rusti-

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cum), alluding to the passage, says, *ciconiarum deprendes post te colla curvari*. When we add that the text is in the main that of Jahn's standard edition—that, as might be expected from a scholar of Professor Gildersleeve's eminence, all points of grammar have been carefully attended to—that abundant but not too numerous references are given to his own and to Allen and Greenough's grammars—that the book has an excellent index, is clearly printed, and beautifully got up, we have said enough to recommend this edition to both teachers and students. It is in every way superior to the English edition of Pretor, and may be safely pronounced a credit to American scholarship.

There are many people who, "having eyes, see not;" so that Mr. SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE's book on the *Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast* (Harper and Brothers) will be a revelation of beauty, we fancy, to many New Englanders even, as well as to many who live within easy reach of the scenery he so graphically describes, and leave it behind them to seek for lesser beauties in more distant lands. Mr. Drake has not only done good service as a tourist in what should be a yet more familiar field than it is, but as a historian also, in gathering up reminiscences of American history, which, in our modern iconoclasm, need just such preserving care as he extends to them. As a writer, these two are his distinguishing characteristics: his love of beauty, and his zealous appreciation of old memories; houses, sites, groves, tombs—whatever it may be that recalls a sacred event in American history is thereby made a sacred monument in his eyes. This last quality we had expected to find in the author of *Old Landmarks of Boston*, but the poetic appreciation and the poetic power of description find a scope and play in this volume which they did not find in that, and the charm of style is the greater because it is entirely unexpected. After a little glimpse at "New England of the Ancients," Mr. Drake conducts us on a voyage of discovery and exploration from Mount Desert, on the northeastern coast of Maine, to Saybrook, on the Sound. This trip includes a visit to the Isles of Shoals, a lingering in the quaint old towns of Salem and Marblehead, something historical and descriptive of Plymouth and Provincetown, a trip to ancient and deserted Nantucket and to modern and fashionable Newport. We miss Martha's Vineyard, which is the most original and idiosyncratic watering-place in America, and Narraganset Pier, which to our thinking presents a finer combination of beach and rock and surf than its more widely known comrade across the bay, Newport. Indeed, Rhode Island, with its picturesque coast and its quaint memories, has scant justice done to it, as though Mr. Drake's paper and ink were exhausted, and the end of his tour must needs be hurried over. But, take it as a whole, his volume does good service in telling the story of our own most romantic coast—romantic alike in natural scenery and in historic memories; and we hope it may serve the double purpose of inciting American readers to a personal study of these "nooks and corners," and of recalling them, as the Centennial approaches, to a more thoughtful appreciation of the riches, natural and historic, of their native land. The volume is enriched with nearly three hundred beautiful engravings.

The reader of TAINE'S *English Literature* will not easily forget the graphic and not too complimentary picture of Paris and Parisian life, contrasted with that of England, which constitutes its eloquent close. In his *Notes on Paris* (Henry Holt and Co.) M. Taine has undertaken to elaborate in detail the picture there given only in outline. For this purpose he creates an American tourist—M. Frederic-Thomas Graindorge, "special partner in the house of Graindorge and Co., oils and salt pork, Cincinnati"—and constitutes himself this materialistic and cynical gentleman's literary executor, whose literary remains he professes to edit. The *ruse* is not very successful. M. Taine has had no opportunity to study America or American character, and M. Graindorge's portrait resembles the caricature of the stage rather than the character of real life. But the observations, if somewhat cynical, are certainly sprightly, entertaining, and suggestive. They are not the observations of an American, but of a sharp, severe, caustic Frenchman. They may interest Americans; we should hope they would do Frenchmen good; but they are not to be trusted as a truthful picture of French morals or manners. They are too persistently and deliberately ironical.—*Spain and the Spaniards* (Lee and Shepard) is an American condensation into one moderate-sized volume of the two volumes published last spring in England by the same author, Mr. N. L. THIEBLIN. He was first introduced to the public as a foreign correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and at the close of the Franco-Prussian war was drafted into the service of the New York *Herald* as its special contributor from Spain. He is a representative newspaper correspondent, fond of adventure, liking it rather better for a little admixture of peril, with a mind alert rather than profound, with a style easy, graceful, and characteristically readable. He is, however, a careful as well as a keen observer, and a conscientious as well as a graceful writer; and though his estimates of character may not be altogether trustworthy, his pictures both of men and events are graphic, and his book presents certainly a remarkably vivid and, so far as our means of testing it indicate, a remarkably truthful account of the peculiar and enigmatical people whom he has undertaken to describe.—Mr. HENRY JAMES'S *Transatlantic Sketches* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) has enough of poetic life and of glowing pictures, composed by an artistic grouping of many isolated impressions, to invest with charm even so well-traveled a route as that which he traverses; for his journey appears to have taken him to no remote corner of the continent or unaccustomed haunt of American sight-seers.

To those familiar with the works of SAINTE-BEUVE the glimpse of his rare literary workmanship afforded by *English Portraits* (Henry Holt and Co.) will undoubtedly be very unsatisfactory. But it is not for such this volume has been prepared, and for those whose ignorance of French or whose lack of opportunity forbids a personal acquaintance with the originals, these translations from the justly famous *Causeries du Lundi* will serve very acceptably as an introduction to one of the foremost literary critics of the present century. The introductory sketch of the life, character, and labors of M. Sainte-Beuve, which occupies the first 112 pages of the book,

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is not only entertaining, but just and discriminating, and it will surprise many English readers to find in a thorough Frenchman a literary workman so diligent and so conscientious. The toil expended on the essays from which those in this volume are selected, occupying twelve hours a day from Monday to Thursday in composition, and Friday and Saturday in revision, stands in marked contrast with the rapidity with which the American newspaper article is prepared; and the corresponding contrast in discriminating judgment and literary finish is what might be reasonably expected. The essays themselves are, indeed, in their moral measurement, French; and there are few American critics who would not dissent from the estimate of the value of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. On the other hand, the portraiture of Benjamin Franklin is admirable.—Mr. T. W. HIGGINSON, in his *Brief Biographies of English Statesmen* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), has, perhaps, done all toward giving American readers a correct comprehension of the leading statesmen in English politics that can be done by one who is dependent on books for his material. But the work is too largely composed of quotations from other writers to belong to the first class of character portraits. It lacks that vitality which only a personal acquaintance with the subjects of his sketches could give. The volume is the first of a series; others are to follow, by other writers, on English radical leaders and French leaders.

Fyſshe and Fyſshynge, edited by GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN, is chiefly notable as a literary curiosity. It is a reprint from an old book originally printed in 1496. The editor assures us that an original costs in England from $2500 to $3000, and that an English reprint of 1827 costs $82. The book contains 118 pages, including the glossary. The author is unknown. A single sentence, the first in the book, suffices to show the orthographic changes which have taken place in the English tongue during the last three centuries: "Salamon in his parablys ſayth that a good ſpyryte makyth a flourynge aege, that is, a fayre aege and a longe, and ſyth it is ſoo."

The connection of the title of *The Three Feathers* (Harper and Brothers) with the story we are unable, after a careful reading, to discover. However, it is the modern method to make the title a conundrum, and the conundrum that defies guessing is, of course, the best. The story is artistically inferior to *The Princess of Thule*, but it is quite as entertaining. There are no such elaborate descriptions, but the book abounds with delicious landscapes and sea-pieces—cabinet pictures, all the more beautiful for their size. Wenna is not such an ideal heroine as Sheila, and is subjected to no such crucial test, but her character is not less attractive, and her life is pleasanter, because more peaceful. There are no disagreeable personages in the book. Roscorla would certainly have made a very disagreeable husband, and is a very unsatisfactory lover, but he is only defective; he is not morally odious. Harry Trelyon grows upon the reader as he does upon Wenna; and Madyn, of whom we expect nothing at the commencement of the story, proves so enchanting before it is ended that we may almost say that it is the greatest fault of the novel that she is not provided with a lover. The humor of the story is more contagious and provoking than that of any other story of Mr. BLACK's with which we are familiar. The rollicking gladsomeness of Harry and the pretty impertinences of Madyn give the whole story a genial coloring that retrieves even its semi-pathetic passages from any approximation to gloom. It is, in brief, a very attractive comedietta.—*Iseulte* (Harper and Brothers) is a strong novel. It is by no means either sensational or sentimental, and, without being didactic, teaches vigorously some important moral lessons. It directly assails the French marriages of convenience; indirectly, but none the less effectively, it assaults Jesuitism and Jesuit methods and influences.

The statement of Dr. CLARK is unquestionably true, that "Of the one thousand millions of the human family, no one during the past two years has been the means of leading so many souls to the Lord Jesus Christ as Dwight L. Moody." The history of the movement in Great Britain which has to so considerable a degree centred around Messrs. Moody and Sankey is told in three volumes—*Narrative of the Awakening* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), *The American Evangelists* (Dodd and Mead), and *The Work of God in Great Britain* (Harper and Brothers). The first is the smallest of the three volumes, and contains the briefest and least satisfactory history of the movement, but it is accompanied by *verbatim* reports of some of Mr. Moody's addresses. The second volume, by Dr. JOHN HALL and Mr. GEORGE H. STUART, is fuller, historically; the last, by Dr. RUFUS W. CLARK, contains much more satisfactory biographical sketches of the two evangelists than either of the other volumes, and its portraits are much clearer and better. Neither of the volumes is critical; neither contains an analysis of the value of the movement or the elements in character of the men who have contributed to it. They are sympathetic rather than critical. Those who are engaged in Christian work, whether in the pulpit or the Sabbath-school, will find in the first of these volumes the best material for a study of Mr. Moody's sermons, in the last the best material for a study of his character and methods.—The avowed object of Mr. J. G. WOOD's *Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter* (Harper and Brothers), is to show that "the lower animals share with man the attributes of reason, language, memory, a sense of moral responsibility, unselfishness, and love, all of which belong to the spirit and not to the body; and that as man expects to retain these qualities in the next world, there is every reason to presume that the lower animals may share his immortality hereafter, as they share his mortality at present." This question, so far as it has been a theme of discussion at all in the past, has been mainly discussed as a purely metaphysical problem, and determined by *a priori* reasonings. Mr. Wood applies the inductive method, and by over three hundred original anecdotes, for the authenticity of which he vouches, undertakes to establish his position. Whatever may be thought of the argument, there can be no question that the anecdotes are interesting, none the less so because some of them tax our capacity of belief.—In *The Early Kings of Norway* (Harper and Brothers) Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE opens an unread chapter of early history, and one full of a wild and even savage romance. His admiration for success and

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for brute courage leads him to a hero worship at some shrines where we decline to pay reverence with him. But his pictures of this early life, if read with some reasonable allowance for his peculiar infirmities of vision, are very graphic; his jagged but vigorous style fits well his theme; and though some question has been made of his accuracy in matters of detail, his pictures as a whole we judge to be true to life as well as life-like. With these sketches are bound up an essay on the portraits of John Knox, with six illustrations.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—May has passed without the discovery of new asteroids or comets. It has, however, been shown that the asteroid discovered by Perrotin, April 28, was one already known.

Some accounts have reached us of the results of the observations made in Asia during the eclipse of the sun on the 6th of April. A writer in the London *Times*, commenting upon these observations, states that the results are well worthy of the time, labor, and thought which have been lavished on the whole attempt. Evidence of the highest importance bearing upon the general nature of the spectrum of the coronal atmosphere in its upper region has been obtained. He thinks that there is plausible evidence to sustain the theory that there is something at the sun like an envelope or atmosphere of hydrogen, something that is cooler, something whose spectrum is confined to the higher levels of its own atmosphere, and which will not appear lower down because the compound molecules which form it will be broken up by the higher temperature of the subjacent regions.

Professor Bruhns has investigated the question whether the comet discovered by Pogson at Madras on the 2d and 3d of December, 1872, was really Biela's comet. As has been maintained by Oppolzer and others, he concludes that it was a new comet, having no connection with Biela's, nor with the shower of shooting-stars of the 27th of the preceding November.

The new method of computing the special perturbations of the asteroids, proposed a year ago by Gyldin, has been applied by Boeklund to the preparation of tables of the asteroid Iphigenia.

Meteorology.—Dr. Hildebrandsson, of Upsala, has published the results of a careful study of the observations of cirrus clouds. Having secured by personal correspondence a number of careful observers throughout Europe, he has compared the observed movements of the cirri with the prevailing clouds and isobars at the surface of the earth. He finds that the cirrus clouds, in a large majority of cases, flow out from areas of low barometer, and in toward areas of high pressure, and, as he succinctly expresses it, the movement of these clouds is toward a point some distance to the right of that toward which the lower clouds move. We had occasion a few years ago to announce precisely the same law, as deduced by Professor Abbe for the United States. It would seem, therefore, now to be a law applicable to the whole of the northern temperate zone, and is entirely in accordance with the mechanical theory developed by Mr. Ferrell in a memoir published in 1860.

Quetelet, from an examination of forty years' observations of the temperature at Brussels, finds that "the cold days of May" actually exist, giving rise to a well-marked depression, so that the five days from the 6th to the 10th inclusive averaged at Brussels a temperature of 80.3°, but the five days from the 11th to the 15th inclusive averaged only 77.6°.

A continuous self-registering thermometer, invented by Mr. Cripps, was recently presented to the Royal Society. The peculiarity of its construction consists essentially in that the movement of the mercury in the tube of the thermometer disturbs the position of equilibrium of the whole instrument, inasmuch as it is delicately poised on two pivots. This movement, which is due essentially to the force of gravity, is made serviceable for moving the register.

The awkwardness of employing positive and negative numbers in meteorological calculations respecting temperature of the air has led the director of the Copenhagen Meteorological Institute to propose that, instead of the negative numbers, we employ their complement with respect to 100. Thus, instead of −5°, we should say +95°. This system has special convenience when the averages of a long series are to be taken; but we are not aware that any body of meteorologists has as yet reported in favor of its general adoption.

The sad result of the balloon voyage from which Tissandier alone returned alive has led De Fonvielle to try several experiments on the occasion of a recent ascent. Three persons were with him, and their voyage lasted six hours; the maximum altitude was 12,000 feet, the ascent being very gradual. A number of cages containing small birds and guinea-pigs were taken along, and it was found that one of these animals, having been for a time exposed to the flow of gas escaping from the balloon, died of suffocation, suggesting the probability of the hypothesis previously advanced by De Fonvielle, that Tissandier's companions lost their lives from similar causes. Four different banks of clouds were found above Paris. The effect upon the aeronauts of the rarefied air was very trifling, and he remains of the opinion that ascents may be conducted gradually to immense altitudes.

Considerable progress in *Physics* has been made. Arzberger and Zulkowski have proposed a new form of water air-pump, founded on the principle of the increased flow of liquids caused by an ajutage like an inverted frustrum of a cone. By a lateral opening, water, under considerable pressure, enters a small cylindrical box, upon the top of which is the air tube, entering about half-way, and narrowing to a point. This enters and opens into the narrow end of a slightly conical tube called the diffuser, which projects several inches below the box, and by which the water issues. The supply of water

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must keep the tube full, and as it widens downward, there is an exhaustion. With 585 mm. of mercury pressure of water, the barometer standing at 735 mm., the vacuum produced was 724 mm., and the consumption of water three liters per second. No fall of water is necessary, the pressure being all-sufficient.

Rood has described in full the important modifications he has made in Zöllner's horizontal pendulum, and has given the extraordinarily delicate measurements he has made with it. The mean probable error of the average result of four sets of observations made with the apparatus is one-tenth of a scale-division, corresponding to less than one-thirty-six-millionth of an English inch! Rood purposes to use this remarkable instrument for the purpose of studying minute changes, otherwise inappreciable, in the dimensions of solid bodies under various conditions.

Lecoq de Boisbaudran has shown that very low temperatures may be produced by means of the ammonia ice-machine of Carré by taking suitable precautions. If during the cooling the heater be surrounded with ice-water, or, still better, with a freezing-mixture, it is possible to obtain, even with a small machine holding only half a liter, the rapid solidification of several kilograms of mercury. After the freezing of nearly five kilograms of this metal in a solid cylinder, the temperature within was found to be −48°. If ice and salt be added to the water in which the condenser is placed during the heating, it is not necessary to raise the temperature of the heater so high by ten or fifteen degrees.

Violle has called attention to the thermodiffusion experiments of Feddersen and Dufour (which are properly such, since the diffusion of a gas through a porous diaphragm causes a rise of temperature on the side of the entering gas, and a difference of temperature on the two sides of such a diaphragm causes a diffusion of gas) in order to explain an experiment of Dufour's, in which he used air in different hygrometric states on the two sides of the diaphragm, and observed the diffusion. Violle believes that the true explanation of this result is to be found in Merget's experiments, in which a porous cell, filled with pumice in fragments, and closed by a cork through which a tube passes, the whole being well moistened, develops, when exteriorly heated to a dull red heat, simply from the surface evaporation, a pressure of air in its interior of three atmospheres. Experiments of his own show how extremely sensitive is this apparatus to changes of temperature. The practical importance of these facts is very great. Our clothes, the stones of our houses, the very soil itself, when heated after previous moistening, act exactly like the apparatus of Merget, with an activity truly surprising. In animals this gaseous movement plays its part in respiration; but in plants, especially in aquatic plants, it is seen in full activity, *Nelumbium speciosum*, for example, throwing from its stomata half a liter of air per minute, solely through this action going on in the leaves.

Wright has published a preliminary note on the spectroscopic examination of gases from a stony meteorite which fell in Iowa last February. The small grains of iron which it contained yielded several times their volume of gas, even on raising the temperature but slightly. Of this gas the two oxides of carbon constituted forty-nine per cent. (carbonic acid thirty-five, and carbonic oxide fourteen), the remaining fifty-one per cent. being hydrogen. The spectrum exhibited, the gas being under only a few millimeters pressure, was that of carbon, especially the three brightest bands in the green and blue. This fact is especially significant when we remember that these are precisely the bands observed in cometary spectra, the close connection of meteors and comets being well established.

Pickering and Williams have investigated the foci of lenses placed obliquely, from which it appears that even the most carefully corrected lenses may still be defective in this respect. In a photographic camera, for lines passing through the axis, the surface, instead of being plane, should have a radius of curvature of only 0.3 the focus, while for lines perpendicular to these the curvature should be 0.7 the focus. Curiously enough, the actual curvature in the normal eye is about 0.5, or the mean of the above numbers.

Jacques has determined, in the laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the percentage of light transmitted through glass plates placed both perpendicularly and obliquely to the ray. The plates were ordinary window-glass carefully cleaned. The original light being 100, one plate transmitted 89.5 per cent., four plates 69.3 per cent., seven plates 55 per cent., and ten plates 45.3 per cent. When the plates are oblique to the ray, the amount transmitted by one plate decreases rapidly with the obliquity, while with ten plates it actually increases until the obliquity reaches 55°.

Vogel has proposed a simple form of camera for spectrum photography, which consists simply of a box, in one side of which is fixed, by means of a cork, a pocket spectroscope. With this instrument a picture of the solar spectrum from H to D was taken on silver bromide mixed with naphthalin-red in three minutes.

Terquem and Trannin have described a new and convenient form of apparatus for piercing glass by the electric spark.

Rosetti has investigated the action of the Holtz machine, and finds that it follows the law of Ohm completely, but that the electromotive force and the resistance are enormous. In his instrument the electromotive force was 57,000 volts when the atmospheric moisture was 0.35, and the resistance, with two turns per second, 2,680,000,000 ohms. From his experiments he deduced 428 as the mechanical equivalent of heat.

Tommasi states the curious fact that if a current of steam, under a pressure of five or six atmospheres, be blown through a copper tube two or three millimeters in diameter coiled in a helix about an iron bar, the bar becomes a magnet, and remains magnetized so long as the steam passes.

Rowland proposes the use of a very small electro-magnet placed upon the stage of the vertical lantern for showing diamagnetic experiments, and shows by theory that there is no advantage gained by the use of a larger apparatus.

Ducretet has noticed a remarkable property of aluminum when conveying a current. If in a voltameter one of the electrodes be aluminum, the other being of platinum, the former being negative, water is decomposed, hydrogen is set free at the aluminum surface, and oxygen at the platinum, the current passing freely. But if the

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aluminum electrode be made positive, no action takes place, and no current, or a very feeble one, passes. In the first case an electric bell in the circuit rings violently, in the second not at all. It is proposed to call a voltameter thus constructed a rheotome. It is doubtless capable of many useful applications.

Beetz has succeeded in producing magnets by electrolysis, the iron having in one case a magnetic moment per gram of 59, and in another of 214.

Herwig has observed that the extra-induced currents in iron wires are of remarkable intensity, and supposes it to be due to the transversal demagnetization of the iron.

Barker has described a new and convenient form of lecture galvanometer based on the vertical lantern. Above the horizontal condensing lens of this lantern is the upper needle, suspended by a filament of silk. To this a second needle is attached by means of an aluminum wire passing through the condenser and the mirror. The second needle swings in a coil placed beneath the inclined mirror. Any current in this coil deflects the lower needle, and, of course, the upper one also. This latter only appears on the screen, together with the graduated scale beneath it.

In *Chemistry* the month has produced many new discoveries. Volhard has aided analytical processes by describing a new swimmer for burettes, a new form of ammonia apparatus, and a new calcium chloride tube for organic analysis.

Hübner has shown that benzoic acid will set nitrobenzoic acid free from its salts. As the latter is the stronger acid, the fact is an important one in chemical dynamics.

J. L. Smith has discovered, in investigating the anomalous fact that while ferric oxide as ordinarily precipitated and dried is not magnetic, the oxide thrown down from solutions of meteorites is invariably magnetic, that any solution of iron containing nickel, cobalt, or copper gives a precipitate of ferric oxide which becomes magnetic on drying. The exact cause of this action is obscure. Chandler suggests the formation of a saline oxide, analogous to the magnetic oxide of iron, with these metals.

Weith has shown that, by the action of ammonium chloride on methyl alcohol, there is produced both tri-methyl-amine and tetra-methyl-ammonium, the whole of the chloride being thus converted. Renard has made some experiments on the action of electrolytic oxygen upon methyl and ethyl alcohols. Using five Bunsen elements, and 100 cubic centimeters of ethyl alcohol acidulated with five per cent. of a dilute sulphuric acid, the action being continued for forty-eight hours, he succeeded in proving the presence in the liquid of methyl formate, aldehyde, ethyl acetate, acetal, and a new body, ethylidene monoethylate. It is acetal in which ethyl is replaced by hydrogen. Sulphethylic acid was also produced in the electrolysis. Methyl alcohol thus treated yielded carbon dioxide and methyl oxide gases, besides methyl formate, methylal, and methyl acetate.

Von Zotta has examined more closely the production of glyceric oxide by the action of calcium chloride on glycerin. The product is an oily liquid of specific gravity 1.16, converted into glycerin again on boiling its aqueous solution.

Claus has discovered in the alizarin paste of commerce a peculiar substance which dissolves to a blood-red liquid with alkalies. It crystallizes from acetic acid in large dark brown needles with a bronze lustre. At 305° to 310° C. it sublimes, and condenses in orange needles. On examination it proved to be the dioxyquinone of chrysene, *i. e.*, the alizarin of chrysene. Hence Claus gives to it the name chrysezarin.

Hesse has given some simple methods of testing the cinchona alkaloids. He distinguishes quinidine from quinine, cinchonine, and cinchonidine by means of the behavior of water and ammonia with their iodhydrates. If to half a gram of the salt to be tested ten cubic centimeters of water be added, the whole warmed to 60° C., and half a gram of potassium iodide be added, allowed to cool, and after the lapse of an hour filtered; then, if the quinidine be pure, no turbidity results on adding a drop of ammonia. A precipitate under these circumstances proves the presence of one of the other three alkaloids.

Howard has made an examination of the bark known as *Cinchona pelleterana*, in order to prove finally the existence or non-existence of the alkaloid aricine. His results confirm those of other observers, and point strongly to the existence of aricine as a distinct alkaloid.

Boehm has studied the decomposition which marsh and water plants undergo under water. He finds that the butyric fermentation takes place, that carbon dioxide and marsh gases are evolved, and that the liquid becomes alkaline from the evolution of ammonia. A partial conversion into peat is finally observed.

Gerber has described a new and more accurate method for the analysis of milk, by which he obtains some very satisfactory results.

Gautier, by dissolving fresh blood-fibrin in a solution of sodium chloride and dialysing, has obtained a solution which coagulates by heat, and exhibits nearly all the properties of albumin.

Geology.—In a recent number of the Bulletin of the Geological Society of France, M. Michel-Lévy gives the results of investigations made by him on the acidic class of rocks, *i. e.*, those which contain a considerable amount of free silica. He claims that from the oldest granite to the recent trachytes, through the porphyries, there is a regular transition in their condition as to crystalline texture. This is, according to him, so marked that it is safe to affirm an immediate connection between the age of a given rock of this class and its crystalline or semi-crystalline character. The distinctions are based principally upon the minerals constituting the paste or mass of the rock, and its condition, whether fully crystalline, partially so, or, on the other hand, glassy and vitreous, and also whether it shows a globular or spherolitic structure.

The record for *Geography* since our last summary is limited principally to the departure of the British arctic expedition, which had occupied public attention to so great a degree for several months past. The vessels composing it left on the 29th of May, with the best wishes of the world for a successful result. At one time it was supposed that a German and possibly a French expedition would take part in the exploration, attempting to reach the same goal by a different route. Apparently, however, this has been given up for the present, we hope to be renewed another year.

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Various parties of the United States government are now in the field engaged in their summer's work. That of Lieutenant Wheeler is on the largest scale, consisting of several divisions, one working on the coast of California, another in New Mexico and its vicinity. Each division consists of several parties, all properly provided with topographers, naturalists, and other scientific aids. One of the California parties will spend part of the summer on the coast of South California, in the vicinity of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and probably include the adjacent islands in the research.

Dr. Hayden's survey will be continued in Colorado, and that of Major Powell in Utah. With a view of determining the actual value of the Black Hills as a region for settlement, and especially as to the alleged existence of gold in large quantity, the Interior Department has sent out a party under Professor Janney for the purpose of investigating the geological structure of the region. A suitable escort has been provided for this party, which, it is understood, is about entering upon its mission, although so far nothing has been heard of the results.

The United States steamer *Saranac* left San Francisco on the 5th of June on a cruise to Alaskan waters. She took as passengers Lieutenant Maynard, of the Navy, and Dr. Emil Bessels, of the former *Polaris* expedition. Lieutenant Maynard had charge of the completion of the investigation ordered by Congress in regard to the relations of the Alaska Commercial Company to the Indians and to the fur trade generally; while Dr. Bessels, under the direction of the Indian Bureau, went especially on an ethnological mission, his object being to study the character of the Esquimaux of the Pacific coast as compared with those in Greenland, and for the better preparation of a memoir to form part of the report on the *Polaris* expedition. He also intended to embrace the opportunity for collecting specimens illustrative of the manners, customs, and characteristics of the Esquimaux, the Aleutian Islanders, and the Indians generally, with special reference to their forming part of the grand ethnological exhibition at the Centennial. The *Saranac* was wrecked, June 18, in Seymour Narrows, becoming a total loss. No lives were lost.

Ethnology.—The importance of a proper exhibition of ethnological objects at the Philadelphia Centennial has induced special effort on the part of the Indian Bureau and of the Smithsonian Institution, charged with the duty of rendering this display complete. The members of the Indian service have been directed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to make an exhaustive collection of every thing illustrating the life and character of the respective tribes, and it is expected that, with the objects already in the National Museum, this portion of the exhibition will be extremely full.

It is proposed, should Congress hereafter furnish the means for it, to make the Centennial the occasion of a display of the living tribes of the North American aborigines, to consist of a family, or four or five individuals, of most of the principal races, male and female, and of different ages—perhaps twenty groups in all—who will be assigned a special reservation in the Philadelphia Park, and be established as nearly as possible in their natural surroundings, in the way of dwellings, household effects, articles of dress, etc. This, if it can be carried out, will be an extremely interesting display, but will require an appropriation from Congress for the purpose. It is, however, probable that Dr. Bessels will bring or send down representatives of such tribes as can not be reached in time should Congress make the appropriation next winter.

A very important research is also in course of prosecution, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, on the coast of South California, where Mr. Paul Schumacher is engaged in disinterring remains of a prehistoric age, and obtaining large numbers of very remarkable objects.

An extremely interesting addition to the archæological treasures of the National Museum consists of a collection of objects of stone lately received by the Smithsonian Institution from Porto Rico, the bequest of Mr. George Latimer, a well-known American citizen in that island.

Microscopy.—We note in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for May the completion of the excellent series of papers by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale, entitled "Researches into the Life History of the Monads." Five different forms of these have been thoroughly studied, and they name them respectively the *cercomonad*, the *springing monad*, the *uniflagellate*, the *biflagellate*, and the *calycine*, the latter so named from its peculiar calyx-like form. The authors state that the complete detail in the development of these monads was only successfully compassed by the one-twenty-fifth and one-fiftieth of Powell and Lealand, with diameters ranging from 2500 to 5000. They express a complete distrust of all observations founded on successive "dips" in a quickly changing organic infusion, and put no faith in observations of this sort, and not conducted on the plan of keeping the same drop under continuous observation during all alleged transformations. From their own observations on these lowly forms they are constrained to say "that not the slightest countenance is given to the doctrine of heterogenesis. On the contrary, they find the life cycle of a monad to be as rigidly circumscribed within definite limits as that of a mollusk or a bird. The heating experiments uniformly proved that the spores resulting from sexual generation have a power of resistance to heat over the adult which is greater in the proportion of eleven to six on the average—the very essence of the question of biogenesis *versus* abiogenesis—some of the spores resisting 88° F. above the boiling-point of water. This result agrees with the experiments of Dr. W. Roberts, and later of Huitzinga, who could not destroy the bacteria or their germs by boiling for half an hour under a heat of 230° F."

Among the additions to *Zoology* during the past few weeks are some results obtained by further dredging expeditions on the coast of New England, carried on under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission. During the summer of 1874 Professor S. F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, established the head-quarters of the Commission at Noank, Connecticut. The results worked out by Professor Verrill (and published in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*), who had charge of the exploration, show that over one hundred species new to the fauna of Southern New England were secured. In September of the same year

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the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey offered Professor Baird the use of the steamer *Bache* to continue the dredging operations of the coast of Maine carried on so successfully the previous year. Dr. Packard took charge of the work, with the assistance of Messrs. Rathbun and Cooke. Dredgings were made at about forty stations in the Gulf of Maine at different depths down to 125 fathoms. The results were worked up by Professor Verrill. A new star-fish, a species of *Asterina*, and several new polyzoa were obtained.

Dr. Leidy has identified the *Ascaris mystax* as an intestinal worm of a Bengal tiger. This worm has also been found in the lion and domestic cat. A long thread-worm from an apple was found by Dr. Leidy to be the *Mermis acuminata*, a species that is parasitic in the larvæ of many insects, including the codling-moth of the apple.

Under the caption, "Biographies of some Worms," the *American Naturalist* publishes an article giving the life histories of the most important parasitic worms, such as the flukes, tape-worms, and round worms. The chapter on the development of the rotifers is condensed and translated from an essay on the development of *Brachionus* by Dr. Salensky. It is the first rotifer whose embryology has been studied. Salensky finds that the earliest stages are much as in certain gasteropods. Though the paper appeared in 1872, this is the first time that an abstract has appeared in English.

A brief account of the fresh-water leeches of North America, by Professor A. E. Verrill, appears as an appendix to Professor Baird's report on the fresh-water fisheries of the United States.

In the same volume is an illustrated article, by Mr. S. I. Smith, on the fresh-water crustacea of North America. Both of these papers will be very useful to students.

It appears that the males of a nematode, or round worm, are very much smaller than the female, and make their way into the so-called uterus of the latter, where they live as parasites. This discovery, made by Leuckart, is confirmed by Bütschli.

Mr. Bundy writes to the *American Naturalist* that the Colorado beetle, or *Doryphora*, was last summer destroyed in great numbers by the rose-breasted grosbeak in Wisconsin.

The *Caloptenus spretus* is occasioning much alarm in the Western States, particularly Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado, as well as Missouri. The idea that this locust swarms down from the valleys of the Rocky Mountains may be questioned, as it occurs each year only too abundantly in the Northwest and Western States beyond the Mississippi River, and occurs also in the Northern New England States, but a little smaller and with shorter wings than in the Rocky Mountains. The red-legged locust of New England is more abundant on highlands and mountains than near the coast.

The "Buffalo gnat," so destructive to cattle during the past spring in Tennessee, is a species of *Simulium*, allied to, but much larger than, the black-fly of the Northern woods and Labrador. The editors of the *American Naturalist* received it several years since from Illinois, with the statement that it killed horses. It is allied also to the celebrated Columbatschian fly of Hungary, which is so deadly at times to cattle. The larva of the black-fly lives in the water.

Botany.—M. Woronin, of St. Petersburg, recently read before the Society of Naturalists of that city an account of some investigations in relation to the cause of the disease known as club-foot, found in the roots of different species of cabbage and turnip. The disease, which is common in England and some parts of America, has but just made its appearance in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg. It has generally been attributed to the sting of some insect, but M. Woronin asserts that he has discovered it to be owing to the presence of a vegetable organism hitherto unknown, resembling in some respects the *Myxomycetes*, in others the *Chytridinæ*. M. Woronin waits for further study before giving a name and systematic position to this new plant.

In *Botanical Necrology* we have to mention the death, May 10, at Antibes, Alpes-Maritimes, France, of Gustave Thuret, the most distinguished of French phycologists.

The subject of *Pisciculture* continues to attract public attention, numerous reports having been made by the State bodies since our last in reference to the subject. Among these we may mention the report of the Canadian government for 1874, and those of New Hampshire, New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Operations looking toward the multiplication of the fishes of the United States have already been commenced, the United States Commissioner having been engaged for a month past in the rivers of North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia in hatching shad and in turning the fry into the waters, as also in shipping a portion to localities destitute of them. The States of Maryland, Delaware, and New York are also engaged at the present time in a similar undertaking.

Mr. Livingston Stone expects to resume his labors in procuring the eggs of California salmon on the Upper Sacramento for transmission to Eastern waters, and proposes a scale of operations looking toward the acquisition of ten millions of these eggs. It is probable that some of these eggs will be shipped to Chili for the purpose of determining whether the salmon can be successfully reared in the streams of that country, many of which, heading in the Andes, discharge their waters into the ocean, apparently possessing all the necessary conditions to constitute admirable places of abode for salmon. The United States Commission has already offered to deliver a sufficient number of eggs, properly packed, in San Francisco, provided that their further transmission and subsequent hatching out are performed at the expense of the government of Chili. The offer will probably be accepted.

Mr. Stone has also paid a visit to the Columbia River for the purpose of studying the salmon fisheries of that stream, and to select a hatching station, should any provision be subsequently made for multiplying these fish artificially, to meet any anticipated decrease in consequence of the extensive scale of capture adopted on the Columbia to supply the various canning establishments.

An international exhibition of objects connected with the fisheries and pisciculture will be held in Paris in July of the present year, at which an extended display is anticipated. Reference has

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already been made to the expectation of a similar exhibition of American fisheries at the Philadelphia Centennial, for which the general government and several of the States are making special provision.

Measures have been taken by the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for introducing the carp into the United States, by sending Mr. Rudolph Hessel, an experienced cultivator of this fish, to Hungary for the purpose of securing the best varieties. Opinions differ very much as to the excellence of the carp as an article of food, although it is claimed by its advocates that it is only in Eastern Europe, and in localities not often visited by Americans, that the best races are to be found. In any event, however, the fish is a desirable addition to our resources, as it ranks with poultry in point of domestication, and can be cultivated with very little trouble in almost any kind of water, thriving best in those which are warm, and thus eminently adapted to the Southern United States, where trout can not be reared. As living largely on vegetable food, too, it becomes unnecessary to feed it with meat, or, indeed, to make any special provision for its nurture.

The American grayling still continues to be a subject of attention among pisciculturists, Mr. Fred Mather having recently made a second visit to the Au Sable River, in Michigan, and obtained a large number of spawn and of young fish. The eggs are now being hatched out at Northville, Michigan, and at Mr. Mather's establishment at Honeoye Falls, New York. The fish itself is not of any special economical importance; but, as being one of great beauty, and readily taking the fly, it can be appropriately introduced into waters that are cold enough to receive it, and thus add, at least, to the resources of the angler.

Under the head of *Miscellaneous Scientific Intelligence*, we have to express our regret at the enforced abandonment of the Summer School of Natural History at Penikese, which has been conducted for two seasons with much success. The expense of maintaining the station, however, in Buzzard's Bay, so remote from markets and so inconvenient of access, together with the comparative paucity of animal life in the waters around it, has made it expedient to give up the enterprise for the present year at least. The example of the Penikese school has not been lost, however, and it is quite probable that schools on this plan, which promise to spring up all over the country, will aggregate a greater amount of benefit than any single school. Already we have one on the same plan commenced in Iowa, under the auspices of the Davenport Academy of Sciences, one at Peoria, Illinois, and one at Cleveland, under the care of the Kirtland Society of Natural History.

Professor Shaler, to whom the original idea of the Penikese School is due, will establish a summer camp of geology on the Cumberland Mountains, where his party will receive instruction for geological research in the field. The demand for such instruction is shown by the fact that while his number has been limited to thirty, he has already about one hundred applicants for admission, each to pay a fee of fifty dollars and the necessary expenses.

A summer school of botany will also be held by Dr. W. G. Farlow on some part of the New England sea-coast, with special reference to instruction in cryptogamic botany, such as the fungi and the algæ. Professor Cook will also hold a summer school of chemistry at Cambridge.

Of the deaths since our last we may mention those of Professor E. Baudelot, M. Seguin, and Baron J. J. de Waldeck, of France; Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, Rev. Charles New, Mr. W. C. Aitken, Sir E. Smirke, and Captain Sherard Osborn, of England; Carl L. C. Becker, Dr. Carl Mauch, Professor A. Schrötter, and Mr. H. H. Schwabe, of Germany and Austria; and Mr. J. G. Nieto, of Mexico.

Of current items in the field of *Engineering*, we may record that a bill providing for the building of the East River Bridge jointly by the cities of New York and Brooklyn has become a law. Among other provisions, the new enactment authorizes appropriations to the extent of $8,000,000.

The several interoceanic canal expeditions recently sent out by the government have returned, and their reports are in the possession of the Navy Department. In this connection the announcement is made that a commission composed of Commodore Ammen, General Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, and Captain Patterson, of the Coast Survey, has been appointed by the President to examine the documents, and report upon that which they deem most advantageous for the canal line. This commission will have under consideration the Tehuantepec survey of Captain Shufeldt, the two Nicaraguan surveys made by Commanders Hatfield and Lull, the Darien surveys of Commander Selfridge and Lieutenant Collins, and the records of the late Panama survey.

In *Technology* we record a recent invention of Professor Benjamin Silliman for purifying illuminating gas of ammonia and its compounds, and obviating the necessity of washing or scrubbing the gas—a process which, though unavoidable by the methods of purification heretofore in use, is well understood to be attended with a serious loss of valuable illuminant constituents. Professor Silliman has discovered that when gas containing ammonia or its compounds is brought into proper contact with "salt-cake" (a by-product in the manufacture of acids and of soda) it parts completely and at once with all its ammonia, which combines with the free acid of the salt-cake. The separation is said to be so perfect that no trace of ammonia can be detected in the gas by the usual re-agents after passing the salt-cake purifiers. From its combination the ammonia can be readily separated by the processes now in use. The complete removal of ammoniacal compounds from illuminating gas has hitherto been one of the greatest difficulties presented to gas engineers.

Dr. Wilde, in a recent communication to the St. Petersburg Academy upon the system of electric illumination devised by M. Ladyguin, to which we have several times referred in these columns, declared that he (M. Ladyguin) had solved the great problem of dividing and rendering steady the electric light in the simplest possible manner, and urged the Academy to recognize the fact by bestowing a mark of its special distinction upon the inventor.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of June. The Rhode Island General Assembly, May 25, elected Henry Lippitt (Republican) Governor.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention, at Lancaster, May 26, renominated General Hartranft for Governor.

The Ohio Republican Convention, at Columbus, June 2, nominated ex-Governor Rutherford B. Hayes for Governor, and in its platform opposed a division of the school fund.

The New Hampshire Legislature, June 9, elected P. C. Cheney Governor of the State.

The California Republican Convention, at Sacramento, June 11, nominated T. G. Phelps for Governor.

The Ohio Democratic Convention, at Columbus, June 17, renominated Governor William Allen.

The centennial anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was celebrated at Boston June 17. Judge Devens delivered the oration.

The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier has been re-elected President of the French Assembly.

It has been until lately a rule of the British House of Commons that when attention was drawn by any member to the presence of strangers, the latter should be expelled. This rule was so far modified, May 31, as to require a division of the House on the question of expulsion.

The attention of the British government has been called to the frightful mortality from measles among the Feejee Islanders.

General Garibaldi's bill for the improvement of the Tiber passed the Italian Chamber of Deputies, June 16, by a vote of 198 to 57.

DISASTERS.

May 26.—Explosion in a drug store in Boston, Massachusetts. Several people killed and others fatally injured.

May 27.—Burning of the French Catholic church at Holyoke, Massachusetts, during the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi. Seventy-five lives lost.

June 16.—Explosion in a manufactory of fireworks in Boston, Massachusetts. Six persons killed and three seriously injured.

May 18.—Earthquake in New Granada. Six cities desolated. The city of Cucuta entirely obliterated. Sixteen thousand lives lost.

May 24.—Intelligence in London, England, of the sinking of an Austrian ferry-boat in the Tyrol, with Roman Catholic pilgrims on board. Seventy-six lives lost.

May 30.—The steamer *Vicksburg*, bound for Liverpool from Montreal, went down in a field of ice. Eighty-three lives reported lost.

June 3.—Sixty persons drowned by the capsizing of a lighter on the Tagus, in Portugal.

OBITUARY.

June 14.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Samuel Gardner Drake, historian and antiquarian, aged seventy-seven years.

June 6.—In France, M. Charles de Remusat, author and statesman, in his seventy-eighth year.

Editor's Drawer.

ON the first day of August, in the year 1714, died Queen Anne, and on the same day George I. succeeded to the throne. That day was kept as a day of rejoicing by the Dissenters. On its recurrence in 1733 they held great meetings in London and several other parts of the kingdom to celebrate it, the more especially as it was the day on which the "Schism Bill" would have been passed if the death of the Queen had not prevented it. If this bill had become a law, Dissenters would have been debarred the liberty of educating their own children.

COLONEL BAKER, who was killed at Ball's Bluff during the late rebellion, was well known in Springfield, Illinois, and it was of him Mr. Lincoln used to tell the following story:

Colonel Baker was very courteous to ladies, always treating them with great politeness and attention. He was starting on a journey at one time, when a lady was placed in his care by an acquaintance. Now the colonel knew nothing whatever of this lady, but she proved to be a pleasant traveling companion, and he made her as comfortable as possible in the old stage-coach. On the next morning they stopped for breakfast in Galena, and while that meal was being prepared they were shown into a parlor on the second floor. Here the lady seated herself by an open window looking out on the street, while the colonel paced the floor, with his hands folded behind him, as was his custom, for he always seemed as restless as a caged bear when confined in a room. Other passengers were in the parlor, and they were speaking of some late defaulter, some blaming him, others saying he had done what he could to save his creditors. At last one of the gentlemen appealed to Colonel Baker, asking what *he* thought of the defaulter.

"Think of him!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, that he should be hung without mercy. He is a scoundrel."

At this the lady left her seat, and standing in front of the colonel with flashing eyes, said, "Colonel Baker, perhaps it may interest you to know that the gentleman you so readily condemn is my uncle!"

The colonel ceased his walk, and giving one appealing look to his fair friend, he began to draw off his coat, and approaching the open window, said, "I have nothing more to say, madam; but give the word, and I will throw myself from this window."

The sacrifice was not demanded, and they continued their journey in peace.

MR. LINCOLN was very plain in dress, simple in his manner, and impulsive as a child. He was dining with us one day in a little Western town, and there chanced to be some very fine fresh hon-

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ey in the comb on the table. Mr. Lincoln helped himself to some of it, and as it "reminded him of a story of an old man and his bees," he forgot to eat it, as he had to tell the story. When the girl came to take his plate and hand him his pie, he startled her by springing up, snatching the plate from her hand, and exclaiming, "Hold on, sis; I don't want to lose that fine honey;" and scraping it off with his knife, he placed it alongside of his pie, and resumed his seat and his story. That girl is now a wife and mother, and tells this story of our late President to her children.

An out-of-town gentleman having business with the cardinal, called at the residence of the new dignitary in Madison Avenue, and was told by the servant that his eminence was not in. On going down the street he met an acquaintance, a Roman Catholic, though not of the highest culture, to whom he said, "I am very anxious to see the cardinal on a business matter of some importance. Have you any idea where I could find him?"

"Faith, I haven't," was the reply; "but you needn't look for him among any o' them rich fellows, for he is wearin' his *owld hat.*"

One of our fashionable ladies, having recently gone on a visit to some friends in the country during the heated term, had the following delightful experience: The lock of her dressing-case got out of order, and it was sent to the village blacksmith to be opened. It chanced that during a saunter through the village with her hostess they passed the blacksmith's shop, when that lady stopped and asked the blacksmith if he had got Miss Blank's dressing-case open. "Yes, ma'am," said the ingenuous villager; "but I'm sorry to say that in doing it I broke one of the bottles of brandy." Tableau!

The writer remembers to have heard, within a year past, a clergyman in Westchester County, New York, make the following request, after having finished the reading of the ordinary notices: "I must request the members of the church to dispense henceforth with the company of their dogs when they come to this sacred edifice for worship. The number of whelps and curs of low degree that prowl about the church during service, some of which manage to sneak in and nose out the seats of their masters, is simply disgraceful, and must be stopped."

This recalls one or two other odd things connected with church services: In the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine* for October, 1829, is given an extract from the report of the Commissioners of Education and on Churches, as follows:

"Richard Dovey, in 1659, founded a Free School at Calverley, Salop, and directed to be placed in some room in the cottages, and to pay, yearly, the sum of eight shillings to a poor man of the said parish, who should undertake to awaken sleepers, and whip out dogs from the church of Calverley during divine service."

Paternal affection is fresh and vigorous as ever in North Carolina, as per the following from a friend in Cherokee County:

Traveling not long ago among the mountains of Western North Carolina, circumstances compelled me to abide for the night at one of the cabins not usually frequented by travelers. It consisted of only one room, furnished with two beds, and the same number of chairs. The family was composed of the proprietor, his wife, and nine children, the eldest of whom I judged to be about twelve years of age. During the night some slight confusion occurred on account of an addition to the family and the illness of one of the children. However, all was set to rights by a drink of whisky on the part of the mother, and a *spanking*, accompanied with a "shet up thar!" for the child.

Knowing that a physician was something almost unknown in this region, I inquired of the proprietor in the morning, "What do you do in case of violent illness among your children?"

He replied, "Well, we do as well as we can; but ef so be they die, why, then *they die.* But we allus cackleate to have a few to spare."

A teacher in one of the schools at Newburyport, Massachusetts, was one day hearing a class of boys in reading. They came to a crisis in the story then in hand, and a little fellow with his book before his face, his head on one side, and his voice pitched high, carried on the tale in this wise: "And the roaring beast approached the hunter with distended jaws. The man instantly thrust the muzzle of his gun into the bear's mouth, and fired into his *wittles*" (vitals).

A neat finish.

When the late Preston King was rather a young man, hale, hearty, and robust, as nearly all Northern New Yorkers are, he took advantage of a little respite from his legislative duties for a winter trip to his old home and friends at "the Burg," in St. Lawrence County. Judge Stilwell, then in Albany, and before the days of vile railroads, invited King to take the trip in his private sleigh through to the St. Lawrence. They had a cozy, pleasant time of it among the drowsy snow-flakes and mugs of hot flip. When they finally arrived at Higbee's "Moosehead Tavern" (plainly indicated by the swinging sign that hung by the door), away off on the confines of the great Northern forest that spread its dark and frosty shades for miles around, the judge ordered supper for himself and companion, and after partaking of which they sauntered to the centre of backwoods gravitation, the bar-room, which was lighted up by a blazing fire of hickory and oak logs. Around and about were squads of rough-looking foresters intently engaged in the game of checkers. Now Preston King was said to be one of the most expert players of the game of checkers in the country—indeed, it is said that, giving him the first move, he could not be beaten. The judge, who was then (as he is now, at the ripe age of ninety) fond of a joke, put on his eyeglasses, as though entirely ignorant of the game, looked over the shoulder of one of the most skillful players, and coolly remarked,

"That move, Sir, will lose you the game."

This, though rather unfair, so bewildered the player that the game went against him. After which all parties jumped up, and invited the unknown but good-looking gentleman to try his skill. The judge quietly remarked that he was fatigued with the day's journey, and was about to retire, but that his boy would play with them,

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and that if they beat him, "why," said he, "you may send for me." King humored the joke, and played with one and then another, beating them all with such ease that they became furious and disgusted, looking upon the glory and honor of the forest as sacrificed to an unknown man. A grand consultation was then held, when it was proposed to send for the old doctor, who could beat the "old boy, while this enemy was but a young one."

"That's all very well said," remarked the sage Higbee. "But, don't you see, here's the trouble: if he beats the boy, why, the old man will come down. I think you'd better not send. We'll all take a drink, call it square, and go to bed."

For years after this little event Higbee would amuse the crowd by relating the joke of Senator King.

THE revival movement of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in England recalls the following lines, written half a century ago, and inspired by the fact that a prayer-meeting had been held in a theatre:

Reader, if you have time to spare,
Turn o'er St. Matthew's leaves,
And you will find a house of prayer
Was made a den of thieves.

But now the scene is altered quite—
Oh, reformation rare!—
This modern den of thieves to-night
Is made a house of prayer.

One of the peculiarities of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's method is to procure for their services a theatre wherever one can be had. In London their efforts seem to have been most successful before the foot-lights.

A CORRESPONDENT at Boston writes:

The reading of some Scotch stories in an old number of *Harper's* suggested the sending to the editor of the Drawer of one or two others, probably new, taken down by the writer of this at the time, during a remarkable address recently delivered to a temperance organization by our talented fellow-citizen Captain ——: remarkable in its dissimilarity from kindred efforts, the speaker having succeeded in keeping his audience, from beginning to end of his address, in convulsions of laughter at his naïvely narrated stories, every one of which came up apropos of his subject, and gave the hearers the feeling that without it the address would have been incomplete.

A Glasgow boy had been summoned as a witness in a case before the Municipal Court. His mother took great pains in instructing him as to his behavior, and was particularly solicitous as to his doing at once, without a moment's hesitation, whatever he might be asked to. The hour of trial arrived, and Jock, in his "Sunday claes," set out for court in high spirits. He had not been gone long when he returned, sobbing bitterly. The following colloquy ensued:

"What's wrang wi' ye, laddie?"

"Nae muckle."

"Ay, but what's wrang wi' ye?"

"Nae muckle, I tell ye."

At length his mother succeeded in eliciting the truth:

"Weel, they tuk me into a big room wi' a chiel wi' a white pow [head] sittin' his lane, an' a lot o' mair chiels sittin' below him, an' the chiel wi' the white pow axed me ma name. An' I tellt him, 'Jock MacNab.' An' he tellt me, 'Jock MacNab, haud up your han' an sweir.' An' I put up ma han', an' said, 'Damn your een, Sir;' an' they put me oot."

A COUNTRY school-master of the old time was coaching his pupils for the yearly examination by the clergymen of the district. He had before him the junior geography class.

"Can any little poy or kirl tell me chwat is the shape off the earth?"

To this there was no answer.

"Oh, dear me, this is cholanmely! Chwhat wull the ministers sink o' this? Well, I'll gie you a token to mind it. Chwhat is the shape o' this snuff-box in ma han'?"

"Square, Sir," replied all.

"Yess; but on Saabath, chwhen I shange ma claes, I shange ma snuff-box, and I wears a roond one. Will you mind that for a token?"

Examination-day came, and the junior geography class was called.

"Fine intelligent class this, Mr. Mackenzie," said one of the clergymen.

"Oh yess, Sir, they're neeboor-like."

"Can any of the little boys or girls tell me what is the shape of the earth?"

Every hand was extended, every head thrown back, every eye flashed with eager excitement in the good old style of schools. One was singled out with a "You, my little fellow, tell us."

"Roond on Sundays, an' square all the rest o' the week."

THE Drawer has hitherto given two or three specimens of what is called in China "pigeon English." Below is another effort, which shows what a Chinese genius can do with "Comin' thro' the Rye:"

Spose man lun slam-bang flont of gal
Walkee tlough le lye;
Spose man make kissee pidgin gal,
What fo' cly?

Evly man pickee up some gal,
Speakee all loun no got mi;
All same lookee so evly gal loun my way
Walkee tlough le lye.

A LITTLE boy in W—— came in to his mother one day, saying, "Mother, the boys out there are swearing, and I would not play with them, but came right into the house!"

"Swearing!" said the mother, who thought her child was perhaps too young to know what profaneness was. "What is swearing, my child?"

"Why, *it is saying 'God' outside of their prayers*," was the ready and original as well as just answer.

ANOTHER little child said to her mother one day, "Mother, I feel *nervous*."

"Nervous!" said the mother. "What is *nervous?*"

"Why, it's *being in a hurry all over*."

DENVER men are proverbially courtly in their mode of addressing their wives. When a Denver husband misses the wife of his bosom at meal-time he does not scream for the police, or rush around the neighborhood asking every body if he has seen Mary Jane. He simply prome-

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nades down to the auction-room, puts his head through the door, and chants out, "Mary Jane, them beans is biled!" And she lifts up her whole soul and wafts herself homeward.

SPEAKING of infants, we are quite sure that the following poetic gem, by a Cincinnati songster, will be read with delight by every parent who has what he proudly regards as a choice specimen of the juvenile article:

"DOT LITTLE BABY."

Droo as I leve, 'most every day
I laugh me vild to see de vay
Dot shmall young baby dry to blay—
Dot funny little baby.

Ven I looke of dem little toes,
Und see dot funny little nose,
Und hear de vay dot rooster crows,
I shmile like I vas crazy.

Some times dere comes a little squall;
Dot's ven de vindy vind vill crawl
Right und his little stomach shmall—
Now dot's doo bad for de baby.

Dot make him sing at night so shweet,
And gorry-barric he must eat,
Und I must jump shpry on my feet
To help dot little baby.

He pulls my nose und kicks my hair,
Und crawls me over every vhare,
Und slobbers me—but vat I care?
Dot vas my shmall young baby.

Around my neck dot little arm
Vas squozing me so nice und varm—
Oh may dere never coom some harm
To dot shmall little baby!

IN Albany there is a boarding-house kept by a woman named Mrs. V——, at which place a young man named F—— boards, who, by-the-way, is considerable of a wag, and is also an enormous eater. On one occasion, when he had devoured almost every thing eatable on the table within his reach, and when the lady had supplied him until her strength and patience were well-nigh exhausted, she suddenly broke out with—

"Mr. F——, I shall certainly have to raise the price of your board!"

"Don't think of doing such a thing, Mrs. V——," he replied; "it is nearly killing me now to eat *all* I pay for, and should you raise my board and *compel* me to eat more, it will be the death of me."

It is scarcely necessary to say that all those at the table were convulsed with laughter.

ABOUT the time when Lord Brougham was raised to the peerage, the following couplet was written and circulated:

Why is Lord Brougham like a sweeping man
That close by the pavement stalks?—
Because when he's done all the sweep that he can
He takes up his Broom and Valks.

(Brougham and Vaux.)

IN the town of W——, Illinois, lived Deacon Wright, an exemplary member of the Free-will Baptist Church. But he was troubled with the weakness as common to deacons as other men—that of an extra tillage of the "root of evil," and the usual objection to the root spreading. The church building being in want of repair, such as replastering, painting, etc., the deacon, as well as many others, was applied to, and he contributed his mite in conformity with the parable, at least as far as the mite went. One night during prayer-meeting, Elder Woodworth presiding, a large sheet of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the head of Deacon Wright, hurting him somewhat, but frightening and enraging him much more. He sprang to his feet and cried, "I will give ten dollars toward repairing this church!" when, in a solemn voice, Elder Woodworth responded, "Lord, hit him again!"

MRS. MALAPROP AS A PRECURSOR, ETC.

ONE of our illustrated contemporaries recently slipped up on a little anachronism—a sort of literary orange-peel—when it said, "It is not generally known that Theodore Hook's series of 'Ramsbottom Papers' were the precursors of all the Mrs. Malaprops and Mrs. Partingtons of a later generation." It is not to be supposed that it intended to intimate that Theodore Hook's "Ramsbottom Papers" were written before certain other productions that were written after them. That would be a truism so transparent as not to be worth the telling, and would convey about as much real information as if it had said that Christopher Columbus was born before his son Diego. Doubtless the discovery which was supposed to have been made, and which was promptly published because it was not "generally known," was that the original of all the Mrs. Malaprops and Mrs. Partingtons was to be found in Theodore Hook's "Ramsbottom Papers." This would have been something worth the telling, if it were true, but, awkwardly enough, it was not true. Theodore Hook was born in 1788, and the "Ramsbottom Papers" appeared at intervals from 1824 till 1828, while Sheridan's comedy, *The Rivals*, in which Mrs. Malaprop first ventilated what she called her "orthodoxy," was written fifteen years before Hook was born, in 1773, when Sheridan was twenty-two years old, and was produced upon the stage in 1775, when he was twenty-four. As an eminent divine, who is also an acute critic, writes to us, "It would seem, therefore, that whoever makes Mrs. Ramsbottom a precursor of Mrs. Malaprop must be 'as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.'" To which we may add, that in order to accomplish the feat, he would also have to be as monstrous a progeny as Mrs. Malaprop's "Cerberus, three gentlemen at once."

The truth is that neither Sheridan nor Hook, nor those of a "later generation" who have excited our mirth by the use of words in an inappropriate, blundering, or mistaken sense—words which have sometimes a faint external resemblance or similarity in sound to those intended, but always a meaning entirely unlike them—were the original progenitors of Mrs. Malaprop and her numerous offspring. Her lineage is a much more ancient one, and may be directly traced to the immortal Dogberry of Shakspeare, from whom she is a legitimate female descendant, and who was the "original Jacobs," or, as our contemporary would probably prefer to say, the precursor of all who came after him.

If we compare the features of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Partington with those of their great ancestor in Shakspeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, we shall recognize the unmistakable family likeness which proclaims them of one kin. The sole difference that is discernible, it will be found, is no more than might have been expected, the

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difference in sex being considered: there is the same guilelessness, simplicity, innocent ingenuousness, and absence of trick and consciousness. They are honest to the core, and mean what they say, although their way of saying it may strike one as oddly deficient in the particular of exact accuracy.

First, let us peruse the features of honest Dogberry, and trace the lines of resemblance to his distinguished modern daughters, when he enters upon the scene with Verges and delivers his famous charge to "the watch," after inquiring, with ponderous gravity, "Who think you to be the most *desartless* man to be constable?" Observe the weight of magisterial care that sits on his candid brow when he turns to his neighbor Seacoal and delivers this imperishable charge, "You are thought here to be the most *senseless* and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall *comprehend* all *vagrom* men." And again, "You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most *tolerable* and not to be endured." Afterward, in Leonato's house, when he is eager to discover to that nobleman the mare's nest the "watch" have discovered, Dogberry replies to Leonato's inquiry, "What would you with me, honest neighbor?" "Marry, Sir, I would have some *confidence* with you, that *decerns* you nearly." Then, when Verges "will be talking" of his being "as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I," Dogberry cuts short the warp of his discourse with, "Comparisons are *odorous;* palabras [Spanish for "few words"], neighbor Verges." So when Leonato, wearied with the important nothings of kis visitors, exclaims, "Neighbors, you are tedious," what a genuine foretaste of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Partington combined is contained in Dogberry's finely courteous reply: "It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the *poor duke's* [duke's poor] officers; but, truly, for mine own part, *if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.*" Finally, when the patience of Leonato is exhausted, and he declares, "I must leave you," Dogberry comes to the point, which he had so long been ineffectually laboring to reach by going away from it: "One word, Sir: our watch, Sir, have, indeed, *comprehended* two *aspicious* persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship." Finally, in the prison scene, where the "aspicious" persons are brought before Dogberry, how he out-Partingtons Mrs. Partington, trans-Malaprops Mrs. Malaprop, and proves satisfactorily that "none but himself could be his parallel!" Imposingly arrayed in his official gown, he exclaims, with elephantine dignity, "Is our whole *dissembly* appeared?" And when the clerk of the quorum or custos rotulorum inquires, "Which be the malefactors?" he responds, with placid self-complacency, "Marry, *that am I and my partner*," showing himself to be not only a master of the use of words in a mistaken sense, but an adept in the misapplication of those used by others. Later on in the examination, when one of the watch testified that Borachio had conspired with Count Claudio to disgrace Hero and not marry her, honest Dogberry's indignation found vent, to his perpetual honor, in these deathless words, "O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting *redemption* for this." But the crowning glory of Dogberry is contained in the elegiac monologue which he uttered when Conrade, disrespectful fellow, ejaculated, "Away! you are an ass, you are an ass." "Dost thou not *suspect* my place?" he exclaimed, with rueful dignity. "Dost thou not *suspect* my years? —O that he were here to write me down—an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of *piety*, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away. O that I had been writ down —an ass!"

It may be reckoned among the "amenities of authors" that at one period of his life Ben Jonson, soured, perhaps, by Shakspeare's greater popularity and success, cast a stone at good Dogberry and his companions. In the induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, written in 1612–14 (Shakspeare died in 1616), Jonson refers with contempt to the *lapsus linguæ* of the characters in *Much Ado about Nothing*, which was first printed in 1600, but had "been sundry times publicly acted" at an earlier period. Says "rare Ben," "And then a substantial watch to have stolen in upon them, and taken them away with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage practice." Later in his career, however, Jonson saw the matter with other eyes, and what he once contemned he imitated. In *The Tale of a Tub*, his last drama, written in 1633, he introduces certain "wise men of Finsbury," who indulge in words that are far more violently "mistaking" than any of Dogberry's, but are infinitely less fertile in mirth-provoking qualities. While Dogberry's blunders are still current, and quoted for their humor and exquisitely apposite inappositeness, those of Jonson's characters are to "dumb forgetfulness a prey." We cite a few as literary curiosities. "Who was Zin [Saint] Valentine? Did you ever known un, goodman Clench?" "Zin Valentine! He was a deadly sin, and dwelt at Highgate." "You are a shrew antiquity [shrewd antiquary], neighbor Clench." "My daughter will be valiant, and prove a very Mary Ambry [merry-andrew] in the business." "We must inquire all the tokens of the despected [suspected] parties." "The poor wretch is as guilty [guiltless] as the child was, was born this very morning." "Put on thy hat, I look for no despect" [respect]. "All things are arsie versie [vice versa], upside down." "You have remission [commission] to comprehend [apprehend] all such as are despected" (suspected). "He is taken on conspition" (suspicion). "I have kept my hands from evil speaking, lying, and slandering, and my tongue from stealing." "I, Miles Metaphor, your worship's clerk, have e'en been beaten to an allegory [a play on the word "gory"] by a multitude of hands." "We can all take our corpulent [corporal] oath we saw un go in there." And so forth.

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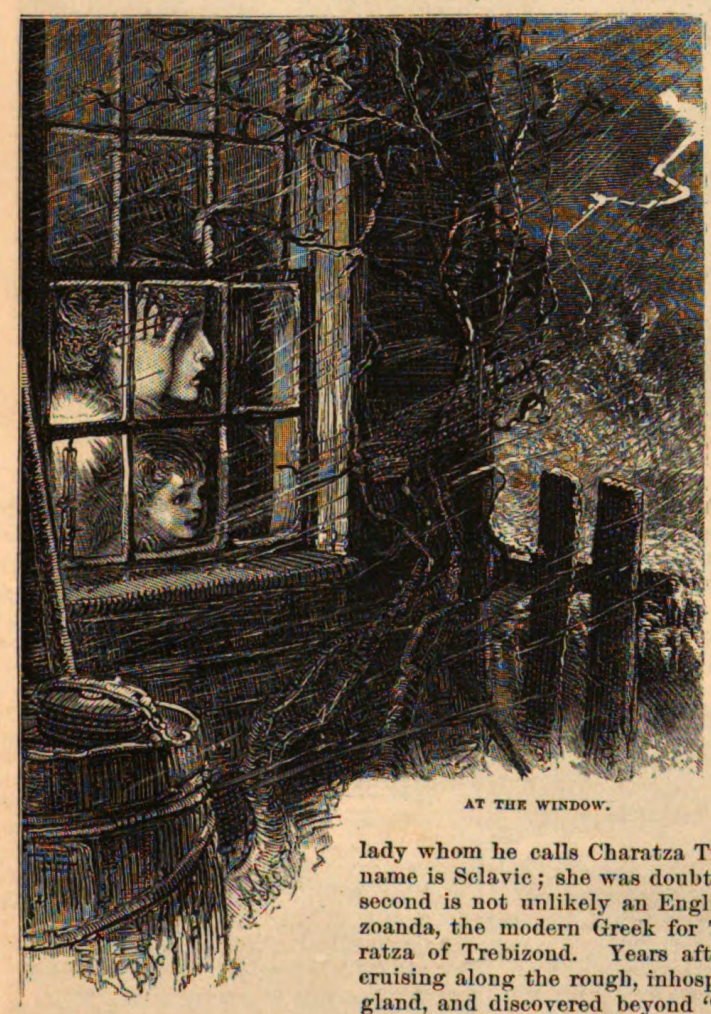
HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCIV.—SEPTEMBER, 1875.—Vol. LI.

GLOUCESTER AND CAPE ANN.



AT THE WINDOW.

To most persons the name of Captain John Smith, the early discoverer and adventurer, is chiefly known on account of its association with the name of Pocahontas. Some modern skeptic has, with that feeling of unbelief and irreverence which is one of the worst features of the age, been endeavoring to relegate that beautiful and romantic story to the domains of fiction. Whether this attempt be successful or no, and we hope it will never be heard of again, one or two bits of fact and romance in the history of Captain Smith must be accepted as true so long as any thing is believed by this unbelieving generation. It is probably not generally known that when a prisoner in Turkey, Captain Smith was befriended by a lady whom he calls Charatza Tragabigzonda. The first name is Sclavic; she was doubtless of such origin. The second is not unlikely an English corruption of Trabezoanda, the modern Greek for Trebizond; that is, Charatza of Trebizond. Years after this, in 1614, he was cruising along the rough, inhospitable coast of New England, and discovered beyond "Naimkeck," now Salem, "a fair headland," which, in grateful and affectionate remembrance of the fair lady of his captivity, he named Cape Tragabigzonda. Charles I. altered this to Cape Ann, after his mother, the queen of James I. Smith also named Straitsmouth, Milk, and Thatcher's islands, off the pitch of the Cape, the Three Turks' Heads—a name afterward transferred to the triple-crested hill of Agamenticus, on the coast of Maine, one of the first landmarks visible to the mariner when he comes off the coast. Thatcher's Island, the most noteworthy of the three islands, is a long, narrow islet, whose lofty twin light-houses are visible a long distance, and are eagerly sought for by the homeward-bound sailor. They were first lighted December, 1771, or over one hundred years ago.

But although possessing a fine snug harbor, and lying directly in the path of vessels

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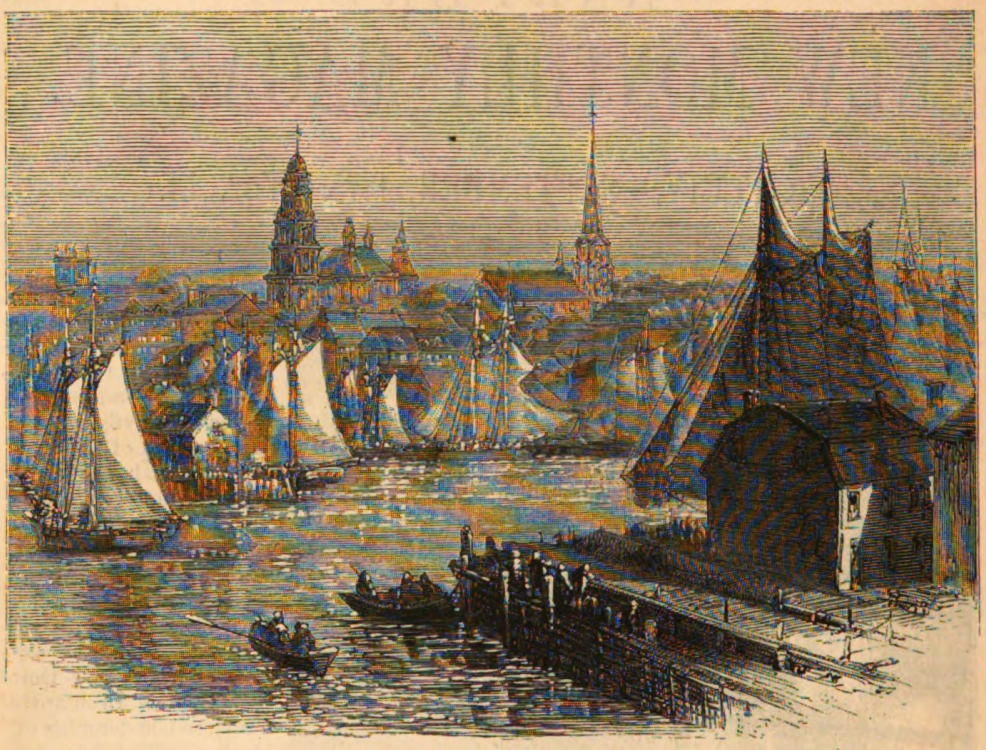

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

passing into Massachusetts Bay—and they were then becoming numerous—in search of cod, which then abounded in those waters, it was not until three years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and nine years after the discovery of the cape by Smith, that the first Englishman settled on Cape Ann, at the place now called Gloucester. It is curious that from the very first the settlement took the character it has kept ever since, that of a fishing post. It was founded as a rendezvous where fishermen could cure their fish and fit out for their trips, and it has remained exclusively

RIDING OUT A GALE ON THE BANKS.

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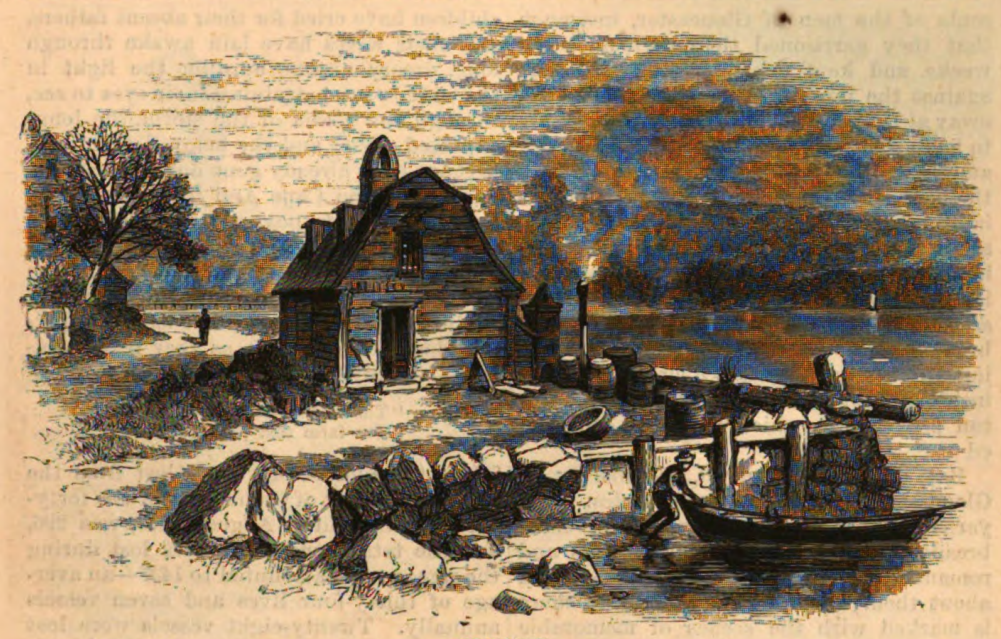
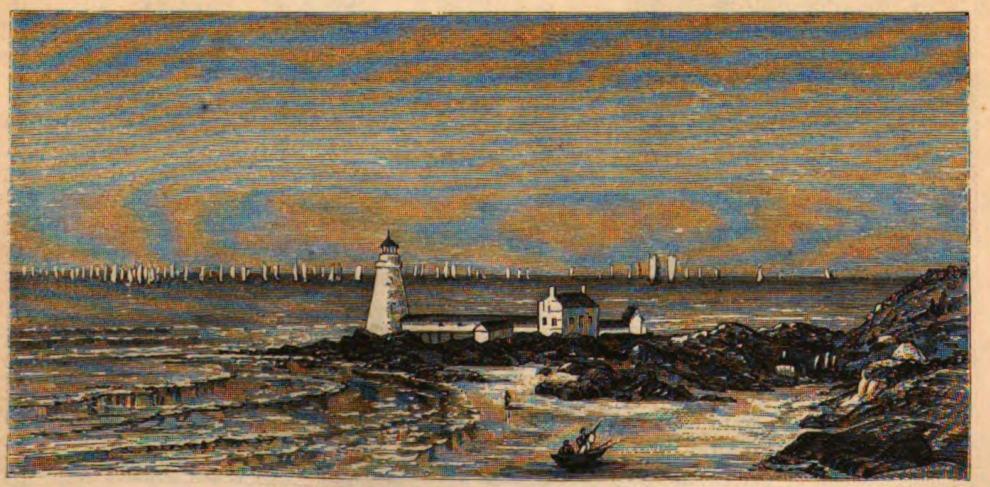


ANNISQUAM.

a fishing post to this day, a period of two hundred and fifty-one years. It is doubtful if this can be paralleled on this side of the ocean.

There is nothing especially remarkable to the general public in the history of Gloucester and Cape Ann during the colonial and Revolutionary periods, except the connection of the worthy sea-faring citizens with the witchcraft delusion which swept over New England in the seventeenth century. It deserves record as a valuable contribution to the history of demonology, and as a strong proof of the sincerity of former belief in satanic interposition in human affairs—an interposition which seems to exist in full force to this day, although it takes other forms than those of witchcraft: libel, slander, bank defalcations, corruption in high places, and a general winking at crime, and a popular way of condoning or compounding with iniquity which some are pleased to call charity and optimism.

But to return to our muttons. In 1692, about the time of the Salem tragedy, Beelzebub, with a legion of evil spirits, was reported to be marching on Gloucester. It was asserted that men were seen at various times in the neighborhood of the town, resembling Frenchmen; they were repeatedly pursued, surrounded, and fired upon, and occasionally fell as if hit, but started up again and fled into the bush, leaving no foot-print on the soil, and making no audible sound. These occurrences became so frequent and alarming as to shake the doughty



ANNISQUAM LIGHT, CAPE ANN.

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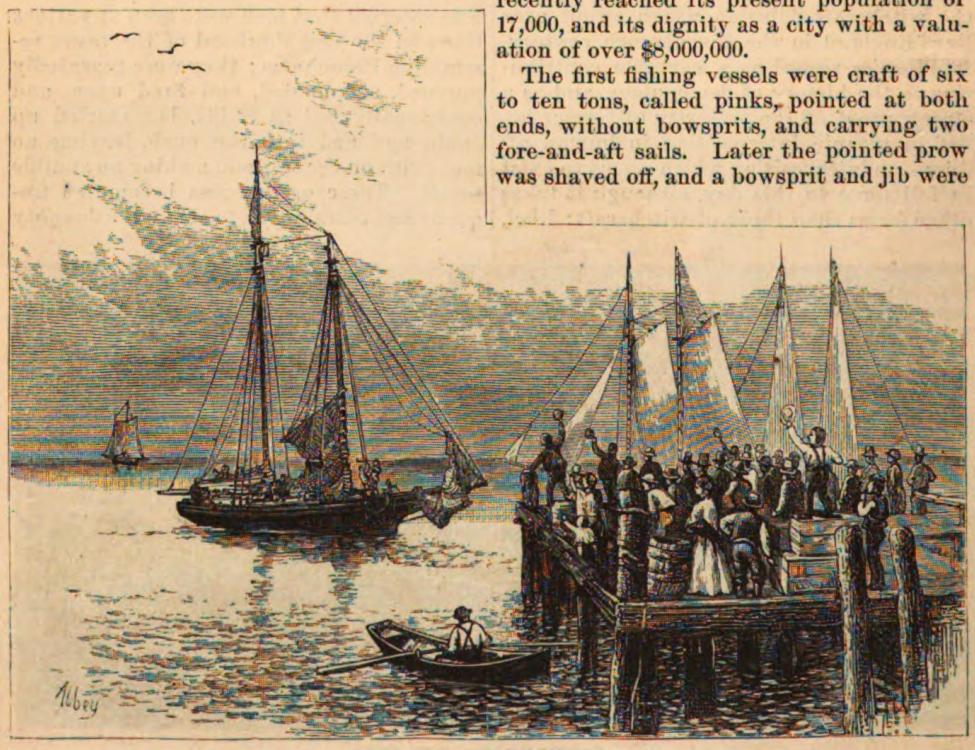
souls of the men of Gloucester, insomuch that they garrisoned their fort for some weeks, and kept constantly on the alert against the powers of darkness, peppering away at them occasionally with what seems to have been an ineffectual waste of powder and ball. But so real and universal was the panic that a reinforcement of sixty valiant men was actually sent from Ipswich to assist in the defense of the place against its imaginary foes. Finding the town too vigilantly guarded to be carried either by *coup de main* or siege, his Plutonian excellency brought off his forces in good order, and calling up his reserves, made a combined, more insidious, and decisive attack on the Puritan settlements, which well-nigh succeeded at Salem.

But, as before observed, the history of Gloucester centres in the fisheries. The yarns told at her firesides are of hair-breadth escapes at sea; her legends and romances have a flavor of the salt sea about them; her rugged red granite shore is marked with the scenes of memorable shipwrecks and storms; her town records are the records of fleets that have gone down on the Banks, of pinks and schooners that have foundered on the Georges, of heroes who have toiled for their families, and fought the grim battle of life with the fogs, the lightning, and the swooping billows of the sou'wester, and with the ice, the hail, and the short, savage cross seas and terrible blast of the raging nor'wester, while their children have cried for their absent fathers, and their wives have lain awake through long, dreary nights, burning the light in the window, and straining their eyes to see, through the gloom of the storm, the long-expected vessel and the beloved form that perhaps have already gone down far at sea. Such is life on Cape Ann for those whose heritage is noble poverty, and whose lives are lives of honest toil. Her fishermen may not reap such dividends as the farmers who till the fat soil of the West, but they are not less enterprising nor less useful in plying their perilous craft, as they labor summer and winter on

> "The fields that no man sows,
> The farm that pays no fee."

The total number of vessels lost from the single little port of Gloucester for the forty-three years ending August, 1873, was 296, and the total number of lives lost during the same period amounted to 1437—an average of thirty-four lives and seven vessels annually. Twenty-eight vessels were lost during nine months of the year 1873, with a loss of 172 lives, leaving nearly two hundred widows and orphans. The loss of life and property has been over one-half on the Georges, rightly called the grave-yard of Cape Ann. It should be remembered also, in order fully to realize the terrible nature of this fearful record, that for many years Gloucester was but a small place. In 1840 it had only 6350 inhabitants, and has but recently reached its present population of 17,000, and its dignity as a city with a valuation of over $8,000,000.

The first fishing vessels were craft of six to ten tons, called pinks, pointed at both ends, without bowsprits, and carrying two fore-and-aft sails. Later the pointed prow was shaved off, and a bowsprit and jib were



ARRIVAL OF A FISHING SCHOONER.

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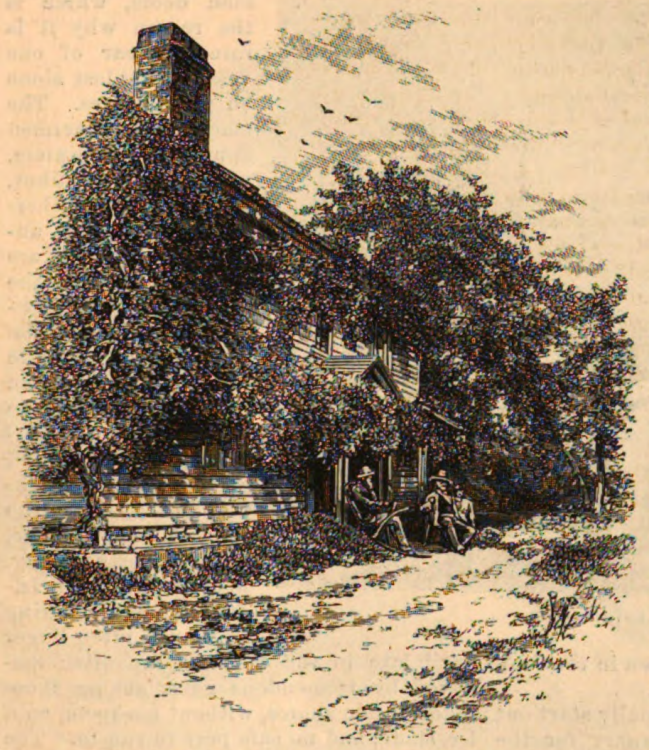

OLDEST HOUSE, PIGEON COVE, CAPE ANN.

The total number of vessels now registered in the district of Gloucester, which includes a few owned at Manchester, Rockport, and Essex, is 496, of which seven are steam-vessels, comprising in all 28,775 tons. While the number of vessels is slightly decreasing, the tonnage is on the increase, which shows that the size of the vessels is growing larger, while the fishing business is in a thriving condition. Sixteen were added to the fleet last year. Of these vessels, 420 are engaged exclusively in the fisheries. The total product for the year ending June, 1873, was $3,435,500. The number of men directly employed in these vessels is about 6000; many of them are from the provinces, and make excellent skippers and seamen, while Sweden, Norway, and the Portuguese islands contribute a large number, who are generally capable, orderly, and industrious. They fare very well, as compared with the fishermen of other days, or with men before the mast in the merchant service now. Fresh pies, biscuit, fowls, eggs, and other similar deli-

added, and the vessel, retaining its pink stern, was then termed a jigger. The fishing vessels which now sail out of Gloucester with lines graceful as those of a yacht, swift and buoyant and the best sea-boats in the world, are appropriately rigged as schooners, for at Gloucester the name and the rig were first invented. In 1713 Captain Andrew Robinson launched a vessel whose rig was what is now called a schooner, gaffs instead of the lateen yards until then in use, and the luff of the sail bent to hoops on the mast. As she slipped down the ways a by-stander exclaimed, "Oh, how she schoons!" "A schooner let her be!" replied the builder, catching at the word intuitively.

PIGEON COVE, CAPE ANN.

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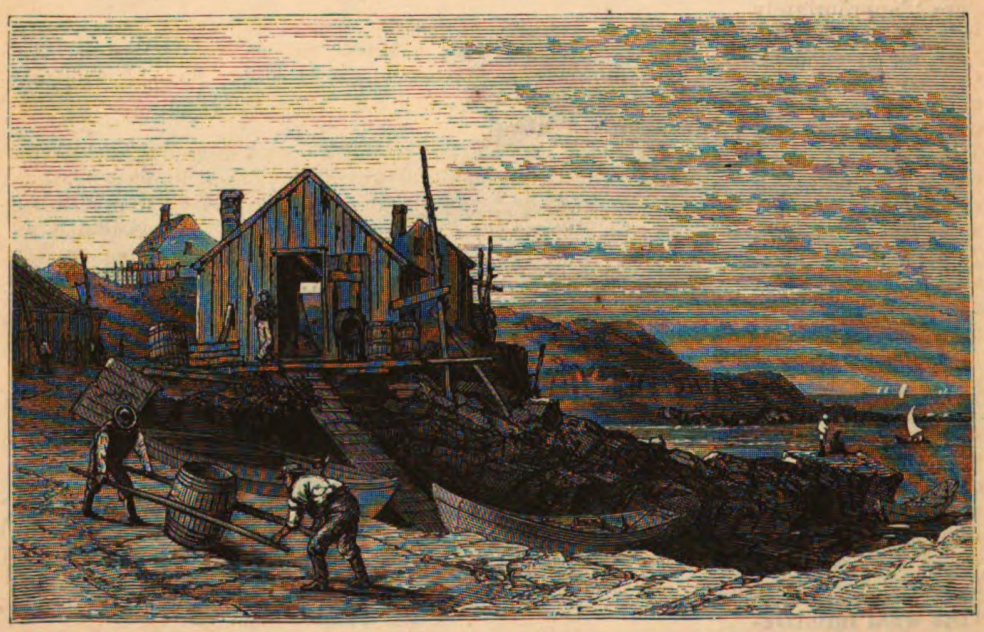
PIGEON COVE HARBOR.

cacies are not unfrequently seen in the forecastle of a Gloucester banker.

The mackerel fishermen usually start out as early as the last of February for the Georges Banks, the worst time of the year for winds, and as they anchor near together in ranks on those treacherous shoals, where even in calm weather the tide rips swirl and boil in an extraordinary manner, if one drags her anchors in a gale of wind, it is almost a dead certainty that, as she sweeps on to destruction, she will fall foul of some of her companions and involve them in a common doom, which is the reason why it is rare to hear of one vessel being lost alone on the Georges. The mackerel fishermen bound to other waters, with the cod, halibut, and haddock fishermen, do not start until later. The cod are caught chiefly on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the watch-lights twinkle in the midnight gloom in company with those of the French fishermen of Miquelon and St. Pierre. Many mackerel are caught in the Bay of St. Lawrence, off Cape North, Sidney, and the Magdalen Islands, where the daring fishermen often linger until late in the fall, and are often embayed by tremendous gales among those inhospitable shores, without sea-room, on a lee shore, and no safe port to run to. The haddock and halibut are oftener caught on Brown's Bank and within the waters of New England. It is a curious sight to see a schooner come in from the Banks loaded down nearly to the scuppers and packed to the beams with cod-fish. The wharf is lined with eager spectators as she glides up to her dock with a leading wind. The foresail comes in, then the mainsail is lowered, and



FOLLY COVE, CAPE ANN.

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NORMAN'S WOE.

handed by a crew weather-beaten and clumsily limber in useful but not graceful Cape Cod sea-boots, sou'westers, and oil-jackets, and with the inevitable clay pipe jutting out beyond the bushy, untrimmed beard. Then the jib down-haul is manned, and a number of boys, eager for the day when they can go to the Banks, catch the hawsers, and make her fast to the pier fore and aft. Amidst a hail-storm of questions asked and answered on both sides, the crew range themselves on board and on shore, with one-tined pitchforks, and proceed to unload with the rapidity and regularity of machinery. The men in the hold heave the fish on deck, thence they are tossed on the wharf. Another turn of the pitchfork lands them under the knife, their heads and tails come off, and they are split open almost in a second, and are then salted and laid on the fish stages or trellises to dry, after which they are ready to serve up to good Christians either for fish-balls on Sunday or for hash on Friday.

In connection with its fisheries Gloucester has the largest importing trade of any port in Massachusetts, except Boston. An average of thirty square-rigged vessels laden with salt, etc., enter the place annually from foreign ports.

The city also does a large business in the manufacture of oil-clothes, which are rather more necessary to the seaman than a dress-coat and white cravat are considered at a wedding, and are quite *de rigueur* at any parties given by Neptune, when the winds furnish the music for the dance of the schooners on the Banks. The oil-clothes of Gloucester find a market in every port of America.

The topography of Cape Ann is peculiar. It will surprise some to learn that a large part of it is practically an island. A vessel can completely circumnavigate it. That looks as if it were insular. The fact is that the seaward and largest half of the cape is divided from the other half by the Annisquam River, which is a broad winding inlet spreading laterally into winding creeks and salt marshes, and extending from Ipswich

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WILLOW ROAD, LANESVILLE.

Bay until within a few rods of Massachusetts Bay on the South, where a very narrow neck of land formerly joined the cape to the main-land. This, however, was divided many years ago by a canal called the Cut, which it was expected would be of great advantage for small vessels, especially in time of war—a hope which has never been fully realized. The town of Gloucester extends entirely across the cape north and south, including Annisquam, Lanesville, the pretty little hamlet of Riverdale, and Magnolia, a charming summering settlement on Kettle Cove. On the eastern shore are the fishing and quarrying towns of Rockport and Pigeon Cove, which ought to be included within the corporation to which they naturally and doubtless will ere many years belong. Gloucester Harbor is a small but safe haven inside of Ten Pound Island, but the outer port lies open to the sea, and the entrance is dangerous in heavy weather on account of the bar stretching across it.

Opposite Eastern Point, on the left hand to vessels entering, are Kettle Island and Norman's Woe, a reef immortalized by Longfellow's ballad, "The Wreck of the Schooner *Hesperus*;" but there is no authentic story which accounts for the weird name given to the ledge from time immemorial. The city lies on a range of hills around the port, presenting an effective appearance, especially if one happens to see it on a calm summer's day, as a background to a marine picture, when a fleet of two or three hundred schooners is putting to sea, after a storm, spreading their white duck against the blue sky, and fanning gently hither and thither singly or in picturesque groups before the cat's-paws, or idly drifting out eastward, stretching in a long line beyond Thatcher's Island, and catching the fresh breeze that is darkening the distant offing. Here the green of their graceful hulls, the gilt scroll-work on the bows, and the canvas on the lofty masts are reflected with absolute fidelity on the calm surface; or beyond they are seen heeling over to the first breath of the incoming sea-wind, that ruffles the burnished steel of the sheeny swell, forming altogether a spectacle of inexhaustible variety and beauty.

The streets of Gloucester are not quite as abrupt as those of quaint old Marblehead, but they are, notwithstanding, quite broken and irregular in parts, presenting, however, a general appearance of thrift and comfort. A number of antique buildings still remain, while an elegant and commodious City Hall was opened in 1871.

Annisquam, or, as it is familiarly called, Squam, which some say was the original Indian name, with the prefix Ann's, is also an old settlement on Ipswich Bay, with steep, narrow, winding rural lanes and a snug little harbor, across which, at the entrance, lies a dangerous bar. It is a well-known port of refuge for small fishermen

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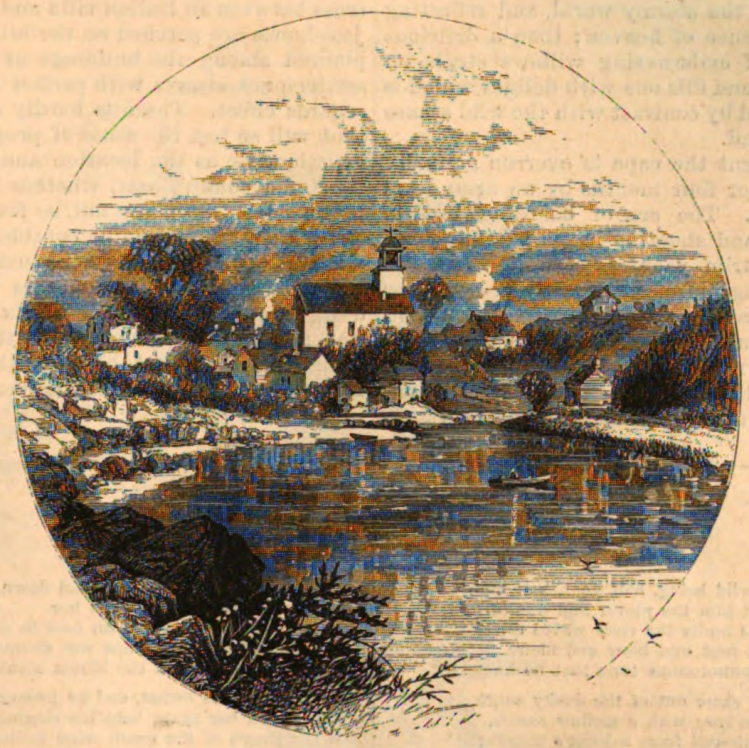

LOBSTER COVE, ANNISQUAM.

when a northeaster is blowing, which has given rise to the ridiculous story of a preacher on the cape who was holding forth on a certain Sabbath to a congregation of old salts on the necessity of securing to themselves a haven of refuge against the day of wrath. "Supposing," he said, "you should get caught out in the bay, the clouds growing blacker and blacker, the sea rising, and the wind threatening a gale, wouldn't you feel the need of some safe harbor, and how would you do in such a case?" "Put your helm up and bear away for Squam!" out spoke an old fisherman from a remote corner of the "meetin'-house." Squam is reached from Gloucester by a ride in old-fashioned stages which connect with the railroad at Gloucester. A continuation of Squam is Bay View, where General Butler has his summer residence, and keeps his yacht, the famous *America*, winner of the Queen's cup. Adjoining this, and substantially part of it, is the charming village of Lanesville, also lying by the shore of the vast ocean. Two or three miles beyond is Pigeon Cove, which is a sort of feeler thrown out by Rockport, which little fishing port completes the cordon of quaint, half-ancient, half-modern settlements of Cape Ann. Most of them have more or less to do with the quarrying of granite, and the busy, not unmusical ringing click-click of the chisel and the mallet is an ordinary sound on the cape. This business has caused the construction of several of the smallest and snuggest ports in the world. A breakwater of massive granite some forty feet high is built across a little cove, with an entrance only large enough to allow a vessel to slip through into a haven perfectly secure from the wildest storms, but barely four or five acres in extent. Lanesville Harbor is probably the most curious place of this sort on this side of the Atlantic.

The general appearance of the cape is rocky in the extreme, while there are no very lofty precipices on the coast, nor any very striking features any where visible, as on the coasts of other lands. The effect is wild, but can hardly be said to be cheering. The fields are strewn with stones, as if it had rained rocks there in some unknown day of Divine retribution in past ages. The whole land is astonishingly wrinkled, like a limp handkerchief, with hills, hillocks, hummocks, and the angular shoulders of untamable ledges and bowlders, with occasional phenomena like Rafe's Crack and Trap Rock Chasm; while the woods are of a similar austere character, sombre pines and cedars evermore chanting a solemn and dirge-like music to the ocean winds, like an echo of the everlasting roar of the surge on the rocky shore. Here and there, like a caprice of nature, are bits of idyllic beauty, a quiet little nook by a brook-side, or a pool reflecting the blue sky on its quiet bosom, unconscious of the raging ocean close at hand, like the pure soul of a child still ig-

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norant of the stormy world, and reflecting the innocence of heaven; then a delicious avenue of embowering willows steals on the view, and fills one with delight which is heightened by contrast with the wild scenes just beyond.

At present the cape is overrun annually for three or four months by an army from the cities. The era of boarding-houses, shanties, and shooting-boxes has fairly set in. The trim yacht is seen lying in the coves alongside of some rusty old pink or granite drogher; the weather-worn and quaint gambrel-roofed farm-houses are turned for the nonce into villas. They are garnished with new porches, lace curtains, and croquet grounds; and cottages presenting a cross between an Italian villa and a Chinese joss-house are perched on the hill-tops and planted among the buildings of the early settlers, not always with perfect success as regards effect. There is hardly any thing that will so test the sense of propriety and artistic taste as the location and construction of a country-seat, whether simple or pretentious. So many fail, so few succeed, in the attempt, it may be considered a crucial test of one's capacity in such matters. The ideal country residence is yet to be designed; but one thing in its construction, and the last thing usually thought of, should be fitness. A building that would look well by the Thames or in Venice is not suited to Cape Ann.

A DREAM OF FAIR WEATHER.

By JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

A strange wild being, half goat, half man—
While past him the plover and dunlin flew,
And over his hoofs the river waves ran—
Blew on a reed, and blew and blew
The one monotonous tune that he knew.

And a wind came out of the dusky south,
Calling the rose with a mellow sough,
Like a whistle-call from a lover's mouth;
And the rose, the red rose, sweetly enough,
Bowed in acknowledgment thereof.

And out of the south with the wind there flew
A great blue heron that drifted low,
And dropped by the river where tall reeds grew,
And where bright willows waved to and fro
O'er the nest of a teal in the flags below.

Midmost a smile on the river's face
In a kiss of ripples the lily slept;
And here and there in the liquid space,
Where great brown turtles lazily crept,
In shoals the glittering sun-perch leapt.

An oriole, deep in its braided nest,
On the waves of the south wind rocked and rolled,
With the little cup fitted so close to its breast
That it looked like some splendid molten gold
Poured from a crucible into a mould.

In a hovering cloud of butterflies,
Lulled by a murmur of drowsy bees,
And flooded with sweets and the tender dyes
Of a bed of bloom in the stream of the breeze,
A maiden slept in the dusk of the trees.

A humming-bird daintily touched her mouth,
Finding it sweet as a rose-bud is—
As red and sweet as a rose of the south—
And she smiled in her sleep, saying, "It is his kiss:
I knew my lover would come for this!"

Her lute lay beside her, and lo! the wind
Stirred to music its tunèd strings;
In a quiver of rapture the long grass leaned,
And swarms of beautiful gilded things
Hung tranced in the air on filmy wings.

And out of the forest a youth there came,
Tall and strong and lithe of limb,
Who stopped and called a musical name
Till the maiden sprang up and answered him
From the pool of blooms in the shadows dim.

But sleep was loath to let go her eyes,
Though her lover's kisses again and again
Thrilled them through with a sweet surprise,
And opened them like blue lily-buds twain
Blown into blossom after a rain.

Her long gold hair fell down and down,
Till like a robe it enveloped her
With a mist of splendor from foot to crown;
And the breath of her lips was sweeter far
To her lover than all the bloom scents were.

She leaned on his breast, and he pressed her close,
And kissed her again 'mid the singing of birds;
And the sough of the south wind calling the rose,
And the south wind touching the lute's sweet cords,
Drowned to a murmur his loving words.

The butterflies rose from the flowers and fled
With the gold-sharded beetles and brown honey-bees,
And away like a bolt the humming-bird sped,
While suddenly, utterly up in the trees,
Their singing the emulous choirs did cease.

"Let us go," said her lover, "while yet we are young,
And life is like wine in the cup of the heart,
While love is a song that is yet unsung—
Come, let us go from all others apart:
Go with me, drift with me, just as thou art!"

So she took up her lute, and together they went,
Slow, side by side, in the summer land,
Where the grass flowed free (like a sea star-sprent),
With bubbles of blossoms and fragrance-fanned,
Till they reached and stood on the river's sand.

He drew from its hiding a light canoe,
Launched it, and both stepped in with smiles;
He dipped the oars, the south wind blew,
And away they went through the subtle wiles
Of the sheeny stream, by its drowsy isles.

Her hair on the wind, like a sun-smitten cloud,
Floated in long bright brushes of gold;
She touched her lute, and sang out so loud
That the river fringes, through every fold
Of willows and rushes and plane-trees old,

Trembled with pleasure, and leaned far down
Where the water-rails in their sleek tight coats,
And the great blue heron and dunlin brown,
Tiptoed on the sand with outstretched throats,
Caught in the wonderful snare of her notes.

Oh, ever and ever the weather was fair,
And ever and ever the view was fine:
They laughed and sang, nor dreamed of a care,
But floated right on in the sweet sunshine
Till they drank life up like drinking good wine.

Now, when they were gone, the goat-footed man,
With the furry ears, hilarious grew,
And up and down by the river ran,
And blew on a reed, and blew and blew
The one delightful tune that he knew.

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THE MOUNTAINS.—X.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

THE CHIEF MARSHAL.

THE wheat harvest was gathered, and the heats of midsummer were beginning to drive all who had means and leisure to congregate about the famous springs and cool places in the mountains—those charming shades,

> "The choice resort of many an ancient quiz,
> Who comes to cure his gout or rheumatiz,
> While younger votaries, in the German reeling,
> Can take a course of Terpsichorean heeling,"

where our city matrons and misses find an agreeable refuge from their hot bricks and odoriferous gutters, and their provincial sisters enjoy the annual opportunity of studying urban graces and town fashions on equal terms. For on the paved sidewalk or carpeted saloon the boldest country lass is quelled and cowed by her conscious ignorance of the great art. But in strolling over snaky meadows, climbing lizard-haunted fences, or galloping through shadowy forests, the abode of horse-flies and ground-squirrels, our Maude may play the heroine to protect and patronize her fashionable cousin, and receive proudly her grateful acknowledgments, in the shape of a new wriggle in the dance, the most stylish turn of a Dolly Varden, or exquisitely artistic twist of a jute chignon.

At this crisis it was announced to the

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PRELIMINARY EXERCISE.

company at Meadland that a grand tournament would be held at the Ice Mountain on the 10th of August, proximo, the lists being free to all the chivalry of the land, highland or lowland, town or country, home or foreign.

This announcement, for the hour, overcame the listlessness of a July morning, and we all gathered around Rhoda for an answer.

"Certainly, gentlemen, this is a challenge no true knight can refuse." Then she turned her dark languishing eyes on me—"And you, Mr. Laureate, will do me a special favor—"

I trembled with triumphant excitement. "And I, madam, if I may wear your colors, will win you a crown of stars."

"And I," interposed the major, briskly, "was about to request the same privilege."

"Excuse me, major," said I, choking with anger; "I think the lady addressed herself to me."

The veteran's face reddened to a clouded mahogany, and he spoke with a haughty and defiant formality:

"Pardon me, Sir; although I may not enjoy the honor of being her selected knight, the rules of the tourney do not exclude a second champion for the same lady; we may venture to compete for the prize at least, may we not?"

"Gentlemen," said Rhoda, biting her lip, and suppressing a smile, "this is hasty and unkind. I had no thought of bidding for the silly crown of the tournament. Leave that honor to the mountain lasses, who will enjoy it, and to whom it properly belongs. I only meant to propose that Mr. Laureate should dignify the rustic entertainment by writing a prologue suited to the occasion—a task which his graceful talents could accomplish most appropriately and agreeably."

I was profoundly snubbed, angry, and confused. Not as her chosen knight, with steed and lance, was I to appear in the lists, but as the pitiful poetaster of the day, the poor minne-singer whose duty was to flatter and extol the triumphant actors in the gallant strife. This was too much, and I stalked indignant from the room.

Rhoda followed me, and as I was about descending the steps into the lawn, I felt her hand upon my arm.

"Pray, Mr. Laureate, don't resent my thoughtless suggestion as an indignity to your lofty art. Forgive my simplicity, if I have offended."

Forgive!—lofty art!—simplicity! Why, that look and voice flowed over my soul as a stream of golden honey ingulfs some helpless moth.

"Lady Rhoda, your slightest wish shall be my law. My art is honored by your orders, and I was only vexed that the task assigned should be so trivial and easily accomplished."

"I thank you for your polite acquiescence," said she, "but you evidently disdain the task, and I have half a mind to withdraw my request." Then she sighed, and her dark eyes seemed dreamily intent on something a thousand miles away. "For of that grim and barbaric institution, with its fantastic and affected sentiments, its atrocious and inhuman realities, its cruel and vindictive spirit, who would wish to remember any thing except what has been

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dignified and purified by the gentle minstrelsy of the troubadours? And what that royal poet, artist, and chevalier, the good King René of Provence, has so gracefully and charmingly done for the tournaments of his country and generation, I thought might be no unworthy task for the most punctilious poet and gentleman of our own."

I was overwhelmed, and replied, in an imploring tone, "Madam, if I do not drown myself in the Branch within the next hour, the prologue shall certainly be forth-coming."

"Pray, don't think of that; it is not at all chivalric; but do what I bid you;" and with the slightest touch of coquetry in her manner, the widow ungloved her left hand and threw me the tiny gauntlet. "There, my gallant troubadour, is a pen-wiper for you."

Then she retired, and Major Martial gave my hand a friendly wrench, and half whispered: "All open and understood between us, Larry Laureate. A courteous tourney between pen and lance. Let the best man win her, and the loser dance at the wedding."

I returned the soldier's hearty grip, and responded in the same tone. The sense of concealed rivalry which had hitherto haunted and hampered me was now gone. I was free to love and win my lady without violating the laws of friendship, and, in truth, I thought the prospect was not discouraging.

The major and myself walked together to the stables, where we saw Dick Rattlebrain, already mounted, and armed with a dried corn-stalk, charging across the field like a drunken Comanche. There was Augustus too, grasping a bean pole, and arguing in a nervous and undecided manner with the snickering hostler, who was urging him to mount the excited and skittish colt, which he held ready by the bridle.

We ordered our horses, and while awaiting the harnessing, the soldier amicably condescended to give the neophyte some lessons in horsemanship.

"First throw away that stupid pole," said he. "Now mount your horse, and let him understand he carries his master. That accomplished, you will need about ten days' training in the details of his management. Then you may take up the lance and practice with it."

Cockney was happy; and perceiving that I was mounting, the soldier asked if I would join their exercises. I declined, being off for a solitary ride in the woods.

The major winked facetiously. "Rather in the clouds on your famous winged courser. I wish you a fortunate flight."

"And if I should not re-appear for a fortnight, pray make my excuses to Mr. Meadows and the ladies, and permit no inquiries."

The major looked surprised, but not altogether displeased. He promised, and I departed.

Once outside the farm gate, I gave my fancy and my steed the reins, and let them take their own courses. I took the widow's graceful little talisman from my pocket, kissed it, and delivered my soul up to its leading. My horse, naturally enough, wended his way to the next stable he knew of, and I presently found myself in Moorfield, in front of Mullen's Hotel.

A cavalier on a black horse had just left, and as he rode down the street, the stable-boys and idlers on the porch were commenting on them.

"That black mare is the loveliest runner and the sensiblest animal I ever saddled," said one.

"Yes, and he's the steadiest and lightest rider in the valley. I've seed him carry a glass of water on her at full speed, and never spill a drap."

"They say she can outrun a deer in a fair race, and he can shoot one from the saddle, at full speed, as easy as if he was behind a fence. Well, if he enters for the tournament, it's no use for any one else to ride."

"Well, it's more in the mare than the man. Put him on another hoss, and he'll miss like the rest."

"But he trained her, and it's his mare, and how are you going to separate them? He wouldn't sell nor lend her for the best farm in the valley."

"Who is he?" I asked, eagerly.

"That's Raphael, a chap that paints picters, rides at tournaments, and runs about in the mountains."

Piqued with a thought, I piqued my horse with a spur, and presently overtook the subject of this discourse. This was the hero of the Dry Fork romance, and rarely in this world have I found the real presence of a celebrity so satisfactorily fulfill the ideal.

His figure was a model of athletic grace; over the middle height, but not too tall; a mass of blonde ringlets fell upon his manly shoulders; a light peaked beard gave character to a face which might otherwise have been pronounced effeminately handsome; a close-fitting suit of gray jeans set off his fine person to advantage, and he wore his drover's slouch as if it were the plumed sombrero of a Spanish cavalier. His manner was grave, with a distant and formal courtesy which did not belong to the region. The expression of his face was sad and absent, as of one who has dreamed and is disgusted at having been awakened—a soul that has aspired and found its wings clipped—a tropical seed chance-dropped in a chilling clime, which has sprouted and blossomed, but failed to fruit.

I was interested and attracted, and soon melted the ice of his reserve. Our discourse turned upon his mare and the tournament. He lived down the Branch several miles, and was going to exercise at tilting in the

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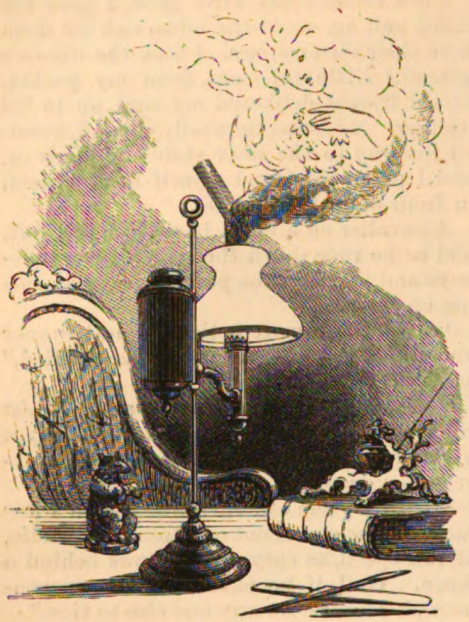

SMOKE.

afternoon. I accepted a cordial invitation to join him, and thereafter we were inseparable for a fortnight.

Raphael lived as a bachelor, with a couple of servants, who attended to his personal wants as bachelors are usually served, but the mare was waited on as if she had been the favorite of an Arab sheik. If the furniture of his house was scanty and dilapidated, there were costly rifles, fowling-pieces, fishing rods, and abundance of dogs to atone for all deficiencies. There was also a confusion of books, tobacco-pipes, unfinished paintings (of no especial merit), and masses of torn and blurred sketches.

With these hints, I found it easy to draw out my host in our after-supper conversation. He had traveled extensively and vagariously, without definite aim or method, just as he had read and worked. His talk was fluent and entertaining. He was an expert in all the sports of the mountains, but a scorner of social restraints and drudgeries; he therefore shunned society and shrunk within himself, useless and misunderstood. Underlying all this there was a romance, of course, but we did not delve deep enough to develop it.

From hunting and tilting our discourse very naturally turned on chivalry.

The classic ancients knew nothing of chivalry. They did not understand the point of honor, and assassinated instead of fighting duels. They were equally ignorant of gallantry toward the fair sex, and condescended to kiss their ladies only for the mean purpose of discovering whether they had been surreptitiously tippling Champagne or anisette. In their wars they relied altogether on their infantry, and from their sculptures and paintings it is evident they nourished a very absurd breed of horses. Even the divine Homer vaunts the prowess of his princes and heroes in blackguard pugilistic encounters, and the great Olympic Games were as vulgar and brutal as the modern exhibitions of Jim Mace and Tom Hyer. The chariot race was inferior in interest to the trotting matches at our agricultural fairs, and there is nothing in history, ancient or modern, to equal in beastliness the public shows of the Roman Colosseum. On the other hand, the Gothic tournament was the most splendid, romantic, and exciting of all the public games and festivals that have ever been established in any age or country; and it was from Asia, that nursery of all that is sublime in imagination, exalted in sentiment, magnificent in display, and thorough-bred in horseflesh, that the *chevaleresque* idea was introduced into Europe, and took root among the ruins of the ancient civilization; for while a man may be brave, patriotic, and even virtuous on foot, it is impossible for him to be gallant, romantic, proud, magnanimous, and, in short, chivalric, without the inspiration of a noble horse. La Croix says: "Le mot, chevalrie, exprime un ensemble de mœurs, d'idées, et de coutoumes, particulier au moyen âge européen, et dont l'analogue ne se retrouve pas dans les annales humaines." It rose in Europe with the Gothic cathedral, closely intertwined with that sublime religion which united in its service all the courage, capacity, and genius of a romantic and wonderful age. Love, faith, and honor were the white angels, lawless pride, lust, and vengeance the fiends, blazoned on its banners. Ossian and the *Nibelungen Lied* sing of chivalry in its lusty, untrammeled, and heroic youth.

When Froissart wrote, the tendency of events had already marked its decline, as the fierce and haughty independence of the feudal noble was quelled by the centralizing power of kings, and the purity of knighthood sullied by the corrupting influences of courts. Yet, even at that period, the romantic idea prevailed that it was essential to a gentleman's character to pay his debts, and men faced fatigues, privations, and death itself rather than fail in their plighted faith.

Then comes the discovery of gunpowder, and, foreshadowing the fact, Ariosto sings how the brave Roland captures a shooting-iron from a felonious governor, and throws the abominable invention into the sea with this indignant exclamation: "Go, base and unworthy weapon, that no true knight may ever use—forged by Beelzebub—whereby cowardice, weakness, and rascality may triumph over strength, courage, and justice!" But the brave Roland was mistaken. Gun-

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powder only cracked the shell and demanded a change of weapons: indeed, it elevated the *rôle* of knighthood by discarding mere brutal strength from the catalogue of chivalric virtues, and exalting the power of courage and justice.

It was really the discovery of printing that killed chivalry, soul and body. Then the power that comes of knowledge passed over to the unarmed people. The unlettered prince could no longer delegate the writing and reading of his letters to a hired varlet, and the doughty Douglas dared no longer boast,

> "Thank Heaven that no son of mine
> Save Gawain ever penned a line."

It became a question of learning to read, instead of learning to ride. Life is not long enough for both. Warriors were superseded by philosophers, tournaments by scholastic disputations; study bowed the stalwart frame, the pen cramped the iron hand, Latin and Greek quelled the passionate energy, while subtleties and dogmas addled the simple brain of knighthood, incidentally engendering more quarrels than all the gunpowder, percussion, and nitro-glycerine since discovered have ever been able to settle. It was the discovery of printing, then, that overturned chivalry, and is undermining many other ancient systems that people don't suspect.

Whatever of knightly spirit remained to the nineteenth century, high-cocked bonnets and Colt's revolvers will certainly exterminate. "The age of chivalry is indeed past."

> "The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

And well may we join with Burke and Coleridge and all the other orators and poets in lamenting the downfall of an institution which, although originating in ignorance and barbarism, and tarnished with vices and abuses, aspired at least to foster all that is pure, exalted, and admirable in the human character—an institution so grand and impressive even in its ruins that Cervantes in ridiculing it has drawn one of the noblest characters in literature, and our young Virginians, in reproducing one of its minor preliminary exercises, enjoy an entertainment far more elegant, exciting, and picturesque than either boating, base-balling, or trotting matches.

The day was bright and warm, but the sultriness of the air was pleasantly relieved by a light breeze which played through the cool gorges of the hill. As our cavalcade wound down the narrow causeway leading to the Ice Mountain, the broad green meadow appeared alive with gay groups of men, women, children, horses, dogs, and carriages, all tending toward or gathered around the great centre of interest. The tournament lists were staked out on a long level of evenly mowed turf some four hundred yards in length, guarded on either side by a railing of rope, and spanned near the further extremity by an arch of evergreen boughs, from the centre of which the ring was suspended. Outside of these lines were double rows of light wagons and carriages, regularly packed and filled with eager spectators. Near the centre were several extensive pavilions, made of wagon covers, bolting-cloths, or more agreeably thatched with fresh green boughs, shading rows of rough plank seats already occupied by the *élite* of the company—rustic dames whose silks and ribbons, or maidens whose delicate cheeks, shunned the scorching sunshine. Between this dress circle and the rope barrier the space was crowded with the undistinguished multitude of leather-faced mountaineers, squatting or lounging upon the grass, of lint-headed, bare-legged children, and sun-proof negroes full of eager hilarity and vociferous expectation. Behind all, barns, stables, sheds, fodder-racks, fence corners, and umbrageous thickets afforded shelter for the four-footed chivalry who were to play the leading part in the amusements of the day. Around the most distinguished of the equine heroes were gathered sub-groups of interested friends and admirers, ministering to their slightest wants with lover-like devotion, and discussing their points and preten-

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS PAST.

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THE PARADE.

sions with hopeful animation. Substantial and refreshing hospitality was gratuitously offered from every carriage, wagon, saddle-bags, and basket on the ground (not to mention individual side pockets), while across the foot-bridge and beside the icy spring solid lunches and a variety of cooling beverages might be had for a very moderate pecuniary consideration.

But while these every-day gratifications might serve to divert the impatience of the expectant multitude, there were many tufted cavaliers and palpitating ladies who could know neither hunger nor thirst until the grand contest was decided.

The hour had come, the trumpet call had sounded. The enlisted knights were already mustered behind the barn. The chief marshal of the tournament, Rhodomont, a handsome fellow, superbly mounted, with peaked beard and flowing locks cultivated expressly for the *rôle*, bobbing with plumes and fluttering with rosettes, with an air of egregious importance, was galloping to and fro, posting his guards, heralds, and pursuivants at their proper stations, consulting with the leader of the brass-band, puffing back the encroaching crowd with a tempestuous voice and manner, honoring some lady with a salute of plumy graciousness soft as a silent flute: a knightly Bottom, who could roar you the "frightful lion" or the "sucking dove" with equal facility and effect, and knew well how to use his powers.

Just at this crisis the party from Meadlands arrived on the ground, and, being strangers, sought some official direction in disposing of ourselves. Judging from the grand paraphernalia of Rhodomont that he was one high in authority, our cavalcade, led by Lady Rhoda and myself, cantered briskly up the lists toward him.

The indignant official wheeled, and shouting, "Clear the lists!" rode toward us, pumping thunder by the way to rebuke the flagrant breach of order. We met in front of the central pavilion, when Rhoda threw up her veil, and with a gracious smile introduced her cavalier as the proposed orator of the day, and all the knights and ladies of her following.

The gallant marshal's broadcloth coat and silken sash were too slight protection against that flashing glance; but had he been cased in Milan steel, he might have fared no better. He waved his baton once, twice, thrice, then leaped to the ground, and his gay panache swept the turf. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the first piece on the list. Heralds, grooms, and attendants came running up from all quarters. The exclamations and questionings of the crowd swelled into a regular "hurrah." The ladies were lightly and gracefully dismounted, and their horses led away. Choice seats had been reserved in the green pavilion, and a sweep of the chief's broadsword removed the rope barriers from their path.

As Rhoda ascended the steps all the men and boys within range jostled each other and stretched their necks to catch a glimpse, while all the rosy cheeks turned pale with curious envy.

The music ceased, the vocal murmurs died away. The orator and knights remounted to join the muster behind the barn, when a familiar voice in the crowd spoke up: "Hit's worth me long ride jist to have got another sight of her. Gals, hit's no use figurin' now who'll be crowned. The real

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queen has come." The speaker was Jake Nelson, the gallant volunteer of the Dry Fork.

Again the signal bugle was blown, and a troop of forty horsemen burst into the lists at full gallop. They were received with a storm of drums, trumpets, brass-bands, cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs and banners. Charging through the whole length of the course, they executed some pretty military manœuvres, and wheeling, galloped back to their starting-place. The parade resembled the grand entrée at a circus, or, perhaps, a fancy ball on horseback. The knights were attired variously, according to their whims and pretensions, each wearing some token—a glove, a handkerchief, a ribbon, or bouquet from the lady in whose honor he proposed to risk his neck and exhibit his skill. Two or three were masked, and wore no favors by which they might be distinguished—unknown, perhaps, except to their lady-loves, with whom there had been a secret understanding. Dick Rattlebrain had smeared himself over with umber and Venetian red to personate that famous "youth with flaunting feathers," Hiawatha. Contrary to the advice of his seniors, he also undertook to ride without saddle or stirrups, with only a wolf-skin thrown loosely over his horse's back. Cockney figured as Rob Roy in a Highland costume, admirably adapted to show off his slim legs and knock-knees, but not especially becoming on horseback. The major, for coolness and lightness, appeared all in white, above which his rubicund face glowed like the flame of a candle. Rhoda's colors decorated his cap in the shape of a white and scarlet rosette, and his *nom de guerre* was Bayard.

It would be tiresome to lengthen this catalogue of costumes, which, in truth, were neither very appropriate nor becoming, but which could not conceal entirely the fine athletic figures nor the elegant horsemanship of the cavaliers.

After a moment's breathing the troop was again put in motion, and formed in line in front of the green pavilion to hear the address.

I had studied up my part very carefully, and got through it to the satisfaction of every body, as was evidenced by the cheering, waving of handkerchiefs, and zealous braying of the band at its conclusion. Indeed, I overheard a mountaineer remark he "was mightily obliged to that feller for gittin' through his sermon so quick," that the real fun might begin. But when fair Rhoda bestowed a circlet of laurel woven by her own hand, and praised my effort with warm and intelligent appreciation, I was quite satisfied with my *rôle* of troubadour, and more than pleased with an invitation to occupy a place by her side during the approaching contest.

Still more ceremonies before those popular favorites, the horses, could play their leading part in the game.

A sonorous herald read the rules of the tournament to the assembly, which, omitting details and ceremonies, were substantially as follows: Every knight competing for the prizes was required to enroll his name on the herald's list. Each would ride five courses in turn as his name was called. To make a count he must take the ring fairly on the point of his lance, with his horse at full speed. To him who made the most

THE HIGHLANDER.

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THE EASY-GOING STEED.

counts was adjudged the first prize, which, with the honors of the day, entitled him to choose the queen of the tournament. There were four lighter wreaths, adjudged according to the descending scale of excellence, respectively entitling the winners to crown the first, second, third, and fourth maids of honor to her Majesty the Queen of Love and Beauty. In case of a tie on any of these points, the question was decided by a supplementary ride of three courses. On the spectators generally was enjoined order and silence; any one who should voluntarily confuse or balk a rider in his course would be summarily expelled from the grounds, with a chance for something worse.

Then the judges were posted beside the arch where the ring hung suspended. Heralds to proclaim the count, grooms and attendants to replace the ring when taken off, and to assist any cavalier in case of an accident. Others along the line kept back the eager and excited crowd with drawn sabres, while at the lower end the chief marshal called a roll of the knights, who took their places in line in order as they were named.

During these high and ceremonious proceedings a little by-play decided the fate of one of our champions and friends. The colt ridden by Augustus had become painfully excited with the unwonted noise and display, and the rider, who had been twisting his heels outward until his legs ached, lest the spurs he wore might inadvertently stimulate the beast into some dangerous extravagance, at length intimated to Dick that he would retire behind the barn and take the spurs off. Dick objected strenuously, insisting they would be needed when Cockney came to ride at the ring, but amiably agreed to accompany him to the rear to assist him in soothing and managing his steed, and incidentally to get a little stimulant for himself. Now a man or boy that can't ride is an anomaly in these regions, and as our friends passed a group under a tree, one remarked, "Twig that feller with the cross-barred legs how he sets his critter. Why, he's afeard of her, he is. He can't win nohow."

Stung by this criticism, Cockney dug his heels into the colt's sides, and the next moment lay sprawling on the turf. The grass was soft and clean, so the unhorsed cavalier rose briskly to his feet, and made shift to join in the shout of laughter his mishap had occasioned.

"I say, mister, you can't do nothin' with a hoss like that nohow. Come round here, and I'll show you a hoss you kin ride."

"Can I borrow or hire him?" asked Cockney, eagerly.

"Certainly," said the fellow, "and I'll warrant he's got no bad tricks."

Augustus accompanied his adviser around the barn, followed by a train of gaping boys and negroes.

"There, mister, is a hoss I'm pretty sure you kin manage, and if he should fling you, it won't be a high fall nohow."

The yell of delight that rose from the attendant rabble was a little too much for Cockney's patience. He rushed at the quiz with his lance, but the rascal fled and hid himself in the crowd. Then, crest-fallen and dejected, he took off his spurs, and withdrawing from the tourney, joined the ladies of our party in the pavilion. The younger girls were disposed to tease the dismounted champion, but a glance from Rhoda checked their cruel mirth, and she commended his resolution so gracefully that he was soon at his ease and enjoying the spectacle as much as any of us.

At length all the preliminary ceremonies were concluded, and the game commenced.

The herald, in a loud voice, calls "The Knight of the Mountains." The named champion leaves the ranks and takes his position in the lists, reining up his steed, adjusting himself in the stirrups, couching his lance and fixing his eye on the ring, awaiting the word in statuesque silence. Held in sympathetic expectancy, the whole assembly is silent and motionless. You might hear a bee buzzing or a wren chattering in the barn.

The marshal raises his baton; the trumpet sounds; the herald shouts, "Charge!"

Simultaneously the knight's spurs strike his horse's flanks. He starts with a leap, first into a gallop, then, gathering speed, dashes under the arch at a full run. There

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is a clash, and the cord to which the ring was suspended sways to and fro.

Their tongues are loosed, and some premature shouts are heard, and some fair expectant, overeager and confident, waves her scarf. But the herald at the arch proclaims—a miss. The proclamation is repeated along the line. The attendant replaces the ring, which was only thrown off the hook by a side wipe of the lance. The champion wheels his steed and rides back to his post—a little sheepish, perhaps, but nodding to his lady as he passes. "Better luck next time. He rode bravely, if he didn't win," she whispers to her neighbor, apologetically.

So rode half a dozen others, missing successively, but in a manner that promised better when they had got the "hang" of the new ground.

Then came Hiawatha's turn, who entered the lists with a gallant confidence that won him good wishes from all quarters. His charge was superb, and he carried away the ring. The heralds doubled their voices as they proclaimed "Ring." The shouts of the assembly woke the echoes in the mountains, and drowned even the triumphant music of the band, and the thunder of the big drum. The successful knight rode back to his post, saluted by waving handkerchiefs and exclamations of applause, which he returned with a wild Indian war-whoop.

"That was most admirably done," said Rhoda, with animation. "Miss Primrose will wear the crown, undoubtedly."

"Perhaps," replied Prudence, coolly. "If her champion don't lose his head with his first success."

"It has just begun," said Lilly Meadows, "and the Black Knight has not yet appeared."

"And who is the Black Knight?"

"Oh! at all the tournaments there is invariably a Black Knight that comes in toward the last, masked and mysterious, who, if he wins, crowns some lady that no one has thought of. The trouble up here is that one Black Knight always wins, and then he can't be mysterious, for his horse is better known than his person, which he never shows in society; but I would recognize him a mile off."

"'A soldier riding from the wars,
The sun did shine most clearly;
The lady knew him by his horse,
Because she loved him dearly.'"

Lilly blushed, and said, gayly, "But your poet leaves us in doubt whether the lady's eye-sight was sharpened by love for the soldier or the horse."

"I'll leave you to solve that doubt, Miss Lilly"—for I had reason to know the person to whom she alluded—"and perhaps—"

The lady blushed still redder, and silenced me with a significant look toward her father.

Just then a colored servant advanced through the crowd and handed me a sealed note. I excused myself to the ladies, and withdrew to read the contents of the mysterious missive. At the moment the welkin rang again with shouts of applause. The major had gallantly taken the ring, and returning, saluted Rhoda as he passed.

"You'll be queen," said Prudence, "for your champion returns calm as a summer morning."

Rhoda smiled, but answered, "Indeed, I hope not, although the major rides so gallantly, and really merits the gratification of success. I would prefer not to wear the crown."

"Perhaps it would please you better from some other hand?"

The widow replied, with quiet dignity, "Oh no, not at all. I was only thinking of the gratification that others would miss, while to me the pleasure would be nothing—rather an embarrassment."

"I believe you are sincere as generous, dear Rhoda," said Lilly, laying her hand on her friend's shoulder, and half whispering, in an agitated voice, "I am sure the major won't win, for there's the Black Knight."

"And who is he?" again asked Rhoda.

Mr. Meadows looked vexed, and was silent. Lilly made no answer, so absorbed was she in the entrance of the new cavalier.

HIAWATHA.

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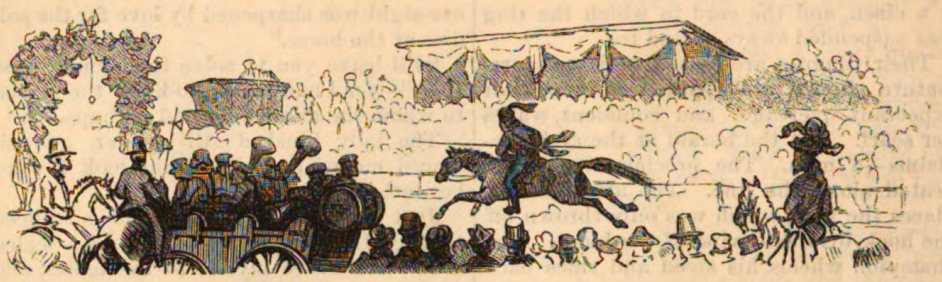


THE CHARGE.

"The Unknown!" cried the herald. The trumpet sounded "Charge!" The black champion flashed over the course with a speed and grace that elicited an uproar of applause even before the result was proclaimed.

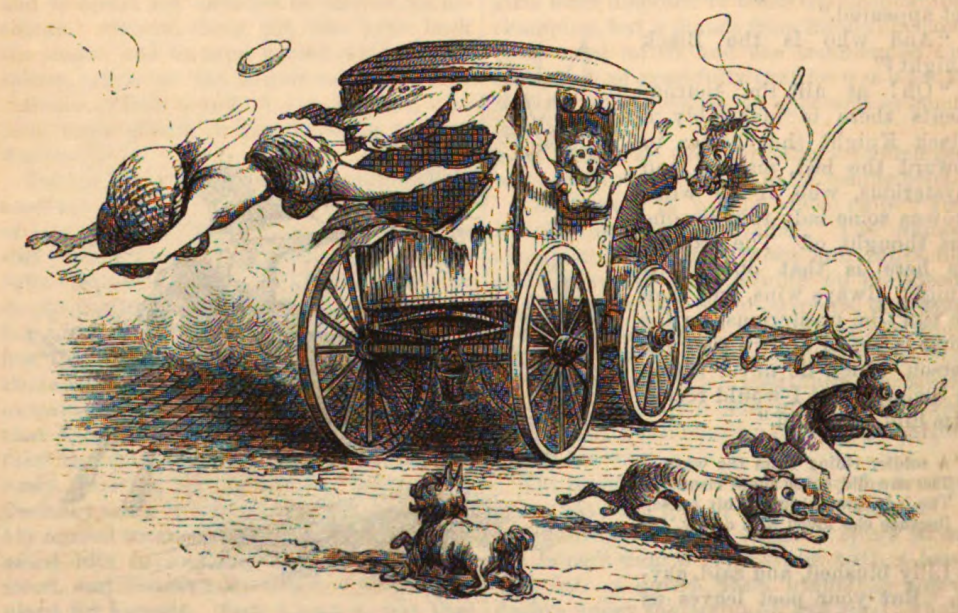
"Ring!" shouted the herald, endeavoring to make his voice heard above the tumult.

"Ring, of course," exclaimed Lilly Meadows, clapping her hands with undisguised delight. "He never misses."

The tremor of the first essay being over, the riding grew better at every round. The major was cool and steady, and made four counts, losing the fifth only by an accidental slip of his stirrup. The Knight of the Mountains, recovering from his first miss, made four successive counts also. Hiawatha, riding bare-back, had a second and a third success, growing wilder and more excited at each round. His reckless spirit seemed to communicate itself to his horse. The animal became restive and unruly, and on the fourth round swerved from the course, striking and nearly upsetting the arch, and, plunging headlong against the dash-board of a carriage, fell back upon his haunches. The rider shot from his slippery back like a bolt from a catapult, whizzing through the carriage and out at the back curtain, sprawling on the grass ten feet beyond. The women screamed, the men swore. The appalled spectators rushed forward to gather up the corpse, with its head in a lunch basket.

"His head is clean smashed and his brains running out," cried one. "A doctor! a doctor!"

Half a dozen rural practitioners responded to the call. The chief marshal and heralds declared there was nothing the matter, and ordered people to keep their places. Meanwhile the body had been seized by four men, when it began to kick and struggle violently. A skillful village surgeon extricated the basket. The patient's head was a fearful sight—a horse-tail and broken feathers kneaded up in a four-pound mass of soft butter, the whole sauced over with a half gallon of piccalilli. One of the doctors gave the figure a sharp shaking to discover if any bones were broken. The experiment only developed a smothered oath. The skillful practitioner then perforated the



TAKING LUNCH WITHOUT AN INVITATION.

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THE QUEEN.

buttery coating with the mouth of a pocket flask. Some normal movements of the throat and chest were pronounced flattering symptoms. Another suggested bleeding.

"Bleed thunder!" cried the knight. "Catch my horse, and scrape this cursed butter off my head."

The doctor turned the patient over to half a dozen officious negroes, who led him off to a thicket near the bank of the river, whence plain Richard Rattlebrain returned in half an hour, cooled off, and clad in his traveling costume, and declaring to the ladies this was the most disagreeable scrape he had ever had.

Meanwhile, as soon as it was ascertained that no lives were lost, the riding was resumed. It was contested bravely, but the mysterious black rider was proclaimed victor of the tournament. The inferior prizes were adjusted satisfactorily, the major receiving the second. The chief marshal complimented the victors in a neat speech, and then the wreaths were respectively distributed. Then, while the band played "The girl I left behind me," the Black Knight, bearing the crown on the end of his lance, started to ride slowly around the course.

There were many expectant and palpitating hearts in the dress circle, but the interest seemed to be chiefly concentrated in and around the Meadland party. Mr. Meadows looked grave and vexed; Lilly, conscious and fluttering; the widow, relieved and patronizingly amiable, whispered encouragement to her younger friend.

The dark cavalier, as seemed to have been generally anticipated, stopped opposite the group, and slowly lowering the point of his lance, electrified the circle by dropping the crown at Rhoda's feet. The trumpets pealed, and the crowd joined in approving acclamations.

The widow hastily rose up, and blushed redder than a rose. She was actually confused.

Lilly Meadows, surprised and mystified, drew down her veil to hide her agitation. The father, smiling, lifted the wreath to place it on the lady's head.

"It is a mistake," said Rhoda, firmly. "It was clearly intended for Lilly."

"No," said Mr. Meadows. "It has a handkerchief embroidered with your cipher attached to it. It is yours, and the victor awaits your acceptance."

Rhoda's hand trembled as she took and recognized the handkerchief. "Where did this come from? I lost it weeks ago, I don't know where. But where is—" Then, recovering her self-possession, she said, with calm dignity, "Sir Knight, I thank you for this compliment, but I can not accept the crown from an unknown cavalier."

The chief marshal whispered to The Unknown, who dismounted, and ascending the steps, kneeled at the lady's feet, at the same time throwing back the mask and hood that concealed his features.

The widow sunk back, and clasping her hands over her burning face, exclaimed, passionately, "Mr. Laureate! can it be possible?"

Then, calmly and proudly, I took the wreath, and with my own hands crowned my glorious queen.

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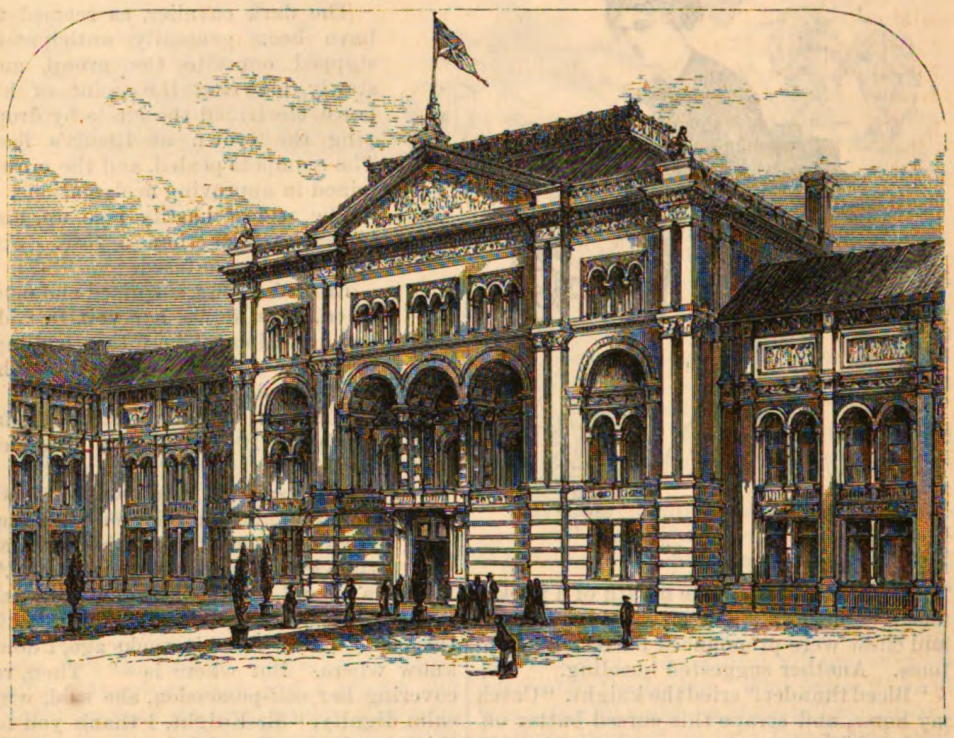
THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

[First Paper.]



SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

"COME," said my friend Professor Omnium, one clear morning, "let us take an excursion round the world!" My friend is a German, and he has such a calm familiarity with the unconditioned and the impossible, that a suggestion which, coming from another, would appear astounding, from him appears normal. This time, however, I look through his spectacles to see if his eyes have not a merry twinkle: they are quite serene. Visions of the new Parisian play entitled *Round the World in Eighty Days*, thoughts of Puck and excursion tickets, rise before me, and I gravely pronounce the word "Impossible."

"But," says the professor, "Kant declares that it is too bold for any man, in the present state of our knowledge, to pronounce that word."

"My dear friend," said I, "it is among my dreams one day to visit India, China, Japan, California; but at present you might as well ask me to go with you to the moon."

"You misunderstand," replies Professor Omnium: "I do not propose to leave London. We can never go round the world, except in a small, limited way, if we leave London. How much does an excursionist in India see of that country? Only a few cities, a few ruins, and the outside of some old temples, and he only sees a little of them. I staid in Rome three days once—all the time I had there—trying to get a glimpse of some antiquarian treasures in the Bocca della Verita Church: first day, the church was closed to all outsiders by regulation; second day, the building was occupied by a pious crowd, and services were going on from daybreak to midnight; third day was so dark and rainy that I couldn't see any thing. On my way back I met a man who had been in Nuremberg a week, trying to see its old shrines; he had seen many priests, but only caught glimpses, generally through railings, of one or two shrines, and the net result of his journey was represented in fifty photographs, just a little inferior to my own collection of the same—bought in Regent Street. I tell you, Sir, there are few greater humbugs than this traveling about to see Objects (with a big O) of Interest. It's expensive. Somebody says most travelers carry ruins to ruins, but the purses they carry away are the worst ruins of all. A man may well travel to see the world of men and women, but so far as art and antiquity are concerned, he who goes away from London shall have the experience of the boy in the fable who dreamed about the beautiful blue hills on the horizon until he left his

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own flinty hill-side and journeyed to them; he found them flintier than his own, and looking back, saw his own hill to be bluest after all."

"Ah, then," I put in—when Omnium is talking it is well to put in when one can—"you begin by asking me to go round the world, and end with sneering at all my dreams of India and Japan—"

"Not a bit of it," cried the professor; "but ten thousand people and a dozen governments have been at infinite pains and expense to bring the cream of the East and of the West to your own doors: you turn your back, and pine for the skim-milk. Yesterday I was talking with Dr. Downingrue, an amiable and learned gentleman, who has been an official in the India House here for twenty years, and was lately given furlough for a year. That year he passed in Turkey and Persia. He told me that he wished to see a certain sacred book, written in ancient Zend, curiously illustrated with the most ancient pictures in the world, one of them possibly a portrait of the great Zoroaster himself. It was, he had heard, kept in the archives of the city of Bam Buzel, and he went a journey of three days and nights in a wagon to see and examine its text. Fancy his disgust at finding only an entry that the volume in question had been removed by order of the Shah in 1855, and that the Keeper of the Archives knew nothing whatever of its whereabouts. I took Downingrue by the hand, led him up one flight of stairs, and took down the old Zend book from its shelf there in Downing Street, where it had remained quietly, twenty feet over his head, while he worked twenty years for freedom to go searching for it in Persia! Now I heard you talking a few evenings ago about your hopes of one day seeing Shiraz and Mecca, the Topes in India, and the great Daiboots Buddha in Japan. I have called this morning to say, firstly, Don't! secondly, Come, go round the world with me here in London! There is in the South Kensington Museum as noble a Buddha as that at Daiboots, which hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have journeyed for weeks to see: you have only to walk fifteen minutes to see it—not a copy either, but the huge bronze itself. You may travel through Mexico, Peru, and Chili for ten years, and in all that time never see one-hundredth part of the vestiges of their primitive life and history which you shall see in the British Museum. Greece?—and be captured by brigands. Professor Newton has Greece under lock and key, from Diana's Temple to the private accounts of Pericles. Assyria?—you go, and find that the human heart of it has migrated; you come back, and George Smith reconstructs it for you—"

There was no sign that Omnium was ever coming to an end: the only way of stopping him is surrender; and it was not long before we were making our pilgrimage through Stone Age and Bronze Age, as recovered by the ages of Iron and Gold, and still more by the ages of Art and Science. The professor held a very positive theory that to travel round the world profitably, you must first travel up to it, assimilating its past ages. Two recent stories had taken a strong hold on his imagination. One was about a learned historian of his own Germany who had resolved that it was essential to the complete culture of his little son that the child should begin where the world began, believe implicitly in its fetiches, follow them till they changed to anthropomorphic gods and goddesses, these again till the Christian wand transformed them to fairies and demons, and so on. By this means the historian meant that his boy should bear in his individual periods of life corresponding periods in the growth of the race, and sum up at last the long column in a total of rational philosophy; but the boy is now growing old, and at last accounts had got only as far as Roman Catholicism, and there—stuck! The other story which haunted Omnium's mind came from California, and was to the effect that upon the head of a woman in mesmeric sleep there was laid the fossil tooth of a mammoth, whereupon she at once gave as graphic a description of the world the extinct animal had inhabited when alive as could have been given by any paleontologist. "Both good stories, eh!" said the professor, with a hearty laugh; "almost as good as Pilpay's fables: both of them fictitious notions ending in phantasies; but both, so to speak, prophetic types of what real science with real materials enables us to do to-day. We can, indeed, 'interview' the mammoth, as you Americans say; we can hang his portrait on our walls along with our other ancestors; and we can assimilate the education of the human race, not by beginning with being assimilated by its embryonic ages, risking failure to pick through the egg-shell at last, but by bringing to bear the lens of imagination, polished by science, and carrying so a cultured human vision through all the buried City of Forms."

Since the few mornings when I had the pleasure of rambling with my German friend in the two great museums of London and listening to his raptures I have passed a great deal of time in those institutions, and with a growing sense that his enthusiasm was not misplaced. Indeed, so far as the museum at South Kensington is concerned—to which the present paper is especially devoted—to study it with care, and then stand in it intelligently, must, one would say, convey to any man a sense of his own eternity. Vista upon vista! The eye never reaches the farthest end in the past from

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which humanity has toiled upward, its steps traced in fair victories over chaos, nor does it alight on any historic epoch not related to itself: the artist, artisan, scholar, each finds himself gathering out of the dust of ages successive chapters of his own spiritual biography. And even as he so lives the Past from which he came over again, he finds, at the converging point of these manifold lines of development, wings for his imagination, by which he passes on the aerial track of tendency, stretching his hours to ages, living already in the Golden Year. There is no other institution in which an hour seems at once so brief and so long. A few other European museums may surpass this in other specialties than its own; though when the natural history collections of the British Museum have been transferred to their new abode, one will find at its door a collection of that kind not inferior to the best with which Agassiz and others have enriched the Swiss establishments; but no other museum has so well classified and so well lighted an equal variety and number of departments and objects representing that which is its own specialty—Man as expressed in the works that embody his heart and genius.

The museum has been in existence about eighteen years. Its buildings and contents have cost the nation about one million pounds: an auction held on the premises to-day could not bring less than ten millions. Such a disproportion between outlay and outcome has led some to regard South Kensington as a peculiarly fortunate institution; but there has been no luck in its history. Success, as Friar Bacon reminds us, is a flower that implies a soil of many virtues. If magnificent collections and invaluable separate donations have steadily streamed to this museum, so that its buildings are unceasingly expanding for their reception, it is because the law of such things is to seek such protection and fulfill such uses as individuals can rarely provide for them. I remarked once to a gentleman, who did as much as any other to establish this museum, that I had heard with pleasure of various American gentlemen inquiring about it, and considering whether such an institution might not exist in their own country, and he said: "Let them plant the thing and it can't help growing, and most likely beyond their powers—as it has been almost beyond ours—to keep up with it. What is wanted first of all is one or two good brains, with the means of erecting a good building on a piece of ground considerably larger than is required for that building. The good brains will be sure to recognize the fact that we have been doing a large part of their work for them at South Kensington. It is no longer a matter of opinion or of discussion how a building shall be constructed for the purpose of exhibiting pictures and other articles. The laws of it are fixed as the multiplication table. Where there have been secured substantial, luminous galleries for exhibition, in a fire-proof building, and these are known to be carefully guarded by night and day, there can be no need to wait long for treasures to flow into it. Above all, let your men take care of the interior, and not set out with wasting their strength and money on external grandeur and decoration. The inward built up rightly, the outward will be added in due season."

There is no presumption in the claim of the curators and architects of the South Kensington Museum that their building can not be "inwardly" improved. For it must be borne in mind that every difficulty that could conceivably present itself had to be solved by them in its extreme form: they had to deal with the gloomiest and dampest climate and the smokiest city in the world, and, *a fortiori*, they have solved every difficulty that can arise under less dismal skies. Nevertheless, this museum need not rest upon the claims made in its behalf by any authority. No statement can be so instructive and impressive as its own history, so far as that history exists; for, great as is the success it has attained, there is no one aspect of it which, if examined, does not reveal that it is rapidly growing to a larger future. I applied to the man who sells photographs at the entrance for pictures of the main buildings. He had none. "What, no photograph of the South Kensington Museum!" I exclaimed, with some impatience. "Why, Sir," replied the man, mildly, "you see, the museum doesn't stand still long enough to be photographed." And so, indeed, it seems; and this constant addition of new buildings and of new decorations on those already erected is the physiognomical expression of the rapid growth and expansion of the new intellectual and æsthetic epoch which called the institution into existence, and is through it gradually climbing to results which no man can foresee.

In a graphic article published some years ago Mr. Henry Cole described (what it is almost impossible for the Londoner of to-day to realize) the condition of this metropolis at the beginning of the century. The only institution which then existed for preserving any object of art or science was the British Museum, which was founded in 1753, in which year a sum of £300,000 was raised by lottery to purchase certain collections—as that of Sir Hans Sloane, and the Cotton MSS.—over the drawing of which lottery (100,000 tickets at three pounds each), at Guildhall, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Archbishop of Canterbury presided! But this sole institution excited the very smallest

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interest in the country, and so late as forty years ago Crooker jeered in Parliament at Bloomsbury as a *terra incognita*, and Carlyle's brilliant friend and pupil, Charles Buller, wrote an article describing a voyage of exploration he had made to that region, with some account of the curious manners and customs of the inhabitants. "About a hundred visitors a day on an average," says Mr. Henry Cole (there were nearly 700,000 visitors to the British Museum in 1874), "in parties of five persons only, were admitted to gape at the unlabeled 'rarities and curiosities' deposited in Montague House. The state of things outside the British Museum was analogous. Westminster Abbey was closed except for divine service, and to show a closet of wax-work. Admittance to the public monuments in St. Paul's and other churches was irksome to obtain, and costly: even the Tower of London could not be seen for less than six shillings. The private picture-galleries were most difficult of access, and, for those not belonging to the upper ten thousand, it might be a work of years to get a sight of the Grosvenor and Stafford collections. No national gallery existed, and Lord Liverpool's government refused to accept the pictures offered by Sir Francis Bourgeois, now at Dulwich, even on condition of merely housing them. The National Portrait Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the Geological Museum were not even conceived. Kew Gardens were shabby and neglected, and possessed no museum. Hampton Court Palace was shown, by a fee to the housekeeper, one day in the week. No public schools of art or science existed in the metropolis or the seats of manufacture. The Royal Academy had its annual exhibition on the first and second floors of Somerset House, in rooms now used by the Registrar-General, whose functions then had no existence. It was only at the British Institution or at Christie's auction-rooms that a youthful artist like Mulready could chance to see the work of an old master, as he has often told us. Dr. Birckbeck had not founded the present Mechanics' Institute in Southampton Buildings, and the first stone of the London University, in Gower Street, was not laid. Not a penny of the public taxes was devoted to national education. Hard drinking was as much a qualification for membership of the Dilettanti Society as the nominal one of a tour in Italy. Men's minds were more anxiously engaged with bread riots and corn laws, Thistlewood's conspiracy and Peterloo massacres, Catholic emancipation and rotten boroughs, than with the arts and sciences, for the advancement of which, in truth, there was hardly any liking, thought, or opportunity."

This being the condition of London, the state of things in other parts of the United Kingdom may easily be inferred. There are now fifteen important public museums and art galleries in or near London. The ancient buildings of interest are shown without fees. Nearly a million people visited a single one of these museums last year. There are seven large schools for art training in London alone, and 125 in the whole country, while the official report for 1874 gives 2811 as the number of schools in which art is taught, 281,400 as the number of art pupils, and 157,635 as the number of works that issued from them in the same year.

Public interest in the treasures of art and science in London—whose extent was unknown to any one—first manifested itself in 1835, when Parliament caused an inquiry to be made into the state of the British Museum; a second committee inquired in 1847, a third in 1859. The result of these inquiries was a series of ponderous Blue-books, which few ever saw, but which that few studied very carefully. It finally burst upon the country that the British Museum and its collections had up to 1860 cost three millions of pounds, and that it was "in hopeless confusion, valuable collections wholly hidden from the public, and great portions of others in danger of being destroyed by damp and neglect." The commissioners of 1859 who made this report also pointed out the cause of the evils they recognized. The museum was in the hands of forty-seven trustees, each of whom seemed to think that there were plenty to manage the affair without his concerning himself individually in the matter. Never was costlier broth so near being spoiled by multiplicity of cooks, when Panizzi, by a sort of *coup d'état*, brought a strong executive control to bear upon it. It is a singular fact that even now the British government does not formally adopt the British Museum. The vote for supplies of its ways and means is given each year on a motion made by a member sitting on the opposition benches. During Mr. Gladstone's administration it was made by the Right Hon. S. Walpole, a trustee of the museum; and now that Disraeli is in power, it will be made probably by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, also a trustee. The money is supplied grudgingly. There can hardly be found elsewhere men of such eminence in their own departments as Professor Newton, Reginald Stuart Poole, and George Smith (the young Assyriologist); there can be found none who have done such enormous work in bringing order out of chaos in the British Museum; yet they receive, I believe, salaries averaging five hundred pounds for labors that would be underpaid at twice that sum. The present condition of this museum is, indeed, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the plan of governing such institutions through a large body of trustees. The vast growth of its collections has crowded its literary and scientific employés into miser-

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able unventilated cells, and their murmurings of years have until now been unheeded. When the first victim, the Talmudic scholar, Emanuel Deutsch, was dying, he said, "Perhaps when I am gone they will do something." This was the hope of the thirty-eight scholars buried alive in the printed-book department. He died, and nothing was done. Then fell the second victim, Mr. Warren, head of the transcribing department. This caused a panic. The readers of the reading-room, many of whom suffer from the now medically recognized "Museum headache," took the matter up. The trustees visited the room where the two scholars had perished, and condemned it. But several rooms only a little better are still used, and Mr. Ralston, the eminent Sclavonist writer, has barely saved his life by resigning a post he had held in the museum for over twenty years. That this huge building has become too small for its contents and its original purpose indicates the vast progress of English science in recent years. Much relief will be afforded, no doubt, by the removal of the vast zoological collections to South Kensington. The final result will be that the British Museum will be specialized, and become the treasury of the national archives and the national library. The tens of thousands of old prints and curious manuscripts hidden away for years will emerge. If the forty-seven trustees shall be removed along with other fossils, the great museum will be a model for the capitals of nations; but it is not now, and will be still less then, an institution adapted for the benefit of the non-literary multitude.

As for the matter of payment, it certainly constitutes the gravest problem besetting institutions of this character. The best work done for literature, art, and science (so far as they are connected with the state) is done on small salaries, a thousand pounds being considered a vast sum for great men. Even such men as Huxley, Tyndall, and Lockyer get less than that. But these gentlemen all feel the danger that might arise if such work became so well paid as to allure the incompetent, and its offices become objects of political intrigue. At present no country is so well served in such matters as England, such men as those mentioned being content with small salaries because of the ample means of research afforded them. And indeed it would appear enough to prevent the offices for scientific and other work of an intellectual character being sought for gain if some clever statesman would invent a way of paying the additional sums needed "in kind," but in some kind also not transmutable into values for other than the learned. It must be admitted that thus far no English minister has appreciated the necessity that scholars should have salaries sufficiently large to raise them above anxiety, and to render unnecessary the too frequent frittering away of invaluable time and power in a multiplicity of extraneous and lucrative employments.

The redemption of the British Museum, so far as it has proceeded, as well as the establishment of nearly every institution of importance to art or science in the country, was due to the instruction by example represented in the South Kensington Museum. This institution, it is important to remember, did not grow out of any desire to heap curiosities together or to make any popular display; it grew out of a desire for industrial art culture, and the germ of it was the School of Design which opened in a room of Somerset House, June 1, 1837. This poor little school is now a thing to make fun of. It took over a month for it to obtain the eight pupils with which it began. The first act of its regulators seems to have been a rule that "drawing the human figure shall *not* be taught to the students." Haydon insisted that there could be no training without the human figure. The government did not want artists, but men who could draw such patterns as should render it no longer necessary for English manufacturers to go to Lyons and Paris for such. Etty and Wilkie sat in the council beside silk-weavers and portly warehousemen. Fine-art students were actually excluded—this mainly because of the cry that the government would otherwise be taking bread out of the mouths of private teachers—and the School of Design in 1842 consisted of 178 pattern-drawers. Schools of a similar character were gradually established in some of the provincial manufacturing cities. And there had been about ten years of this sort of thing when the great Exhibition of 1851–52 took place.

The great Exhibition may be termed, so far as English art is concerned, the great revolution. Such a display of "florid and gorgeous tinsel," to use Redgrave's description, was never seen, unless in the realms of King Coffee. The articles from the Continent were glittering and showy enough, but those of Great Britain outglittered all, exciting the laughter of cultivated foreigners to such an extent that English gentlemen were scandalized and abashed without knowing precisely what was the matter. The Prince Consort, who was especially ashamed at the general disgust manifested for this tawdry English work, had brought with him from his careful training in Germany and at Brussels one excellent habit—that of deferring to the judgment of accomplished men in matters relating to their own specialties. When he found himself, as Chief Commissioner of the great Exhibition, the hero of a great æsthetic failure and of a great financial success—blushing for the

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fame of the country which had bestowed its highest honor upon him, and at the same time contemplating a net surplus of £170,000 —the idea took possession of him that the least the money could do would be to begin the work of raising English work from the abyss of ugliness which had been so admirably disclosed; and that idea led him to consult artists of ability and men of taste, and to mediate between them and her Majesty's complacent ministers, whom he managed to rouse into a happy state of bewilderment, which resulted in action.

The Prince Consort was, during his brief life, a fortunate man in many respects, but in nothing was he so fortunate as when, inspired by the best artistic minds in England, he induced the Queen to set apart some rooms at Marlborough House (now the residence of the Prince of Wales) for an industrial art collection and for art training, and when he persuaded her ministers to devote £5000 to the same purpose. He has thus made the great head-quarters of British art in some sense his monument. In 1852 the small collection of the School of Design in Somerset House was removed to Marlborough House, and the Board of Trade confided to Owen Jones, R. Redgrave, and Lyon Playfair the work of reorganizing the whole art training of the country. The collection transferred from Somerset House was trifling enough, but now there were added a number of articles that had been purchased from the Exhibition, and a still more remarkable collection which has a curious history. After the French Revolution, when the infuriated people were prepared to destroy not only the *noblesse*, but the works associated with them, fine cabinets and beautiful china vanished out of Paris. At this time George IV.'s French cook gathered up a superb collection of old Sèvres china which had long been distributed through the English palaces, and was even used for ordinary table service. This porcelain was, by the Queen's order, removed from the various palaces to Marlborough House, where it was at once recognized as the finest existing collection of a class of articles which was already exciting that competition among collectors which at present amounts to a mania. But the Queen's best loan was her example. Ministers took up the matter with unwonted courage. Mr. Henley, of the Board of Trade, secured the Bandinell pottery, Mr. Gladstone the Gherardini models, and the precedent was set which has since added the Bernal, Soulages, Soltikoff, Pourtalès, and other collections—one of the most curious being that of the Rev. Dr. Bock, a collection of mediæval religious vestments. These statesmen did, indeed, blunder now and then, and in one or two cases it was found that the secret agent of the British Museum was

HENRY COLE.

bidding for some treasure against the secret agent of South Kensington—an incident that may contain a hint for American agents. But generally the purchases of the museum have been very fortunate, and I believe that much of this may be attributed to the skill of Henry Cole, who from first to last has been felt in the progress of this museum. While in London Mr. Cole developed a power of getting money for the museum from the stingiest chancellors unknown in the history of the English exchequer. He, with Redgrave, explored Italy, and brought back many valuable treasures of early art.

In 1854 the first report of the newly established Department of Science and Art was laid before Parliament. It was a Blue-book of 642 pages—so much being required for those interests of the country to which the Board of Trade had, in 1836, devoted the half of one page. This report and those which followed bore witness that a new enthusiasm had arisen in England for recovering its lost arts; but they increasingly proved also that the collections evoked from their hiding-places were already overflowing Marlborough House. In one sense this overflowing was of signal advantage, for it enabled the department to send a collection of four hundred beautiful specimens as a circulating museum through the provincial cities—a plan which has been maintained by the museum, and also by the National Gallery of Fine Arts, with excellent results. The commissioners had not at that time, so

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far as their reports show, any notion of localizing the various schools of science and art at South Kensington. Indeed, no such expression as "South Kensington" had existed until 1856, when Earl Granville so christened the "Brompton Boilers," which the government had empowered Mr. Cole to prepare for the transfer of the Marlborough House collection (voting £10,000 for the purpose), and which, with their three boiler-shaped tops, still stand as the seed shell of the Museum. It was little supposed then that the "Mr. Huxley" whom the report of 1856 speaks of as employed to collect specimens on the coast would ever be seated as he is now in a palatial science school at Kensington. There must, however, have been some very far-seeing eyes looking at things in those days, for the commissioners of the great Exhibition of 1851 persuaded the government to add to the Exhibition surplus of £170,000 enough to make £300,000, and to invest the sum in the vast Kensington Gore estate. This estate comprised between twenty-five and thirty acres of land, about eleven of which belong to the museum, but all plainly destined to become a great metropolis of science and art. This arrangement took place when Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The removal of the collections of Marlborough House to South Kensington, and the establishment of the new movement in a centre of its own, with room to grow, was speedily followed by a grand event, namely, the donation by Mr. Sheepshanks of his superb collection of pictures to the nation. Mr. Sheepshanks supplies to gentlemen who wish to benefit the public about as good an example as they can find in modern annals. For many years he had welcomed artists to study and copy in the gallery opening from his dining-room, which so many of them now remember as an oasis in the wilderness which surrounded them thirty years (or less) ago. But the owner of this gallery had observed that the Philistines of Parliament were still very strong: they had once refused to accept even a valuable collection of pictures (as already stated) from unwillingness to house them, and although they had got beyond that, and thankfully accepted the Vernon Gallery, he saw that the arrangements for giving shelter to this gallery were made very slowly. (They are not completed even yet, in 1875; the National Gallery has a large portion of its Turner and its Vernon bequests housed at South Kensington, and a much larger portion of them hid away in its crypt, awaiting the hour when England shall find out the magnificent works of which it is the heir by seeing them on the new walls which are rising so slowly.) Mr. Sheepshanks resolved to see his gallery—which was worth even then a hundred thousand pounds—attended to while he was yet alive. He offered his pictures to the country on the following conditions: that a suitable building should be erected at Kensington (which would remove them from the dust and smoke of the city); that they should never be sold; must be open to art students, and at times to the public; and that the public, especially the working classes, should be permitted to view the same on Sunday afternoons. The government assented to all of these conditions except the last, and Mr. Sheepshanks was reluctantly compelled to add to that provision the words, "it being, however, understood that the exhibition of the collection on Sundays is not to be considered one of the conditions of my gift."

Having thus summed up the history of the museum, it remains for me to consider its three aspects—(1) as to architecture and decoration; (2) its collections of objects; (3) its educational or art-training method and character.

The accompanying map will show the series of buildings at South Kensington, with part of the area on which the great Exhibition of 1851–52 was situated. This latter area is much larger than that covered by the buildings here presented, and when the Natural History Museum is completed, there will exist to the west of Exhibition Road a park of about ten acres, holding at the north the Royal Albert Hall, at the south the museum last mentioned, and between these, on either side, the long line of arcade buildings hitherto used for the National Portrait Gallery, for the display of machinery during exhibitions, for horticultural shows, and hereafter to be further utilized for the exhibition of the historical and other patents now being transferred from their very inadequate shelter indicated on this ground-plan. The grounds inside of this second series of buildings are beautifully adorned with statues and fountains, and will remain in the future, as they have been in the past, a favorite promenade, entered from any of the buildings mentioned, and in summer always bright with flowers, with music, and gay companies.

In our ground-plan the more deeply shaded parts will serve to indicate the temporary iron structures which are destined to disappear gradually. The chief interest at present gathers around the building containing the courts. It was designed by the late Captain Fowke, of the Royal Engineers, and, I believe, there is no other building in this country which is so universally admitted to be perfect for its purpose. The task assigned Captain Fowke was to build a picture-gallery eighty-seven feet long by fifty wide, with two floors, the upper to be lighted from above, and the lower open to the light from side to side, and to make the whole as near fire-proof as possible. The building is thirty-four feet above the ground-line to

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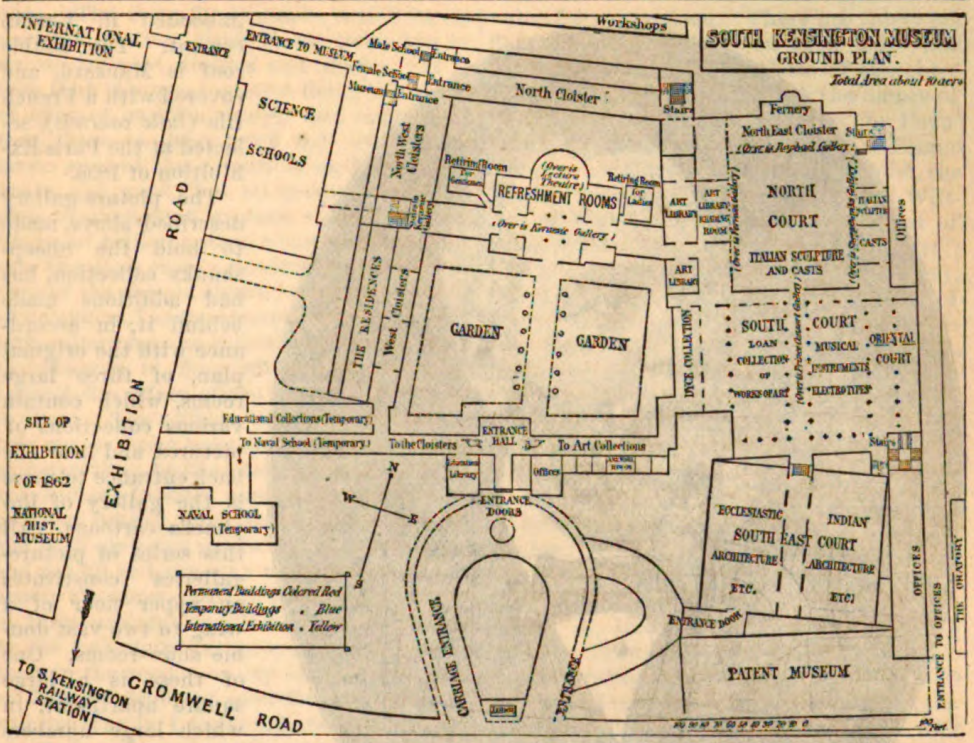

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM—GROUND-PLAN.

the eaves, and fifty to the ridge, and consists of seven equal bays, twelve feet in length and of the width of the building. The upper floor contains four separate rooms, two of forty-six by twenty feet, the others of thirty-five by twenty feet, lighted entirely from the roof, and giving a wall space of 4340 square feet available for hanging pictures. The lower floor is thrown into two unequal rooms of forty-six by forty-four feet and thirty-five by forty-four feet, each having a row of piers along the centre, the play of light from side to side being thus nearly unimpeded. Thus the upper floor has no windows, but as much wall space as possible, while the lower has no walls, but piers, as is demanded for the exhibition of objects in cases. The roof is double glazed, and the rule of lighting is that the height and width of the gallery should be the same, and the skylight half of the same. This renders it always easy for the spectator to avoid the glitter point on a picture, as may be seen by the accompanying diagram. The glitter point, altering with the position of the beholder, is at B, nine feet from the floor, when the beholder is at E_2, or five feet from the wall; and the glitter descends to C, seven feet from the floor, when the beholder advances to E_3. But if the spectator can recede to fifteen feet, the wall has no glitter up to thirteen feet. The sky-light at South Kensington is brought as near as is consistent with avoiding glitter, and is twenty feet nine and a half inches from the floor. Just below the sky-light run horizontal gas pipes, with fish-tail burners projecting on two-inch brass elbows, and the light at night is as nearly as possible the same as in the day. When the gas was first put in this building there occurred an interesting controversy

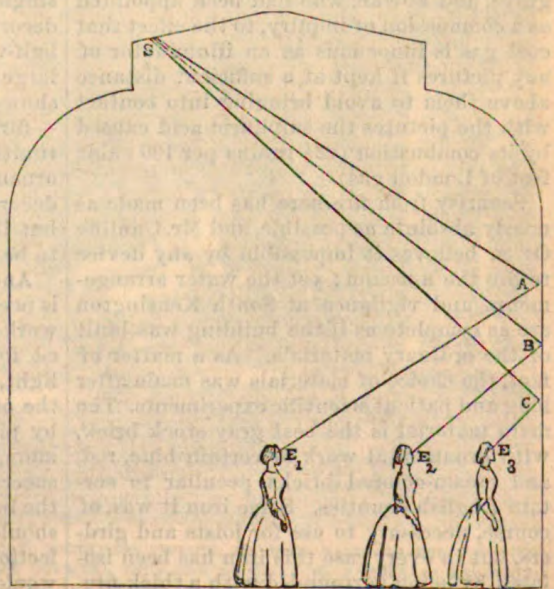

DIAGRAM SHOWING GLITTER POINTS IN A PICTURE-GALLERY.

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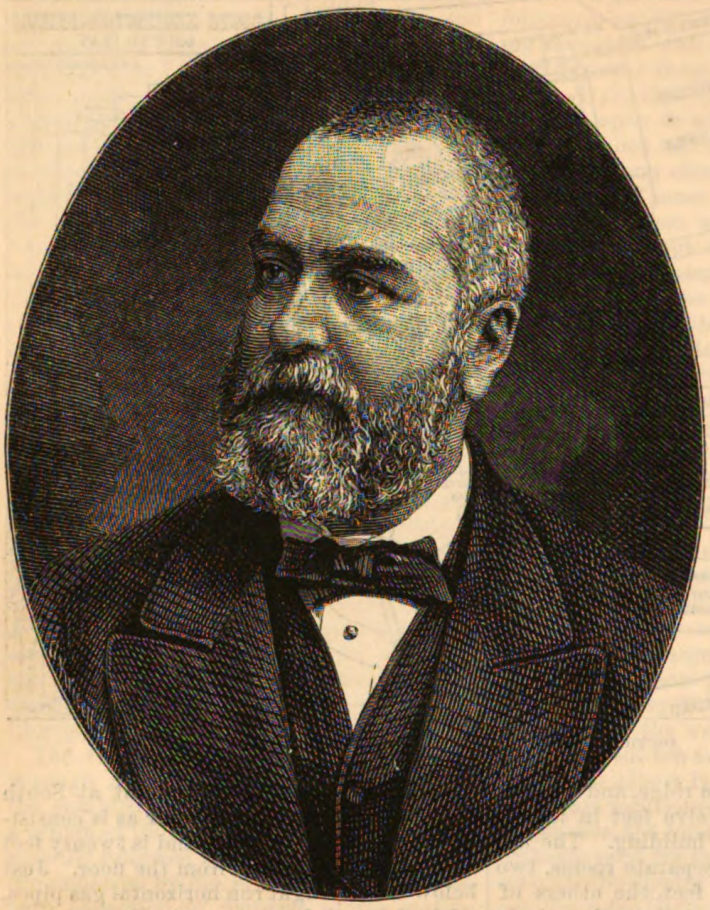

CUNLIFFE OWEN, DIRECTOR OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

concerning the effect of gas on pictures, which elicited a valuable statement jointly signed by Faraday, Hofmann, Tyndall, Redgrave, and Fowke, who had been appointed as a commission of inquiry, to the effect that coal gas is innocuous as an illuminator of any pictures if kept at a sufficient distance above them to avoid bringing into contact with the pictures the sulphuric acid caused by its combustion (22½ grains per 100 cubic feet of London gas).

Security from fire here has been made as nearly absolute as possible, and Mr. Cunliffe Owen believes it impossible by any device to fire the museum; yet the water arrangements and vigilance at South Kensington are as complete as if the building was built of the ordinary materials. As a matter of fact, the choice of materials was made after long and patient scientific experiments. The main material is the best gray stock brick, with ornamental work of certain blue, red, and cream-colored bricks peculiar to certain English counties. Some iron it was, of course, necessary to use for joists and girders, but in every case this iron has been isolated by being surrounded with a thick fireproof concrete. The floor is of Minton tiles imbedded in Roman cement. The double roof is Mansard, and covered with a French tile (*tuile courtois*), selected at the Paris Exhibition of 1855.

The picture-gallery described above, made to hold the Sheepshanks collection, has had additions made behind it, in accordance with the original plan, of three large rooms, which contain various collections of pictures, and near the back entrance to these is the gallery of Raphael's cartoons. All this series of picture-galleries constitutes an upper floor of a wing to two vast double show-rooms. One of these is a large square apartment, in which large numbers of marble and other antique monuments are displayed. The other, connected with it, is architecturally divided by slender pillars—between which, as an avenue, are show-cases above and below—into two noble rooms with splendid arched ceilings. The first-named of these rooms (that which is without division, and single roofed) has not yet received its wall decorations, which are to be a distemper half-way up, and above, a frieze of frescoes large as Raphael's cartoons. The other show-room—with the double-arched ceiling—furnishes, as may be imagined, fine opportunities for wall decoration, as also for the ornamentation of floor and ceilings. The decoration here has not been completed, but it has gone far enough for the scheme to be judged by its effect.

And it is just here that a careful criticism is necessary. While the purely architectural work merits all the praise that can be claimed for it, securing an admirable play of light, making each division add its light to the other, and reducing the space occupied by pillars and other accessories to a minimum, the decorations are but measurably successful. The faults are due, I think, to the intention that the ornaments themselves should present some of the features of a collection of styles. The result proves that it would be better if the varied styles were exhibited in a court set apart for the pur-

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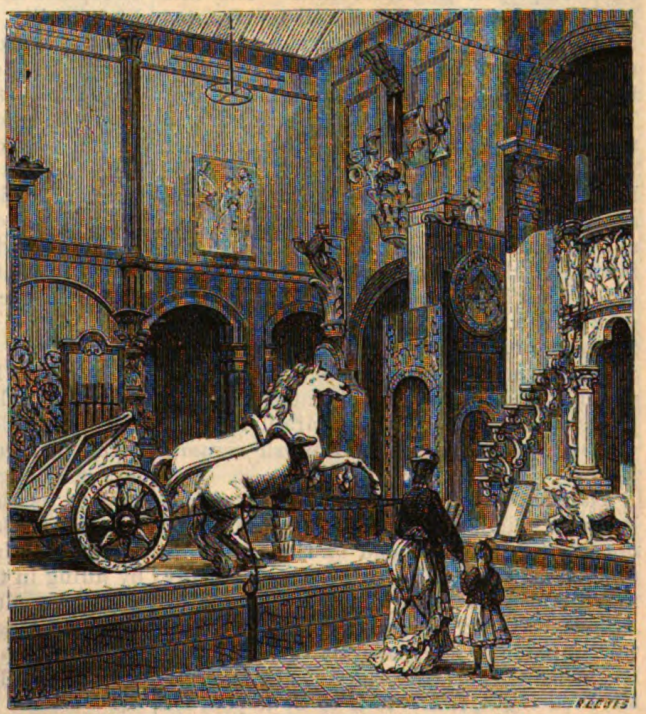
pose. The floor, for example, is rich in its varieties of tiles, there being some five or six of different designs and shades. It is true that the great central floors are made of tiles of uniform design and color, and that these—a deep brick red, with small green spot at the corners of each tile—are grave and good; but all around, where we pass through arch or door, there is a deep fringe of brilliant tiles, which are reflected into the glass cases nearest them, to the injury of the objects shown; and in the series of "cloisters," as the spaces beneath the picture-gallery may be called, there are further experiments in floor tiles which militate against the effect of the articles exhibited in them. The ceilings in these cloisters, or side spaces, have been covered with Oriental decorations by the late Owen Jones; they are Indian, Persian, moresque, and of the greatest beauty, each coffer in the ceiling and each archway presenting a new design, and yet all in harmony: these being too far above the show-cases to affect any objects in them, are rightly placed; but the floor, as the necessary background to many objects in the rooms—many of which depend on delicate shades of color for their effect—will eventually, I suspect, have to be reconstructed, and made entirely of the grave hue which has happily been already adopted for the greater part of it. Ascending a little above the floor, it must be said also that there is too much brilliancy about the lower arches and their spandrels, too much white and gold. It is not only that this does not give a sufficiently subdued background for the bright glass or chased metals in the upper parts of the cases (on the ground-floor), but they are by no means the best supports for the grand series of life-sized figures in mosaic, on deep gold surfaces, which make the magnificent frieze of the upper wall.

It is these superb figures, representing the great artists of the past, which constitute the most salient feature of decoration in the museum. In this case (as in so many others in the museum) the scheme—due to the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes—of combining the purposes of general decoration with subjects of special interest in a museum has been most fortunate: the general effect is noble, the figures interesting as portraits and as representations of costume, the varieties of mosaic in which they are produced being of value for comparison. There are thirty-six flat alcoves—eighteen on each side—and the figures in them are those of the chief artists in ornamentation, with the names of their designers beneath: Phidias (by Poynter); Apelles (Poynter); Nicola Pisano (Leighton); Cimabue (Leighton); Torel, the English goldsmith, d. 1300 (Burchett); William of Wykeham, bishop and architect of Winchester Cathedral, d. 1404 (Burchett); Fra Angelico (Cope); Ghiberti (Wehnert); Donatello (Redgrave); Gozzoli, one of whose Florentine frescoes, containing his own portrait, is in the museum, d. 1478 (E. Armitage); Luca della Robbia, specimens of whose terra-cotta work in the museum show him to have been a man of genius, d. 1481 (Moody); Mantegna (Pickersgill); Giorgione (Prinsep); Giacomo da Ulma, friar at Bologna and painter on glass, d. 1517 (Westlake); Leonardo da Vinci (J. Tenniel); Raphael (G. Sykes); Torrigiano (Yeames); A. Dürer (Thomas); P. Vischer (W. B. Scott); Holbein (Yeames); Giorgio, painter in majolica, d. 1552 (Hart); Michael Angelo (Sykes); Primaticcio, the Italian who made the decorations at Fontainebleau, d. 1570 (O'Neil); Jean Goujon, to whom is attributed the old carving in the Louvre, d. 1572 (Bowler); Titian (Watts); Palissy (Townroe); François du Quesnoy, Flemish ivory carver, d. 1546 (Ward); Inigo Jones (Morgan); Grinling Gibbons (Watson); Wren (Crowe); Hogarth (Crowe); Sir J. Reyn-



NORTH COURT, NORTHWEST CORNER, SHOWING CASTS OF THE BIGA (OR TWO-HORSE CHARIOT), FROM THE ORIGINAL IN MARBLE AT THE VATICAN, AND OF THE PULPIT BY GIOVANI PISANO, FORMERLY IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PISA.

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SOUTH COURT, SHOWING THE PRINCE CONSORT'S GALLERY.

olds (Phillips); Mulready (Barwell). The only very modern artist in this list is Mulready, and he is certainly unfortunate, looking as if Mr. Punch's most cynical artist had been employed to depict him. The late Mr. Owen Jones has been well represented in mosaic, though, as I write, the work has not been set in the wall: it certainly should be set up in the place of poor Mulready. This is the only bit of really ugly work in the series, although, of course, the merits of the others are very unequal. The artists have evidently given careful archæological study to the costumes of each period, and in some cases—as Prinsep's Giorgione, Scott's Vischer, and Pickersgill's Mantegna—the work is such as the grand old workers around need not be ashamed of. Of great interest, too, are the varieties of material of which the mosaics are composed, concerning which I can only say here that the Italian glass appears to me incomparably superior to the experiments in English ceramic wares.

The shape of this double room, it will be borne in mind, implies four large lunettes, one, that is, at each end of the two large roof spans. Two of these have been already filled, one with a copy of the "School of Athens," by Mr. Moody, another by a picture apparently suggested by the same, representing allegorically the Arts, by the late Mr. Pickersgill, R.A. It is to be hoped, for the sake not only of public taste, but that of both artists, whose ability to do good work is illustrated in other parts of the building, that these conspicuous failures should disappear from the walls. There is, indeed, some reason to believe that the "School of Athens" was a mere experiment, as a copy of Raphael's great work made probably from a photograph can hardly have been meant to occupy a permanent place in so important an institution. We may feel assured that when Mr. Leighton's exquisite designs for lunettes—the "Arts of Peace" and "Arts of War"—are placed on the walls, it will be impossible for such pictures to remain opposite them, unless as a recurrence to that droll collection of things to be avoided in ornament which was a feature of the original museum, described by Mr. W. B. Scott as a "chamber of horrors." I have heard also that our countryman, Mr. Whistler, has received an order to furnish a decorative work in the Japanese style, of which he is the greatest master among non-Oriental artists, and one can only hope that it is meant to replace the hard and crude lunette of Mr. Pickersgill. It is but justice to Mr. F. W. Moody, one of the most energetic and accomplished teachers at the museum, to say that the institution is indebted to him for many instructive experiments and designs in the way of decoration. No one should fail to observe the very remarkable exterior wall decoration covering one entire side of the new School of Science, which is a most complete revival of the *sgraffito* work of the fifteenth century. This experiment by Mr. Moody of the high Renaissance in Italy has been placed on a wall of the building not visible from the streets, but only from the windows of the museum. It is analogous to the *niello*, which was graven in silver and the lines filled in with carbon, making a black picture on a white ground. (There is a good account of this ornamentation, said to be the origin of all engraving for printed work, in W. B. Scott's *Half-hour Lectures*.) Mr. Moody's experiment is made by filling in the hollows of the cement, presenting a multiplicity of scrolls, symbols, allegorical figures—Natura, Scientia, etc.—and portraits of scientific men. The stairway from which this vast work—covering the wall for four or five stories—can best be seen is another interesting experiment of Mr. Moody's. As befits a stairway leading to the Ceramic Gallery, its ornaments

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are made of Minton porcelain. The steps and facings of the steps are a kind of mosaic made of hexagon pellets painted; the walls are paneled with white porcelain; and their effect under the light falling through large figured windows, toned rather than colored, is very good indeed.

Entering now the Ceramic Gallery, we find its contents illustrated by a very ingeniously devised series of window etchings (as they may be called), which are probably unique in the history of work on glass. The windows on one side of this room, fifteen in number, each double, were intrusted to Mr. William B. Scott, who as an archæologist in art certainly has no superior. Mr. Scott designed no fewer than forty-eight large pictures, representing the history of ceramic art from the most ancient Chinese, Egyptian, Indian, and Persian down to Wedgwood; and these he has placed in the fifteen windows. They are for the most part in black and white, colors being introduced only once or twice, and then but slightly. The first and second windows are devoted to the Chinese, their work being, if not the earliest, the most ancient in porcelain, and that which has most influenced the European art. Here is shown their whole method, from the preparation of the clay, the half-naked natives bringing the kaolin from caves in paniers, others steeping it in water, refining it in large mortars, and kneading it on tables. The potter is seen before his rude wheel, and forming the vessel by hand-pressure. And after this we trace his work to the furnace, and on to its place in the shop. This work implies the most patient study of original Chinese models. One window represents characteristic Chinese ornamentation—such as the royal dragon and the bird-of-paradise—and a bazar at Pekin. The third window represents

CHINESE POTTERS AT WORK—WINDOW IN THE CERAMIC GALLERY.

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early Egyptian art. The upper part shows the casting of brick by packing in boxes, and then turning it out, all under the whip of the task-master, the work and the whip being but little different to-day from what they were in the ancient days whose relics have been so diligently studied by Mr. Scott on the papyri of the British Museum. Beneath, a skilled workman is painting a large Canopus: he is on his knees, with his feet doubled behind him. One page, so to speak, of this window represents Assyrian art by a triumphal procession, in which immense vases are carried on ox trucks, and smaller ones on the heads of prisoners, a design based upon discoveries in Nineveh which show the great importance that people ascribed to earthenware. The fourth window is Greek and Etruscan. The Greek legend of the origin of painting—the daughter of the potter of Sicyon tracing on the wall the shadow of her lover on his leaving her for a journey—is exquisitely done. Next we see the girl applying her plan to her father's vases. We have also depicted with learning the honorary uses of pottery among the Greeks, the vases given as prizes in public games, or as votive offerings for the dead, by which custom the finest examples we have were transmitted; and finally there is the genius of Death holding in her hand the cinerary urn. The fifth window is Hispano-Moresque. The earliest ware in Europe after the Samian (Roman) of which we have any examples was that made by the Moors, who brought the art of making it from east of the Mediterranean. This was the famous "lustre-ware" which was supplied from Spain, which is now so eagerly sought by collectors, both on account of its beauty and as the origin of the Italian majolica. The first design in this window represents the master-potter amidst his swarthy workmen watching the hour-glass beside the fire—a design recalling the tradition that this wonderful lustre was the result of an accident, the glaze having been affected by smoke, much to the horror of the potter at first. This tradition, after being for a long time regarded as a myth, has lately been recalled for reconsideration by some experiments which Mr. De Morgan, son of the late mathematician of University College, is making to discover the secret of this exquisite lustre of purple and gold. He has tried every kind of smoke influence upon ware of the same substance, and although his success is not complete, he has unquestionably approached the moresque effect, an instance being in this same gallery. He is still plying his task with good hope of complete success. It adds greatly to the charm of these windows that they are as a frame around the objects whose history they tell. The finest examples of the "lustre-ware," from the earliest ages to the result of De Morgan's experiments, are in this gallery.

ITALIAN MAJOLICA (URBINO).—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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GLASS LAMP FROM AN ARAB MOSQUE.—FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

And we have only to turn round from admiring another part of this fifth window, showing the building of the Alhambra, and its wonderful vase, to see the finest copy of that unparalleled piece of earthenware. From rich specimens of ancient Italian majolica we in turn refer to the sixth window, which shows us the embryonic and later phases of this beautiful art. The Italians imitated the Hispano-Moresque lustres as well as they could, but not being able to attain it exactly, they made new lustres of their own, securing a tint rather bluish than purple, but still very fine. Afterward they painted their wares without trying to get lustres, which, no doubt, were too precarious to be profitable. The vast development of ceramic art in Italy has required three windows—sixth, seventh, and eighth—for its representation. First we have bird's-eye views of the localities with which it was chiefly associated: Urbino, the seat of the finest ware made in the time of Raphael, wherein is portrayed their process of softening and refining the clay by putting it in square pits in the ground; Duranto, with its method of grinding the clay in a sort of water-mill; Gubbio, with its own ingenious processes. Then we have other Italian methods—foot-mill, hand-mill, horse-mill. An artist is seen in his studio, receiving as sitters ladies whose portraits he paints on plates that are to be their marriage gifts—a design taken from a plate in the gallery painted by Maestro Giorgio, while other details have been taken from a MS. by Piccolpasso, also preserved in the museum. And finally we have a representation of Luca della Robbia, of the fifteenth century, who used earthenware medallions, admirably modeled and fired with white glaze, which were fixed on the outside of buildings, and may be seen to-day on the Foundling Hospital and several churches at Florence. The very word "majolica" (Majorca) shows that the Italians found their art where the Moors left it. But if they could not equal the Moresque lustres, they certainly developed and enriched their designs. Such decorations as that encircling the figure of St. George on the Urbino plate (see engraving) may be called "arabesque," but they are equally Italian. It is curious to compare such arabesques with the ornament on a piece of real Arabic work, such as the accompanying ancient lamp. (This lamp, singularly enough, is of a form represented in very early Italian bronze carvings of sacred subjects.) Window ninth is devoted to Dutch tiles and pots and Flanders-ware, which were once imported in such vast quantities to this country: here they may be traced from their manufacture in Holland to their sale in the Thames docks. Window tenth relates the curious story of the Dresden-ware. Here it was that the famous material of the best porcelain (kaolin), which was so long the secret of China, was discovered by a happy accident—Böttcher, the alchemist, having taken a notion to analyze the white dust which his barber had used to powder his wig in a year of dear flour. The two men are represented, and also the château of Meissen, where the first Dresden porcelain was secretly made. Window eleventh tells the story of Palissy, who, instructing himself,

SÈVRES PORCELAIN VASE.—MODERN.

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PALISSY, THE POTTER—WINDOW IN THE CERAMIC GALLERY.

ruined his family: one leaf of the window shows him feeding his furnace with his broken furniture, while his wife with her babe stands beseechingly by; the other shows his triumph, as he builds and decorates the grottoes in the Tuileries garden. Window twelfth is devoted to Sèvres, where porcelain was carried to its highest perfection. The famous "Rose du Barry" and "Bleu du Roi" are represented—and here exquisite colors are used—by Louis XV. and Madame Du Barry exchanging vases of those colors. The old manufactory is pictured, and some of its finest designs, in the lower panes of the window. Near by is the beautiful specimen of Sèvres which France contributed to the first International Exhibition in London. In window thirteenth we are introduced to English wares, at present the most excellent in the world. The processes described are—preparing the clay, making different colored clays, stamping tiles, filling color into moulds, "throwing," "turning," applying printed patterns. It takes two of the double windows to display this, which brings us to the fifteenth and last, in which there are four designs of the greatest historical interest: Dr. Doddridge's mother teaching her child Bible history from the tiles in the fire-place; Dr. Samuel Johnson trying experiments; figures of Josiah Wedgwood and Bentley, his partner; Flaxman, and Stothard the printer. The two artists last named both worked in decorating earthenware for Wedgwood. Flaxman was underpaid by Wedgwood for the numerous models he supplied — models still used by the firm. The poor artist has made the fortunes of three generations of his employer's family, whose present representations are so liberal that one must suppose their ancestor to have hardly realized the value of the artist's work until it was too late to reward him.

The designs for the windows I have described, representing the evolution of a beautiful art, have been presented by Mr. Scott to Girton College—the new institution for girls at Cambridge—and Madame Bodichon has resolved to have them placed on the walls as a paneling; there they will be preserved by a covering of varnish, and supply an appropriate decoration to the School of Design, which is a main feature of that excellent college.

The visitor to the Ceramic Gallery in this

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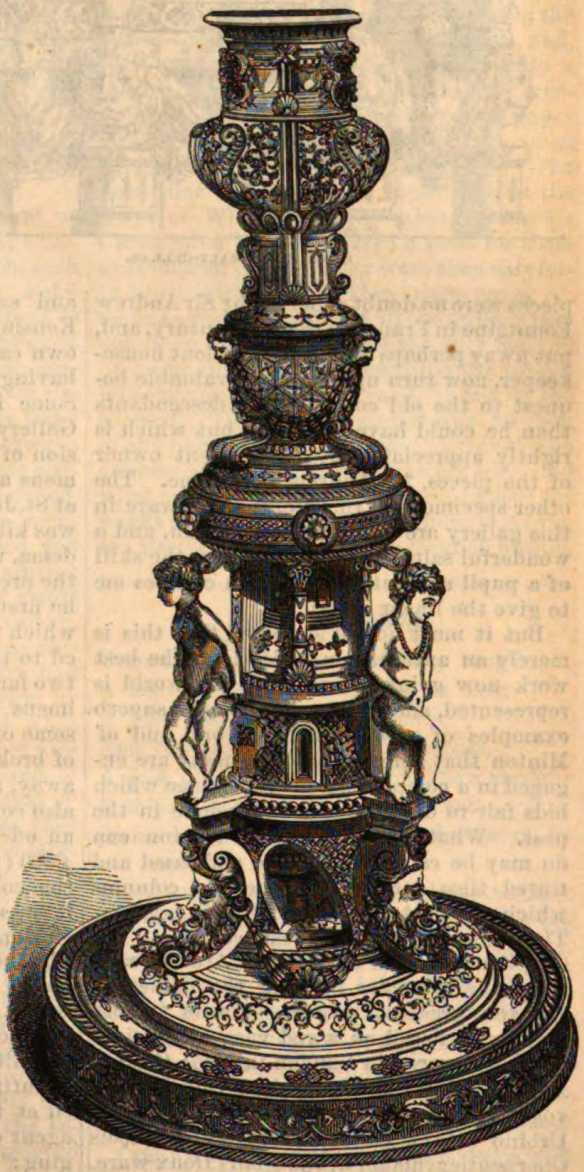
museum will be apt to admit that there were never windows that shed more light than these of the kind required by a student. He will see lustres on the lustre-wares beyond what mere sunlight can give, and the huge dragons, deer, and horned birds on the Moresque-Spanish dishes will link the culture of 1875 with the barbaric mythology of 1300. He will, indeed, find at every step that he is really exploring in this gallery of pots and dishes strata marked all over with the vestiges of human and ethnical development. Nothing can be more complete than the arrangement of the gallery. Not only is it chronological, but beneath each particular specimen a card tells when and where it was made, and the price paid for it by the museum. If it has gone off with the floating collection, the card reports that also. One may learn what changes have occurred in the prices of such wares by finding Sèvres vases, for instance, marked at £100 or £200, of a like character with those six for which Lord Dudley recently paid £17,500. These are articles which, when first collected, incited the first cabinet minister who inspected them to ask, "What's the use of all this trash?" There is a single candlestick in this room now worth all the "trash" in that noble lord's mansion. It is a specimen of that famous "Henri Deux ware" of which only fifty-five pieces exist, so far as is known. This elegant ware has been such a puzzle to antiquarians that no fewer than thirteen different works have been written about it. It was finally ascertained by M. Riocreux, of the Imperial Ceramic Museum at Sèvres, that the pottery was made at Oiron, in France; that two artists made it in the earlier part of the sixteenth century for Henry II. and his queen, whose initials or monograms are on several of the pieces; and the artists were François Cherpentier and Jean Bernard. Cherpentier, the chief maker, had been an architect, and when he set about working in earthenware he was fond of moulding it in little monumental shapes, and filling in the hollows with different colors. The candlestick has a pale yellow ground, with arabesques, etc., in reddish-brown. The base is circular, with projecting brackets, on which stand three boys holding shields inscribed with the arms and cipher of Henri Deux. Above are three terminal figures of satyrs. This work (which it is to be hoped will some day be called by the artist's name instead of the king's) is less than a foot high; it cost £750, and is one of the cheapest purchases ever made. Seven of the fifty-five specimens of this ware are in the collection of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, two in that of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, three in that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, while the Louvre has the same number as the South Kensington Museum—five. Three very beautiful specimens (candlestick, ewer, and large salt-cellar) were found some years ago very carefully wrapped in a blanket, placed in a wicker clothes-basket, under a bed in a garret of Narford Hall. Our engraving represents the candlestick so found. The



HENRI DEUX CANDLESTICK.

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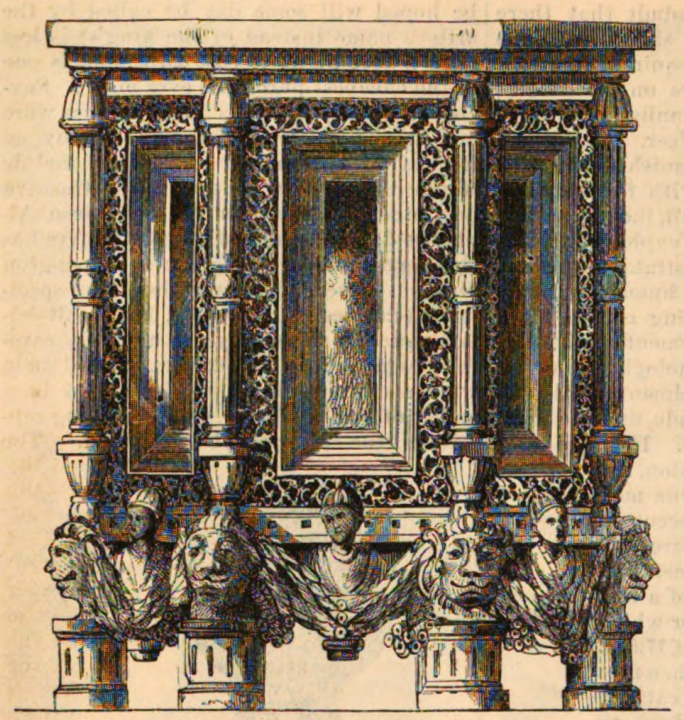

HENRI DEUX SALT-CELLAR.

pieces were no doubt collected by Sir Andrew Fountaine in France in the last century, and, put away perhaps by some provident housekeeper, now turn up as a more valuable bequest to the old connoisseur's descendants than he could have imagined, but which is rightly appreciated by the present owner of the pieces, Mr. Andrew Fountaine. The other specimens of this Henri Deux ware in this gallery are two tazzas, a plateau, and a wonderful salt-cellar, of which last the skill of a pupil at South Kensington enables me to give the linear design.

But it must not be supposed that this is merely an antiquarian collection: the best work now going on all over the world is represented, and one may see by the superb examples of modern Berlin work and of Minton that England and Germany are engaged in a competition for excellence which bids fair to distance any thing done in the past. What admirable work Minton can do may be estimated by the embossed and tinted tiles surrounding the ten columns which support the roof of this gallery. They reproduce the finest colors of the Celadon porcelain of Sèvres. Around each column are letters forming the names of the ten greatest potters—Vitalis (whose name was found on a red vase of Samian-ware discovered in London in 1845), Giorgio Andreoli, Luca della Robbia, Veit Hirschvogel of Nuremberg (1441–1525), Xanto of Urbino (1547), Palissy (1510–89), François Cherpentier (maker of the Henri Deux ware, otherwise called faïence d'Oiron), Böttcher (1681–1719), Wedgwood (1730–95), and last, not least, Pousa, with whom began the list of wondrous accidents with which the history and traditions of pottery abound. Pousa is said to have been a workman in the imperial porcelain factory of China. On one occasion the emperor had ordered some great work, and Pousa tried long to produce it—in vain. Finally, driven to despair, he plunged into the furnace. His self-immolation caused such an effect upon the ware in the furnace that it came out the most beautiful piece of porcelain ever known. Pousa is now the patron saint of porcelain-workers in China, and is kept near them in a little corpulent figure (porcelain), which is familiar to many parts of the world where its story and sanctity are unknown. The South Kensington Museum has carried out in its own case this tradition of happy accidents, having been remarkable for its good luck. Some instances of it are in the Ceramic Gallery. Some years ago a terrible explosion of gas occurred in the house of the famous art collector and dealer, Mr. Gambart, at St. John's Wood, by which the house-maid was killed. The Belgian artist, M. Alma Tadema, was a guest in the house, and he had the presence of mind to open a window when he first perceived that gas was escaping, by which means the disaster was mainly limited to the dining-room. In this room were two large cabinets filled with splendid specimens of majolica and similar wares, and some of the best were smashed. As the pile of broken porcelain was about to be cleared away, a friend of Mr. Gambart's, who was also connected with this museum, made him an offer, on the part of the government, of £800 (which was meant to be generous) for the collection, broken and unbroken, and it was gratefully accepted. The skilled workmen at the museum have put the bits together with such adroitness that it requires a practiced eye to distinguish the wares that suffered. The magnificent reproduction of the Alhambra Vase by Baron Davillier—four feet high, and covered with beautiful Arabic inscriptions—was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, and an agent of the museum found it "going a-begging:" he purchased it for far less than its actual value. And indeed I might instance

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a vast number of similar cases not only in this particular gallery—which we must now leave—but throughout the museum. The truth is, the South Kensington Museum has shown that the present is the great opportunity of museums, while it has done much to turn that tide on whose flood it floated to fortune, by awakening nations to the value of their treasures. The Oriental world, and, indeed, some portions of Southern Europe, have hitherto been unconscious of the value of their monuments, because only culture can prevent familiarity breeding contempt. Miss Frances Power Cobbe once expressed in my hearing the shock she received when, on first arriving at Old Alexandria, in Egypt, she found her luggage set down on an ancient monument resembling those treasured in the British Museum.

How much the South Kensington Museum has reaped from the indifference to objects whose value is not intrinsic, and which for that reason are unique and inestimable, may appear incidentally as I proceed to describe some of them, adding what particulars I have been able to learn concerning their acquisition.

The little sixpenny guide-book sold at the door is necessarily provisional; the historical and descriptive volume which such an institution requires must remain a desideratum so long as the museum itself is changing and growing daily before our eyes. But the materials for that work exist; specialists have studied well the various departments; there exist nearly twenty large Blue-books recording the origin and growth of the museum; and when all these are sifted and their connected story told—enriched, as we may hope it will be, from the memories of those men who have founded and conducted the work to its present condition—the history so told will be in itself a sort of literary museum, replete with curiosities, picturesque incidents, and romance. In this scattered condition of the facts I have had to depend mainly on information given by the gentlemen just referred to, and what scraps I could pick up in old newspaper files and Blue-books. This it has appeared to me right to mention here, in explanation of any slightness and unsatisfactoriness that may be found in the details, or of the motley way in which they are put together.

If the history of this museum of civilization would record strange instances of popular neglect for great works of art, it must at the same time show that works of genius, in whatever perishable material embodied, have a strange vitality. The Milonian Venus, twice buried in the earth that she might not be harmed by the wrath of her Mars, has had experiences hardly more significant than those through which the sacred forms designed by Raphael—preserved by aid alike of king and regicide, by aid, too, of the neglect which left them hidden for a hundred years in lumber-rooms—have become the glorious inheritance of South Kensington.

The seven cartoons—what would not now be paid for the three that are lost!*—were designed and drawn by the great artist and his scholars at the request of Pope Leo X. (1513) as copies for tapestry, and the tapestries made from them are now in the Vatican. They were made at Arras, and the cartoons—so called because drawn on card-board—were thrown into the warehouse there. Here they remained neglected until they were seen by Rubens, who advised Charles I. to purchase them for a tapestry establishment at Mortlake, near London. On the death of the king, Oliver Cromwell paid £300 for them, intending that the tapestry-works should be continued. On the fall of Cromwell they were confiscated, and, for a second time, were thrust away into a lumber-room, this time at Whitehall. Fortunately the designs were on strips of paper twelve feet long, which could roll up, and so they were able to survive such usage. The next time they attracted notice was in the reign of William III., by whose order Sir Christopher Wren prepared a room for them at Hampton Court. They were then carefully lined with cloth. They were never removed again until placed in the gallery prepared for them here, where the only fault to be found in their arrangement is the ridiculous inscription beneath each, "Lent by the Queen." The Queen does not own an inch of any one of them. The last individual who owned them was Oliver Cromwell, who paid what was supposed a large sum (£300) for works which no amount could purchase from the Protector's true heir, the English nation.

* The "Stoning of Stephen," the "Conversion of St. Paul," and "Paul in the Dungeon at Philippi."

THE COLONEL.

Under my window, in the cherry boughs,
A thieving robin-redbreast has his tent;
A noisy fellow, full of merriment,
And very jealous of his pretty spouse,
A sleek young thing, tea-colored like a mouse—
A bride, I fancy. Upon forage bent
(Crumbs from the cloth, or ground-worm timely sent),
He makes incessant raids around the house.
Just at this moment, with his shrewd bead eye
Cocked at my window, he keeps watch on me—
Firm-seated on his green bough, prancing high,
Gay in his top-boots reaching to the knee
And his fresh uniform's resplendent dye—
My jaunty colonel of artillery!

T. B. Aldrich.

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THE YELLOW-HAMMER'S NEST.

By JOHN W. CHADWICK.

"GRANDSIRE'S WHITE LOCKS AND BABY'S GOLDEN HEAD WERE LYING LOW, BOTH IN ONE GRASSY BED."

The yellow-hammer came to build his nest
High in the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest;
All the long day, upon his task intent,
Backward and forward busily he went,

Gathering from far and near the tiny shreds
That birdies weave for little birdies' beds;
Now bits of grass, now bits of vagrant string,
And now some queerer, dearer sort of thing.

For on the lawn, where he was wont to come
In search of stuff to build his pretty home,
We dropped one day a lock of golden hair
Which our wee darling easily could spare;

And close beside it tenderly we placed
A lock that had the stooping shoulders graced
Of her old grandsire; it was white as snow,
Or cherry-trees when they are all ablow.

Then throve the yellow-hammer's work apace;
Hundreds of times he sought the lucky place
Where sure, he thought, in his bird-fashion dim,
Wondrous provision had been made for him.

Both locks, the white and golden, disappeared;
The nest was finished, and the brood was reared;
And then there came a pleasant summer's day
When the last yellow-hammer flew away.

Ere long, in triumph, from its leafy height,
We bore the nest so wonderfully dight,
And saw how prettily the white and gold
Made warp and woof of many a gleaming fold.

But when again the yellow-hammers came
Cleaving the orchards with their pallid flame,
Grandsire's white locks and baby's golden head
Were lying low, both in one grassy bed.

And so more dear than ever is the nest
Ta'en from the elm-tree's ever-nodding crest.
Little the yellow-hammer thought how rare
A thing he wrought of white and golden hair!

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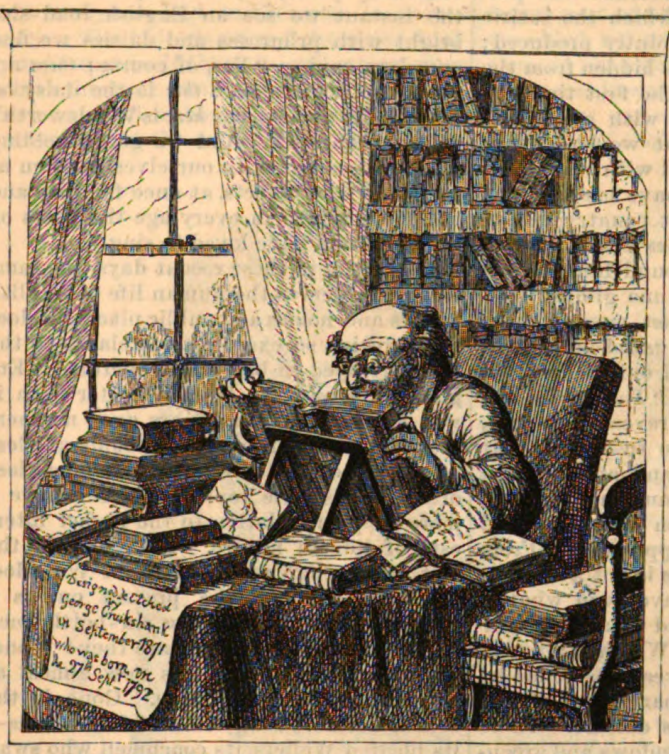
RECENT ENGLISH CARICATURE.



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AT 79.—DRAWN BY HIMSELF IN 1871.

IT is only just to place at the head of this article a portrait of the founder of what I may style, perhaps, the virtuous school of comic art, which accords so agreeably with the humaner civilization that has been stealing over the world since the suppression of Bonaparte in 1815. There he sits in his own library, reveling harmlessly in a folio, a sturdy piece of nature's handiwork, roundly developed, though devoid of the bodily exaggeration common to the men whose beer was made in England—a joyous, vigorous old man after his labor of seventy years. The picture was drawn and engraved by his own hand to please one of his oldest American friends, Mr. J. W. Bouton, of New York, long concerned in collecting and distributing his works among us. Here, then, is a living artist whose first handling of the etching tool dates back almost three-quarters of a century. Mr. Reid, the keeper of prints and drawings in the British Museum, has been at the pains to make a catalogue of the works of George Cruikshank. The number of entries in this catalogue is 5265, many of which comprise extensive series of drawings, so that the total number of his pictures probably exceeds 20,000, about one picture for every working-day during the productive part of his career.

There is perhaps no gift so likely to be transmitted from father to son as a talent for drawing. Certainly it runs in the Cruikshank family, for there are already five of the name known to collectors, much to their confusion. As a guide to Mr. Reid in the preparation of his catalogue, the old gentleman made a brief statement, which is one of the curiosities of art gossip, and it may serve a useful purpose to collectors in the United States. His father, Isaac Cruikshank, was a designer and etcher and engraver, as well as a water-color draughtsman. His brother, Isaac Robert, a miniature and portrait painter, was also a designer and etcher, and "your humble servant likewise a designer and etcher." "When I was a mere boy," he adds, "my dear father kindly allowed me to play at etching on some of his copper-plates, little bits of shadows or little figures in the background, and to assist him a little as I grew older, and he used to assist *me* in putting in hands and faces. And when my dear brother Robert (who in his latter days omitted the Isaac) left off portrait painting, and took almost entirely to designing and etching, I assisted him at first to a great extent in some of his drawings." The result was that, in looking over the pictures of sixty years ago, he could not always tell his own work; and to make matters worse, his brother left a son, Percy Cruikshank, also a draughtsman and engraver, and he too has an artist son, named George. The family has provided work for the coming connoisseur.

The glory of the living veteran, however, will remain unique, because he, first of the comic artists of his country, caught the new spirit, avoided the grossness and thoughtless one-sidedness of his predecessors, and used his art in such a manner that now, in his eighty-fourth year, looking back through the long gallery of his works gathered by the affectionate persistence of his admirers, he can not point to one picture which for any moral reason he could wish to turn to the wall.

England owes much to her humorists of the new humane school. She owes, perhaps, more than she yet perceives, because the changes which they promote in manners

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and morals come about slowly and unmarked. It is the American revisiting the country after many years of absence who perceives the ameliorations which the satiric pencil and pen have conjointly produced; nor are those ameliorations hidden from the American who treads for the first time the fast-anchored isle. It is with a peculiar rapturous recognition that we hail every indication of that England with which English art and literature have made us acquainted—a very different country indeed from the England of politics and the newspaper. A student who found himself one fine Sunday morning in June gliding past the lovely Hampshire coast, covered with farms, lawns, and villas, gazed in silence for a long time, and could only relieve his mind at last by gasping, "Thomson's *Seasons!*" His first glance revealed to him, what he had never before suspected, that the rural poetry of England applied in a particular manner to the land that inspired it, could have been written only there, and only there could be quite appreciated. From Chaucer to Tennyson there is not a sterling line in it which could have been what it is if it had been composed in any part of the Western Continent. We have a flower which we call a daisy, a weed coarsened by our fierce sun, betraying barrenness of soil, and suggestive of careless culture. There is also to be seen in our windows and greenhouses a flower named the primrose, which, though it has its merit, has not been celebrated by poets, nor is likely to be. But the instant we see an English road-side bright with primroses and daisies we find ourselves saying, "Yes, of course; *these* are what the poets mean: *this* is the daisy of Shakspeare and Burns; *here* is Wordsworth's yellow primrose!" And we go on holding similar discourse with ourselves as often as we descry the objects, at once familiar and unknown, which in every age the poets of Great Britain have loved to sing.

But when, in these recent days, the same traveler observes the human life of English streets and homes and public places, he does not perceive so exact a resemblance to the life portrayed in books and pictures. English life seems gentler and better than it was represented forty years ago: manners are freer and more cordial; people are less intemperate; the physical life is much less obstreperous; the topics discussed have a more frequent relation to the higher interests of human nature. The glory of the last generation was held to be Waterloo, the distinction of the present one is a peaceful arbitration. The six-bottle men of Sheridan's time—where are they? Gone, quite gone. *One* bottle is now almost as unusual as it is excessive. Gone is the coach, with its long train of barbarisms—its bloated Wellers, its coachmen who swal-

HOPE—A PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATION.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1826.

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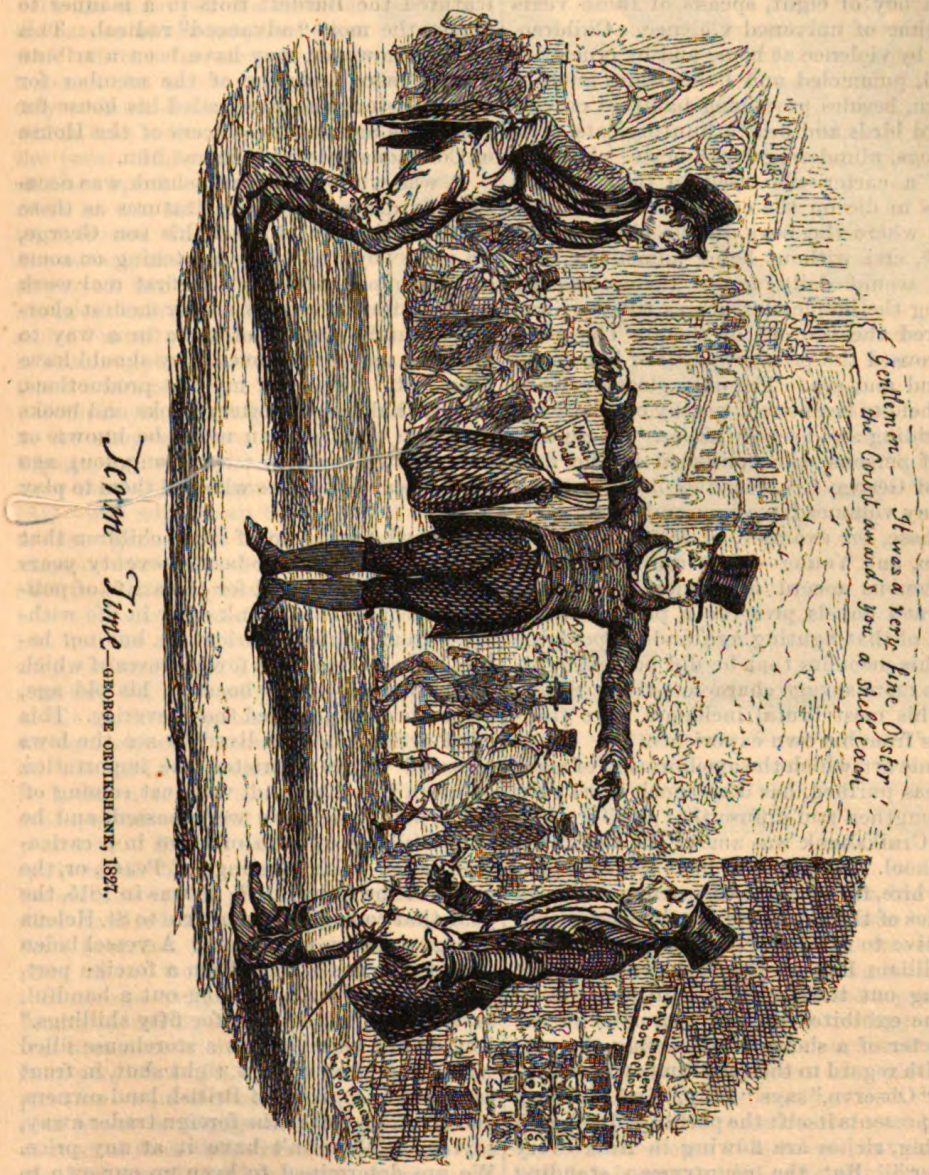
lowed "an imperial pint of vinegar" with their oysters without winking, its mountainous landlord skillful in charging, its general horsyness and cumbersome inconvenience. The hideous prize-fight seems finally suppressed. If there are still estates upon which there are family cottages of one room, they are held in horror, and it is an axiom accepted that the owner who permits them to remain is a truer savage than the most degraded peasants who inhabit them.

Art, humanizing art, has reached a development which a dreamer of Hogarth's day could not have anticipated for any period much short of the millennium; and not a development only, but a wide diffusion. Chadband—where is he? If he exists, he has assumed a less offensive form than when he ate muffins and sniveled inanity in Mrs. Snagsby's back-room. Where are Thackeray's snobs? They, too, have not ceased to be, for the foible which he satirized is an integral part of human nature, which can be ennobled, not eradicated. Strangers, however, do not often observe those violent and crude manifestations of it which Thackeray describes; and there seems a likelihood of the *Book of Snobs* meeting the fate of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, which made itself obsolete by accomplishing its purposes. Beer still flows redundant in every part of the British Empire. Nevertheless, there is here and there a person who has discovered how much more can be got out of life by avoiding stimulation. A decided advance must have been made toward tolerance of opinion when men can be borne to honorable burial in Westminster Abbey whose



Term Time—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1827.

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opinions were at variance with those which built and sustain the edifice. Chadbandom feebly protests, but no man regards it.

There are men still alive who remember the six-bottle period and all its strenuous vulgarities, the period when the whole strength of the empire was put forth in the Bonaparte wars. William Chambers, who was born when George Cruikshank was a boy of eight, speaks of those years as a time of universal violence. Children, ruled by violence at home and by cruelty at school, pummeled and bullied one another in turn, besides practicing habitual cruelty toward birds and beasts, hunting cats, pelting dogs, plundering birds' nests. He tells us of a carter who used to turn out his horses to die on the common of his native town, where the boys, in the sight of the people, and without being admonished by them, would daily amuse themselves by stoning the helpless creatures till they had battered the life out of them. The news that roused the people was all of bloodshed on land and sea. The only pleasures that were held to be entirely worthy of men were hard riding and deep drinking. Those diaries of persons who flourished in the first half of George Cruikshank's life, of which so many volumes have been published lately—those, for example, of Moore, Greville, Jerdan, and Young—what are they but a monotonous record of dinner anecdotes? Marryat's novels preserve a popular exhibition of that fighting age, and we perceive from his memoirs that he did not exaggerate its more savage characteristics. Several of his most brutal incidents were transcripts from his own experience.

Comic art, which the amelioration of manners has purified, has done much in its turn to strengthen and diffuse that amelioration. Isaac Cruikshank was among the last of the old school. He seems to have kept his pencil on hire, for we have caricatures of his on all sides of the politics of his time, from conservative to radical. In 1795 he represented William Pitt as the royal extinguisher putting out the flame of sedition; but in 1797 he exhibited the same minister in the character of a showman deceiving the people with regard to the condition of the country. "Observe," says "Billy," "what a busy scene presents itself: the ports are filled with shipping, riches are flowing in from every quarter." But the countrymen standing around declare that they can see nothing but "a woide plain with some mountains and mole-hills upon't," and conjecture that the fine things which Billy sees must be behind one of the mole-hills. During the same year we find him caricaturing Fox, the leader of the opposition, as having laid a train for the purpose of blowing up the constitution, and then leaving to others the risk of touching it off. On both sides of the Irish questions of his day he employed his pencil, ridiculing in some pictures the Irish discontents, and in others the measures proposed by ministers for quieting them. When the old king was losing his reason, he drew him as a "farthing rush-light," around which were the Prince of Wales, Fox, Sheridan, and their friends, all trying to blow out the flickering flame. At length, in 1810, he caricatured the Burdett riots in a manner to please the most "advanced" radical. This picture, however, may have been a tribute to the mere audacity of the member for Westminster, who barricaded his house for four days against the officers of the House of Commons ordered to arrest him.

It was while Isaac Cruikshank was occasionally drawing such caricatures as these that he "kindly allowed" his son George, "a mere boy," to "play at etching on some of his copper-plates." The first real work done by the lad was of a very modest character, but he speaks of them in a way to make us regret that even they should have been lost. "Many of my first productions, such as half-penny lottery books and books for little children, can never be known or seen, having been destroyed long, long ago by the dear little ones who had them to play with."

Men who write so of little children that tore up their picture-books seventy years before are not formed for the strife of politics. George Cruikshank early in life withdrew from political caricature, but not before he had executed a few pictures of which he might reasonably boast in his old age, after time had justified their severity. This aged artist, who has lived to see the laws repealed which restricted the importation of grain into England, was just coming of age when those laws were passed, and he expressed his opinion of them in a caricature called "The Blessings of Peace, or, the Curse of the Corn Bill." It was in 1815, the year that consigned Bonaparte to St. Helena and gave peace to Europe. A vessel laden with grain has arrived from a foreign port, and the supercargo, holding out a handful, says, "Here is the best for fifty shillings." But on the shore stands a storehouse filled with home-grown grain, tight shut, in front of which is a group of British land-owners, one of whom waves the foreign trader away, saying: "We won't have it at any price. We are determined to keep up our own to eighty shillings, and if the poor can't buy it at that price, why, they must starve." The foreign grain is thrown overboard, while a starving family looks on, and the father says, "No, no, masters, I'll not starve, but quit my native country, where the poor are crushed by those they labor to support, and retire to one more hospitable, and where the arts of the rich do not interpose to defeat the providence of God."

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Such is the Protective System: an interested few, having the ear of the government, thriving at the expense of the many who have not the ear of the government! This young man saw the point in 1815 as clearly as Cobden, Peel, or Mill in 1846.

In the same year he aimed a caricature at the ministry who took off the income tax and lessened the taxes upon property without diminishing those which bore more directly upon the poor. Many pictures in a similar spirit followed; but while he was still a young man he followed the bent of his disposition, and has ever since employed his pencil in what his great master Hogarth once styled "moral comedies," wherein humor appears as the ally and teacher of morals.

John Doyle, who reigned next in the shop windows of Great Britain, and continued to bear sway for twenty years—1829 to 1849—was not known by name to the generation which he amused. It chanced one day that two I's, in a printing-office where he was, stood close to two D's, and he observed that the conjunction formed a figure resembling H3. He adopted this as the mark or signature of his caricatures, and consequently he was always spoken of as H. B. down to the time of his death, which occurred about the year 1869. He too shared the spirit of the better time. Collectors number his published caricatures at nine hundred and seventeen, which have been re-issued in eleven volumes; but in none of his works is there any thing of the savage vulgarity of the caricatures produced during the Bonaparte wars. It was a custom with English print-sellers to keep portfolios of his innocent and amusing pictures to let out by the evening to families about to engage in the arduous work of entertaining their friends at dinner. He excelled greatly in his portraits, many of which, it is said by contemporaries, are the best ever taken of the noted men of that day, and may be safely accepted as historical. Brougham, Peel, O'Connell, Hume, Russell, Palmerston, and others appear in his works as they were in their prime, with little distortion or exaggeration, the humor of the pictures being in the situation portrayed. Thus, after a debate in which allusion was made to an ancient egg anecdote, H3 produced a caricature in which the leaders of parties were drawn as hens sitting upon eggs. The whole interest of the picture lies in the speaking likenesses of the men. An air of refinement pervades his designs. His humor is not aggressive. It was remarked at the time in the *Westminster Review* that the great hits of Gilray, on being put up for the first time in Mrs. Humphrey's window, were received by the crowd with shouts of approval, but that the kindlier humor of H3 only elicited silent smiles.

BOX IN A NEW YORK THEATRE IN 1830.—MRS. TROLLOPE.

"I observed in the front row of a dress box a lady performing the most maternal office possible, several gentlemen without their coats, and a general air of contempt for the decencies of life, certainly more than usually revolting."—*Domestic Manners of the Americans*, Vol. ii., p. 194.

Doubtless the war passion that raged throughout Christendom in Gilray's day had much to do with the warmth of applause which his works called forth. But in truth the vulgar portion of mankind appear to have a certain relish of an effective thrust, no matter who may writhe. H3 was seldom severer than in his picture called "Handwriting on the Wall," in which "Sil-

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ly Billy" (as William IV. was familiarly styled) is seen reading a placard headed "Reform Bill," and muttering, "Reform *Bill*? Can that mean me?" Most of his pieces turn upon incidents or phases of politics which would require many words to recall, and then scarcely interest a reader of to-day. A caricature is made to be seen; it is a thing of the moment, and for the moment, and when that moment is passed, it must be of exceptional quality to bear revival in words.

Seeing caricatures from childhood has induced a habit in many persons of surveying life in the spirit of caricature, and has developed some tolerable private wielders of the satiric pencil. Mrs. Trollope was, perhaps, a case in point. Her volumes upon the *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, the literary sensation of 1832, were illustrated by a dozen or more of very amusing caricatures, some of which were fair hits, and were of actual service in improving popular manners. There are persons still alive who remember hearing the cry of "Trollope! Trollope!" raised in our theatres when a man ventured to take off his coat on a hot night, or sat with his feet too high in the air.* Her whole work, pictures and all, was a purposed political caricature, as she frankly confesses in her preface, where she says that her chief object was to warn her countrymen of "the jarring tumult and universal degradation which invariably follow the wild scheme of placing all the power of the state in the hands of the populace." She was, besides, exceedingly uncomfortable during her three years' residence in the United States, except when she was so happy as to be served by slaves. "On entering a Slave State," she remarks, "I was immediately comfortable and at my ease, and felt that the intercourse between me and those who served me was profitable to both parties and painful to neither."

Besides the specimen of her caricaturing powers given in this number, there are several others which have, at least, some interest as curiosities of insular judgment. Mrs. Trollope, the daughter of a clergyman of the English Church, and the wife of an English lawyer of aristocratic family, entered the United States, in 1827, by the Mississippi, and spent a year or two in its newly settled valley. She saw the Western people engaged in a life-and-death struggle with untamed nature—the forest, wild men and beasts, the swamp, the flood, the fever, a trying climate, and interminable distances. A partial conquest had been won. Some fair towns had risen. A few counties were subdued. The log school-house was a familiar object. To a mind of continental compass, although Western life was still rough, rude, and haggard, the prospect was hopeful; it was evident that civilization was winning the day, and was destined, in the course of a century or two, to make the victory complete. The worst that a person of liberal mind could say, or can now say, of such a scene, would be this, "See what it costs to transplant human families from the parish to the wilderness!"

Even cabbage plants wither when only transferred from the hot-bed to the garden; but the transplanting of families from the organized society of an old country to a wild new land is a process under which all sicken, many degenerate, and many die.

Our curate's daughter, on the contrary, after a long and close survey of this interesting scene, could only discover that life on the banks of the Ohio, in the twentieth year of their settlement, was neither as pleasant, nor as graceful, nor as elegant, nor as clean, nor as convenient as it is in an English village; and this discovery she communicated to the world in two volumes, 12mo, with sixteen illustrations, very much to the satisfaction of many English readers. This worthy and gifted lady, mother of worthy and gifted children, was utterly baffled in her attempts to account for the rudeness of Western life. Provisions, she says, were abundant in Cincinnati, as many as four thousand pigs being advertised sometimes by one man. The very gutters of the town ran blood—the blood of cheap innumerable swine. But "the total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable that I was constantly endeavoring to account for it." The people, she thought, had clear and active intellects; their conversation was often weighty and instructive, occasionally dull, but never silly. What an unaccountable thing, then, it was that these dealers in the pig and slayers of the bear, these subduers of the wilderness and conquerors of Tecumseh, should not bow with courtly grace, and converse with the elegance and ease of Holland House! "There is no charm, no grace, in their conversation," she laments. "I very seldom, during my whole stay in the country, heard a sentence elegantly turned and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American."

Such a thing it is to be brought up in an island! Her volumes, however, are to this day entertaining, and not devoid of historical value. There is here and there a passage which some of us could still read with profit, and her misinterpretations are not much more insular and perverse than those of Dickens. No one, indeed, yet knows much

* "In the pit [of the Chatham Theatre, New York] persons pulled off their coats in order to be cool.... Gentlemen keep their hats on in the boxes, and in the pit they make themselves in every respect comfortable."—*Travels through North America during the Years* 1825 *and* 1826. By his Highness Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. Page 145.

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"Vot, eighteen shillings for that ere little pig? Vy, I could buy it in town for seven any day!"

SEYMOUR'S CONCEPTION OF MR. WINKLE BEFORE THAT HUNTER APPEARED IN "PICKWICK."—SEYMOUR'S SKETCHES, 1834.

of this mystery of transplanting, in which lies hidden the explanation of America.

Her first caricature, entitled "Ancient and Modern Republics," is in two scenes. An Ancient Republic is represented as a noble Greek, crowned with flowers, reclining upon a lounge, one hand resting upon the strings of a lyre, and the other gracefully holding up a beautiful cup, into which a lovely maiden is squeezing the juice from a luxuriant bunch of grapes. A Modern Republic figures as a Western bar-room politician, with his hat over his eyes, his heels upon the table, a tumbler in his hand, a decanter within reach, and a plug of tobacco at its side. We have next a picture of a "Philosophical Millinery Store" at New Orleans, in which Mrs. Trollope delineated an astounding event—"My being introduced *in form* to a milliner!" She, a curate's daughter, introduced to a maker of bonnets, who actually proved to be a gifted and intelligent lady! A "Cincinnati Ball-Room" reveals to us twenty-two ladies sitting close to the walls, the floor vacant, and all the men gormandizing at a table in the next room, leaving the ladies to a "sad and sulky repast" of trash in plates held on their laps. Then we are favored with a view of a young lady who is making a shirt, but is ashamed to pronounce the name of the garment in the presence of a man, and calls it a pillow-case. Whereupon he says, "Now that passes, Miss Clarissa! 'Tis a pillow-case for a giant, then. Shall I

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guess, miss?" To which she sweetly replies, "Quit, Mr. Smith; behave yourself, or I'll certainly be affronted."

Another picture represents some ladies about to enter a gallery of art at Philadelphia, in which were exhibited several antique statues. The old woman in attendance says: "Now, ma'am, *now!* this is just the time for you. Nobody can see you. Make haste!" Mrs. Trollope stared at her with astonishment, and asked her what she meant. "Only, ma'am," was the reply, "that the ladies like to go into *that* room by themselves, when there be no gentlemen watching them." Another picture presents to us an American citizen of "the highest standing" returning from market at 6 A.M. with a huge basket of vegetables on one arm and a large ham carried in the other hand. A still more marvelous picture is given. Mr. Owen, father of Robert Dale Owen, challenged debate on his assertion that all the religions ever promulgated were equally false and pernicious. A clergyman having accepted the challenge, the debate was continued during fifteen sessions. But what amazed Mrs. Trollope was that Mr. Owen was listened to with respect! Nothing was thrown at him. The benches were not torn up. Another marvel was that neither of the disputants lost his temper, but they remained excellent friends, and dined together every day with the utmost gayety and cordiality. All this must have seemed strange indeed to the doting daughter of a state Church whose belief was regulated by act of Parliament.

A famous contemporary of John Doyle and Mrs. Trollope was Robert Seymour, who will be long remembered for his co-operation with Charles Dickens in the production of the first numbers of *Pickwick*. Nothing can be more certain than that this unfortunate artist, who died by his own hand just before the second number of the work was issued, did actually suggest the idea which the genius of Dickens developed into the *Pickwick Papers*. While Dickens was still in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons, Seymour had attained a shop-window celebrity by a kind of picture of which the English people seem never to be able to get enough—caricatures of Londoners attempting country sports. It appears to be accepted as an axiom in England that a man capable of conducting business successfully becomes an absurd and ludicrous object the moment he gets upon a horse or fires at a bird. It seems to be taken for granted that horsemanship and hunting belong to the feudal system, and are strictly entailed in county families. But as a man is supposed to rank in fashionable circles according to his mastery of those arts, great numbers of young men, it seems, live but to attempt feats impossible except to inherited skill. Here is the field for such artists as Robert Seymour, "For whose use," as Mr. Dickens wrote, "I put in Mr. Winkle expressly," and who drew "that happy portrait of the founder of the Pickwick Club by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality." Perhaps as many as a third of the comic pictures published at that period were in the Winkle vein.

"Walked twenty miles overnight; up before peep o' day again; got a capital place: fell fast asleep; tide rose up to my knees; my hat was changed, my pockets pick't, and a fish run away with my hook; dreamt of being on a polar expedition and having my toes frozen."

PROBABLE SUGGESTION OF THE FAT BOY OF THE "PICKWICK PAPERS." SEYMOUR'S SKETCHES, 1834.

Upon looking over the sketches of Robert Seymour, which used to appear from time to time in the windows—price threepence—while Boz was getting *his* "Sketches"

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RICHARD DOYLE, 1849.

through the press, we perceive that Dickens really derived fruitful hints from this artist, besides the original suggestion of the work. Mr. Winkle is recognizable in several of them; Mr. Pickwick's figure occurs occasionally; the Fat Boy is distinctly suggested; the famous picnic scene is anticipated; and there is much in the spirit of the pictures to remind us that among the admiring crowd which they attracted, the author of *Pickwick* might often have been found. Seymour, however, gave him only hints. In every instance he has made the suggested character or incident absolutely his own. Seymour only supplies a piece of copper, which the alchemy of genius turned into gold. In Dickens's broadest and most boisterous humor there is ever a certain elegance and refinement of tone that are wanting in Seymour, Seymour's cockney hunters being persons of the Tittlebat Titmouse grade, who long ago ceased to amuse and began to offend.

Seymour's discovery in the first numbers of *Pickwick* that it was the author, not the artist, who was to dominate a work which was his own conception and long-cherished dream, was probably among the causes of his fatal despair. When he first mentioned to Chapman and Hall his scheme of a Cockney Club ranging over England, he was a popular comic artist of several years' standing, and Charles Dickens was a name unknown. Nor was it supposed to be of so very much consequence who should write the descriptive matter. The firm closed the bargain with Mr. Seymour without having bestowed a thought upon the writer; and when they had suggested the unknown "Boz," and procured a copy of his "Sketches" by way of recommendation, Mrs. Seymour's remark was that, though she could not see any humor in his writings herself, yet he might do as well as another, and fifteen pounds a month to a poor and struggling author would be a little fortune. To a sensitive and ambitious man, made morbid by various hard usage such as the men who delight the world often undergo, it must have been a cutting disappointment to be asked, in the infancy of an enterprise which he deemed peculiarly his own, to put aside

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an illustration that he had prepared, and make another to suit the fancies of a subordinate. It was like requiring a star actor to omit his favorite and most special "business" in order to afford a member of the company an opportunity to shine.

The biographer of Mr. Dickens is naturally reluctant to admit the social insignificance in London, forty years ago, of a "struggling author," and he is grossly abusive of Mr. N. P. Willis for describing his hero as he appeared at this stage of his career. Mr. Willis visited him at a dismal building in Holborn, in company with one of Mr. Dickens's publishers, and he gave a brief account of what he saw, which doubtless was the exact truth. Willis was a faithful chronicler of the minutiæ of a scene. He was a stickler for having the small facts correct. "We pulled up," he wrote, "at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. I followed by a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs, and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens, for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing (and I made a memorandum of it that evening as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers)—the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honor of his publisher's visit." He describes Dickens as dressed rather in the Swiveller style, though without Richard's swell look: hair close cropped, clothes jaunty and scant, "the very personification of a close sailer to the wind." There is nothing in this discreditable to the "poor author," and nothing which a person who knew London then would deem improbable. Is it not a principle imbedded in the constitution of Britons that the person who receives money in small amounts for work and labor done is the party obliged, and must stand hat in hand before him who pays it?

Whoever shall truly relate the history of the people of Great Britain in the nineteenth century will not pass by in silence the publication of *Pickwick*. Cruikshank, Seymour, and Irving, as well as the humorists of other times, had nourished and moulded the genius of Dickens; but, like all the masters in art, he so far transcended his immediate teachers that, even in what he most obviously derived from them, he was original. And it is he, not they, who is justly hailed as the founder of that benign school of comic art which gives us humor without coarseness, and satire without ill nature. It is *Pickwick* that marks the era, and the sole interest which Seymour's sketches now possess is in showing us from what Charles Dickens departed when he founded the Pickwick Club.

THE QUARREL—ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—JOHN LEECH, 1845.

Master Wellington. "You're too good a judge to hit me, you are!"
Master Joinville. "Am I?"
Master Wellington. "Yes, you are."
Master Joinville. "Oh, am I?"
Master Wellington. "Yes, you are."
Master Joinville. "Ha!"
Master Wellington. "Ha!"
[MORAL.—*And they don't fight, after all.*

One happy consequence of the new taste was the publication of *Punch*, which has been ever since the chief vehicle of caricature in England. As long as caricature was a thing of the shop windows only, its power was restricted within narrow limits. Since the founding of *Punch*, in 1841, about two years after the conclusion of the *Pickwick Papers*, caricature has become an element in periodical literature, from which it will perhaps never again be separated. And it is the pictures in this celebrated paper which have prolonged its life to this day. It owes its success chiefly to artists. There was and is an error in the scheme of the work which would have been speedily fatal to it but for the ever-welcome pictures of Rich-

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THIS IS THE BOY WHO CHALKED UP "NO POPERY!" AND THEN RAN AWAY!—LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND THE BILL FOR PREVENTING THE ASSUMPTION OF ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BY ROMAN CATHOLICS.—JOHN LEECH, IN "PUNCH," 1851.

Explanation by Earl Russell in 1874: "The object of that bill was merely to *assert* the supremacy of the Crown. It was never intended to prosecute....Accordingly a very clever artist represented me in a caricature as a boy who had chalked up 'No Popery' upon a wall, and then run away. This was a very fair joke....When my object had been gained I had no objection to the repeal of the bill."—*Recollections and Suggestions*, p. 210.

ard Doyle, John Leech, John Tenniel, Du Maurier, and their companions.

One of the rarest products of the human mind is a joke so good that it remains good when the occasion that gave rise to it is past. Probably the entire weekly harvest of wit and humor gathered from the whole earth would not fill a number of *Punch* with "good things," and if it did, no one could enjoy so many all at once, and the surfeit would sicken and disgust. The mere sitting down for the purpose of being funny in a certain number of lines or pages is death to the comic powers; and hence it is that a periodical to which nearly the whole humorous talent of England has contributed is sometimes dull in its reading, and we wonder if there can be in any quarter of the globe a person so bereft of the means of entertainment as to get quite through one number. Once or twice a year, however, *Punch* originates a joke which goes round the world, and remains part of the common stock of that countless host who are indebted to their memory for their jests.

But the pictures are almost always amusing, and often delightful. The artists have the whole scene of human life, public and private, to draw from, and they are able by their pencils to vividly reproduce the occasions that gave birth to their jokes.

In looking over the long series of political caricatures by Leech and Tenniel, which now go back thirty-three years, we are struck, first of all, by the simplicity of the means which they usually employ for giving a comic aspect to the political situation. They reduce cabinet ministers and other dignitaries many degrees in the social scale, exhibiting them as footmen, as boys, as policemen, as nurses, as circus performers, so that a certain comic effect is produced, even if the joke should go no further. Of late years Mr. Tenniel has often reversed this device with fine effect by raising mundane personages to celestial rank, and investing them with a something more than a travesty of grandeur. It is remarkable how unfailing these simple devices are to amuse. Whether Mr. Leech presents us with Earl Russell as a small foot-boy covered with buttons, or Mr. Tenniel endows Queen Victoria with the majestic mien of Minerva, the public is well pleased, and desires nothing additional but a few apt words explanatory of the situation. But simple as these devices may be, it is only a rarely gifted artist that can use them with effect. Between

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the sublime and the ridiculous there is a whole step, but in comic art there is but a hair's-breadth between the happy and the flat.

Lord Brougham was supposed to be courting the conservatives when Leech began to caricature. The superserviceable zeal of the ex-chancellor was hit very happily in a circus scene, in which the Duke of Wellington figures as the ring-master, Brougham as the clown, and Sir Robert Peel as the rider. The clown says to the ring-master, "Now, Mr. Wellington, is there any thing I can run for to fetch—for to come—for to go—for to carry—for to bring—for to take?" etc. In another picture the same uneasy spirit, restive under his titled and pensioned nothingness, appears as "Henry asking for *more*." Again we have him dancing with the Woolsack, which is explained by the words, "The Polka, a new Dance, introducing the old Double Shuffle." And again we see him in a tap-room, smoking a pipe, with a pot of beer on the table, looking on with complacency while Mr. Roebuck bullies an Irish member. Brougham says, "Go it, my little Roebuck! Bless his little heart! *I* taught him to bounce like that."

Russell, Peel, Wellington, O'Connell, and Louis Philippe were other personages whom Mr. Punch often caricatured at that period of his existence, and he generally presented them in a manner that still coincides with public feeling in England, and was probably not disagreeable to the men themselves at the time. One of Leech's hits was a picture designed to ridicule certain utterances of the Prince de Joinville concerning the possible invasion of England in 1845, when some irritating conduct of the French ministry had been met by Wellington with good temper and firmness. The prince, as a boy, is "squaring off," with a great show of fight, at the duke, who stands with his hands in his pockets, not defiant, but serene and watchful. This picture is perfectly in the English taste. Leech liked to show great Britannia as infinitely able to fight, and not so very unwilling, but firmly resolved not to do so unless compelled by honor or necessity.

In these sixty-nine volumes of *Punch* there is much of the history of our time which words alone could not have preserved. We can trace in them the progress of ideas, of measures, and of men. The changes in public feeling are exhibited which enabled Cobden and Peel to strike from British industry the gilt fetters of protection, for *Punch* is only another name for Public Opinion. These pictures have a particular interest for us, since we are to travel the same road in due time, and thus, at length, give Great Britain a rival in the markets of the world. Nothing could be better than Mr. Leech's picture showing Sir Robert Peel as the "Deaf Postilion." In a debate on the Corn Laws he had said, "I shall still pursue steadily that course which my conscience tells me I should take, let you and those opposite pursue what course you think right." The picture shows us a post-chaise, the body of which has become detached from the fore-wheels—a mishap which the deaf postilion does not discover, but goes trotting along as though his horses were still drawing the load. The chaise, named Protection, is occupied by Tory lords, who shout in vain to the deaf postilion. Again, we have Disraeli as a viper biting the file, Sir Robert. Leech con-

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—JOHN LEECH, "FOLLIES OF THE YEAR," LONDON, 1852.

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tinued his effective support of the movement until the victory was won, when he designed a monument to the victor, consisting of a pyramid of large cheap loaves of bread crowned by the name of Peel.

The Puseyite imbecility was as effectively satirized by Leech in 1849 as the ritualistic imitation has recently been by Tenniel. American slavery came in for just rebuke. As a retort to "some bunkum" in the American press in 1848, Mr. Leech drew a picture of Liberty lashing a negro, while Jonathan, with rifle on his arm, cigar in his mouth, and bottle at his side, says, "Oh, ain't we a deal better than other folks! I guess we're a most a splendid example to them thunderin' old monarchies." The language is wrong, of course; no American ever said "a deal better." English attempts at American slang are always incorrect. But the satire was deserved. Leech was far from sparing his own country. Some readers must remember the pair of pictures by Leech in 1849, entitled "Pin-Money" and "Needle-Money," one exhibiting a young lady's boudoir filled with luxurious and costly objects, and the other a poor needle-woman in her garret of desolation, sewing by the light of a solitary candle upon a shirt for which she is to receive three half-pence. In a similar spirit was conceived a picture presenting two objects often seen in agricultural fairs in England—a "Prize Peasant" and a "Prize Pig": the first rewarded for sixty years of virtuous toil by a prize of two guineas, the owner of the fat pig being recompensed by an award of three guineas.

Toward Louis Napoleon *Punch* gradually relented. At first Mr. Leech gave just and strong expression to the world's contempt for that unparalleled charlatan; but as he became powerful, and seemed to be useful to Great Britain, *Punch* treated him with an approach to respect. A similar change toward Mr. Disraeli is observable. Seldom during the first fifteen years of his public life was he presented in a favorable light. Upon his retirement from office in 1853, Leech satirized his malevolent attacks upon the new ministry very happily by a picture in which he appears as a crossing-sweeper spattering mud upon Lord Russell and his colleagues. "Won't give me any thing, won't you?" says the sweeper: "then take *that!*" Nor did the admirable Leech fail to mark the public sense of Disraeli's silence during the long debates upon the bill giving to English Jews some of the rights of citizenship. In his whole public career there is nothing harder to forgive than that ignoble and unnecessary abstinence. During the last few years Mr. Disraeli has won by sheer persistence a certain solidity of position in English politics, and *Punch* pays him the respect due to a person who represents a powerful and patriotic party.

One quality of the *Punch* caricatures is worthy of particular regard: they are rarely severe, and never scurrilous. The men for whom Mr. Leech entertained an antipathy, such as O'Connell, O'Brien, Brougham, and others, were usually treated in a manner that could not have painfully wounded their self-love. We observe even in the more incisive works of Gilray a certain boisterous good humor that often made their satire amusing to the men satirized. Mr. Rush, American minister in London in 1818, describes a dinner party at Mr. Canning's, at which the minister exhibited to his guests albums and scrap-books of caricature in which he was himself very freely handled. Fox and Burke, we are told, visited the shop where Gilray's caricatures were sold, and while buying the last hit at themselves, would bandy jests with Mrs. Humphrey, the publisher. Burke winced a little under the lash, but the robuster and larger Fox was rarely disturbed, and behaved in the shop with such winning courtesy that Mrs. Humphrey pronounced him the peerless model of a gentleman. *Punch*, likewise, does not appear to irritate the men whom he caricatures. Lord Brougham used to laugh at the exceedingly ugly countenance given him by Leech, and to say that the artist, unable to hit his likeness, was obliged to designate him by his checked trowsers. Lord Russell, as we see, does not object to Leech's delineations; and Palmerston, long a favorite with the *Punch* artists, may well have been content with their handsome treatment of him.

During the last fifteen years Mr. Tenniel has oftenest supplied the political cartoon of *Punch*. His range is not so wide as that of Leech, but within his range he is powerful indeed. He has produced some pictures which for breadth, strength, aptness, good feeling, and finish have rarely been equaled in their kind. He gives us sometimes such an impression of his power as we fancy Michael Angelo might have done if he had amused himself by drawings reflecting upon the politics of his time. If, as the *Quarterly Review* lately remarked, Tenniel's pictures are often something less than caricature, being wanting in the exuberant humor of his predecessors, we can also say that they are frequently much more than caricature. Mr. Tenniel was an artist of repute, and had furnished a cartoon for the Westminster Parliament-house, before he became identified with *Punch*.

In common with John Leech and the ruling class of England generally, Mr. Tenniel was so unfortunate as to misinterpret the civil war in America. He was almost as much mistaken as to its nature and significance as some of our own politicians, who had not his excuse of distance from the scene. He began well, however. His "Di-

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"OBSTRUCTIVES."—JOHN TENNIEL, 1870.

Mr. Punch (to Bull A 1). "Yes, it's all very well to say 'Go to school!' How are they to go to school with those people quarreling in the doorway? Why don't you make 'em 'move on?'"

vorce a Vinculo," published in January, 1861, when the news of the secession of South Carolina reached England, was too flattering to the North, though correct as to the attitude of the South. "Mrs. Carolina asserts her Right to 'larrup' her Nigger" was a rough statement of South Carolina's position, but we can not pretend that the Northern States objected from any interest they felt in the colored boy. On the part of the North it was simply a war for self-preservation. It was as truly such as if Scotland or Ireland, or both of them, had seceded from England in 1803, when the Peace of Amiens was broken, and the English people had taken the liberty to object. Again, Mr. Tenniel showed good feeling in admonishing Lord Palmerston, when the war had begun, to keep Great Britain neutral. "Well, Pam," says Mr. Punch to his workman, "of course I shall keep you on, but you must stick to *peace*-work." Nor could we object to the picture in May, 1861, of Mr. Lincoln's poking the fire and filling the room with particles of soot, saying, with downcast look, "What a nice White House this would be if it were not for the Blacks!"

But from that time to the end of the war all was misapprehension and perversity. In July, 1861, "Naughty Jonathan," an ill-favored little boy carrying a toy flag, addresses the majesty of Britain thus: "You *sha'n't* interfere, mother—and you ought to be on my side—and it's a great shame—and I don't care—and you *shall* interfere—and I won't have it." During the Mason and Slidell imbroglio the Tenniel cartoons were not "soothing" to the American mind. "Do what's right, my son," says the burly sailor, Jack Bull, to little Admiral Jonathan, "or I'll blow you out of the water." Again, we have a family dinner scene. John Bull at the head of the table, and Lord Russell the boy in waiting. Enter, "Captain Jonathan, F.N.," who says, "Jist looked in to see if thar's any rebels he-arr." Upon which Mr. Bull remarks, "Oh, indeed! John, look after the plate basket, and then fetch a policeman." This was in allusion to a supposed claim on the part of Mr. Seward of a right to search ships for rebel passengers. Then we have Mr. Lincoln as a "coon" in a tree, and Colonel Bull aiming his blunderbuss at him. "Air you in earnest, colonel?" asks the coon. "I am," replies the mighty Bull. "Don't fire," says the coon; "I'll come down." And accordingly Mason and Slidell were speedily released. In a similar spirit most of the events of the war were treated; and when the war had ended, there was still shown in *Punch*, as in the English press generally, the same curious, inexplicable, and total ignorance of the feelings of the American people. What an inconceivable perversity it was to attribute Mr. Sumner's statement of the damage done to the

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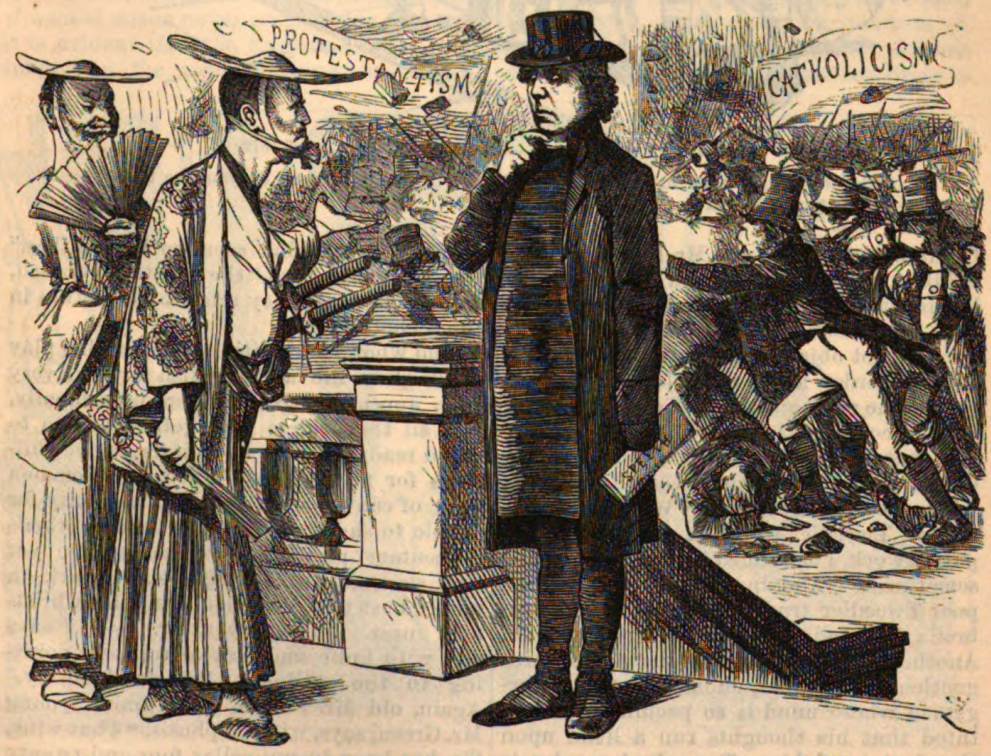
United States by the alliance which existed for four years between the owners of England and the masters of the South to a Yankee grab for excessive damages! In all the long catalogue of national misunderstandings there is none more remarkable than this. Mr. Tenniel from the first derided the idea that any particular damage had been done by the *Alabama* and her consorts: certainly there was no damage, he thought, upon which a "claim" could be founded. "Claim for damages against *me*?" cries big Britannia, in one of his pictures of October, 1865. "Nonsense, Columbia; don't be mean over money matters."

All this has now become merely interesting as a curiosity of misinterpretation. The American people know something of England through her art, her literature, and press; but England has extremely imperfect means of knowing us. No American periodical, probably, circulates in Great Britain two hundred copies. We have no Dickens, no Thackeray, no George Eliot, no *Punch*, to make our best and our worst familiar in the homes of Christendom; and what little indigenous literature we have is more likely to mislead foreigners than enlighten them. Cooper's men, women, and Indians, if they ever existed, exist no more. Mr. Lowell's Yankee is extinct. Uncle Tom is now a freeman, raising his own bale of cotton. Mark Twain and Bret Harte would hardly recognize their own California. It is the literature, the art, and the science of a country which make it known to other lands; and we shall have neither of these in adequate development until much more of the work is done of smoothing off this rough continent, and educating the people that come to us, at the rate of a cityful a month, from the continent over the sea. At present it is nearly as much as we can do to find spelling-books for so many.

To most Americans the smaller pictures of Leech and others in *Punch*, which gently satirize the foibles and fashions of the time, are more interesting than the political cartoons. How different the life of the English people, as exhibited in these thousands of amusing scenes, from the life of America! We see, upon turning over a single volume, how much more the English play and laugh than we do. It is not merely that there is a large class in England who have nothing to do except to amuse themselves, but the whole people seem interested in sport, and very frequently to abandon themselves to innocent pleasures. Here is a young lady in the hunting field in full gallop, who cries gayly to her companion, "Come along, Mr. Green; I want a lead at the brook;" which makes "Mr. Green think that women have no business in hunting." England general-



JEDDO AND BELFAST; OR, A PUZZLE FOR JAPAN.—JOHN TENNIEL, IN "PUNCH," 1872.

Japanese Embassador. "Then these people, your Grace, I suppose, are heathen?"

Archbishop of Canterbury. "On the contrary, your Excellency; those are among our most enthusiastic religionists."

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"AT THE CHURCH GATE."—DU MAURIER, IN "PUNCH," 1872.

"So now you've been to church, Ethel! And which part of it all do you like best?"
"*This* part, mamma!"

ly thinks otherwise, and Mr. Punch loves to exhibit his country-women "in mid-air," leaping a ditch, or bounding across a field with huntsmen and hounds about them. He does not object to a hunting parson. A church-warden meets an "old sporting rector" on the road, and says, "Tell ye what 'tis, Sir, the congregation do wish you wouldn't put that 'ere curate up in pulpit; nobody can't hear un." To which the old sporting parson on his pony replies, "Well, Blunt, the fact is, Tweedler's such a good fellow for parish work, I'm obliged to give him *a mount* sometimes." And in the distance we see poor Tweedler trudging briskly along, umbrella in hand, upon some parish errand. Another sporting picture shows us three gentlemen at dinner, one of whom is a clergyman whose mind is so peculiarly constituted that his thoughts run a little upon the duties of his office. Perhaps he is Tweedler himself. One of the laymen, a fox-hunter, says to the other, "That was a fine forty minutes yesterday." The other replies, "Yes; didn't seem so long either." *Punch* remarks that "the curate is puzzled, and wonders, do they refer to his lecture in the school-room?"

And what a part eating and drinking play in English life and English art! Every body appears to give dinners occasionally, and all the dealers in vegetables seem to stand ready to serve as waiters at five shillings for an evening. Food is a common topic of conversation, and it is a civility for people to show an interest in one another's alimentary pleasures. "Glad to see yer feed so beautiful, Mrs. B——," remarks a portly host to a corpulent lady, his Christmas guest. "Thank yer, Mr. J——," says she, with knife and fork at rest and pointing to the ceiling; "I'm doin' lovely." Again, old Mr. Brown, entertaining young Mr. Green, says, with emphasis, "That wine, Sir, has been in my cellar four-and-twenty years come last Christmas—four-and-twenty years, Sir!" To which innocent Mr. Green, anxious to say something agreeable,

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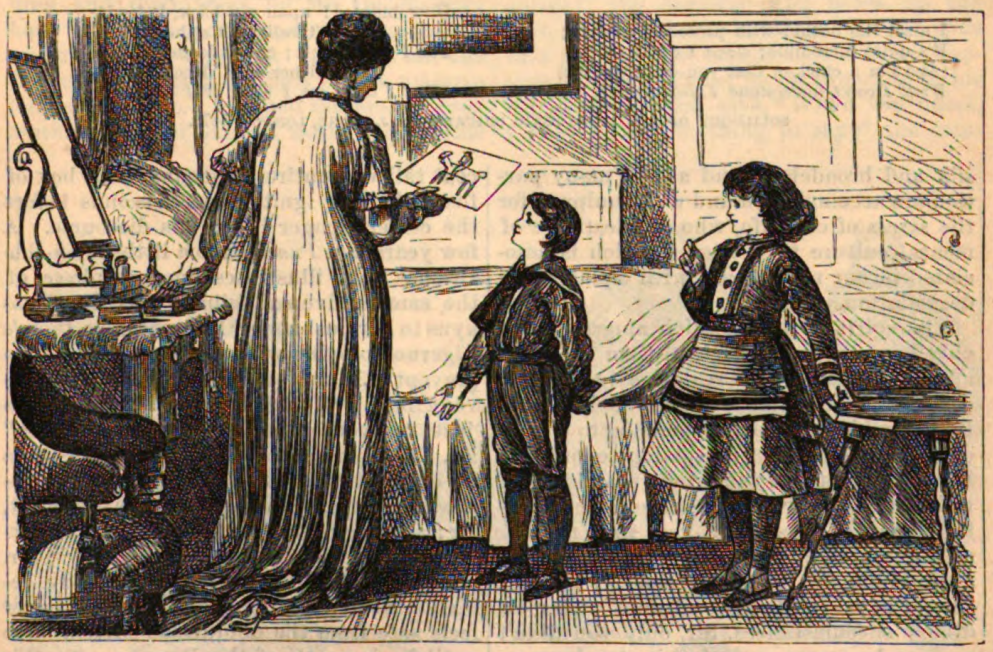
replies, "Has it really, Sir? What must it have been when it was new?" Little Emily asks her mother, "What is capital punishment?" Master Harry replies, "Why, being locked up in the pantry! *I* should consider it so." Even at the theatres, we may infer from some of the pictures, ale and porter are handed round between the acts of the play. In one picture we see two lovers looking upon the sky; poetical Augustus says, "Look, Edith! how lovely are those fleecy cloudlets, dappled over the—" Edith (not in a spirit of burlesque) replies, "Yes, 'xactly like gravy when it's getting cold—isn't it?" Then we have two gentlemen in the enjoyment of a little dinner, one of a long series given in the absence of the family at Boulogne. The master of the house receives a telegram. He reads it, heaves a deep sigh, and says, dolefully, "It's all up!" Bachelor friend asks, "What's the matter?" Paterfamilias replies, "Telegram! She says they've arrived safe at Folkestone, and will be home about 10.30." No more little dinners. Only a wife and children for comfort. And here are two of Mr. Du Maurier's pretty children eating slices of bread too thinly spread with jam, and Ethel says, with thoughtful earnestness, "I dare say the Queen and her courtiers eat a whole pot of jam every day, Harry!" There are many hundreds of pictures in *Punch* which show a kind of solemn interest in the repair of wasted tissue never seen in this country. It is evident that the English have a deep delight in the act of taking sustenance which is to us unknown. Mr. Thackeray himself, in speaking of an Englishman's first glass of beer on returning home from a long journey in other lands, casts his eyes to heaven and gives way to something like enthusiasm.

Many pictures bring into juxtaposition extremes of civilization rarely witnessed in America. So many traps are set for ignorance in this country that a child can scarcely hope to get by them all, and escape into maturity an absolute dolt. Observe this conversation between a squire and a villager: "Hobson, they tell me you've taken your boy away from the national school. What's that for?" "'Cause the master ain't fit to teach un. He wanted to teach my boy to spell taters with a P." Here, again, is a scene in a London picture-gallery that presents a curious incongruity. A group is standing before one of the works of Ary Scheffer, and an East Ender, catalogue in hand, makes this comment upon the artist's name: "'Ary Scheffer! Hignorant fellers, these foreigners, Bill! Spells 'Enery without the Haitch!" In New York we have doubtless people that would be as incongruous as this in such a scene, but they do not visit picture-galleries. Nor have we among us a photographer who could essay to bring a smile to a sitter's face by saying, "Just look a little pleasant, miss: think of *'im!*" It is evident from many hundreds of such sketches that there are great numbers of people in England who exercise difficult callings, hold responsible positions, dress in



AN EARLY QUIBBLE.—DU MAURIER, IN "PUNCH," 1872.

George. "*There*, Aunt Mary! what do you think of *that*? *I* drew the horse, and Ethel drew the jockey!"
Aunt Mary. "H'm! But what would mamma say to your drawing jockeys on a Sunday?"
George. "Ah, but look here! We've drawn him *riding to church*, you know!"

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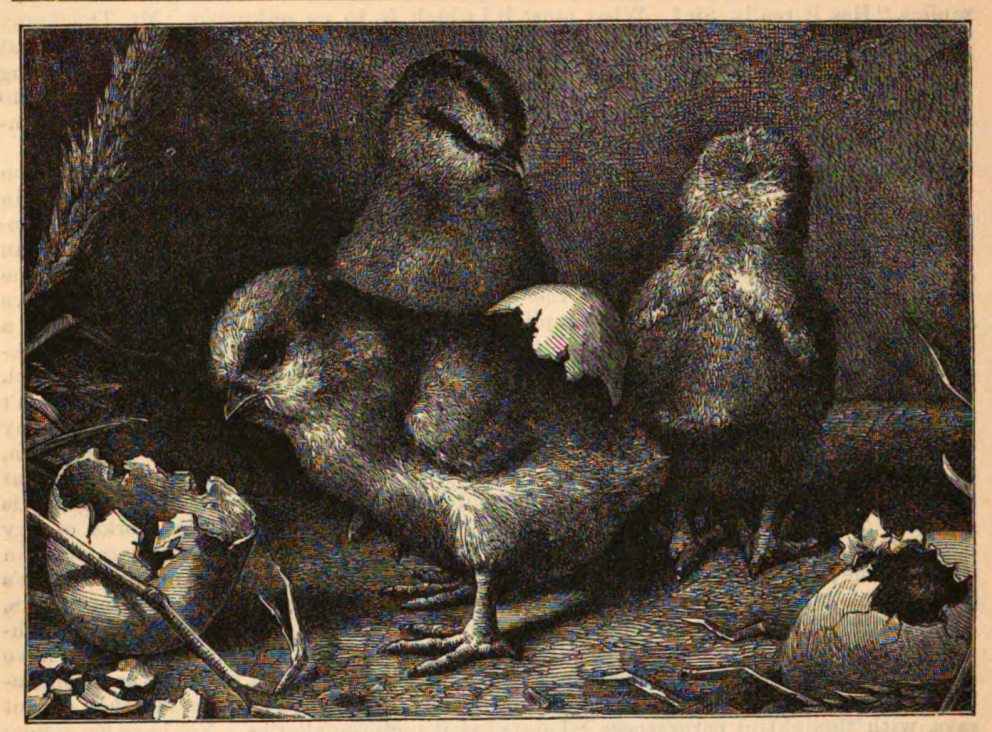

How do I know I ever *was* inside?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry, miserable cell
As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't! How could *I* have lain,
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings,
In there?

I meet the notion with profound disdain;
It's quite incredible; since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive)
What I can't understand I won't believe.

What's that I hear?
My mother cackling at me! Just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant *I* say;
So far behind the wisdom of the day.

What's old I *can't* revere.
Hark at her. "You're a silly chick, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack!
As is the piece of shell upon your back!"
How bigoted! upon my back, indeed!
I don't believe it's there,
For I can't *see* it; and I do declare,
For all her fond deceivin',
What I can't see, I never will believe in!

SOLILOQUY OF A RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.—S. J. STONE, LONDON, 1873.

silk and broadcloth, and are in many particulars accomplished and well equipped for the stress of city life, who are destitute of mental culture to a degree which is associated in our minds only with squalor and degradation.

The spirit of caste, which appears to be only less strong in England than in India, affords countless opportunities to English comic art. Imagine a coster-monger profusely and laboriously apologizing to a well-dressed passer-by for presuming to speak to him in order to let him know that his coat tail is burning: "You'll excuse my addressin' of you, Sir—common man in a manner of speakin'—gen'leman like you, Sir—beggin' pardon for takin' the liberty, which I should never 'a thought of doin' under ordinary succumstances, Sir, only you didn't seem to be aware on it, but it struck me as I see you a-goin' along, as you were *afire*, Sir!" During the delivery of this apology combustion had continued, and Brown's coat tail was entirely consumed, his box of fusees having ignited some seconds before the coster-monger began his discourse. A few years ago *Punch* gave a little "Sea-side Drama" that illustrates another phase of the same universal foible. Mrs. De Tomkyns to her husband: "Ludovic dear, there's Algernon playing with a strange child! Do prevent it." "How on earth am I to prevent it?" "Tell its parents Algernon is just recovering from the scarlet fever." Mr. De Tomkyns accordingly makes this fictitious statement to the father of the obnoxious child, who replies, "It's all right, Sir; so's our little girl." *Punch* hits it fairly, too, in a pictured *tête-à-tête* between Mr. Shoddy and Mrs. Sharp. Mr. Shoddy remarks, as he sips his coffee, that he never feels safe from the ubiquitous British snob until he is south of the Danube. To this Mrs. Sharp responds by asking, "And what do the — a — South Danubians say, Mr. Shoddy?"

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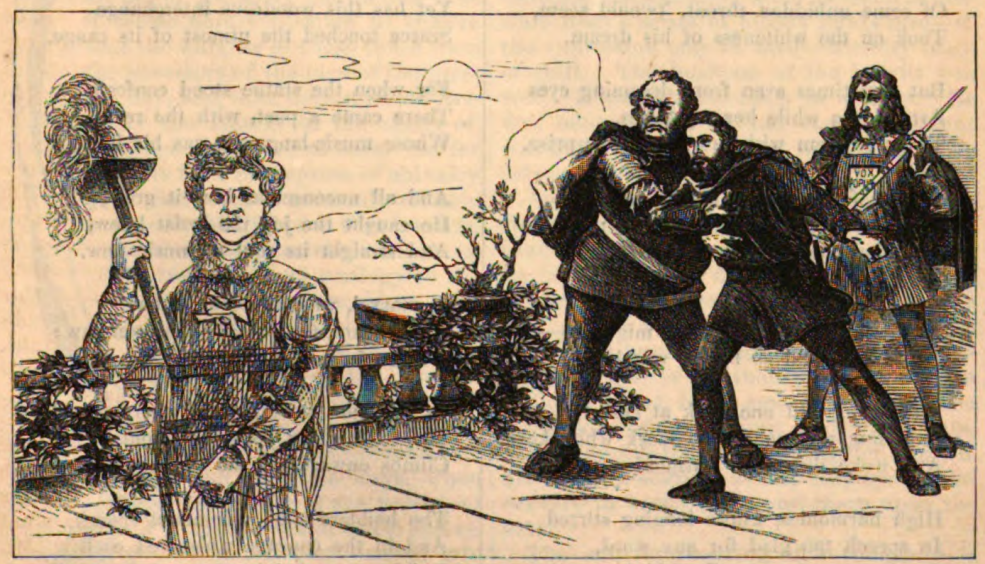
The moral feeling of the *Punch* artists is so generally sound that it is surprising to find them often taking the easy and popular side of the "conflict of ages" between mistress and maid. But if they usually laugh with the mistress and at the maid, they occasionally laugh with the maid and at the mistress; and truly the wildest absurdity attributed to the British servant seems venial compared with the thoughtless arrogance of the typical British mistress. *Punch* does not wholly neglect her morals. Another hundred volumes or so will doubtless bring her over to Sydney Smith's opinion, that *all* the virtues and graces are not to be had for seven pounds per annum. It was a happy retort upon "No Irish need apply" to present an English servant-girl peremptorily leaving a place because she had discovered that the family was Irish, alleging that her friends would never forgive her if they knew she had lived in an Irish family. The picture, too, is good of a pretty servant walking home in the evening behind an elderly and ill-favored lady to "protect" her from insult. *Punch* wishes to know who is to protect the pretty girl on her return through London streets alone. We see also from numberless pictures that the British mistress deems it her right to control the dress of the British maid. When crinoline came in, she thought it impudent in a servant to wear it; but when crinoline went out, she deemed it no less presuming in her to lay it aside.

For some years past the pictures of children and their ways by Mr. Du Maurier have been among the most pleasing efforts of comic art in England. There is not the faintest intimation in them of the malevolent or sarcastic. All good fathers, all good mothers, and all persons worthy to become such, delight in them. They are such pictures as we should naturally expect from an artist who was himself the happy father of a houseful of happy children, and who consequently looked upon all the children of the world in a fond, parental spirit. Surely no Bohemian, no hapless dweller in a boarding-house, no desolate frequenter of clubs, no one not sharing in the social life of his time, could so delightfully represent and minister to it. Du Maurier vindicates the generation that has produced Gavarni and Woodhull. He reminds us from week to week that children are the sufficient compensation of virtuous existence, worth all the rest of its honors and delights.

The recent agitation in England of questions relating to religion has not escaped the caricaturist. For two centuries or more the caricaturists of Great Britain have been hearty Protestants, though not long Puritan, and we still find them laughing at the fulminations of the testy old clergyman who lives in the Vatican. Nor have they failed to reflect upon the too evident fact that it is the contentions of clergymen in England that have blocked the way into the national school. The old-fashioned penny broadside, all alive with figures and words, has been revived by "Gegeef," to promote the secularization of the schools. In one of them all the parties to the controversy are exhibited—the candidate for the mastership of a government school, who "believes in Colenso and geology, but don't mind teaching Genesis to oblige;" the minister who holds up the text, "One faith, one baptism," but demands that the baptism taught should be *his* baptism; Thomas Paine, too, who points to his *Age of Reason*, and says, "When you finish, *I* shall have something to say;" the com-



*The P****e of W***s to K**g G****e IV.* (loq.). "I'll follow thee!"—Matt Morgan, in the *Tomahawk*, 1867.

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promiser, who is willing to have Bible lessons given in the schools, provided they are given "without comment;" and, of course, the radical Bradlaugh, who demands secularization pure and simple. The same draughtsman, whose zeal is more manifest than his skill, has attempted to show, in various penny sheets, that amidst all those sectarian conflicts the one true light for the guidance of bewildered men is Science.

The only hit, however, in caricature, which these controversies have suggested is "The Soliloquy of the Rationalistic Chicken." It has had great currency in England among the clergy, many of whom have assisted in spreading it abroad; and even secularists have found it passable—as a caricature. Another recent "sensation" was the caricature by Mr. Matt Morgan, in the *Tomahawk*, which represented the Prince of Wales "*following*" the ghost of his predecessor, George IV. It had a great currency at the time, and may have served a good purpose in warning an amiable and well-disposed prince to be more careful of appearances.

During the lifetime of the venerable Cruikshank comic art in England has won the consideration due to a liberal profession, and now enjoys a fair share of reward as well as honor. He found the comic artist something of a Bohemian; he leaves him a solvent and respectable householder. He may have visited Gilray at work in the little room behind his publisher's shop; and he doubtless often enjoyed the elegant hospitality of John Leech, one of the first in his branch of art to attain the solid dignity of a front-door of his own. It is mentioned to the credit of Richard Doyle, son of HB, that when he resigned his connection with *Punch* on account of its caricatures of Wiseman and the Pope, he gave up an income of eight hundred pounds a year. There is no worthy circle in great Britain where the presence of a Tenniel, a Leech, a Du Maurier, a Doyle, or a Cruikshank would not be felt as an honor and their society valued as a privilege. England owes them gratitude and homage. They have not been always right, but they have nearly always meant to be. Nothing malign, nothing unpatriotic, nothing impure, nothing mean, has borne their signature; and in a vast majority of instances they have led the laughter of their countrymen so that it harmonized with humanity and truth.

ART'S EXCHANGES.

THERE was a poet once who wrought
In marble all his poet-thought—
All glimpses that his yearnings caught

Of scenes whereof the senses fail,
Of light that strayeth pure and pale
From out the rent, *unlifted* veil,

Till royal head, or shapely gleam
Of some unhidden throat, 'twould seem,
Took on the whiteness of his dream.

But sometimes even from dreaming eyes
Art folds a while her mysteries,
To greet them with more sweet surprise.

And so for many an empty day
Nerveless the master's chisel lay:
The clay unloved was only clay.

Some angel waiting to be free,
Some beauty sleeping there might be—
So sleeping and so bound was he.

And idling still one dusk at ease,
Rare fingers touched the meek white keys,
And woke them into harmonies—

High harmonies, whose longing stirred
In speech too glad for any word,
Or river sweep, or call of bird.

And as he heard, the joy intense,
Born of such gracious influence,
Grew too complete for one mute sense.

The artist-passion claimed its own—
The thought a symphony had shown
Leaped to immortal life in stone.

* * * * * *

Dear heart, you find the story strange,
Yet has this wondrous interchange
Scarce touched the utmost of its range.

For when the statue stood confessed,
There came a poet, with the rest,
Whose music-language was his best;

And all unconscious how it grew,
He caught the joy the artist knew,
And straight its soul to music flew.

A marvel, was it? Nay, a law!
Bach heard the seraphs Raphael saw:
I listen in content and awe.

In that new tower, whose every round,
Shapen in color, song, or sound,
Climbs onward till the heaven is found,

The builders hold a common speech,
And in the courage whispered each
Build on—to heights beyond the reach.

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THE TOURNAMENT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE age of chivalry has been, through the efforts of poets and romancers, so invested with an air of gallantry and fiction that it seems hardly possible to believe that the knights of those times were the ancestors of the men of the present day, and that they were as naturally the results of the spirit of their age as we are of ours. So far has this false conception of chivalry gone that even as generally reliable a writer as M. Philarète Chasles says, in effect, that the whole annals of the race afford no analogy to the mixture of manners, ideas, and customs peculiar to that era. But the history of any nation, at any phase of its development, would show that human nature is a "bundle of seeming inconsistencies;" and in these days, when the study of the persistent correlation of cause and effect has been carried into so many unexpected regions of investigation, it is manifestly impossible that the age of chivalry should escape the common fate of so many hitherto inexplicable wonders.

Fortunately abundant materials are at hand in the early literature of Europe for giving us a realistic picture of the scenes of those times; and a simple examination and report, somewhat after the manner of those which make up the news in our daily papers, of the incidents which were then of frequent occurrence, may enable us to better realize what chivalry was than any amount of elaborate philosophic discussion.

According to the differences of the various nations in which chivalry flourished, and also according to the various periods of each nation's development, it presents various characteristics. Among the ruder nations of the north of Europe the semi-barbarism of the people made the joust or the tournament a regular fight, in which the danger was the chief excitement. In the *Nibelungen Lied*—a German epic poem of the thirteenth century—are the evidences that the knights of that time still bore the traces of their ancestors, the delights of whose heaven were an endless carousal, and drinking deep draughts from the skulls of their enemies fashioned into cups. Accounts still remain of a German tournament in which, though blunted weapons were used, sixty persons were slaughtered.

In the south of Europe, however, a gentler spirit of culture had, even as early as the eleventh century, influenced even so thoroughly warlike an entertainment as the tournament was in its very nature, and had made fixed laws for the government of these contests, transforming them as much as possible from a series of bloody fights into—if the expression may be used—friendly trials of skill. The business of the knight was war. It was his function in society. He was educated for it, and the tournament was his practice to perfect himself in all its arts and tricks.

Notwithstanding also that chivalry was emphatically an aristocratic institution, and that most of its sentiments and almost all its influence were devoted to maintaining the aristocratic forces in society, yet it was also a very school of democracy, and was often used by the kings as a means for limiting the power of their nobility. Thus Philippe le Bel, in an emergency, made the eldest sons of his peasant subjects knights, and Frederick Barbarossa knighted such of his common soldiers as had displayed great bravery in battle then and there upon the field.

The cut representing this ceremony is taken from a manuscript of the romance of

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CONFERRING KNIGHTHOOD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Lancelot du Lac, of the thirteenth century, in the National Library at Paris.

The education of the boy, however, whether noble by birth or the son of a commoner, who was destined for knighthood began at an early period of his life. When seven years old he was taken away from the care of the women of the household, and put entirely at the service of the men. As the whole system of feudalism was one of organized obedience to regularly appointed rulers, the most important lesson for the young aspirant to knighthood was considered to be learning subjection. As the "Ordène de Chevalerie," a poem by Hugues de Tabarie, which describes all the processes of the times used in the education of knights, says: "It is proper that he should learn to obey before he governs, for otherwise he would not appreciate the nobility of his rank when he became a knight."

That there should be no obstacles in the way of the boy's actually serving, he was generally sent away from home, it being a rule for every knight to place his son in the service of some other knight. It was a general thing for the distinguished heroes of the time, if they were wealthy enough to support a sufficiently important establishment, and had a reputation for courtly and chivalric breeding, to receive boys into their houses, and, as it were, keep a school for knighthood. Besides, there were regular institutions founded for the purpose, and endowed as our colleges are to-day, the teachers in which were generally old knights who had passed the period of active service or had become impoverished, and who filled the function of the professors in our institutions of learning. Here the young aspirant was called a page or a valet, and was expected to do the most servile duties. They waited on the table, ran on errands, carved the meat and handed the drink, polished the armor, attended on the chase, and, if perchance they were capable, wrote such letters as their more illiterate master might want to have written.

Servile as such a position may seem to us, yet there was no servility in it, and its remains may be seen in the famous endowed schools in England to-day in the custom of "fagging," as it is called, where the new scholars tend upon the older ones, blacking their boots, bringing their water, and running on their errands.

As the young boy grew older and began to display his powers, he began to practice with arms suited to his age, and to assist at the practicing of the knights; and in time

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he was allowed to choose from among the ladies of the household a special one whom he admired and desired to serve, swearing to tell her all his thoughts and actions, to devote himself to her service, and to seek to gain her good-will by the devotion which he displayed in imitation of that he saw about him. About the age of fourteen the page was raised to the position of esquire. This change of position was considered so important and serious that the aid of religion was invoked to make it the more impressive. The Church consecrated the knightly function, and hallowed the weapons that were used in it. The young aspirant, standing by the altar, and surrounded by his nearest relations, received the consecrated sword from the hands of a priest, and pledged himself to never use it except in the interest of honor and religion.

When the young esquire had passed through this ceremony he was raised to a higher position in the household, was allowed to be present in the private gatherings of the knights, and take part in the ceremonials which formed so large a part of the routine of feudal life. When noble visitors presented themselves, it was his duty to superintend the ceremonies attendant on their reception. Now, too, he began the more serious gymnastic exercises which were to render him physically capable of enduring the life of a knight. It required no small amount of strength to carry the weight of a suit of armor, to move easily thus encumbered, and at the same time to find it no hinderance in acting either offensively or defensively. To fit one's self for this, with even a natural endowment of sufficient vigor, required constant practice, and was necessarily the work of a lifetime.

That a knight's life was not entirely one of luxuriant gallantry, that all of his time was not spent in learning to

> "caper nimbly in a lady's chamber
> To the lascivious pleasing of a lute,"

appears clearly from an account given of their exercises by Boucicaut, a Marshal of France in the reign of Charles VI. Speaking of the exercises of the esquires, he says: "Now, cased in armor, he would practice leaping to the back of a horse, anon, to accustom himself to become long-winded and enduring, he would walk and run long distances on foot, or he would practice striking numerous and forcible blows with a battle-axe or a mallet. In order to accustom himself to the weight of his armor, he would turn somersaults while clad in a complete suit of mail, with the exception of his helmet, or would dance vigorously in a shirt of steel; he would place one hand on the saddle-bow of a tall charger and the other on his neck, and vault over him; he would climb up between two perpendicular walls, that stood four or five feet asunder, by the mere pressure of his arms and legs, and would thus reach the top, even if it were as high as a tower, without resting either in the ascent or descent. When he was at home he would practice with the other young esquires at lance-throwing and other warlike exercises, and this continually."

In the large households, where there were many esquires completing their knightly education, the duties they had to perform were so numerous and so varied that the esquires were divided into classes, to each of which a special department of the work was intrusted, and by changing from one to the other of these classes, each esquire was enabled to obtain a complete knightly education. The first class, as the chief in importance, was the body esquire, or the esquire of honor, who attended to the personal wants of the heads of the household, filling, in fact, the function which to-day in the households of the wealthy is intrusted to the valets or body-servants. The class next in rank was the chamber esquire or chamberlain; then the carving esquire, the stable esquire, the cup-bearing esquire, and others whose various duties were similarly indicated in their names.

As the knights fought always on horseback, the care of the horses, and a thoroughly practical knowledge of horsebreaking, training, grooming, and the whole routine of stable-work, were considered a very important branch of an esquire's education; and so were the care of the arms and armor, and the keeping them in good order. Besides this, as all of the castles and most of the important buildings of those times were really fortresses, and were built to serve as places of defense against attacks which might occur at any time, there was a certain routine of military duty—keeping guard, posting sentinels, and the like, which devolved upon the esquires. These manifold duties gave the esquires a practical industrial education, which was an advantage for the community, even though its application was turned to the destructive art of war, instead of to productive industry.

When the knight went out, either for the chase, or simply to ride for pleasure, or for warlike purposes, the esquires assisted him, one holding his stirrup for him to mount, while others carried the various parts of his armor or his arms, keeping them until the moment came for their use. As a general thing, the knight rode his charger only in action, and at other times a gentler steed, called a palfrey, bore him. When the moment came for him to mount his war-horse, the esquires carefully attended to the duty of buckling his armor, seeing that it was securely fastened and properly arranged. The suit of armor was an intricate and cumbersome covering, and its efficiency as a pro-

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tection depended very much upon its proper adjustment.

In the numerous single combats which took place between the knights, the esquires attended their respective masters, and remained quiet, standing behind them until the contest began actively, after the ceremonial preliminaries were finished. But when the fight began, then their duty was to stand ready to assist their master at his slightest sign. It was not allowed them to take any positively offensive part in the contest, but indirectly to give him all the aid they could, and thus assist him in maintaining his position, and in gaining the victory if possible. If, perchance, in the shock he was dismounted, they helped him to rise and mount his steed again, or they brought him a fresh horse, warded off the blows aimed at him when down, or if he was wounded, they saved him from the *mêlée*, and at the risk of their own lives carried him to a place of safety. In warfare the care of the prisoners he captured was given by the knight to his esquires. Though it was entirely contrary to rule for the esquires to take an active part in the contest, yet their zeal, their skill, their courage, and their devotion could be made of the greatest service to their masters.

Having conducted himself with credit through all the duties of his novitiate was still often not enough to enable an esquire to rise to the dignity of knighthood. The preliminary position of a pursuivant-at-arms was often made obligatory before he could reach the full dignity. While he filled this position his duties were to travel about, and complete his education by gathering a knowledge of the world—to-day attending a tournament or being received at the castle of some nobleman, to-morrow a guest in some more lowly cottage. He was expected, in all companies or wherever he might be, to illustrate by his learning and his conversation his appreciation of the dignity and importance of the rank he was seeking to attain. In the castles of the nobles, at the tournaments and festivities he there took part in, and in his respectful intercourse with the noble ladies he there met and the distinguished warriors by whom he was surrounded, he had constant examples set before him for imitation of the manners and customs of the society of which he hoped to form a member.

When the esquire had finally made himself sufficiently capable to be received as a full knight, this new dignity was conferred upon him by a symbolical ceremony more serious and solemn than any he had previously undergone. The ceremony of ordination began with the *vigil of arms*. This was a night-watch kept by him over his arms. Then he fasted, and spent three nights alone in a chapel in prayer. Finally, clothed in white, he heard mass upon his knees, witnessed the consecration of his sword before the altar by the bishop, who then gave him the kiss of peace. While hearing the mass the neophyte wore his sword suspended from his neck. When it had been consecrated, the bishop handed it to him, saying, "Receive this sword in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and use it for your own defense and for that of God's holy Church, and for the confusion of the enemies of the cross of Christ and of the Christian faith, and, as far as human frailty may permit, wound no one unjustly with it." The bishop then with the naked blade struck the neophyte gently three times across the shoulders, saying, "Be thou a peaceable, brave, and faithful knight." From the hands then of some noble present, or some lady, he received his spurs, his helmet, his gauntlets, and his cuirass, which were fitted upon him. The illustration representing this scene is taken from a manuscript of the thirteenth century in the Brit-

ARMING A KNIGHT.

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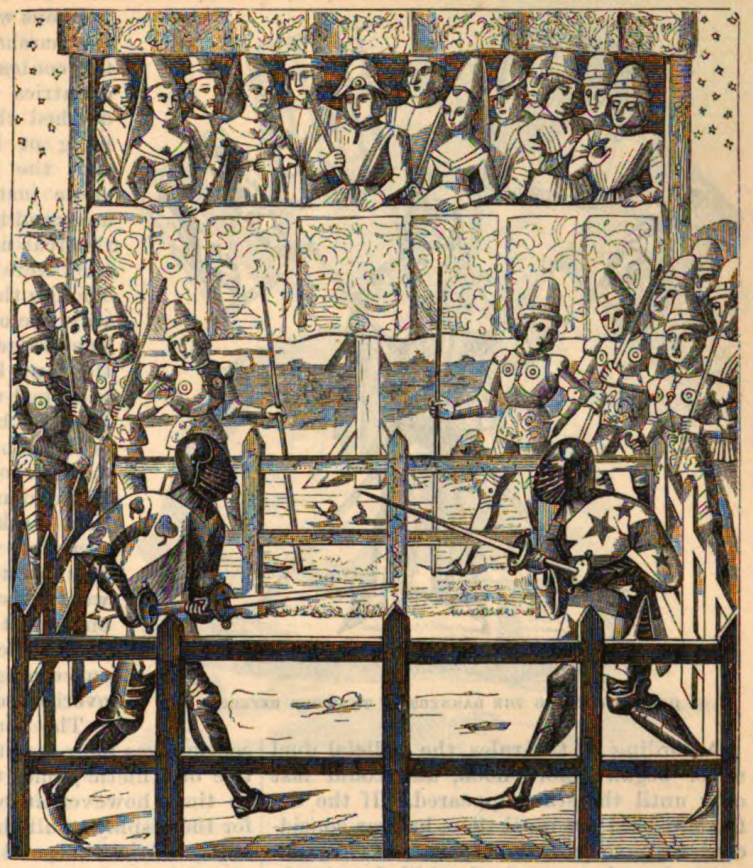
ish Museum. While the spurs are being placed upon the neophyte, the prince girds on his sword. The ceremony was then completed by the *colée*. The prince, or the investing knight who had girded on the sword, drew it, and struck the neophyte with the flat side of it across the shoulder, greeting him as a brother in the fraternity of knighthood. Then his charger, his shield, and his lance were brought and presented to him, and he was at liberty to commence his knightly career.



THE CONTEST.

Let us follow him through his experience of a judicial duel and a tournament. We have seen that the Church took part in the initiatory ceremonies of knighthood, but, as an institution, she always refused to sanction the custom of tournaments, tilts, and also of judicial duels. From a time long anterior to the advent of Christianity the trial by battle, or the judicial duel, had existed in Germany. It was the natural outgrowth of the belief that might is right, and grew to the prominence it had in chivalry through the phases of trial by ordeal, or by the judgment of God. About the time of Charlemagne trial by ordeal fell into disrepute, and was superseded by the judicial duel, which held its ground for centuries, and was common in all the countries of Europe.

Rude as was the theory upon which it was based, yet the rules and regulations by which it was governed were all formed in accordance with reason. It was allowed only when the crime committed was punishable by death; but as death was so common a penalty, this did not diminish the frequency of the judicial duel. Persons under twenty-one or more than sixty, priests, invalids, and women, were not required to take part in the contest, but could be represented by champions. If the two parties to a dispute belonged to different ranks in the social scale, the defendant was given certain advantages. Thus, if a knight challenged a serf, he was obliged to forego his knightly weapons, and fight with a shield and a club, wearing a leather jerkin; if, however, the challenge came from the serf, the knight was allowed to fight in armor and on horseback. When the dispute has reached such a point that the parties feel obliged to refer its decision to an appeal to arms, they appear before their feudal lord, state their cases, and the plaintiff throwing down his glove as a gage, his adversary exchanges it for his own. One has his right hand upon the cross, and the other his right hand upon the Bible. The oath they each thus solemnly swear is that he alone is right and that his antagonist is false, and that he has no charm or talisman upon his person.

When the final oath had been taken, the herald-at-arms gave notice in a loud voice, at each corner of the inclosure, that the contest was about to commence, and warned all the spectators to remain perfectly passive and quiet, making no sound or movement which should encourage or annoy the combatants, under pain of losing a limb themselves, if not their lives. The lists were then cleared, the seconds withdrew, and the marshal of ceremonies, seeing that the combatants were properly placed, cried out three times, "Let them begin!" and the fight began.

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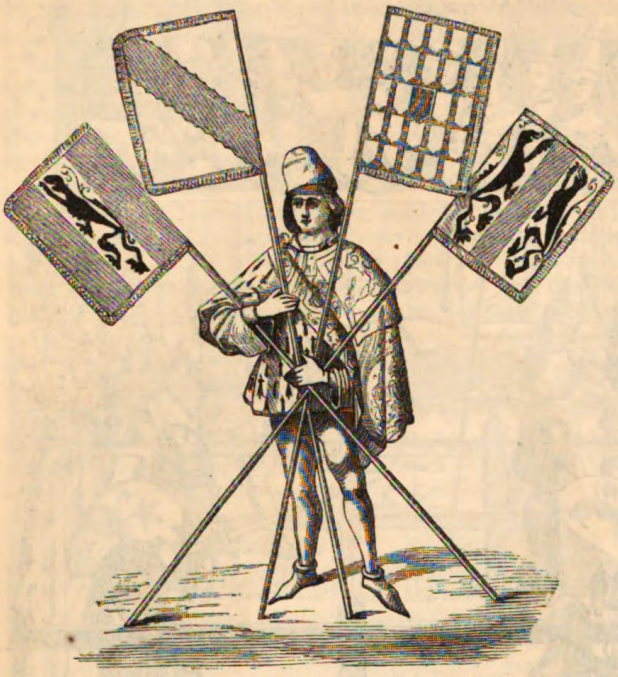
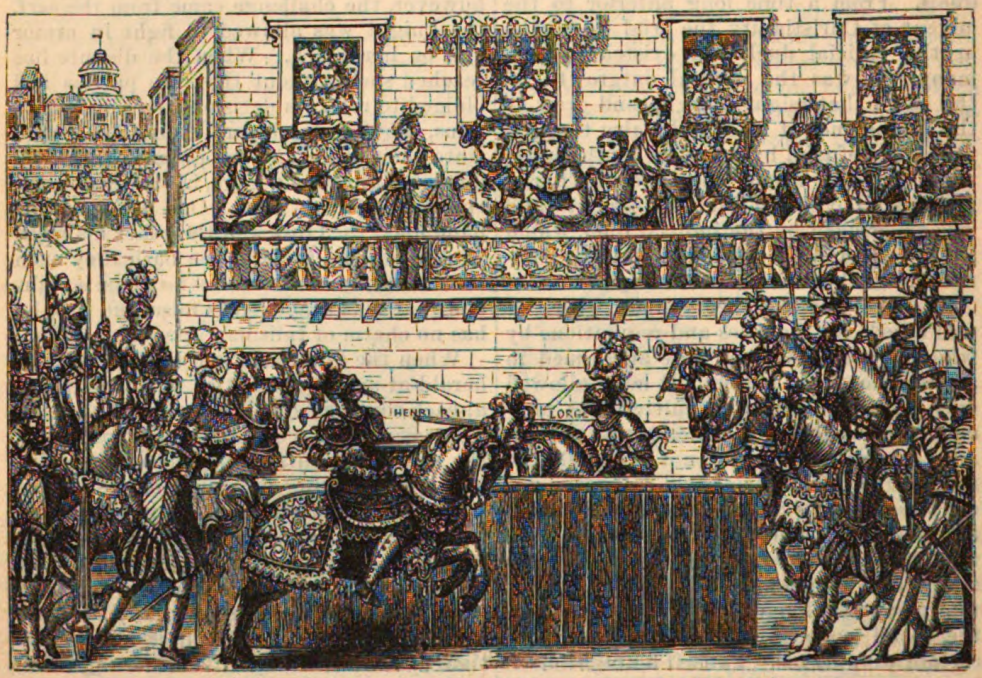


HERALD HOLDING THE BANNERS OF THE FOUR REFEREES.

weapons were divided between the marshal and the judges of the contest. In the northern countries of Europe the vanquished champion was either hung or burned alive if he was the principal, and the crime justified it; but if he appeared in the lists to defend the real author of the crime, they were both put to death. Though the judicial trial gave way before the increasing knowledge of the times, yet the laws by which it was established were not repealed in England before the early part of this century. Mr. Rush, the minister of the United States in London, gives an account, in a work he published, of a scene he witnessed when the right of the trial by combat was insisted upon by some one, and the scandal it caused led to the repeal of the laws concerning it, which had been overlooked all this time.

According to the rules, the judicial duel never began before noon, and could last only until the stars appeared. If the defendant held out until then, he was considered to have gained his cause. The vanquished combatant, whether killed or simply wounded, was dragged from the lists by the heels, his armor taken off piece by piece and thrown into the lists, and his horse and

The tournament in its inception was more a gathering for the practice of athletic games than any thing else. In time, however, it became the occasion for the display of all the pomp and circumstance of the time, and was made the chief attraction at such popular festivities as a royal marriage, the entrance of a sovereign into a town, or any other occasion of public rejoicing. There is a tradition that the



KING HENRY II. WOUNDED BY MONTGOMERY IN A TOURNAMENT, 1559.

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tournament, properly so called, was first instituted in the tenth century in Brittany by Geoffrey, the lord of Preuilli.

When a tournament was resolved upon, the judges were selected, and the time and place, together with the rules regulating it, were proclaimed publicly by the heralds, *à cor et à cri*, or with the voice and the trumpet, as it was called. The king-at-arms, wearing a gold cloth upon which the arms of the judges were painted, proclaimed the tournament, while the heralds distributed cards upon which the arms were painted to any one who would take them.

The occurrence of a tournament created a great excitement all through the surrounding country. The knights and nobles came with their retinue to attend it, while the dealers, the peddlers, and all the classes who sought such public gatherings for the furtherance of their private gains swarmed to the spot in crowds. Great labor, pains, and expense were involved in the preparation of the lists in which the tournament was to take place, and the temporary accommodations for the actors, the spectators, and the judges.

THE CHAMPION OF THE TOURNAMENT.

The lists came finally to be constructed in an oblong form, and were decorated with brilliantly painted and gilded designs and heraldic emblems, and hung with rich tapestries. The first cut on the preceding page shows a herald displaying the banners of the four referees. It is taken from a manuscript of the fifteenth century, entitled, *Tournaments of King René.* Similar banners, bearing heraldic devices, were brought by the various knights who gathered to take part in the celebration, and before the day of the tournament the houses in which they lodged were decorated with them, while in some castle, cloister, or monastery of the vicinity their coats of arms were hung, and the knights, the ladies, and the visitors gathered to inspect them. If among them any lady recognized the banner of a knight against whom she had any cause for complaint, she called the attention of the judges to it; and if, on investigation, he was found unworthy, he was not allowed to take part in the tournament.

Before the opening of the serious business for which the gathering had come together, the esquires practiced in the lists, and the ladies gathered to witness their feats. Frequently in these trials an esquire who distinguished himself was knighted on the spot, and allowed to celebrate the occasion by taking part in the ensuing tournament.

The lower engraving on the preceding page is taken from a cut of the sixteenth century representing the tournament in which, in 1559, Henry II. of France was wounded by Montgomery.

Upon the stands built for the spectators were gathered the beauty and fashion of the time. Kings, queens, princes, and the highest nobility of the land gathered to witness the spectacle, and by their presence inspirit the contestants to display their prowess. At certain parts of the lists the stands were erected for the camp marshals and the seconds of the knights. Within the lists, or close to them, were the kings-at-arms and the heralds, who were to watch the sports and render a faithful account of them. Crowds of servants were at hand to render assistance if needed. Bands of music added to the festivity of the scene. As their clarion notes sounded, the knights, in full armor, magnificently equipped, with their steeds decorated and armed, entered the lists, followed by their esquires. Sometimes the knights were led into the lists by the ladies they had sworn to serve, fastened with gold or silver chains, from which they were released before the combat began. As a rule, the knight bore, also fastened upon some part of his person, in a conspicuous place, some knot of ribbon or other favor which his lady had bestowed upon him.

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The illustration of the champion of the tournament is taken from a design by Albert Dürer for his famous composition, the "Triumph of the Emperor Maximilian." While the combat continued, the musicians sounded their trumpets; the heralds encouraged the knights by loud cries of admiration at each successful stroke, and the crowd applauded their favorites. When it was ended, and the victor was reported by the heralds, the prize was given with great ceremony, either by the judges or by the ladies who were present, and the victor was conducted in triumph to the banquet, which ended the festivities. The prize was not sought for its intrinsic value—frequently it was some object of no great worth—but to gain it was the honor which every one coveted. The happy victor had the chief place at the banquet, and his praises were sung by the wandering minstrels attracted by the occasion. So fully was the tournament in the spirit of the times that its scenes were reproduced every where. One illustration of the tournament was found upon an ivory looking-glass lid, carved in the thirteenth century, and which was probably used as a decoration for some lady's dressing-room.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARAK.*

That the leaders in Israel led on,
That the people willingly offered themselves,
Praise ye Jehovah!
Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes;
I, I will sing unto Jehovah;
I will sing praise to Jehovah, God of Israel.

When thou wentest forth, Jehovah, out of Seir,
When thou didst march out of the field of Edom,
Earth trembled and the skies dropped,
Yea, the clouds dropped with water.
The mountains trembled before Jehovah—
That Sinai before Jehovah, God of Israel.

In the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath,
In the days of Jael, the highways rested,
And the travelers walked through by-ways.
Rulers ceased, they ceased in Israel,
Until that I, Deborah, arose,
That I arose, a mother in Israel.

They chose new gods;
Then was war in the gates;
A shield was not seen, nor spear,
Among forty thousand in Israel.

My heart is toward the governors of Israel,
That willingly offered themselves among the people.
Bless ye Jehovah!

Ye that ride on white asses,
Ye that sit in judgment,
And ye that walk by the way,
Join in the song.

From amid the shouting of them that divide the spoils among the watering-troughs,
There shall they rehearse the righteous acts of Jehovah,
The righteous acts of his rule in Israel.

Then let them go down to the gates, the people of Jehovah.

Awake, awake, Deborah!
Awake, awake, utter a song!
Arise, Barak, and lead thy captured captive,
Thou son of Abinoam!

Then came down a remnant of nobles of the people;
Jehovah came down to me among the heroes;
Out of Ephraim those whose root is in Amalek,
After thee, Benjamin, among thy people;
Out of Machir came down rulers,
And out of Zebulun they that hold the musterer's staff.
And the princes of Issachar were with Deborah;
And as Issachar so was Barak;
He rushed on foot into the valley.

By the streams of Reuben
Great were the resolves of heart.
Why abodest thou among the sheep-folds
To hear the bleatings of the flocks?
By the streams of Reuben
Great were the searchings of heart.

Gilead abode beyond the Jordan;
And why did Dan remain in ships?
Asher continued on the sea-shore,
And abode in his havens.

Zebulun, a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death,
And Naphtali, in the high places of the field.

There came kings, they fought;
Then fought the kings of Canaan,
At Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo;
Spoil of silver they took not away.

From heaven they fought;
The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.
The river Kishon swept them away,
That ancient river, the river Kishon.
O my soul, thou shalt tread down the mighty!
Then stamped the horses' hoofs
In the rush, the rush of their mighty ones.

Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of Jehovah;
Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof;

* This wonderful lyric, produced 800 years before Pindar, and the very model and type of triumphal song, is here given with some variations from the King James version. These variations, for which, as well as for the arrangement of the ode, we are indebted to the Rev. Thomas J. Conant, D.D., not only more correctly render the original Hebrew, but also more effectively interpret its poetry.—Ed. Harper.

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"WHERE HE BOWED, THERE HE FELL DOWN SLAIN."

Because they came not to the help of Jehovah,
To the help of Jehovah against the mighty.

Blessèd above women be Jael,
The wife of Heber the Kenite;
Blessèd shall she be above women in the tent.
He asked water, she gave him milk,
She brought curdled milk in a lordly dish.
She stretched out her hand to the nail,
And her right hand to the workmen's hammer;
And with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote his head,
And she crushed and pierced through his temples.
At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay;
At her feet he bowed, he fell;
Where he bowed, there he fell down slain.

The mother of Sisera looked out at the window,
And cried through the lattice:
"Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?"
Her wise princesses answered,
Yea, she returned answer to herself:
"Have they not sped, divided the prey?
A damsel, two damsels, to every man;
A prey of dyed garments to Sisera,
A prey of dyed garments of embroidery;
A dyed garment of embroidery on both sides,
For the neck of the spoiler."

So let all thine enemies perish, O Jehovah!
But they that love him are as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

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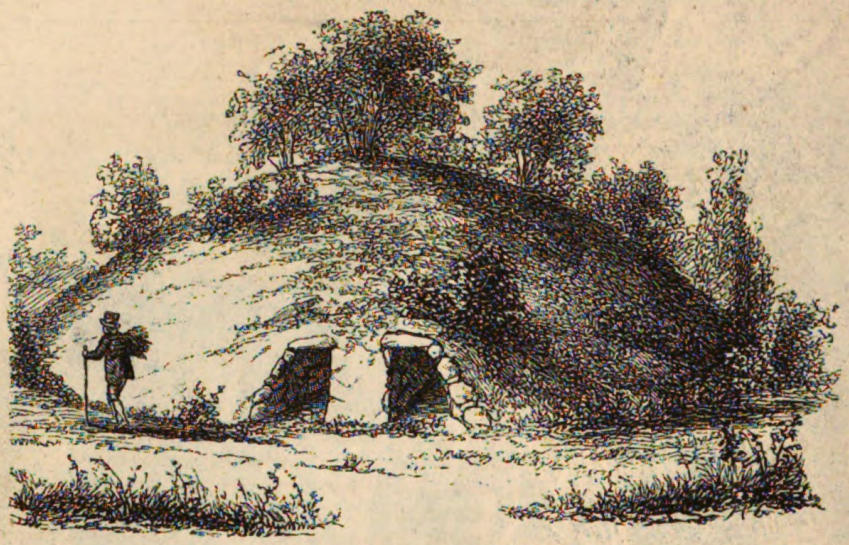
THE STONE AGE IN EUROPE.

By CHARLES RAU.



TUMULUS OF THE STONE AGE.—ISLAND OF MÖEN, DENMARK.

VI.—NEOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS.

IN the present closing article we purpose to treat chiefly of those productions of the European Stone Age which, from their perfection and finish, are illustrative of the highest mechanical skill developed during that remote period, and consequently include the types characteristic of the later neolithic stage immediately anteceding the introduction of utensils and weapons of bronze. Such stone implements of superior workmanship are particularly numerous in Denmark, the Scandinavian peninsula, and that part of Germany which is washed by the Baltic Sea; but they also occur, as may be imagined, more or less abundantly in Great Britain and Ireland, in France, and the countries of the European continent in general. The Baltic districts just mentioned are very rich in flint, and this circumstance doubtless contributed in no small degree to the proficiency which their ancient inhabitants had acquired in the art of fashioning that material. The Prussian island of Rügen, for instance, which abounds in cretaceous flint, and has furnished a great number of neolithic implements, must have been a manufacturing place of importance in ancient times, perhaps a prehistoric Sheffield or Solingen on a small scale. In order to give the reader some idea of the frequency of stone implements within the narrow limits of the Danish kingdom, we will state that the celebrated museum of Copenhagen contained, ten years ago, exclusive of duplicates and broken specimens, no less than 4840 articles of neolithic type, among them 1070 flint axes and wedges, 953 chisels, 250 poniards, 656 lance-heads, 205 half-moon-shaped implements, 746 pierced axes, etc. To these should be added 3678 rough stone implements from the Kjökkenmöddings (described in the preceding article), and 280 objects of horn and bone. Generally speaking, the collections of Denmark are thought to contain about 30,000 articles of stone, and nearly every archæological museum of Europe counts among its specimens a series of these much-sought Danish relics, not to mention those in the hands of private individuals. Rude stone tools of paleolithic types, such as have been found with the remains of extinct quadrupeds in the river gravels and ancient cave deposits of Western Europe, appear to be wanting in Denmark and the other Northern countries of which mention was made. Their absence, if well established, would indicate that these districts became inhabited at a later period, and by a race more advanced than the barbarous contemporaries of the mammoth.

The stone implements of which we intend to treat are met on or near the surface of the soil, in marshes and peat bogs, and quite frequently in the tombs of the later Stone Age, where they have been deposited, with other objects of use or ornament, by the side of the departed, as tokens of the affection of relatives and friends, and probably with the crude notion that they might be of service in a future state of existence. Similar funeral customs are still observed by the North American Indians and other primitive men of modern times, who expect after death something like a continuation of their former physical existence, with all its pleasant features and none of its cares

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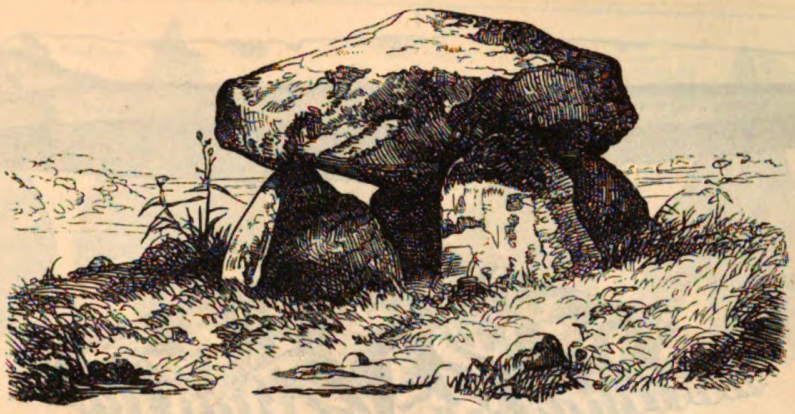

DANISH CROMLECH.

and undesirable incidents. Weapons, utensils, food vessels, and trinkets, which are found associated with human remains in Indian graves, were likewise buried, doubtless for the same purpose, with the European of the Stone Age. His tomb, however, bore a more substantial character than that of the red man, being composed of heavy upright stones and others placed horizontally to cover them, the whole forming a rude vault or chamber, which was often inclosed by a tumulus or mound of earth, and reached from without by a passage also constructed of stones. These chambers are sometimes of large dimensions, and the stones forming them of such bulk and weight that it is difficult to imagine by what means they were transported and placed in their proper position by men of very primitive attainments, who can be credited with but little knowledge of mechanics. The larger chambers served as the last abodes to a number of human beings, probably belonging to one family, and the corpses, in order to occupy as little space as possible, usually were deposited in a sitting or contracted posture, surrounded by the objects which their kindred had deemed proper to bury with them. Several classes of stone graves are ascribed to the epoch under notice; but we are compelled, for the sake of brevity, to allude only in general terms to a subject which in itself would furnish ample material for several articles.*

Structures composed of huge bowlders or fragments of rocks supporting a large capstone are frequently met standing entirely exposed on the surface of the soil. Whether they were originally all covered with earth is a mooted question. Such megalithic erections occur under different names—*cromlechs*, *dolmens*, etc.—in various parts of Europe, and more or less analogous structures have been discovered in Syria and Northern Africa. Yet they can not all be referred exclusively to the Stone Age, and some may not mark places of sepulture, but represent monuments built in honor of distinguished individuals or in commemoration of important events.*

During the Bronze Age the practice of burning the dead was prevalent, in consequence of which the funeral monuments appear modified in their character, generally presenting the shape of tumuli inclosing earthen vessels or urns, which contain burned human bones, and often weapons and ornaments of bronze. But the mode of sepulture alone affords not always a sure guidance in determining to what age the burial is to be referred, considering that the two epochs are not separated by a strongly defined line, but by a period of transition which may have been of very long duration in certain districts, giving rise to a merging of funeral customs that renders classification difficult. In the prehistoric Age of Iron, again, inhumation seems to have been the most common method of burial, the bodies being laid down extended at full length, contrary to the rule of depositing them in a contracted posture, which, as we have seen, obtained during the Age of Stone.

In entering upon the subject of neolithic implements, we begin with the simplest form, which is a flake struck off from a block of flint. Such flakes, as the reader knows, were extensively used during paleolithic times in various ways, but especially, it may be assumed, as cutting tools, their sharp edges fitting them well for that purpose. Paleolithic flakes, however, are often very rude, while those of the period now under consideration generally exhibit a more regular shape, and thus indicate the improved skill of the later prehistoric flint-chipper. They are, owing to the conchoidal fracture of flint, more or less curved in the longitudinal direction, from two to six

* The few observations thus far made, it should be understood, relate more particularly to tombs still existing in Denmark and the neighboring countries.

* It is a remarkable fact that funeral monuments of a kindred character are still erected by certain tribes in India.

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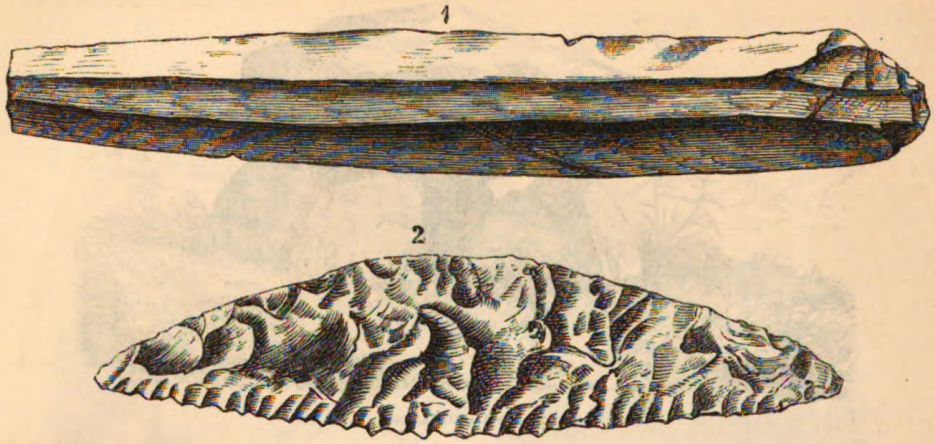

DANISH FLINT TOOLS.

1. Flake (natural size). 2. Serrated implement (half size).

and more inches long, but rarely more than an inch broad, and terminate often in a point. The under face, produced by the blow which detached the flake from the block, always presents a single fracture, while the upper side shows two or three (but seldom more) facets, resulting from the preceding removal of blades. These cutting tools were probably provided with handles, in order to be used with greater efficiency. Prismatic cores or nuclei from which flakes have been dislodged occur frequently in places where these primitive knives were manufactured. Such open-air work-shops have been discovered in the island of Rügen and elsewhere. A few cases are recorded in which flint cores were found with the flakes split off from them lying close by, and fitting exactly into the facets upon them. The ancient Mexicans made knives absolutely identical in shape with those from Denmark and other parts of Northern Europe; but instead of flint they employed for this purpose obsidian—a volcanic product that breaks like flint, and occurs abundantly in some parts of their country. According to the early Spanish chroniclers, the Aztec artisan dislodged the flakes from the obsidian block by pressure, employing a large wooden T-shaped implement, which acted somewhat in the manner of a punch, the cross-piece resting against the chest; and a skillful workman, says Clavigero, in his *History of Mexico*, was able to make a hundred of these knives within an hour. It is doubtful whether the fine flint flakes of the Baltic districts were produced in a similar manner, considering that flint will not yield to pressure as easily as the more brittle obsidian.

Among the chipped flint articles of the European North we have to mention certain flat implements somewhat resembling in outline the segment of a circle, or sometimes a half-moon. These tools have been classed as cutting implements and as saws, their edges being occasionally serrated, as in the given drawing. Sir John Lubbock thinks it probable that they were fixed with their convex edges into wooden handles, and then used in cleaning skins. Neolithic scrapers resemble those of the earlier Stone Age, though they are often more regularly chipped; but having represented scrapers, and alluded to their uses in the third article of this series ("The Troglodytes"), we need not say more about them in this place.

The neolithic period is characterized by a great variety of chipped flint arrow-heads, many of which are wrought with admirable skill, and may be classed among the most remarkable relics of antiquity. The simpler forms present the outlines of triangles, leaves, or lozenges; in the more elaborate specimens the part opposite the point terminates in a stem or tang, which facilitated the attachment to the shaft. Some arrow-heads are both stemmed and barbed; others have long barbs, but no stems. In many the converging edges are skillfully serrated or jagged. A glance at our illustrations will be more instructive than any information we could offer.* These arrow-heads are from one to two or three inches long; but it is impossible to determine whether the long specimens are really arrow-heads or the points of javelins, considering that there is no marked difference in their respective forms. The base of the arrow-head, whether straight, indented, or stemmed, is generally worked thin, in order to fit into a slit at the end of the wooden shaft, where it was secured by means of sinews tightly wound around the wood. Some sort of glue or cement, moreover, may have been used to con-

* The illustrations of neolithic implements in this article are taken from Worsaae's *Catalogue of the Antiquities in the Copenhagen Museum*, from Evans's *Ancient Stone Implements, etc., of Great Britain*, and from other reliable sources.

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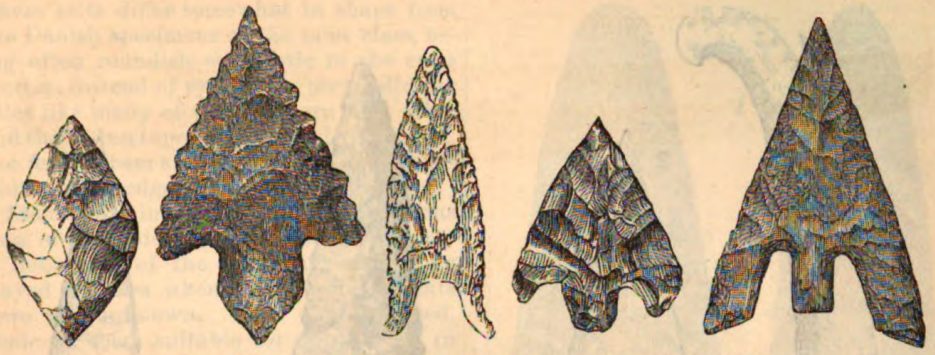

FLINT ARROW-HEADS (NATURAL SIZE).—GREAT BRITAIN AND DENMARK.

nect the stone point more firmly with the shaft.* The Swiss lake-men, it will be remembered, employed asphaltum for that purpose. Flint arrow-heads evidently were still used in Northern Europe long after bronze had become known. In England, for instance, bronze arrow-heads are extremely scarce, while arrow-heads of flint occur frequently in ancient graves containing weapons and implements of bronze. This fact may be easily accounted for by the costliness of bronze and the abundance of flint, a flint-tipped arrow being, moreover, almost as effective as one provided with a point of bronze.

There are some curious superstitions attached to flint arrow-heads in various parts of Europe, as, for instance, in Scotland and Ireland, where the country people call them elf-shots or elf-bolts, believing them to be the missiles of those imaginary beings. They used to wear them mounted in silver frames as protections against evil influences. Sir W. R. Wilde states that in the north of Ireland, "when cattle are sick, and the cattle doctor or fairy doctor is sent for, he says the beast has been 'elf-shot,' or stricken by fairy or elfin darts; and forthwith he proceeds to feel the animal all over, and by some legerdemain contrives to find in its skin one or more poisonous weapons, which, with some coins, are then placed in the water which it is given to drink, and a cure is said to be effected." According to Professor Nilsson, the veteran archæologist of Sweden, there is still lingering among the Scandinavian peasantry a belief that flint arrow-heads and stone implements in general are endowed with certain magic powers. Similar superstitions survive in Italy. In some parts of that country the peasants preserve flint arrow-heads in their houses, in order to protect them from the effects of lightning, and in the island of Elba they are mounted in silver and worn as amulets, as in Scotland and Ireland. An arrow-head of flint has been found appended to an Etruscan necklace of gold, apparently as a sort of charm, which seems to show, says Mr. Evans, "that a belief in the supernatural origin of these weapons, and their consequent miraculous powers, is of very ancient date." In this country, where stone arrow-points are probably more numerous than any where else, no strange notions in reference to them are entertained by the rural population, their origin and use being so well understood that even the children in country districts, who pick them up in the fields, are fully aware of their being the missiles used, at no remote period, by the aboriginal occupants of the soil.

The next group of illustrations represents four remarkably fine objects of flint, which will serve to show what degree of perfection in chipping stone had been attained during the neolithic period. The first of them is a sickle-shaped knife terminating in a handle, all made of one piece, and measuring fourteen inches in length. This unique specimen, which is preserved in the Copenhagen Museum, hardly can have been designed for actual use, being very liable to break on account of the brittleness of its material, and for this reason it may be assumed that it served as an attribute or a baton of command. In the next figure we present one of those beautiful Danish daggers which Sir John Lubbock calls "marvels of skill in flint-chipping." The reader will notice the elegant outline of this weapon, and particularly its elaborately wrought prismatic handle. The third specimen, a javelin-head derived from the Isle of Skye, Scotland, and drawn in natural size, is less carefully chipped at the edges, yet of very remarkable shape, its base being expanded to strengthen the curved barbs. The last figure of the group represents again a Danish weapon of superior workmanship, which has been classed as a spear-head, though it is provided with a square handle, and thus resembles a dagger or a knife. The armatures of lances generally correspond in shape more or less to those of arrows, and it is only their larger size which indicates the

* The Prairie Indians use both glue and sinews for fastening their arrow-points. They make their glue from the horns and the hoofs of the buffalo.

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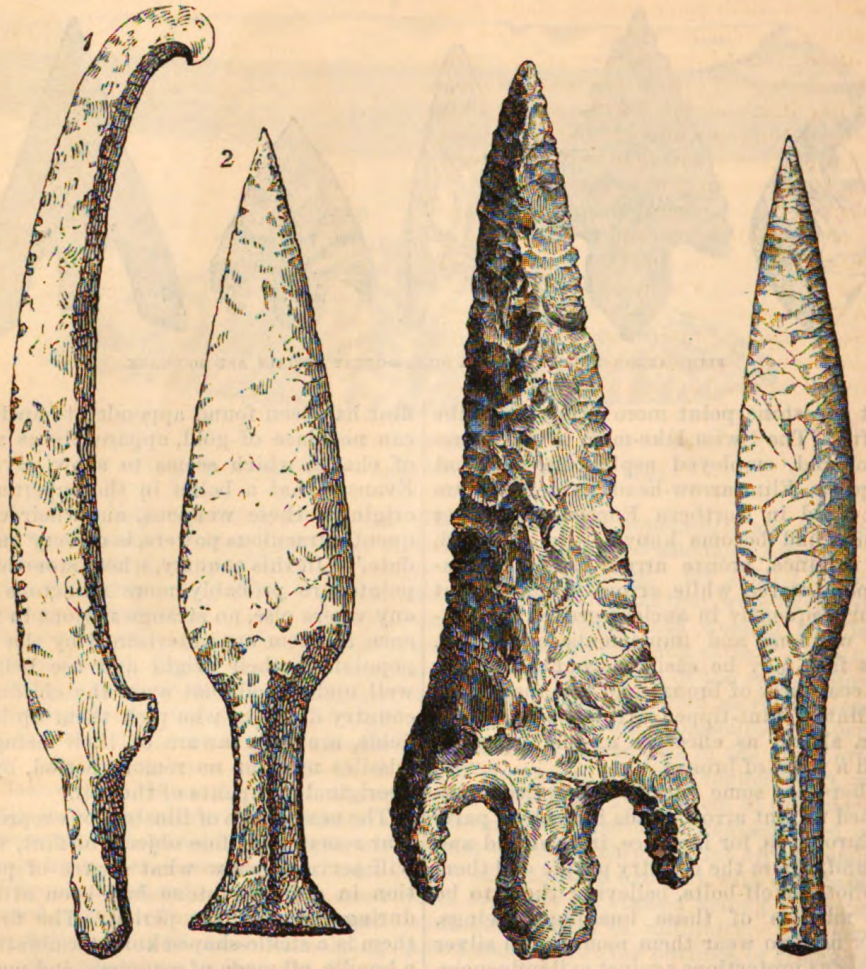

LARGE FLINT WEAPONS.

1. Sickle-shaped knife, one-third of natural size (Denmark). 2. Dagger, one-third of natural size (Denmark). 3. Javelin-head, natural size (Isle of Skye, Scotland). 4. Lance-head, one-third of natural size (Denmark).

use for which they were designed. As in arrow-heads, their lower end is often worked into a projection or tang for fitting them in the cleft end of the shaft. Yet many of the specimens of this class may have been inserted in short handles, and used as daggers or cutting tools.

The different classes of flint implements thus far treated are generally brought into the proper shape by the simple process of flaking, and exhibit only exceptionally traces of polish, as, for instance, some of the Danish daggers, and particularly certain Irish spear-heads of a lozenge shape, which were first chipped into form and then ground flat on both faces, while the edges remained in their original state. But the Danish wedge-shaped axes or celts of flint, which next claim our attention, are very often polished, though perhaps quite as frequently left in a chipped or rough-hewn state, yet even then showing in most cases excellent workmanship. It is probable that many of the latter were not intended to be ground. The more carefully prepared flint celts, however, are polished either merely at the edge, or on the two broad faces, or on all sides, and the edge itself, though of tolerable thickness, is usually very sharp and regularly curved. They vary in length from three to fifteen inches, and from one to four inches in breadth. In connection with the celts must be mentioned various kinds of chisels, with narrow or broad edges, and hollow chisels or gouges, all of which occur either chipped, or partly or entirely polished. The narrow chisels are often square in the cross section, and resemble the cold-chisels employed in our time. Ground celts not made of flint, but of greenstone and other hard and tough materials, are of frequent occurrence in various European countries. The reader will remember that we have referred to them in the preceding article while speaking of the stone implements in use among the lake-villagers of Switzerland.

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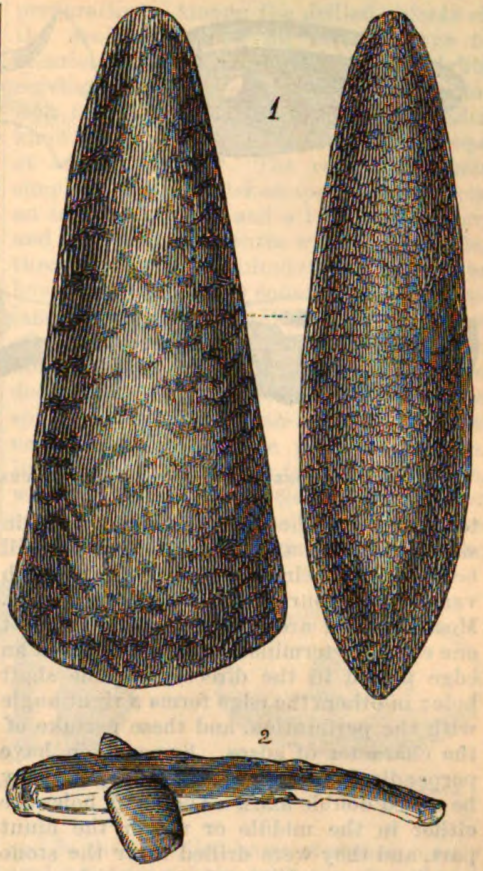
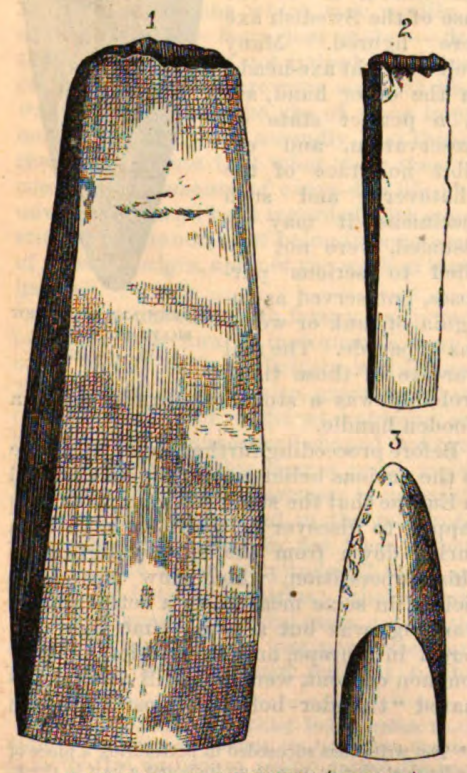
These celts differ somewhat in shape from the Danish specimens of the same class, being often roundish or elliptic in the cross section, instead of presenting perpendicular sides like many of the Northern flint celts, and they often taper into a rounded butt end. Not few of them are worked with great symmetry, sharp-edged, and well polished.

Stone celts in general form a numerous class of neolithic relics, and their frequency is indicative of the important part they played in times when metallic implements were yet unknown. Their shape, indeed, rendered them suitable for application in various ways. Some of them probably were used with the hand as chisels and knives, or, in connection with mallets, as wedges for splitting wood; but there can be no doubt that many were fixed into handles to serve as hatchets or axes, or perhaps as adzes. Wood, however, is a very perishable substance, and handles with the stone blades still inserted in them are therefore but rarely met. A few hafted hatchets have been preserved, as the reader knows, in the relic beds of Swiss pile-works, and two or three others were discovered elsewhere, one of them (here figured) in the county of Monaghan, Ireland. In this instance the club-shaped handle, which apparently consists of pine wood, is thirteen and a half inches long. "To us, accustomed as we are to the use of metals," says Lubbock, "it seems difficult to believe that such things were ever made use of; we know, however, that many savages of the present day have no better tools. Yet with axes such as these, and generally with the assistance of fire, they will cut down large trees and hollow them out into canoes. The piles used in the Swiss Stone Age lake-habitations were evidently, from the form of the cuts on them, prepared with the help of stone axes; and in the Danish peat bogs several trees have been found with the marks of stone axes and of fire upon them, and in one or two cases stone celts have even been found lying at the side."



POLISHED STONE CELTS.

1. Greenstone celt, half size (England). 2. Celt in wooden handle (County of Monaghan, Ireland).



POLISHED FLINT IMPLEMENTS (DENMARK).

1. Celt, one-third of natural size. 2. Chisel, half size. 3. Gouge, one-fourth of natural size.

The most remarkable neolithic axes are those pierced with a hole for the reception of a handle, and thus approaching in character corresponding iron implements in use at the present time. Varieties of greenstone frequently form their material, though syenite, basalt, serpentine, and other suitable mineral substances were employed for the same purpose. Pierced axes of flint hardly ever occur, obviously for the reason that the hardness of this kind of stone would have rendered the drilling process

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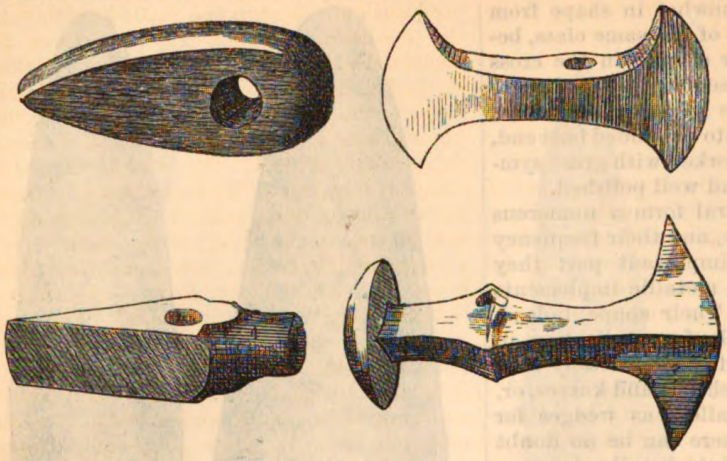
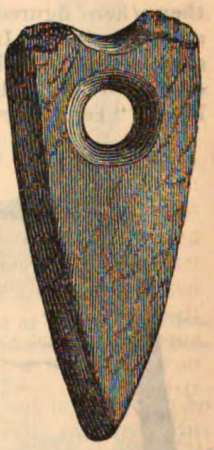


DRILLED STONE AXES (ONE-FOURTH OF NATURAL SIZE).—DENMARK.

too difficult. The axe-heads differ much in size and shape, and in the degree of skill bestowed on their execution. Their length varies from four to ten and more inches. Most of them are wedge-shaped, blunt at one end, and terminating at the other in an edge placed in the direction of the shaft hole; in others the edge forms a right angle with the perforation, and these partake of the character of adzes. Some, again, have perpendicular edges at both ends, and may be called double axes. The shaft holes are either in the middle or nearer the blunt part, and they were drilled after the stone had been ground into the proper shape, as shown by many otherwise finished specimens exhibiting incipient or partly finished perforations. We can not attempt to describe in detail the various shapes of these implements, and refer the reader to our illustrations, which will convey some idea of their appearance. Specimens of rude make may occasionally be seen in European collections; but most articles of this class are well shaped, and not few of them remarkable for elegance of form and exquisite workmanship. Drilled axes being sometimes met in ancient graves associated with objects of bronze, some archæologists incline to the opinion that they are in general referable to the Age of Bronze. Yet this can not be the case, for though the manufacture of these stone implements probably was continued in times when bronze already had been brought into use, it hardly admits of any doubt that many belong to the Stone Age proper—at any rate, to its later stage. We will only allude to the pierced axes which, as the reader knows, have been found among the relics of Swiss lake-settlements pertaining to the Age of Stone. It has been shown, moreover, by experiments made both in Europe and in this country, that stone of considerable hardness can be perforated by means of a wooden stick or a properly shaped piece of horn in conjunction with sharp sand and water.* The highly finished axe-heads ascribed to the Bronze Age may have been drilled and fashioned with the aid of metallic implements.

The edges of pierced axes generally are not sharp, but more or less blunt, and hence it appears probable that they were designed for weapons rather than for tools to be employed in cutting. Yet even as battle-axes they can not have been very efficient, considering that they were liable to break across the shaft hole after a vigorous blow; and though the manufacturers often endeavored to obviate such accidents by increasing the breadth of the axe at the place of perforation, the halves of axes broken in that part are by no means scarce. The edged fragments, however, sometimes have been rendered serviceable again by a second perforation, as in the case of the Swedish axe here figured. Many well-wrought axe-heads, on the other hand, are in a perfect state of preservation, and exhibit no trace of use whatever; and such specimens, it may be assumed, were not applied to serious purposes, but served as insignia of rank or weapons of parade. The real war-axe of those times probably was a stone celt firmly set in a wooden handle.



BROKEN AXE WITH NEW SHAFT HOLE (HALF SIZE).—SWEDEN.

Before proceeding further we must allude to the curious belief among the uneducated in Europe that the stone celts and axes they happen to discover in the fields have been hurled down from the sky by lightning. This superstition, which now may have yielded in some measure to a better understanding, was but a short time ago universal in Europe, and stone celts, as if by common consent, were, and still are, denominated "thunder-bolts" in most European

* The writer has succeeded in perforating a piece of the hardest diorite, nearly an inch and a half in thickness, by employing a wooden apparatus shaped like a pump drill. The *modus operandi* is described in the Smithsonian Report for 1868.

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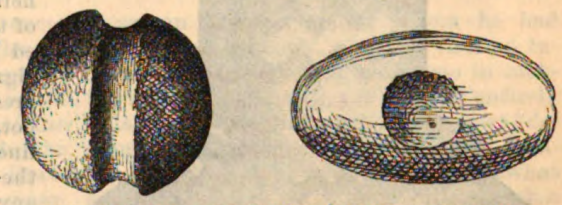
languages. By the above name they go in Great Britain and Ireland; in French they are called *coins de foudre* or *pierres de tonnerre;* in German, *Donnerkeile;** in Dutch, *donderbeitels;* in Danish, *Tordenkiler* or *Tordensteene;* and corresponding names occur in the languages of the more southern nations of Europe, all tending to show a common belief in their descent from the clouds—a belief which was shared, we must add, even as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, by men of learning, who wrote dissertations to prove that they were the projectiles of lightning. Some *savants* of the same period, on the other hand, had recognized their true character, and endeavored to dispel the misconceptions of their contemporaries. Many are the virtues which superstition attributes to these stone implements. When kept in a house, they protect it from lightning; the water in which a celt has been boiled is a remedy against rheumatism; and sick cattle are cured by drinking water in which a celt has been placed. Celts, further, are believed to alleviate the pains of child-birth; the powder scraped from them is of good effect in various diseases of children, etc. Mr. Evans, after having discussed in an exhaustive manner the superstitions connected with these ancient instruments in Europe as well as in other parts of the Old World, concludes thus: "There are two deductions which may readily be drawn from the facts just stated — first, that in nearly all, if not indeed in all, parts of the globe which are now civilized there was a period when the use of stone implements prevailed; and secondly, that this period is so remote that what were then the common implements of every-day life have now for centuries been regarded with superstitious reverence, as of being in some sense of celestial origin, and not the work of man's hands."

Stone hammers, which form a less numerous class of perforated instruments, seem to occur chiefly in Great Britain and Ireland. They consist of quartzite, greenstone, and other materials of sufficient hardness, and are in many instances well shaped and carefully finished. A few bear a great resemblance to certain iron hammers in use at the present day, being broad in the perforated part, and terminating in flat faces at both ends. Some are of a cylindrical form, and convex at both extremities; others, again, are egg-shaped. In many cases a quartzite pebble of ovoid form was perforated and used as a hammer head without further preparation. Among the drilled objects of the neolithic period we further have to mention the stone spindle-whorls, or weights serving as fly-wheels to impart a rotary motion to the spindle, which, as the reader knows, was a utensil employed in Europe at an early time.* The whorls, in their simplest form, are disk-shaped, usually from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, and pierced in the centre with a small hole, through which the pointed spindle of wood or bone was stuck. The country people in Ireland call them "fairy millstones." They are often made of clay, and sometimes of wood, bone, or ivory, and it is not always easy to determine to what period they belong, since spinning with distaff and spindle is even now practiced in some parts of Europe. In conclusion we allude to the sink-stones, which are pebbles encircled by a groove or perforated with a hole, and supposed to have served as weights for nets or fishing lines;



SINK-STONE AND HAMMER-STONE (ONE-THIRD OF NATURAL SIZE).—DENMARK.

and to the so-called hammer-stones, mostly oval quartzite pebbles with cup-shaped cavities worked into the two broader faces. The last-named tools were not attached to handles, but used with the hand alone, the cavities serving to receive the thumb and middle finger of the operator.

The account of neolithic implements here given comprises but their principal forms, and is only calculated to acquaint the reader in a cursory way with a subject about which volumes have been written in various languages. A more detailed description would exceed the proposed limits of this article.

Horn and bone continued to be employed during the later Stone Age as materials for arrow-heads, barbed harpoons, piercers, hammers, and other weapons or utensils. They were found abundantly, as will be remembered, on the sites of Swiss lake-villages, and we may add that they are not wanting in the Northern countries of Europe; but having repeatedly described such implements in preceding articles, we deem it sufficient merely to allude to them in this place.

The love for personal adornment—common to man in whatever stage of develop-

* Years ago, while collecting Indian relics in the southern counties of Illinois, we had often occasion to notice that the German settlers applied the name *Donnerkeile* to the Indian stone tomahawks and celts plowed up in their fields, though they knew perfectly well the origin of these implements.

* A drawing of a spindle-whorl is given in the preceding article among the illustrations of lacustrine relics.

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ment we may find him—manifests itself in the neolithic period by the presence of a variety of objects of a decorative character, such as teeth of animals and entire shells pierced for suspension, and pendants, beads, and buttons made of stone, jet, shell-matter, bone, and amber. The last-named substance seems to have been held in particular estimation, and occurs often in the shape of ornament in the graves of the North, where it could be easily obtained, owing to the proximity of those coast regions of the North Sea, and especially of the Baltic, from which even in our days amber is chiefly derived. This beautiful resinous material formed a valued article of commerce in very early times, and may then have been more abundant than at present. The amber ornaments consist either in unwrought perforated pieces or in polished beads of different forms and sizes, which were strung together to adorn the necks and, perhaps, the limbs of the ancient people. Some of the amber beads of the North, it should be added, represent diminutive axes, hammers, and celts, exactly shaped like the corresponding stone implements, and probably thus fashioned for some symbolic purpose.

ORNAMENTED DANISH VASE (ONE-THIRD OF NATURAL SIZE).

Clay vessels, it appears, were in general use during the neolithic period. They have been met, as will be remembered, abundantly, though mostly in a fragmentary state, in the lake-settlements of the Stone Age, and numerous sherds indicative of the extent of their manufacture cover every where in Europe the sites once occupied by the people who used polished stone implements. Entire vessels are sometimes found in the sepulchres of those times, where they have been placed by the side of the dead, probably for holding provisions to serve during their journey to another world. The clay vessels of the period here considered are made without the aid of the potter's wheel,* unglazed, and slightly burned, and the clay is often tempered with sand, small pebbles, crushed stone, or charcoal. In shape and capacity, of course, they vary according to the uses for which they were designed. There are rude vessels with convex bottoms, resembling the pottery still manufactured by uncultivated races, and others of more developed forms, which betoken a higher degree of skill in the ceramic art. The Swiss earthenware of the Stone Age, as we have seen, can not be much commended for elegance of outline or high finish; but some of the Danish vessels ascribed to the neolithic period are rather gracefully formed and well made, like the vase here represented. The ornamentation of the Stone Age pottery chiefly consisted in rows of dots and in parallel and zigzag lines, which were traced or impressed on the wet clay. The primitive potters hardly ever introduced curved lines, and never attempted to engrave the imitation of a plant, an animal, or any natural object whatever on their ware.

Some of our readers doubtless have become aware that certain European stone implements bear a most striking resemblance to corresponding articles of stone left by the aborigines of this country. The similarity, however, is not confined to the manufactures of Europe and North America, but may be traced all over the inhabited globe. The tools and weapons of stone exhibit every where nearly the same forms, whether they are found in Japan or at the Cape of Good Hope, in Tierra del Fuego or in Denmark and England. Yet such analogies can not be a matter of surprise; on the contrary, it would be strange if they were wanting, considering that the spur of necessity urged primitive men in all parts of the world and in all ages to resort to the simplest means for meeting the exigencies of life. Their inventive powers, impelled by similar motives, necessarily led them to similar mechanical contrivances. "Some years ago," says Samuel Smiles in his *Industrial Biography*, "there was exhibited at the Crystal Palace (England) a collection of ancient European weapons and implements placed alongside a similar collection of articles brought from the South Seas, and they were in most respects so much alike that it was difficult to

* This simple contrivance, it seems, came into use at a much later time, for even the lacustrine pottery of the Bronze Age is hand-made.

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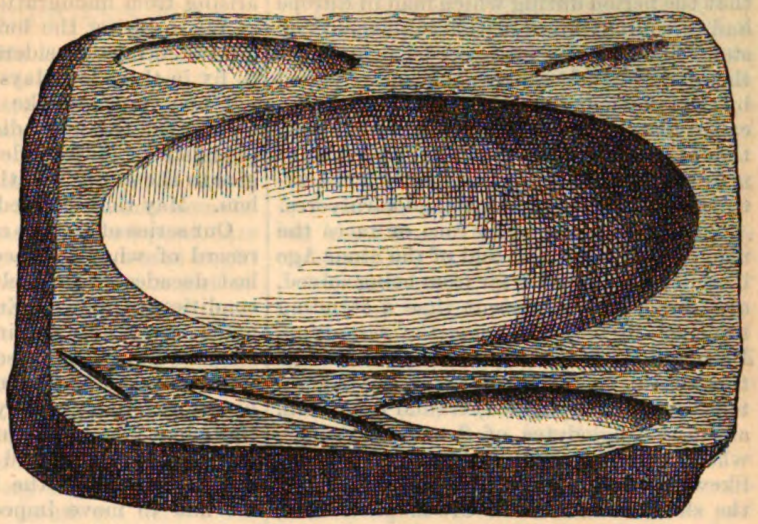
believe that they did not belong to the same race and period, instead of being the implements of races sundered by half the globe, and living at periods several thousand years apart. Nearly every weapon in the one collection had its counterpart in the other — the mauls or celts of stone, the spear-heads of flint or jasper, the arrow-heads of flint or bone, and the saws of jagged stone, showing how human ingenuity under like circumstances had resorted to like expedients." The resemblance probably would have been greater if the exhibitors, instead of the South Sea manufactures, had placed those of the North American aborigines alongside the implements fabricated by the ancient Europeans; for the Indian arrow and spear-heads, cutting tools, scrapers, celts, hammer-stones, net-sinkers, etc., are sometimes absolutely identical in shape with those of Europe, insomuch that they can only be distinguished from each other by the difference of the material. This difference is chiefly perceivable in the chipped implements, which, as we have seen, were made in Europe to a great extent of cretaceous flint, while in North America, where the real flint does not seem to occur, hornstone, jasper, common quartz, and other stones of a siliceous character formed the materials of which the aborigines generally manufactured their darts, scrapers, saws, piercers, and cutting tools. The ground celts, however, frequently consist of greenstone both in Europe and in this country, and they are so much alike in shape that a celt found in New Jersey or in Missouri might pass for an English or a German specimen.



GRINDING-STONE.—VARENNE-SAINT-HILAIRE, FRANCE.

The perseverance displayed in the manufacture of such stone implements as we have described should not be underrated. An experienced flint-chipper, it may be assumed, was able to produce his ware in a comparatively short time, but the grinding and polishing of celts and axes and the drilling of the latter must have required an enormous amount of patient, long-continued labor. So much may be deduced from the testimony of observers who witnessed similar performances among modern uncultivated races. The learned Jesuit Lafitau, for instance, who wrote a remarkable work on the North American Indians, among whom he had lived as a missionary, mentions that an Indian sometimes spent his lifetime in making a stone tomahawk, yet without entirely finishing it, and that such an implement descended as a precious heir-loom in a family. This statement would appear somewhat exaggerated, but Mr. Alfred Wallace makes a similar observation concerning certain quartz cylinders worn by chiefs on the Rio Negro, in South America. The perforation of such cylinders, he remarks, is said sometimes to take two men's lives.* But savages are utterly regardless of time, and so were undoubtedly the people of the European Stone Age. It is only civilized man that minds the fleeting hour.

Allusion has been made to the stones on which the lake-men of Switzerland ground and polished their celts and axes. Such grinding-stones are not rare in other countries of Europe, though not generally as characteristic as the stone here figured, which was discovered in 1860 by M. Leguay at Varenne-Saint-Hilaire, in the Department of the Seine. It is an unwrought sandstone slab thirteen inches thick, thirty-seven inches long, and twenty-one wide, and bearing on its flat surface the cavities and grooves caused by the operation of grinding. Over this slab of sandstone bent the ancient celt-maker, rubbing on it the rough-hewn implement, forward and backward, until by dint of hard labor it slowly and gradually assumed the intended shape; and after all the toil bestowed upon its production, it was but a wretched substitute for the kindred metallic tool of later times. And yet we would emphatically remind the reader

* The process consists in twirling a flexible leaf-shoot of wild plantain between the hands, and thus grinding the hole with the aid of fine sand and water.

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that the period during which man in Europe had to content himself with implements of stone undoubtedly far exceeds in duration the comparatively short epoch characterized by the knowledge of metals, and that the so-called historical age forms but a small fraction of the vast time that has elapsed since man shared the soil of Europe with the extinct species of pachyderms and carnivores.

The question to what race or races the men of neolithic times and of the Stone Age in general belonged is far from being solved, and forms at the present time a standing topic of discussion among the *savants* of Europe. Both the Neanderthal skull and that of the Engis cave present the elongated (or dolichocephalous) cranial formation, and the troglodytes of Southern France, who hunted the reindeer and the horse, likewise belonged to a long-headed race, if the skulls found in the Cro-Magnon cave, and in others to which we have not referred, are to be taken as types. They are considered by some as a people allied to the Esquimaux, and we remember having read an article in the London *Saturday Review* in which the absolute identity of the Dordogne cave-men with the Esquimaux was advocated. The reader will remember that the kitchen-middens of Denmark have yielded no human remains, but that the skulls obtained from Danish megalithic tumuli, believed to belong to the same age, are small and round (or brachycephalous), and remarkable for overhanging brows, on the whole exhibiting a formation somewhat similar to that observed in the skulls of Laplanders. Indeed, tribes akin to the Laplanders and Finns are supposed by some ethnologists to have spread in ancient times over the greater part of Europe, until they were gradually dispossessed by immigrants of the Celtic and Teutonic stock. In Great Britain, however, tumuli resembling in construction those of Denmark have been found to contain skeletons of a people with skulls so long and narrow as to suggest a resemblance to boats, and Professor Nilsson states that most of the skulls met in the Stone Age graves of the Scandinavian peninsula are also of the elongated form. In the oldest Swiss lake-settlements so few human remains have been found that comparatively little is known of the physical characteristics of their builders. The skull of Meilen, about which much has been said, presents a shape intermediate between the long-headed and short-headed types. Dr. Keller, the restorer, as it were, of the pile-works, first ascribed these constructions to a Celtic people; but it appears that he has of late relinquished that view. Thus we meet in Europe at a very early time with variations in the cranial structure of man—a circumstance which can not be surprising if all probable changes in the population arising from immigrations and intermixing of races during the long prehistoric epoch are taken into consideration, and the effort to fix in these late days the types of primeval man appears like an almost hopeless task. Yet the most distinguished anthropologists of Europe devote all their energies to the solution of that interesting problem. May they succeed!

Our series of articles contains but a scanty record of what has been done during the last decades toward elucidating the early condition of man in Europe. Avoiding as much as possible the introduction of theories, we have merely selected and laid before the reader in proper succession a number of facts particularly suited to illustrate the early phases of human life in Europe. We should have liked to present a fuller array of data, but the limits within which we had to move impeded a more minute treatment of the subject. Our statements, however, will enable the reader to draw the important conclusion that the earliest known condition of man in Europe, as indicated by the tokens left by him, must have been one of utter barbarism, from which he elevated himself slowly but steadily, during the lapse of ages, to his present superior position.

Primitive man sometimes has been described as a pure and happy being, subsisting without exertion on the spontaneous gifts of nature, and enjoying perfect exemption from all those ills which have fallen to the lot of later "degenerate" mortals. Ovid, among other poets of classical antiquity, draws a charming picture of man's state during the infancy of his existence, calling that period the Golden Age of the world. Such conceptions of primeval perfection are certainly very beautiful, but they appear utterly mythical when measured by the standard of modern science. The European of the Drift Age, who fought with the lion and the bear for the possession of a cave, can not have been a happy and a morally perfect being. The extreme rudeness of his mode of life precludes that possibility: a hunter of the lowest grade, he was among men what the carnivorous beast is among animals. We must assign to him the position of a savage, but of a savage as far below the buffalo-hunting Pawnee as the latter is removed from the cultivated representative of the Caucasian race.

"This," says Carl Vogt, "was the paradisean state of primitive man, as narrated to us by those silent witnesses, the stones and bones. From such a low condition has the human species gradually extricated itself, in a bitter struggle for existence, which it was well able to maintain, by being gifted with a larger amount of brain and intelligence than that possessed by the surrounding animal world."

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GRANDPA DERRINGER'S WILL.

"I SENT for you, Mr. Denen," said Grandpa Derringer, "to make my will."

"Nothing the matter, I hope?" said the young lawyer, seating himself at the open desk.

"Nothing particular, Denen; I'm not so slim a stick yet but I may outlast some of my juniors, eh? Come; there are pens. Are you ready? Living or dying, a man ought to make his will, I take it; it's a sort of pleasure he owes himself. It's consoling to reflect that even when he is food for worms he has a certain power of dictation over the goods left behind. Ready?"

"Quite ready, Mr. Derringer."

"Now, then, to begin. I give and bequeath to my granddaughter, Estelle Derringer, only child of my son Paul Derringer and Katharine Kew (confound her! I disowned Paul for her sake; a son of mine to marry a threadbare governess! a Derringer to ally with a Kew!)—I give and bequeath to said Estelle a house and land on Grundy Avenue, No. 99; a farm in Little Grandison, with two hundred acres of meadow land attached; also twenty shares in the Pactolus Mining Company; six shares in the Slambang Railway. Do you know, Denen, they declare a semi-yearly dividend of thirty-three per cent.? No watering of stock there! Fool I didn't buy into it largely; but the shares were going for a song when I bought these. Also six shares in the Cloth-of-gold Manufactory, fifty shares of the Bullion Bank stock, and the silver shoe-buckle with my great-great-grandfather's monogram on it in paste. It will show that she *had* a grandfather, which she never could have shown if he hadn't been a Derringer. I've worn those shoe-buckles in tableaux, Denen, when I was a young fellow like you, before the other came to grief."

"Yes? Miss Estelle will be quite an heiress."

"Well, so-so; money doesn't go far nowadays, when there's so many flounces and furbelows. In my youth folks wore cotton gowns mostly, and delaines for best; and it didn't take a web of stuff at that, nor a fortnight to make it either. But then I wish to be fair with Estelle; she's bone of my bone. So now I give and bequeath—ready?—to my youngest son, John (he and Paul were always at swords' points; he would have married Kate Kew if Paul hadn't)—so I give to John the insurance on my life for ten thousand dollars, and my silver tankard; to my cousin Mary Perry this house I live in, 20 Green Street, and my gold watch; and to Mrs. Wheat, my housekeeper, one hundred dollars and my volume of Watts's Hymns. And I appoint you my executor, Mr. Denen."

When the will was duly signed, and witnessed by the family doctor, who had dropped in to feel Mr. Derringer's pulse and drink a glass of his port, and the clergyman, who had followed in the doctor's footsteps, then Mr. Derringer rubbed his chin complacently and chuckled, as if he had got off a good joke, or had, at least, relieved his mind of a load.

"I had always meant to do the right thing by Estelle, if she is half Kew," he said, smiling blandly. "I'm going to send for her, and have her here for a while. She's been living with the Kews since the death of her parents. They're a shabby set at best. She had better be removed from their charity, if she's going to inherit from a Derringer. I went to see her once out of curiosity, to know how they treated her. Nobody guessed who I was. I got boarded in the house with her at her aunt Kew's. Bless you! if I hadn't been a gentleman I could have sworn roundly to see how they sneered at and abused my granddaughter, and she a Derringer! She went on all the shabby errands, and brought the dinner home in a brown paper, and washed dishes, and wore their old duds, and sat in the dining-room when there were young fellows in the parlor. She didn't know me from Adam, and I had never laid eyes on her before; but I tell you it made my old blood boil as it has never done since I was a boy. I wonder how she had better come? I don't want to go and fetch her myself, because, you see, I might revenge her."

"Where does she live?" asked Denen, shaking the sand over the fresh signatures. "Are these wretches the Kews of Valeville?"

"Yes, the Kews of Valeville; they don't amount to a row of pins, but they resemble the pins in being sharp."

"Well, I was going to say that I have business calling me to Valeville next month. Suppose I bring Miss Estelle back with me?"

"Capital! I'll write her a letter for you to take."

"Perhaps she won't come."

"Tell her it's for her interest if she's a mercenary Kew; tell her it's duty to an aged relative if she's a Derringer."

"You're to be represented as alone, at the mercy of servants and strangers, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"Yes: you know how to persuade the girls, I'll be bound!"

"Not I."

Therefore one morning early in the summer he surprised Miss Estelle sweeping off the front steps of the Kew mansion.

"Dear me! who is that coming here, Mr. Carruth?" she said to a young man playing croquet on the grass-plot with her cousins, but who had strayed away from them to exchange a word with her.

"I believe it is Lawyer Denen, of New York," said Carruth.

"And I in my old wrapper!"

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"Do I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Derringer?" asked Denen, advancing. "I bring you a message from your grandfather."

"Really? I thought he disowned my existence," she said, looking straight into Denen's face, as if she would fathom his purposes. But Denen was no such transparency. She saw instead a dark, handsome countenance, lighted by eyes full of admiration, and a firm, unwavering mouth that rarely smiled.

"I have come at the request of your grandfather to escort you back to him."

"Do you think he needs me?" she asked, after reading his letter of invitation.

"I do, Miss Derringer. He is an old man now, you know, with none but hirelings to look to for attention."

"But he has never seen me. How can he tell if I shall be pleasant to him?"

"I think there can be no doubt of that," he replied, with prompt gallantry.

"Do you?" she asked, quite seriously. "Then I suppose—I must—go."

"You were to do nothing against your will, I believe."

"No, I don't mean to do any thing against my will," she said, with charming simplicity. "If I don't like, I can seek my fortunes elsewhere."

"You would not have far to seek. When shall I call for you? I leave a week from to-day. Will that be convenient?"

"All days are alike to me."

"Lucky Miss Derringer! And will they part from you willingly here?"

"They are not distractingly fond of me," shrugging her shoulders. "Who is fond of a dependent? An uncle's wife and some cousins are all my possessions here. I'm glad of a diversion in my favor. Nothing ever happened to me before."

"Something has happened to you now with a vengeance," thought Denen.

It was a long journey for Estelle from Valeville to New York, through scenery where the bloom of summer was in its sweet prime, with birds whirring in the thickets, and alders fringing the stagnant pools, and a subtle sense of repose haunting the cool recesses of woods that opened on every hand, and led the imagination enchanted through labyrinths of dewy solitude. Mr. Denen took care that the hours should not drag for Estelle. He had a legend or a romance for every way-station; he knew the names and habits of birds that sang within call, of the flowering shrubs blooming beside the path; he made his fellow-passengers the subject of amusing conjectures, of droll guesses at their circumstances and errands, at their dispositions and aims; he quoted poetry and talked novels, and discovered who were Estelle's favorite heroes; and when the crystal day dissolved at nightfall into a shower, and great flashes of lightning swathed the heavens, revealing in the instant's illumination gloomy ravines, over which they seemed to hang suspended, shuddering caverns of darkness, whose brink they skirted, he made her forget the present, and see, instead of this wraith of the storm scudding by, pictures of happy firesides yet to be evolved from the chaos of the future, pictures of gardens where lovers loitered and children played.

"And here we are at New York," he said, rising.

"Already? Why, I thought it was a great way."

Grandpa Derringer was waiting to welcome them. "All Derringer," he declared, holding her at arms-length; "but I dare swear the Kew will crop out."

"And why shouldn't it?" said she, saucily.

So life in New York began for Estelle—a very different life from that other phase at Valeville. Here she had fine clothes to wear, and no one to say, "Why do you so?" nobody to quarrel with; nobody to taunt her with beggary, to twit her for being a washed-out blonde of whom her grand relations were ashamed. Yet, for all that, after the first novelty had vanished, she had her feeble regrets sometimes. She would have given a good deal for a nice round quarrel to ripple the dead calm. The days were fearfully alike, sun-pictures of one another, with not enough perspective to give them charm. She began to wonder if every thing had happened to her that was going to happen. Mrs. Wheat was always engrossed in sorting linen, overseeing the cooking, or making marvelous jellies. Grandpa Derringer was gardening, or reading piles of stupid newspapers about the war in Europe, the rise in breadstuffs, the price of gold, or else he was playing chess with Mr. Denen. As for herself, she might play on the rusty piano, or read the novels of the last centuries, or assist Mrs. Wheat; walk in the garden and pick the purple plums, make calls, or spend her pocket-money abroad; but after that there was nothing for her but to listen to grandpa and Mr. Denen upon disputed law questions, the last political imbroglio, or the councils of popes and kings.

Having safely landed her upon her native heath, so to speak, Mr. Denen seemed to have forgotten her existence. He came and went without regarding her; he never referred to her opinion—such delicate flattery to a young lady; if she spoke, he replied without pursuing the conversation. This conduct had the effect of piquing Estelle; he had given promise of such pleasant companionship; it was like the fairy gold turning into withered leaves. She used to watch him furtively, longing painfully for a little attention, just because he withheld it, prizing it beyond its worth, perhaps, because it

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was so rare. She heard him speak of the gay world which he frequented, of nights at the opera, of tragedy and comedy, and she felt like a bird pining for freedom, and beating its wings against the prison bars.

"Let *us* go to the opera, too, Grandpa Derringer," she entreated one day.

"Not I. Operas are played out for me—insipid. You can go, though; I'll ask Denen to take you."

"Oh no, no! I will not go if you do."

If he should ask her himself, that would be different. Strange that the things we long for most should be the last to happen!

"Then stay at home, sauce-box," said Grandpa Derringer. But Estelle did not mean to stay at home. She stole out next day and bought her ticket, and when night fell, and while her grandpa was entertaining some gentlemen in the library, she disguised herself in a front of false hair which she had found in rummaging the attic, crowned with a cast-off bonnet of Mrs. Wheat's; attired herself further in mantle and gown from her grandmother's wardrobe, packed away in lavender and tobacco, mounted a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, drew over her features a lace veil, and passed into the opera unquestioned with the motley crowd. She was a trifle dazzled and beside herself at first; but the ushers treated her with such condescension, and every one else seemed so utterly blind with regard to her, that she soon composed herself, and was quietly enjoying the strange fantastic scene, when a familiar voice at her elbow caused her fan to drop from her grasp, to be returned to her by the exquisitely gloved hand of no less a person than Mr. Denen, who took a seat directly before her. Estelle was wise enough to bow her thanks simply, and then the curtain rolled away like a cloud, and introduced her to fairy-land. A first opera is like a first love, in that it is a new experience and development, and has all the freshness of novelty. Estelle abandoned herself to its enjoyment like a child; for the time the people and the situation were real to her; she laughed and sorrowed with them; and when the curtain fell and Denen rose to depart, he caught a glimpse of a lovely gray-haired lady, with the bloom of youth on her cheek and tears in her eyes.

"Jove!" he said to Grandpa Derringer next day, while Estelle sat in the broad window-seat dreaming over her evening's pleasure, "I saw the most remarkable old lady at the opera. Her cheek was like a peach, and her hair silver-white, and there were two great tears in her superb eyes when the play was over. She might have stepped out of some old painting, or she may have been some pretty girl masquerading."

"A pretty daring girl, I should call her," said grandpa.

"What was the opera, Mr. Denen?" asked Estelle, commanding her voice with effort. She liked that remark about the peachy cheek and the superb eyes. Were her eyes superb? He had never behaved as if they affected him in that way.

"It was one of Donizetti's, Miss Estelle—*Lucia di Lammermoor*. Did you never hear it?"

"I think I heard it once. See, I can recall some of the airs now;" and she moved to the piano.

"Thank you, Miss Estelle," said Denen, when she had finished. "Some of the melodies are the very spirit of melancholy. Why do you choose such sad tunes?"

"Are they sad? Then I like sadness."

"Indeed?" And he said no more. She dared not, however, repeat her experiment immediately; but later, when some famous singer appeared in *Il Trovatore*, and Mr. Denen became enthusiastic over her, and Grandpa Derringer declared that he did not care a farthing for all the singers in Christendom—a bobolink would put them all to shame, he believed—then Estelle bethought herself of her former operatic success. She made some improvements upon her last appearance. She powdered her peach bloom out of sight—she did not go to be admired; she curled the gray wig about her face; she took a curious pleasure in decorating herself in her grandmother's black brocade, found folded away in the cedar chest up stairs, in the embroidered neckerchief of the past, laid across her breast wimplewise, and fastened with a *lapis lazuli* brooch. Then, throwing over her shoulders Madame Derringer's fur cape, and donning Mrs. Wheat's discarded bonnet, furbished for the occasion, she hastened out, delayed an instant beside a family carriage which was discharging its freight of furs and laces, and passed in to the opera under their escort, as it were. How it dazzled her unaccustomed eye, such bewildering costumes in the audience, as well as the actors! They might all and each have just stepped out of the *Arabian Nights*, for all she knew. Such perfume pervading the air; such crowds of beautiful faces beaming every where; such music, that made the peach bloom struggle to burn through the powder, that made the eyes flash and soften—the old, old airs, interpreted and realized, which she had caught from wandering minstrels, and dreamed over on lonely winter nights at Valeville! She had no conception of the part she was playing herself; she did not appreciate its dangers, nor perceive the eyes that were bent upon her in bewildered questioning, in half recognition. So long as Mr. Denen was not her neighbor she felt secure, though, in her heedless enjoyment, she did not know how

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the brown curls escaped beneath the gray, how her black brocade was sprinkled with the powder that had shaken like frost from her fair face. When the last note had died away, she dropped her veil and followed the crowd, in a sort of blind ecstasy, into the foggy street, and pausing a breathing-space beneath a gas-light to get her bearings, coming so quickly from light into cross-lights and comparative darkness, a touch light as dust fell upon her arm, a face—the face of young Carruth, whom she had left at Valeville playing an eternal game of croquet, she thought—looked familiarly into hers.

"When you masquerade again, Miss Estelle, take care you do not allow the brown ringlets to appear in competition with the gray. See here; I severed it with my Damascus blade—treasure-trove. Tuck your arm into mine, and I'll take you home." But she gave him one swift glance instead, and fled, leaving the curl he had clipped away in his hand—fled right or left, she knew not where, blundered in the teeth of some restive horses, and fell, trampled in the mire.

"Hold in your horses!" shouted Mr. Denen, who happened to be crossing at the same time. "An old lady has fallen under their heels. Jove! she'll be crushed to powder!" and he sprang at the check with one strong hand and rescued her with the other. "My little madam," said he, supporting her now in both arms, "are you much hurt? Can you stand? I will call a carriage and take you home. Here, Spurring, I don't know where in the world to tell you to drive, after all. She's stunned. Ah," as the bonnet and wig fell off together—"ah, Spurring, you may drive us to Mr. Derringer's. I think this lady is a friend of his."

"So this is the way they return from the opera, is it?" said grandpa, waking up from his doze, after the doctor had come and gone, and had pronounced Estelle out of danger. "Didn't I tell you no good came of the pesky things? So you took the part of an old lady and sung small? Ha, ha! pretty good for a chit like you; but bold, my dear, very bold—very Kewish too. Shall have to send you back to Valeville if you go on so."

"I won't go back, you know," said Estelle, from among her cushions on the sofa.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Denen, who yet lingered.

"Oh, because—because— Did I make a very passable old lady, Mr. Denen?"

"I prefer you as a young one," smiling ever so little.

"Do you? I should like to be young always. I thought people liked old women the best—at least they show them the most attention."

"Because it is perfectly safe; there's no danger," his smile expanding.

"Danger! Danger of what?" raising herself on one elbow to look at him.

"Danger of losing one's—head!"

"I don't believe there's any danger for you, Mr. Denen, any where," sinking back.

"That's because you don't know me."

"And whose fault is that?"

"Your misfortune, probably," laughed grandpa. Mr. Denen was very kind after this mishap. He came every day to inquire for her, the bruises confining her to the sofa for some time. He brought her bunches of dewy violets, baskets of rare fruits hidden beneath flowers, light literature to while away the dull hours, and a wonderful walnut whose kernel was a tiny vinaigrette of crystal cut in delicate designs of branch and leaf. He brought his flute too, and played melancholy tunes to words of her choosing, and was the same Mr. Denen again who made her journey from Valeville a pathway of sunbeams. One evening while he was present Mr. Carruth called.

"So," said that youth, "you slipped away from me the other night; I knew it must be either you or your grandmother. Will you go with me in your proper character next week? May I count upon the happiness?"

"If I am able to walk, thank you."

"You did not mention seeing Mr. Carruth," spoke Denen, putting away his flute. "I thought you were alone."

"And so I was."

Denen retired into himself as Estelle recovered and was able to seek her own pleasure. When she found herself strong enough to go and come with Carruth, he was as far away as ever again, as remote and cold as the icebergs of the north pole. Once he condescended to ask Estelle,

"Is Mr. Carruth staying in town?"

"Yes," said she; "he is studying medicine with Dr. Thoroughwort."

"And this is why you did not care to return to Valeville?"

"And what is that to you, Mr. Denen?" for nothing more annoys a woman than delicate attentions diluted with judicious neglect.

"Oh, nothing but a phenomenon, certainly. It's nothing to me, either, that you have lost a curl," pursued the provoking fellow—"a curl from your left—but it's a good deal to you; you miss it."

"I can contrive to do without it, so long as I know it's in safe keeping."

Not long after this Carruth encountered Denen, and they strolled down the street together, Carruth hoping to hear particulars of Estelle from the friend of the family, Denen trusting to discover the ground upon which the two met, and, as sometimes happens, he discovered more than he cared to;

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for Carruth, opening his pocket-book to pay for some trifle, allowed Estelle's curl to fall out from its hiding-place.

"Is this the way you take care of your lady's favors?" asked Denen, nonchalantly arresting it.

Carruth colored as he said, "It is not every girl would give a lover such a curl, now, is it? And hair so expensive! Don't you think I may have hope?"

"Surely," said Denen, "surely."

"When a girl thinks more of your wishes than of her own beauty the affair is tolerably certain, I take it?"

"Surely," repeated Denen. He was in no mood for words; the affair was altogether too certain to be agreeable to him; while in a state of doubt, it had possessed a bitter kind of fascination for him, such as a beggar may feel gnawed by hunger, shivering with the cold, yet crouching on the icy pavement to see the costly toilets and hear the merry-making of the revelers. So it had given Denen absolute pain to see Estelle lavishing her regard and confidence upon this immature young man, and yet he could not spare himself the suffering. He watched the two involuntarily when he seemed engrossed in other things. He heard their words when he was conversing with Grandpa Derringer himself. He endured their silences in suspense. At the opera he lent his attention to them alone from the undefined shadows of a private box. If you had asked him, he could no longer have told of the prima donna's points; he no longer grew eloquent over her laurels; he had a season ticket to a perpetual private opera, where the melody never faltered, where the tragedy and comedy of his life centred. He hated himself for this espionage, but none the less did it attract and dishearten him. He tormented himself with a thousand illusions. Why did he love Estelle? Was it the will which he had indited for Mr. Derringer? Should he have loved her had he found her poor and insignificant? It is true that he had gone to Valeville with the half-conceived purpose of marrying Mr. Derringer's heiress, but when he had seen her, she became an object too sacred to be profaned by his regard. He began to think himself—he, who could ever have entertained such malign purposes—of fibre too common and mean to dare bespeak her for his own, or hope for a return of his passion. Love so completely possessed his soul as to leave no niche for lesser motives or impulses. So he had gone on suspecting himself more and more, removing himself by his distant manner from her thoughts, he believed; seeing another fight for the love he coveted, and yet putting out no hand to win. In the mean time he could have taken no surer means of conquering Estelle. Pique a woman, and she will be sure to remember you. She was half pleased with this reserve that could, upon occasions, dissolve into a heaven of smiles and tenderness. Somewhere or other—was it far away in the twilight region of her swoon?—she seemed to recall being folded in arms too tender for mere charity, to hear tones too sweet for simple pity. She used to lie awake nights and wonder about Denen—if she should ever outgrow a longing for his regard; after years had proved powerless to give her her wish, if she should be happy with Carruth; if it would be right to marry him with no heart to give, though grandpa was too poor to leave her much. To beg she was ashamed, and she had no means of earning her livelihood, and it would please Carruth beyond all things. For who is there, not being able to compass that which she *would* have, but will fain accept that which she *may* have? She had laughed and coquetted with Carruth with malice prepense, hoping to win some glance of anxious annoyance from Denen, trusting that if he had any hidden hopes, jealousy would quicken them into deeds and words. But it had not worked as she expected. The reserve had grown upon Denen; and not being able to see the other side of this tapestry which we call circumstances, she had given it all up, and, for want of something better to occupy her thoughts and heart, she had blindly pursued the flirtation with Carruth till it assumed serious aspects, and he had solemnly assured her that he should put an end to himself if, after having led him such a wild-goose chase, she did not promise to marry him. She was young enough and romantic enough to be deceived by his tragic promises, and then, as her conscience was not quite at rest respecting him, they became engaged. If she had done wrongly, if, through inexperience and from a vague belief that men's hearts were adamant, she had deluded Carruth into really loving her, she meant to abide by the consequences. After all, it would only be a lifetime at most; and perhaps the assurance that Denen was indifferent to her made the sacrifice the easier. But from the moment in which her lover's ring slipped over her finger she felt like a galley-slave. She took no further pleasure in any thing. She moved the impersonated echo of his wishes, but there was no joy on her countenance, no elasticity in her mien. When Carruth was not present, she used to sit hours together in the sunny window of her grandfather's library, used to sit with idle folded hands, and eyes that did not see the green spaces before them, the blossoming boughs blown by the wind, the shadows that lurked beside the sunbeams—with eyes that looked out, instead, across the desolate future, and guessed its outlines from the present. Mr. Denen was there too sometimes, but he walked like a ghost through her dreams.

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He saw her, and was perplexed. Indeed, since she was safe from him, he thawed out from his abstractions to draw her from her own. He entreated her to play again to him those plaintive airs from the operas, to sing the words he had once adapted for her:

"Come, heart, and sing,
That life it is sweet
While it doth bring
Love to thy feet.

"Sweetheart, why weep,
Shadows pursuing?
Close, eyes, and sleep;
Love is but ruing."

"Love is but ruing," he repeated. "I enter my protest. Do you think so, Miss Estelle?"

"I—do—not—know," she answered, slowly. "I have been thinking, lately—"

"Not a new process, I believe."

"Quite new. Women learn to think too late. It is only selfish love that is ruing. If I love you for any advantage to myself, merely—"

"If you love me, Miss Estelle!" he cried, forgetfully, his face like a newly discovered star, so strangely it shone out from this luminous possibility.

She smiled faintly, as a sick person smiles at some kind but fruitless suggestion. "I mean you and I as—as representative lovers," she said.

"Certainly; I understand fully," he declared, relapsing into the nebulous state. "You were going to say—"

"I was going to say that selfish loving naturally ended in ruing, that so much of love as is heavenly, and no more, will survive through all eternity."

"And what then? In heaven we are neither married nor given in marriage, and I do not desire to love every body as—as I could love one. I confess that I am not sufficiently spiritual-minded to be satisfied. I wish to feel the warm human touch of love, to see it lighten in fleshly eyes and redden on the cheek, to hear it speak with the tongues of men and angels. Perhaps I am too material, but do spirits embrace? It will be no heaven to me, Estelle, unless I can fold my beloved in my arms, cheek to cheek, heart to heart." And, alas for the strength of human will, Mr. Denen was holding Estelle in a clasp as warm as love's, his eyes searching hers, his breath upon her lips!

"Mr. Denen!" she cried; "Mr. Denen, you forget yourself and me!"

"I forgot myself, perhaps, but I remember you too well for my peace of mind," passing a hand across his eyes. "I have been breaking a commandment and coveting my neighbor's goods. Pardon me."

Estelle did not see much of Mr. Denen after this for some time; and Carruth having gone abroad to visit foreign hospitals, she was much alone now, till one day Grandpa Derringer was suddenly smitten with paralysis, and signified his desire to have Denen sent for. There was no reference to the past, however. They met over the sick-bed, passed medicines, arranged pillows, consulted together, and relieved each other at the watch like the merest friends, who have no other aspiration than friendship. When Mr. Derringer rallied somewhat, as they believed, he said to Denen, "I suppose Estelle is well provided for, at any rate; Carruth is not poor. I would have done better by Estelle, but half a loaf, you know. You can't have your cake and eat it too. She's been on my mind ever since she began to breathe. I wonder if Carruth knows—the will. I hope he loves the child for herself—only Dr. Thoroughwort's leaky. I'd rather it had been you, Denen; but I see money can't win *your* affections; you've stood the test bravely. I had no idea I should grow so fond of the girl. Blood will tell. An old man's plans are uncertain, like wind and water. If I'm stronger to-morrow, Denen—do you hear? Where are you? There, give me your hand. How warm it is! Mine feels like the grave. If I'm stronger, we'll—write—another—will—to-morrow." But Grandpa Derringer's to-morrow was all eternity!

When the funeral was over, the handful of relatives assembled in the library to hear the will read: Estelle in her weeds; John Derringer, sable of countenance as well as attire, with his expectant family; Mary Perry in rusty black; and nephews and nieces to the third and fourth generation. Mr. Denen, too, had crape on his hat, and his face was ashy when he unfolded the will. His hand shook, his voice trembled, and something like a mist hung before him and blurred the handwriting. In the pause that ensued you could hear the impatient rustle of a garment, the half-concealed yawn, the stifled sob of those who waited. When he had finished the reading there was a stir of relief, and all eyes turned to the heiress, and every tongue but John Derringer's was loose to congratulate her. But Estelle was like the ghost of herself, pale as alabaster, heavy-eyed, husky-voiced; there was nothing of happiness in her air. "I did not know," she said, with her eyes upon Denen—"I thought that grandfather had only his insurance and the annuity, which died with him. Mr. Denen, did *you* know of this?"

"Miss Estelle, I wrote the will."

In a few days those who had assembled dispersed on their several ways. In course of time John Derringer came into possession of his ten thousand, while his wife looked sharply after the silver tankard; and Mary Perry, in her rusty black, went to housekeeping in her new home, inviting Estelle to remain there till she should marry, "which won't be a hundred years, I reckon, seeing

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you're an heiress," she said; and Dr. Thoroughwort dropped in to add his congratulations and condolences in the same breath.

"I've known that you stood well in your grandpa's will all along," said he. "I was one of the witnesses, you know. Heard from Dr. Carruth, lately? I used to tell him you were worth looking after. Money isn't to be sneezed at when you're making a match. It's the cushion that eases the jolts along life's highway, eh? All is, have it secured to yourself. Good-morning!"

So Carruth had known about the will, and Denen had known. *She* was the only one who had been in the dark.

Well, some weeks passed, so heavily for Estelle that nobody could have guessed she had any cause for happiness, when one day Denen appeared, as black-browed as a thunder-cloud, and requested to see her alone.

"He's going to propose, sure as you live," thought Mary Perry. "Well, how the men do hanker after a body's purse! Them as haven't let on that there was such a person breathing as Mary Perry for these ten years have shook hands cordial as all possessed, and called round to spy out the land."

"Miss Estelle," Mr. Denen began, "I am sorry to be the bearer of evil tidings, but—"

"Has any thing happened to Carruth?" she questioned, startled.

"Nothing of which I am aware. Miss Estelle, how could you bear poverty after your expectations of wealth?"

"Mr. Denen, what is it? Tell me quickly! Has any thing happened to my grandfather's bequests?"

"Your grandfather's bequests, Miss Derringer, never existed except in his imagination; they were castles in the air, which, I have reason to believe, from words uttered during his last moments, he had raised to serve some especial purpose or whim of his own. But he did not intend to subject you to this bitter disappointment, for his last words were, 'If I am stronger, Denen, we will write another will to-morrow.'"

"And so I am a beggar again! The sensation is so totally new that I do not recognize it."

"But you will soon marry?" turning away his head.

"I do not know. Meanwhile one must live."

"If there is any thing to which I could help you, call upon me. I would share my last crust with Mr. Derringer's granddaughter."

"Thank you," returned Estelle, coldly; "I hope I may not need it." If he offered it only to Mr. Derringer's granddaughter, she would starve before accepting it.

"Law sakes," said Miss Perry, when the conference was ended, "what's he been saying to you? Now don't look so glum about it. You needn't feel obliged to have him jest because he asked you. It does 'em good to get the cold shoulder now and then. Law, didn't I refuse Tom Brickett plump, and did it do him the least bit of hurt as ever was? Didn't he go and ask Susan Sampson the same question, and get published the next month? And then you've got plenty to live on till you're gray, and I had to take in sewing for my bread and butter. But, 'No,' says I to Mr. Brickett; 'I haven't waited forty-five years for the likes of you!'"

"Mr. Denen did not ask me to marry him, Cousin Perry; he came to tell me that grandpa didn't leave any thing to me but the old paste shoe-buckle."

"The paste shoe-buckle! Why, he left you houses and lands besides. I heard it read out of the will myself."

"But he didn't own any such things, and I am poorer than ever."

"No, no. Wasn't this your grandpa's house? You shall live here as long as there's one beam of it upon another. Pretty thing it would be for me to turn your grandpa's granddaughter out of his house!"

"Thank you, Cousin Perry; but I must go to work—and how, or where?"

"Law, you'll get married before you know it, a pretty girl like you; and folks needn't be told that your grandpa's will was folderol, and—"

"I am engaged already; but I shall write to Dr. Carruth and tell him the whole story."

"And get the mitten for your pains."

"Well?"

"You're awful resigned. If I loved a young fellow, I guess you wouldn't catch me going out of my way to lose him."

"Neither should I; and, what's more, I shouldn't go out of my way to find him, either. And then it would not be fair to conceal it from Dr. Carruth."

But Dr. Thoroughwort had stolen a march upon her, and had mentioned Grandpa Derringer's odd freak in a friendly letter to Dr. Carruth while Estelle was thinking how to say it. Thus before her letter had been mailed she received one from him, saying that since he found it would take him years to establish himself in his profession—never having before understood the magnitude of the science—since he had so little capital with which to start in life that he should be obliged to marry late, it would seem cruel that she should waste the bloom of her years in waiting for one so unworthy; therefore he had resolved, as painful as it was for him, to offer to release her from the engagement.

"Oh, every body sees through *that* skimmer," said Cousin Perry. "I had a beau say pretty much the same to me after father died and the estate was settled till there wasn't any thing left; but yesterday he came up, if you'll believe me, looking as smart as a new cent, and disposed to forget the past like a Christian. But, thinks I,

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sweetness is jest as agreeable when you're poor as poison as when you've got a fine house left to you; so when he asked should he call again, I told him he could please himself; 'twouldn't make no difference to me, anyway. There was a time when I'd have gone through fire and water for that man, but, bless you, I wouldn't look out the window to see him go by to-day. Folks do live through a sight of suffering."

Some weeks later Mr. Denen made his reappearance. "I come," said he—"if you will pardon me—to offer you a situation. I need a competent"—here Miss Perry left the room, fully persuaded that an important proposal was about to be made—"I need a competent copyist. If you can accept it, you will oblige me."

"Mr. Denen," said Estelle, "I am deeply grateful to you, but I do not need a situation any longer."

"Then you are going to be married?"

"No, I have no such prospect."

"What do you hear from Dr. Carruth?"

"Nothing, Mr. Denen. I shall *never* hear any thing more from him."

"Do you mean—"

"I mean that he has broken the engagement."

"Miss Estelle!"

"There! don't look at me in that way. I don't deserve commiseration; I am beautifully resigned."

"But you loved him?"

"I never did. You libel me."

"You astonish me. You loved some one else, perhaps?"

"I might have loved some one else if some one else had loved me."

"Oh, let us give this shadow a name, Estelle!" moving nearer. "If Reed Denen had loved you, you would have loved him, Estelle?"

"Yes, I believe—I would."

"And now what better had you to do than to accept my offer?"

"Nothing, it seems. But I have made a discovery."

"So have I. You have discovered that you love me?"

"That's an old story. Listen."

"When you speak every drop of my blood listens."

"Last week I wanted a pair of gloves. I had no money; I had grandpa's shoe-buckle instead. I took it into a jeweler's to get the value of the silver—"

"What, sell an heir-loom that has been in the family for centuries!"

"An old paste shoe-buckle? But I have not sold it. It is as good as a fairy story, Reed. The old buckle that has tossed about the house nobody knows how long, and has survived the careless regard of generations, has cast off its disguise at last, and declared itself not paste, but diamonds!"

"And why did you not tell me before?"

"Because I knew you were such a silly fellow that, if I should tell you, I should never, never hear that sweeter fairy story—and I like your story the best. This was what Grandpa Derringer meant in his will, I think—that the shoe-buckle would buy houses and land and bank stock."

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Eleventh Paper.]

MONETARY DEVELOPMENT.

EMIGRANTS are never of the capitalist class, while the great need of settlers in a new country is capital. All forms of capital are required, and the only question is what make-shift will do to-day, and what requirement can be postponed until the morrow. Value money is that form of capital which, under such circumstances, seems to be the most dispensable; but it can not be disposed of, any more than a community could sell all its wagons, boats, scales, measures, and other tools of transportation and exchange, unless some substitute is provided. Hence various substitutes are adopted whenever they can be devised, and the monetary history of the United States from the first colonization until now is a history of experiments with cheap substitutes for money.

Barter currency was adopted very generally in the colonies from the first, rates at which goods should exchange being fixed by law. Taxes were collected in kind, and fees were established in barter. In New England the aborigines had a currency of beads made from clam shells (wampum or peag, or wampumpeag), which the whites adopted and used among themselves and with the Indians, the rates being fixed by prices demanded in wampum by the Indians for furs, and by the prices which the furs would bring in England. Wampum became overabundant, depreciated, became broken, and was abolished as a nuisance about 1650. In 1652 a mint was established at Boston, which went on coining "pine-tree" coins for over thirty years, although, as the mint was illegal, its coins were all dated 1652 to conceal the continuance of its operations. The charge for minting was exorbitant, and the English mint law of 1663 having made the importation and exportation of coin free, and the law of 1666 having abolished all charge for coining, the Massachusetts mint law served to drive the

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precious metal away. The coins were called shillings, etc., but were twenty-five per cent. below sterling of the same denomination, giving par of silver 6*s.* 8*d.*, New England currency, per ounce. This became the standard, but the barter currency being still legal, the silver coins which were not exported (and there was a severe law against exportation) were all clipped.*

In 1704 a proclamation of Queen Anne fixed the rates of Spanish and other foreign coins for the colonies. The Spanish dollar, or piece of eight, was rated at 4*s.* 6*d.* Hence sterling was changed into dollars at two-ninths of a dollar for a shilling, or $4\frac{4}{9}$ for £1, which remained the "par" until January 1, 1874. New England currency being twenty-five per cent. worse, £1 in New England currency was $3 33. A Spanish dollar, or piece of eight, in New England currency was 6*s.*

In 1686 a bank was proposed in Massachusetts, but its history is obscure. In 1690 paper notes were first issued by that colony to pay for an unfortunate expedition against Canada.† The issue was moderate at first, and canceled year by year. In 1704 the redemption was postponed two years, and after that there was no stopping. Issues were made to pay the expenses of government, and other issues to loan on mortgage, carrying out the scheme for getting rich by printing and borrowing, which starts up every generation over again. There were special "hard times" in Massachusetts in 1715, 1720, 1727, 1733, 1741, 1749. Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey first issued bills in 1709 for the second expedition to Canada. In 1714 New York issued £27,680 in bills of credit as a "back-pay grab." Pennsylvania first issued paper in 1723. Franklin urged more issues, and wrote in favor of them.‡ Maryland issued bills in 1734, to be redeemed in sterling in three payments, at fifteen, thirty, and forty-five years. These payments being discounted, exchange rose to 250. Virginia used tobacco-warehouse receipts as currency until 1755, when she issued paper, and pushed it to great excess. North Carolina was a very poor colony, and her currency was greatly depreciated, although not over £52,500 in 1740. South Carolina issued for war purposes in 1702. Rice was a barter medium.

The only colony which ever resumed was Massachusetts. In 1745 the New England colonies made an expedition against Cape Breton, and took Louisbourg. The issues to pay for this rose to £2,466,712, nominal value in New England currency, in Massachusetts alone. Parliament ransomed Cape Breton, and Massachusetts imported her share of the ransom in silver and copper, redeemed her notes at eleven for one, and became "the silver colony." In 1751 Parliament forbade legal-tender non-interest-bearing notes for New England, at the prayer of Massachusetts, and in 1764 for all the colonies. Gold circulated by weight, not being legal tender until 1762, when a law was passed in Massachusetts making it a tender at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ silver per grain. This was five per cent. more than it was worth, and silver being unjustly rated, was exported, and became scarce.

Issues within the act of Parliament continued to be made in the older colonies, and in 1775, when the representatives of the New England colonies met to prepare for war, Massachusetts agreed to allow their bills to circulate in her territory, because they had nothing else.

The First Continental Congress met at Philadelphia September 5, 1774. Its first measures were not military, but renewed the commercial war which the colonies had tried before, which was believed in long afterward, but which always accomplished harm to the enemy at the expense of tenfold harm at home in local and class bickerings. Trade was thrown away just when wise policy dictated to keep it, and even fight for it. After December, 1774, nothing was to be imported from any part of the British Empire; and after September, 1775, nothing was to be exported to the same. English goods were needed for the army, and came by way of the European continent and the West Indies; and lumber and tobacco went out the same way.

The Second Congress, May 10, 1775, set about making war, but it had no power to tax, and therefore no power to borrow. New York proposed bills of credit of the old kind, to be redeemed by taxes, and this plan was adopted. The first issue was ordered June 23, 1775—promises to pay 2,000,000 Spanish dollars. The issues were apportioned among the colonies on an estimate of population, and they were called upon to redeem the quotas assigned them by taxes. Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire alone did this entirely; New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia did so in part. The issues went on, however, and in January, 1777, the depreciation

* A mint was established in Maryland in 1661, but nothing is known of its history.

† Among the authorities on the colonial currencies should be mentioned the following: Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts Bay* (very intelligent and correct on finance); Douglas's *Summary* (unequal, but valuable); Holmes's *Annals*. Other old histories are generally occupied with other than financial interests. Arnold's *Rhode Island* takes full account of trade and finance. A pamphlet published at Boston in 1740, and republished in Lord Overstone's tracts, 1857, *Discourse concerning the Currencies of the British Plantations*, is of great value. Special works are Felt on Massachusetts currency, Bronson on Connecticut currency, Hickox on New York currency, and the collection in Phillips's *Colonial and Continental Paper Currencies*. These last all pursue chiefly the antiquarian interest. Bronson's is the only one which shows a knowledge of financial science.

‡ See vol. ii. of his works.

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began, although it was not admitted by Congress until September.*

During 1777 all means of coercion by public officers and private committees were used to enforce the legal-tender character of the bills and to keep down prices. Some crimes were perpetrated in the name of liberty in this connection. In September, 1779, the issues were $160,000,000, and Congress promised that they should not exceed $200,000,000. The depreciation was twenty-eight for one (silver, 2800). In March, 1780, silver was at 6500.† Congress recognized a depreciation of forty for one, and recommended the repeal of all tender laws, and issued six-year six per cent. notes. The Register of the Treasury made a report to Congress in 1828,‡ in which he put the sum of the issues at $241,000,000 of the first tenor. Jefferson says $200,000,000,§ and he puts the value at $36,000,000 in specie. He estimated the cost of the war at $140,000,000. Another statement from a Treasury report of 1790 gives $357,400,000 old tenor and $2,000,000 new tenor. These were partly re-issues. The same report estimates the cost of the war at $135,100,000 in specie.‖ In fact, as John Adams wrote to Niles,¶ the history of the Revolution [especially of its finances] is lost beyond recovery. The bills went on depreciating, being really only negotiable paper, until the spring of 1781, when Morris took charge of the finances on condition that he might conduct them in specie. Then the notes became waste paper. Some were redeemed at one hundred for one in Hamilton's funding scheme. These notes were a greater obstacle to independence than the British arms; so much so that the enemy counterfeited them as a war measure. The French money was a greater aid to independence than the French fleets and forces. After the paper money had exhausted the patience of the people, Congress had to collect taxes in kind to supply the army. It could not have been worse off for money at the outset, and would have had enthusiasm to help. The miseries of those days were enhanced by the failure of the crops of 1779 and 1780.

The war was now carried on by loans from France, Holland, and Spain, which were obtained on French credit. Specie brought by the French and English came into circulation as soon as the paper was dropped, and trade with the English was winked at because specie was obtained by it. So much for non-intercourse.

In 1780 a company of gentlemen in Philadelphia took government bills of exchange, and issued notes to purchase supplies for the army. December 31, 1781, they were incorporated by resolution as the Bank of North America, Congress having finally organized, November 1, under the Articles of Confederation. The validity of this act being questioned, the bank obtained a charter from Pennsylvania in 1783 for ten years, with a monopoly; capital, $400,000. In 1785 the State charter was repealed, on account of political and business jealousy. In 1787 it was renewed, without the monopoly. This was the first bank which issued convertible notes. It was of great use as a fiscal agent of the government, and very successful in its operations. Gouge says that it put on false pretenses of strength, but its history is so obscure that it is impossible to verify or refute these charges.

The peace found the finances of the Confederation and of the States in confusion. The Confederation was a shadow which no longer had dignity. It could not collect revenue or adjust its accounts, which were found in inextricable confusion, showing recklessness and carelessness, or worse, as a result of the numerous boards and officers among whom the responsibility had been divided. The States were likewise struggling with paper issues, which they retired by taxes, heavy in nominal amount, but small in value. In Massachusetts Daniel Shays led a body of armed men to Worcester, and from there to Springfield, to prevent the court from sitting. This body was dispersed by force, but leniently treated.

In the same year (1786)* Rhode Island issued paper, as a measure of bankruptcy, with a stringent tender law. In 1789 the paper was at fifteen for one, and the State debt had been called in, and either paid in this currency or forfeited. Then the assumption by the general government being assured, the State stocks were returned to the holders who had been paid off, and in 1791 and 1795 they all participated in the stocks allotted to the State.†

The war-protected industries were now prostrated. Commerce was restricted by

* Monographs on the Continental currency have been published by Henry Phillips, 1866, and J. W. Schuckers, 1874. See also the article in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1863. On the social effects, see Pelatiah Webster's *Essays*, 1791. He gives the depreciation from a merchant's books. Another table is given in *Niles's Register*, November 23, 1833.

† In 1780 and 1781 an officer's mess bill included sugar at $14, $16, and $18 per pound; twist, $10 per yard; three brushes and a blackball, $95; a black silk handkerchief, $75; eggs, $12 per dozen.—*Niles's Register*, August 5, 1826.

‡ Twentieth Congress, First Session, State Paper 107.

§ Works, ix. 259.

‖ Pitkin, *A Statistical View*, etc. (New Haven, 1835), p. 27.

¶ *Register*, January 18, 1817.

* In a speech in the Senate, March 24, 1838, Judge White, of Tennessee, described the currency of "Franklin" (East Tennessee and West North Carolina) at this time as consisting of raccoon-skins. Counterfeiting consisted in attaching raccoons' tails to opossums' skins. The collectors practiced this fraud on the Treasury.

† Arnold's *Rhode Island*, ii., at the end. Richmond, *The Revolutionary Debt repudiated by Rhode Island.*

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the English navigation laws from its old path to the British West Indies, contrary to Pitt's policy.* The commercial treaty proposed by Adams in 1785 was refused, and so both from within and without the necessity of union and nationality was enforced.

The first measure of Congress was for taxation. The act of July 4, 1789, specified protection as one of its objects. It laid duties of five per cent., fifty cents per ton on foreign ships, and ten per cent. discriminating duty. Thus the United States failed to take the enlightened position on foreign trade which consistency with their other doctrines seemed to prescribe. Other acts followed on an average every other year for the next thirty years, by which the duties were increased and extended.

September 2, 1789, the Treasury Department was established,† and Alexander Hamilton was appointed Secretary. He made a report on the finances January 14, 1790. The Confederate debt was $42,000,000 domestic and $11,000,000 foreign, and the debt of the States $25,000,000. The Confederate domestic debt, including officers' half-pay commutation (a very unpopular thing), was funded at par, the market price being 15. The State debts were assumed, and funded against strong opposition, the location of the capital on the Potomac being assured in order to gain the consent of Virginia. Pensions and the funding of crops of exchequer bills had been two great abuses in England for a century, and were regarded with dread here.

Hamilton next proposed a national bank, which was established by act of March 3, 1791, with a capital of $10,000,000, $8,000,000 subscribed by individuals (one-quarter in specie, three-quarters in United States stock), and $2,000,000 by government. Its charter was for twenty years. It issued no notes under $10. Eight or ten years later the government sold its stock for twenty-five, twenty, and forty-five premium. A bubble speculation followed the founding of the bank.‡

March 3, 1791, an excise was laid on spirits, which led to a rebellion in Pennsylvania in 1794. In 1794 other direct taxes were laid, and in 1797 stamp taxes. July 14, 1798, direct taxes were apportioned on land, houses, and slaves. These taxes were all repealed in 1802.

Questions of coinage were taken up as early as 1781. January 15, 1782, Robert Morris made a report (said to have been prepared by Gouverneur Morris) proposing a coinage.* July 6, 1785, the "dollar" was adopted. August 8, 1786, a mint law was passed, which was modified October 16, 1786. During 1790 both Hamilton and Jefferson† prepared papers on coinage, and September 2, 1792, the mint law was approved. Silver was first coined in 1794, and gold in 1795. The silver dollar was to weigh 371.25 grains pure metal, and the gold dollar 24.75 grains pure metal, thus rating the metals as 15 to 1. Silver was to gold in England as 15.2 to 1, and here it was probably as 15.5 to 1. Little gold circulated here before 1820, and after that none. The silver dollar having less value than the gold dollar, was the only one which debtors paid.

The calamity of Europe in the wars from 1791 to 1815 was the opportunity of America. It could not be enjoyed without experiencing the usual fortune of neutrals, nor without in its final results showing that the best gain of a nation comes not from the quarrels of its neighbors, but from their peace and prosperity. We were led to try another commercial war, and finally to undertake actual hostilities "for free trade" (*i. e.*, of neutrals during war) "and sailors' rights," being forced to this by votes from south of the Delaware, while the ships and sailors in the North and East asked only to take their own risks. April 14, 1814, the restrictive acts were finally repealed. Daniel Webster characterized the whole system in a sentence when he said it was "pernicious as to ourselves, and imbecile as to foreign nations."‡ The idea was by withholding trade to get a consideration in hand, viz., the promise to restore it, and then to offer this to either belligerent to induce him to relax his hostile regulations. Mr. Canning treated this with thinly veiled contempt. His position was, If it is a threat, I do not notice it; if it is something to sell, I decline to buy.

The embargo and war had "encouraged domestic industry," and had come to be considered by some as beneficent forces. Commerce had developed in an unexampled manner. The customs revenue fluctuated greatly, but rose from $3,400,000 in 1792 to $13,300,000 in 1811, actual receipts, long credit being given from the time of importation. Lands figure as a source of income from 1796; $21,000,000 were due on arrears (credit being given) in 1820,§ of which $14,900,000 were canceled before 1830 by surrendering lands. The Post-office was established May 8, 1794. A single letter cost six cents for thirty miles; over 450 miles, twenty-five cents. Between 1794 and 1830

* Pitkin, 189.

† A full history of the finances would include tonnage, post-office, and tariff. These, however, are excluded, except in cases where they affect the finances generally, from the present account. The only attempt to deal thoroughly with the financial history of the United States is Von Hock's, *Die Finanzen und die Finanzgeschichte der Ver. St.* (Cotta, Stuttgart, 1867.)

‡ *Niles's Register*, May 9, 1835.

* Sparks's *Diplomatic Correspondence*, xii. 81. *American State Papers*, vii. 101.

† *American State Papers*, vii. 105; xx. 13.

‡ Speech in the House, April 6, 1814.

§ *Niles's Register*, February 5, 1820.

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the Post-office produced revenue except in 1808, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1828, 1829, 1830.* Between 1837 and 1874 it produced revenue only in 1837, 1848–1851, and 1865.†

January 1, 1791, the foreign debt was $12,800,000; the domestic debt, $62,600,000; total, $75,400,000. The act of August 4, 1790, set apart the surplus revenue from duties to pay the debt. The act of May 8, 1792, appropriated the revenue from lands to that purpose. The act of March 3, 1795, increased this fund, and named it the "sinking fund." The act of April 29, 1802, raised the sinking fund to $7,300,000 per annum. Two acts of November 10, 1803, raised loans of $13,000,000 to pay for Louisiana, and increased the sinking fund to $8,000,000 per annum. By the treaty of January 8, 1802, in fulfillment of section six of Jay's treaty, the United States agreed to pay £600,000 (at $4 44) to discharge ante-Revolutionary debts of Americans to Englishmen. The foreign debt increased until 1795, but was extinguished in 1810. The domestic debt increased until 1801. The Louisiana purchase carried it to its maximum in 1804 (January 1, total, $86,400,000). It was reduced to $39,000,000 September 30, 1815.‡

A bankruptcy law was passed April 4, 1800, but it was repealed December 19, 1803.

The following table shows the development of banking,§ the Bank of the United States being omitted:

Year.	No.	Capital.	Circulation.	Specie.
1791	3	$2,000,000	....	....
Jan. 1, 1811	88	42,600,000	$22,700,000	$9,600,000
" 1815	208	82,200,000	45,500,000	17,000,000

Banks at this time were political engines. Niles often says that the old United States Bank gave favors only to black-cockade Federalists in and after 1798. Pitkin says that bank was Federalist, and finds it natural that the Jeffersonian Democrats would not recharter it. McDuffie‖ repeats the assertion of political character in the old bank. Clay said that its stock was largely held by foreigners and noblemen,¶ which proves that it brought capital here which, at that day, would not otherwise have come. The charter expired March 3, 1811. The recharter was lost in the House, January 24, by one vote, and in the Senate, February 20, by the casting-vote of the Vice-President. The bank closed up its affairs, and paid back its capital at 108½.* A large number of State banks at once sprang up. February 12, 1820, Secretary Crawford estimated the paper in circulation in 1813 at $62,000,000, and the specie at $8,000,000; the paper in 1816 at $99,000,000, and the specie at $11,000,000. For the latter year Gallatin estimated the banks at 246, with $89,800,000 capital, $68,000,000 circulation, $19,000,000 specie.†

Duties in 1804 were twelve and a half, fifteen, and twenty per cent. The "Mediterranean Fund" was then raised by addition of two and a half per cent. April 3, 1812, in preparation for war, an embargo was laid for ninety days. The exportation of specie was forbidden, all duties were doubled, an additional duty of ten per cent. was laid on foreign ships, and a tonnage duty of $1 50. This made the duties twenty-seven and a half, thirty-two and a half, and forty-two and a half per cent. The Mediterranean Fund expired in 1815, and the duties were twenty-five, thirty, and forty per cent. until July, 1816. July 22, 1813, a direct tax of $3,000,000 was laid. July 24 excise taxes and licenses were laid, which were extended by acts of January 18 and February 27, 1815, but an income tax was defeated January 18, 1815. Another direct tax of $6,000,000 was also laid. On December 23, 1814, postage was raised to twelve cents for one sheet less than forty miles; this was repealed February 1, 1816. The internal taxes were repealed in 1817.

The loans contracted were:

Date of Act.	Interest.	Amount authorized.	Amount issued.	Rate.
March 14, 1812	6	$11,000,000	$7,860,500	Par.
February 8, 1813	6	16,000,000	18,159,377	88
August 2, 1813	6	7,500,000	8,498,581	88¼
March 24, 1814	6	25,000,000	15,661,818	80
March 3, 1815 (for funding interest-bearing Treasury notes)	6	12,000,000	9,745,745	90 to par in Treasury notes.
February 24, 1815 (for funding non-interest-bearing Treasury notes)	7	....	3,268,949	Par in Treasury notes.
Total funded debt on account of the war			$63,144,972	

Five and two-fifths per cent. Treasury notes outstanding September 30, 1815 ..... $14,686,600
Non-interest-bearing Treasury notes, about 1,500,000
Temporary loans 1,150,000
Total cost of the war, ascertained to September 30, 1815, about 80,500,000

These items, with the temporary loans, made the debt for the war $80,500,000, and

* Pitkin, 338. † Postmaster-General's Report, 1874.
‡ Treasury Report, 1815.
§ Gallatin, *Considerations on the Currency and Banking System of the United States* (Carey and Lea, Philadelphia, 1831). Others give four banks in 1789, counting one in Maryland.
‖ Report on United States Bank, April 13, 1830.
¶ Clay's report against the first bank (Senate, March 2, 1811) would have made a good Jackson document in 1832.
* Pitkin, 421. The last dividend was in 1834 (*Niles's Register*, September 13, 1834).
† The best account of this period is given by William Gouge, *History of Paper Money and Banking* (Philadelphia, 1833). Historically very correct and trustworthy, but theoretically marred by indiscriminate hostility to banks. See also Condy Raguet's *Currency and Banking*, 1840, Appendix H.

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the total public debt, September 30, 1815, $119,600,000.*

These loans were contracted at 80–90 in paper, depreciated twenty per cent., and after 1814 all the income of the government was in the same paper.†

March 19, 1813, Governor Snyder, of Pennsylvania, vetoed twenty-five bank charters; March 21, 1814, forty charters were passed over his veto. Banks multiplied on every hand, especially in the Middle States, where they speculated in government stocks. The system was generally to deposit stock notes for the capital, issue notes even beyond this, and loan them on accommodation paper. Bridge and other companies in this way got their capital from the public.

The New Orleans banks suspended in April, 1814; the banks of the District during the invasion, August 27; those of Philadelphia, August 30, 1814; those of the Middle and Southern States, within a fortnight later; those of Ohio and Kentucky paid specie until January 1, 1815; the only one in Tennessee went on until July or August, 1815; a few in Maine stopped early in 1814; the rest in New England did not suspend at all.‡ Banks now multiplied faster than ever, and the old ones increased their issues. The notes required elaborate quotations, and brokers had a rich harvest in negotiating them. *Niles's Register* from 1814 to 1820 is filled with complaints and objurgations about the "shavings." The Secretary of the Treasury found the greatest embarrassment from this state of things. The New England people paid all their dues to the government in Treasury notes worth 90. The government had to pay in New England in specie all that it owed there, while it nowhere received a specie revenue. At the same time the Boston merchants found that the Baltimoreans had the advantage of them in trade, for while the Bostonians paid duties in Treasury notes at 90, the Baltimoreans paid in their own bank-notes at 80. So little was the "exchange" understood that the Secretary (Dallas) complained because he got bids for the loan of March 3, 1815, which "varied according to the arbitrary variations of what is called the difference of exchange." The object of this loan was to fund Treasury notes. The Secretary fixed the price of his bonds at 95, either in Treasury notes or "cash," *i. e.*, bills of suspended banks. The result was that the large subscriptions were made where the currency was most depreciated, and were made in "cash." Where the currency was about at 95, the subscriptions were paid half in "cash," and half in notes. Where the currency was worth more than 95, the subscriptions were all in Treasury notes. The Secretary's own table shows this at a glance.*

In the disorder of the currency, Eppes (on behalf of Jefferson) proposed a government paper money fundable in stock, such as was issued in January, 1815, and never circulated. Dallas, the Secretary of the Treasury, October 17, 1814, proposed a national non-specie-paying bank. Calhoun proposed a bank on Treasury notes, but which should never suspend specie payments. Dallas's scheme passed the Senate, but was defeated in the House by the double vote of the Speaker (Cheves). A plan for a bank to be prohibited from suspending passed, and was vetoed January 30, 1815. Dallas's paper scheme passed the Senate again, but was defeated in the House by one vote on February 17, the day the news arrived of the Peace of Ghent. It was heard of no more.

At the next session Calhoun re-introduced the bank, the charter being Dallas's work. It was passed April 10, 1816. The bank was to have $35,000,000 capital, $7,000,000 to be subscribed by government in five per cent. stock, $28,000,000 by the public, of which $7,000,000 was to be in specie and $21,000,000 in six per cent. United States stocks. It was to pay a bonus of $1,500,000 in one, two, and three years. It was to issue no notes under $5, and was forbidden to suspend under twelve per cent. penalty. Votes were to be given at elections of bank officers by an intricate limitation, varying according to the number of shares held, and directors could serve only three years out of four.

This bank was to correct the currency and to control the exchanges, which no bank can do or ought to do. It was to be the financial Providence of the country, bring exchange to par, and keep it there in an immense sparsely settled country with defective means of communication. Its capital was far too large, and there was no reason for putting part of the capital in stocks. Finally, there was no reason why the government should have shares in it.

April 30 Congress voted that specie payments ought to be resumed February 20, 1817, and that government ought to accept only specie or its equivalent in payment thereafter. The banks refused to resume before July, 1817. The stock of the Bank of the United States was taken in July in such a way that a Baltimore clique, taking advantage of the rule about voting, got votes enough to control the organization.†

* Treasury Report, 1815, with review of the finances of the war. See also Treasury Report for 1827, and a letter of Gallatin in *Niles's Register*, February 21, 1846, on the finances of the second war.

† Crawford's Report, February 12, 1820.

‡ Gouge's *Journal of Banking*, quoted in Macgregor's *Commercial Statistics*, iii. 987.

* This report (1815) was very correctly criticised by Mr. Nathan Appleton: *On Currency and Banking* (Boston, 1841), Appendix D.

† The story is told here consecutively. The doings inside the bank were not made known until the inquiry in 1819 and Cheves's report in 1822.

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By subscribing as attorneys they got 22,187 votes out of 80,000, and they subscribed only $4,000,000 out of $28,000,000. In November the stock was at $42.50 for $30 paid. The organization took place October 28, fifteen directors being Democrats and ten Federalists. The directors allowed, December 18 and 27, discount on the pledge of stocks, by which the specie payment in the second installment (January 2) was evaded. Wild stock-jobbing now began, especially among those inside. After February 20 all stock was discounted at par (65 paid). "The discounts, the payment of the second installment, the payment of the price to the owner, the transfer, and the pledge of the stock were, as it is termed, simultaneous acts." August 26, 1817, they voted to discount on the stock at 125. The third installment was partly paid in bank-notes because government stock was at a premium in notes. August 28, 1818, the bank refused to receive or pay its notes except at the offices specified on the note, and also refused to collect drafts, etc., except for exchange rates, thus abandoning the attempt to "equalize exchange." In April, 1819, it refused to transfer funds for the government except at exchange rates, thus disappointing another expectation in regard to it.

The bank was going on just after the prevailing fashion. Instead of restraining, it joined the race. The Secretary in 1817 said that he had paid off *all* the United States stock in the capital of the bank, and he paid off $13,000,000, which seems, therefore, to be the amount paid in, instead of $21,000,000. The rest was bank-notes or stock notes. This redemption turned the whole capital into a shape demanding use, and led to a prodigious expansion of credit. The State banks agreed to "resume" if the bank would extend its discounts at New York $2,000,000, Philadelphia, $2,000,000, Baltimore, $1,500,000, Virginia, $500,000. There never was any resumption in fact.* August 8, 1817, the president and cashier were authorized to discount $500,000, and subsequently to discount $2,000,000, between discount days, in their discretion. September 30 they were authorized to renew notes so discounted. The stock was then at its highest, 155–156¼. From July, 1817, to December, 1818, the bank imported $7,300,000 in specie, at an expense of over $500,000. Congress appointed an investigating committee, on the rumor that things were not all right, and because the bank had not helped the currency. They reported† January 16, 1819, exposing the facts here detailed. The president of the bank and the managers at Baltimore resigned. March 6, 1819, Langdon Cheves became president. He found the bank bankrupt, but already engaged in vigorous efforts to contract its obligations. These measures were continued. The loss at Baltimore was $2,000,000, the whole loss $3,000,000. February 25 Congress refused to order a *scire facias* for the forfeiture of the charter.

Maryland, Ohio, and Kentucky had attempted to tax the bank, but the tax was declared unconstitutional.* In Ohio a tax of $100,000 was collected by force September 16, 1819, but ordered restored, after long litigation, in September, 1821.†

Meanwhile the commerce, industry, and finance of the world had been finding their way back to the ordinary natural forms and channels of peace, and away from the unnatural developments of war. This did not take place without shocks and confusion throughout the commercial world. The United States had, for insufficient reason, plunged into the general *mêlée*, and the result was that not only was their commerce first unnaturally distorted and then crushed, but also their home industry had sought unnatural developments, and their finances had been thrown into confusion. In 1816 paper money yet prevailed in Europe, and was depreciated more than ours. The exchanges were favorable to the United States, and a golden opportunity was offered for resumption. In 1819 efforts were being made all over Europe to resume, and masses of metal were moving from country to country. In the midst of this state of things came the real, though not publicly known, break-down of the bank. Its efforts to recover itself prostrated the whole industry of the country. Prices, which had risen fifty or one hundred per cent. since 1814, fell even below the former level, and a grand liquidation set in, which ran through some three or four years.

In 1820 exchange on England rose to 105 and 106, which carried off gold, the par of gold being 102.72, or, with expenses, 105. Par of silver was 106 (at 15½ to 1), or, with expenses, 108. In fact, silver was then depressed to 16 for 1 by the demand for gold in England, and it took 110 to draw silver from here. Exchange rose at a leap from 106 to 110, and then to 112—rates which the living generation could hardly remember. Every gold coin here was drawn away, for there was no such profit on any thing else exported. The re-adjustment was not complete before 1822 or 1823, and it was not brought about without great suffering.‡

In 1823 land was worth forty or forty-five per cent. less than in 1806, and sixty or seventy per cent. less than in 1817;§ thousands

* Crawford's Report, February 12, 1820.

† See the report and documents in *Niles's Register*, vols. xv. and xvi., series 1.

* 4 Wheaton, 316.

† Final action and history of the case, 9 Wheaton, 739.

‡ Valuable reports on coinage, etc., by Lowndes, H. R., January 26, 1819, and J. Q. Adams, February 22, 1821.

§ *Niles's Register*, August 23, 1823.

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in actual suffering; families living on one dollar per week;* women earning six and a quarter cents per day. The distress was all used as an argument for protection.

The indiscriminate rage of men like Gouge and Niles against "banks" dates from this period. Niles again and again speaks of banks just as one would speak of gambling hells. There were three kinds of paper afloat in 1819: first, notes of incorporated banks with more or less pretense to solvency; second, notes of banks which had no other reality than a counting-room, books, and a plate—their notes were circulated at a distance, and when they came home the bank ceased to be; third, counterfeits in enormous quantities, though they differed from the second kind only in stealing a name some one else had invented, instead of inventing a new one. The amount afloat can not be guessed at. Niles† said the number of banks was put at 397 on unknown authority. The homilies about extravagance and protecting home industry, and the praise of the old simple times, then began. These times have never been since the earliest colonial days, when people were so poor that they could buy nothing. Since then they have bought all they could, and as they have been getting rich fast, they have always had far more good things at the end of any twenty years than at its beginning.

In 1817 the sinking fund was raised to $10,000,000 per annum, and more, if possible, leaving $2,000,000 in the Treasury. In 1816, 1817, 1818, and 1819 this sum was paid, and in some years much more; but in 1820, the revenue having declined, $2,000,000 were borrowed from the sinking fund, with many apologies. In 1821 it was curtailed over $3,000,000, but without any apologies. It showed that the sinking fund is simply what can be saved and paid, nothing more or less.

During the next decade the scene of interest is in the West. Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, and Missouri tried stay laws, tender laws, property laws, and paper issues in every form. Kentucky tried the experiment most thoroughly; the others desisted sooner. A history of Tennessee banking was given by Judge White in a speech in the Senate March 24, 1838.‡

In the East things soon returned to order, and the next years were generally quiet financially. The agitations were in regard to protection. The revenue was good, the public debt was being paid, canals were being built, and although there was, in regard to all these things, much which a conservative economist would disapprove, yet there was perhaps nothing but what must be tolerated in a new and poor country. It may suffice here to mention the following important incidents: In 1819 it was proposed to issue a government paper money. Secretary Crawford reported against it February 12, 1820. In 1820 a loan of $3,000,000 was contracted, and in 1821 a loan of $5,000,000. July 2, 1821, a committee of stockholders of the bank reported its losses at $3,547,838 80. October 1, 1822, Mr. Cheves reported on the state of the bank when he took it, and his efforts to save it. The Suffolk bank system was organized in New England in 1824. The investments of foreign capital here, 1823–1825, were estimated at from $30,000,000 to $38,000,000.* The great crisis of 1825 in England did not have great effect here. In 1826 there was a great collapse of unsound banking institutions in various parts of the country. Many such had been organized at New York, and in New Jersey opposite. Several of the projectors were condemned to the penitentiary.

Andrew Jackson became President March 4, 1829, and proceeded to reform the government. In the summer of that year complaints were made by New Hampshire politicians that the branch of the bank at Portsmouth was presided over by Mr. Jeremiah Mason, a friend of Mr. Webster. The administration sought to induce Mr. Biddle (president of the bank since January, 1823) to remove Mr. Mason. He refused, and this is the earliest germ we can find of a great war. Mr. Biddle was in the position of resisting an alliance of Bank and State.† The Message of 1829 astonished the nation by questioning the constitutionality and advantage of the bank, whose charter would not expire until March 3, 1836, and proposing a bank on the revenues and credit of the nation. The bank had lived down the odium of its early history. The Committee of Ways and Means reported April 13, 1830 (by McDuffie), in favor of rechartering the bank at the proper time. The Committee of Finance of the Senate reported March 29, 1830, that the currency was good, and in a fair way to improve. "They deem it prudent to abstain from all legislation, to abide by the practical good which the country enjoys, and to put nothing to hazard by doubtful experiments." In November, 1830, Mr. Gallatin published the article on the currency above referred to, in which he showed that the bank had been very useful. These documents no doubt represented the opinions of the educated and business classes at that time.

The revolution of 1830 in France, political disturbances elsewhere on the Continent,

* *Niles's Register*, May 17, 1823. † August 29, 1818.

‡ A short history of banking in the separate States is given in a series of articles in the *Banker's Magazine*, vol. xi.

* Niles, November 22, 1823; June 12, 1824; January 22, 1825.

† J. Q. Adams's Report, 1832. The history is given consecutively; incidents which did not become publicly known until later are put in their proper place.

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and the disturbances which preceded the Reform Bill in England were then causing much capital to be sent to this country. The new canals just opened, the railroads just beginning to be built (for horse-power), the application of anthracite coal to the arts, and numerous improvements in all branches of production afforded ample opportunity of applying this capital here to advantage. The same improvements in England tended to an unprecedented increase of capital, which sought investment here for the next eight or ten years.

It was under these circumstances that the President set about an "experiment" with the currency. The Message of 1830 repeated the opinion of 1829 in regard to the bank; that of 1831 was milder. January 9, 1832, the petition for a recharter was presented. A special committee having been appointed in the House, a majority reported against the recharter; McDuffie and Adams both made counter-reports. The charges against the bank were, first, that its assets consisted largely of accommodation loans in the West, which were created by "race-horse" bills, and were worthless. (There was too much truth in this; the branch drafts since 1827 had been mischievous.) Second, extending favors to Congressmen. (This was admitted and defended.) Third, using political influence. (It appeared rather that the administration had tried to use the bank politically.) The recharter passed, but was vetoed July 10, 1832.

In 1830 $3,000,000 of the $7,000,000 five per cent. stock of the United States which was in the capital of the bank was redeemed, and in 1831 the remaining $4,000,000.

By treaty of July 4, 1831, France agreed to pay the United States 25,000,000 francs as indemnity for spoliations after 1806. The Secretary drew on the French Finance Minister for the first installment, due February 2, 1833, and sold the bill to the bank. The French Chambers had made no appropriation to carry out the treaty, and the bill was protested, but taken up by Hottinguer for the bank. The bank claimed fifteen per cent. damages, and reserved the sum with interest ($170,041) from dividends due the government July 17, 1834. The government gained the suit to recover this in 1847.*

The government desiring to pay off the three per cents in 1832, the bank assumed and carried them a year longer. The President expressed his fears that the public deposits were unsafe in the bank, in his Message, 1832. The majority of the Committee of Ways and Means found the deposits safe, but the minority made a strong attack on the bank on account of the Western loans. These were rapidly reduced.

During the summer of 1833 overtures were made to the State banks to receive the public deposits. August 19, 1833, the government directors of the bank made a report showing large expenditures by the bank for printing and distributing documents during the campaign of 1832. These consisted of Gallatin's article, the minority reports of Adams and McDuffie, *et al.**

Meanwhile the national debt was being rapidly paid, and a surplus was to be expected after 1835. The opposition desired to divide the public lands, in order to cut off revenue, and to go into internal improvements, in order to increase expenditures, but not to reduce the protective tariff. The tariff of July 14, 1832, was finally modified by the act of March 2, 1833, to reduce duties until 1842. The pound sterling was rated at $4 80 for customs purposes, standard weights and measures were distributed,† and the credit on duties was shortened.

September 18, 1833, the President read in his cabinet an argument against the bank, showing why the deposits ought to be removed. Duane, who had only been Secretary since May 29, refused to remove them. He was dismissed, and Taney appointed,‡ by whom they were transferred. The amount was $9,800,000. The Secretary of the Treasury is in an ambiguous position, being dismissible as a cabinet officer, and yet charged with independent responsibility. The sixteenth section of the bank charter gave to him power to remove the deposits. This act caused great alarm, being apparently a bold and self-willed, but not intelligent, act. Credit was disturbed, and the winter passed in commercial distress. In February, 1834, the President, in answer to a deputation from Philadelphia,§ sketched his new programme. He would crush the bank, try the plan of using State banks as fiscal agents, introduce a metallic currency, and use specie only for the government. The radical weakness of this plan was that he could in no way control the State banks, though they should do far worse things than the Bank of the United States had done.

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

January 1.	1831.	1832.	1833.	1834.
	$	$	$	$
Loans	44,000,000	66,200,000	61,600,000	54,900,000
Circulation	16,200,000	21,300,000	17,500,000	19,200,000
Deposits...	17,200,000	22,700,000	20,300,000	10,800,000
Coin.....	10,800,000	7,000,000	8,900,000	10,000,000

Small banks now sprang up in great num-

* 2 Howard, 711, and 5 Howard, 382.

* Report of directors on "A Paper read in the Cabinet," December 3, 1833. (*Niles's Register*, December 14, 1833.)

† The weights in use at the various custom-houses varied sixteen per cent. The proportion of the bushels in use was: Bath, 74; Portland, 76; Saco, 80; Boston, 78; New York, 78½; Philadelphia, 78½; Baltimore, 77½; Newbern, 87½; Charleston, 78; Savannah, 76. (*Niles's Register*, January 5, 1833.)

‡ He was not confirmed. § Niles, March 1, 1834.

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bers to claim the deposits, and they urged political reasons generally for being granted a share.* December 3, 1833, Taney gave the reasons for removing the deposits: First, the Exchange Committee of the Board of Directors governed the bank. (This was a well-founded complaint. It was the arrangement which made the final catastrophe of the bank possible.) Second, the bank had meddled in politics. Third, selfishness in deferring the three per cents and demanding damages on the French draft. December 9, the government directors reported that they were excluded from knowledge of the affairs of the bank. March 28, 1834, the Senate resolved that the President had "assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and the laws." April 15, the President sent in a protest against this resolution, which the Senate refused to register (27 to 16). The resolution was "expunged" January 16, 1837. April 4, 1834, the House resolved that the bank ought not to be rechartered nor the deposits restored, and raised another committee. Of this the majority reported, May 22, that the bank had refused to submit to investigation; the minority reported that the committee had made unreasonable and improper demands.

February 4, 1834, the Senate appointed a committee which reported, December 18, favorably to the bank. The Message of 1834 reviewed the controversy and renewed the old charges.

June 28, 1834, the coinage was altered so that the silver dollar should weigh 412½ grains, 371.25 grains pure, and the gold dollar 25.8 grains, 23.2 grains pure, rating the metals as 15.99 to 1. The standard for silver was 0.900 fine; for gold 0.89922. This expelled silver, rating it as much too low as it had before been too high. Another mistake was made at the same time by rating foreign coins too high, so that they were a cheaper tender than American coin. This prevented them from being sent to the mint. The act of January 18, 1837, brought both metals to the standard 0.900, and made the gold dollar 23.22 grains fine. From this time par of exchange with England was 109½, or £1=$4.8665. A gold eagle, coined before July 31, 1834, was worth $10.668 in eagles coined after that.

The new banks opened a period of speculation in 1834, which went on through 1835, growing wilder and wilder, seizing on cotton lands and negroes, city lots, Western lands, and every form of stocks.† The administration, it is true, prevailed on the following States‡ to forbid notes under $5: Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, North Carolina, Indiana, Kentucky, Maine, New York, New Jersey, Alabama. Connecticut had forbidden $1's and $2's; Mississippi and Illinois had no notes under $5; and Missouri had no bank of issue; but the exchanges were kept favorable by exporting securities (importing capital), and the position was one of unstable equilibrium. The specie in the country was $64,000,000. The prevailing belief was that bank issues could be extended to any amount, if only there was one-third the amount in specie behind them.

The directors of the bank* ordered the Exchange Committee, March 6, 1835, to loan the funds of the bank on stock as fast as it was called in, in order to facilitate the winding up. The branches (of which there were twenty-five) were sold, and bonds taken payable in from one to five years. In the winter of 1835–36 it was suddenly proposed that Pennsylvania should grant a charter to the bank, and a bill was passed February 13, 1836, doing so, but joining the charter with internal improvement schemes and a repeal of some taxes. The conditions were very onerous. Thus instead of winding up March 3, 1836, the bank went on as the United States Bank of Pennsylvania. Under the resolution of March 6, 1835, $20,000,000 of its capital had been loaned on stocks, and it had its bonus to the State to pay, the shares of the government to pay back, and the circulation of the old bank to redeem. The Exchange Committee had complete control of the bank.†

In the winter of 1835–36 the rates for capital advanced under great fluctuations, such as always occur on a bank-note currency with an inadequate coin basis. The great fire of December, 1835, at New York led some to propose a bank of $5,000,000 for the sufferers. Niles said, "To make a bank is the grand panacea for every ill that can befall the people of the United States, and yet it adds not one cent to the capital of the community."‡

During 1836 speculation went on, although rates for loans were twelve to twenty per cent. per month throughout much of the year. Prices were so high that wheat came here from Europe. It was said that the canals, etc., had drawn laborers away from agriculture. In the fall the Bank of England refused to discount for bankers who were granting American credits, and those houses reduced their acceptances from £20,000,000 to £12,000,000 during the winter,§ producing still greater distress here, both directly, and indirectly by the fall in cotton.

The public debt was all paid January 1, 1835, and a surplus of over $40,000,000 accu-

* See *Niles's Register*, April 8, 1837.
† Niles, May 9, 1835. ‡ Treasury Report, 1835.

* Report of 1841. † Ibid.
‡ *Register*, January 2, 1836.
§ *Morning Chronicle*, in *Niles's Register*, April 29, 1837.

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mulated during 1836. The administration having done all the harm it could by scattering this over the Union in forty banks, the opposition now undertook to withdraw it from the banks and distribute it to the States in the ratio of Congressional representation. The bill passed June 23, 1836. It ordered the surplus over $5,000,000 January 1, 1837, to be *deposited* with the States. The Message of 1836 contained a criticism of this proceeding which was unanswerable, although the three great men, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, all favored the scheme.

July 11, 1836, the Secretary of the Treasury issued a circular forbidding the receipt of any thing but specie for public lands. Congress passed a resolution practically rescinding this. It was sent to the President March 2, and he sent it to the State Department to be filed at 11.45 P.M., March 3, 1837.

February 25, 1837, the United States Bank offered to pay off the public shares at $115 58 per share, in four installments, September, 1837, 1838, 1839, and 1840. March 3 Congress ordered this offer accepted, and it was fulfilled.

Early in March Herman Briggs and Co., of New Orleans, failed, on account of the decline in cotton. J. L. and S. Joseph and Co., of New York, failed as soon as the news reached New York. This was the beginning. The whole Southwest was prostrated. At New York one failure followed another among those who held Southern funds. Mr. Biddle had before acted as financial Jupiter, and to him prayers were now addressed. He came, March 28, and sold post-notes for mercantile paper at 112, which notes brought in cash 95. They were payable in Europe, and were remitted to settle, instead of shipping specie. In April news came that three great houses granting American credits, Wilson, Wildes, and Wiggins, had become dependent on the Bank of England, and were being carried on a guarantee from the City. The panic now recommenced, and ran on increasing until May. May 8 a run on the Dry Dock Bank caused its suspension. The other banks were forced to suspend on the 9th and 10th. The Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other banks followed as the news spread. Each city professed that it could have held out, but was forced to yield in the general interest.

In May news reached England of events here in March, and post-notes instead of money. The great question was: Can the Americans pay? The amount of American debts falling due June 1 was, to the three W.'s, £3,800,000; to other English houses, £5,000,000; to France, £1,500,000. Total, £10,300,000. The American houses were allowed to fall June 1. They failed for £2,000,000; £1,300,000 was covered by the guarantees, and £700,000 fell on the bank.* An arrival of $100,000 in specie sufficed, however, to restore American credit and to turn the tide. Extensions were granted, securities were negotiated, and in general long credits secured.

On the suspension gold went to 107, all specie disappeared, and the country was flooded with shin-plasters. The premium on gold was greater in the South and West, being 120–125 in the Southwest. There were said to be $80,000,000 in specie in the country, which Benton said would be its "bulwark" against financial disaster. Thus, between those who misused paper and those who held the superstition of gold, the advocates of sound doctrine were either wanting or their voices were drowned.

May 3 a committee of New York merchants went to Washington to ask the recall of the specie circular, delay in collecting duty bonds, and the calling of an extra session of Congress. The first the President (Van Buren) would not do, the second he could not do, and the third he thought useless; but the necessities of the government forced the last. Congress met September 4, and passed bills to collect the deposits of the suspended banks, to delay the collection of duty bonds, and to issue Treasury notes. Three installments of the deposit had been paid. The fourth ($9,000,000) was yet in the banks. As to calling back any of the $28,000,000 which had been "deposited," no one proposed it. It was with great difficulty that the payment of the fourth installment was deferred until January 1, 1839. It was not paid at all. The Treasury Report of 1838 showed $2,400,000 still due from suspended banks.

The bank had really had very little grounds for the position it had assumed as public benefactor. It was itself a borrower. A ring of officers and their friends were using the funds of the bank, putting securities in the cashier's drawer, and taking out cash. These transactions passed examination day as "bills receivable." In July, 1837, the bank began to speculate in cotton, of course through outside firms, but, as Mr. Biddle said in his letters to Clayton, 1841, it was to meet the post-notes of the bank. He also thought that he could carry cotton to get a price. Mr. Jaudon was sent to London as agent for the bank September 22, 1837. He executed some sensational transactions, the consequence of which was that he was regarded as a reckless and dangerous man.

The New York banks tried all winter to get a general agreement to resume, but without success. The New York law allowed the suspension for one year. May 10, 1838, the New York and New England banks resumed.

* London *Times*, in *Niles's Register*, July 22, 1837.

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The New York banks had pursued a policy of contraction on all their liabilities which at the time was regarded with great disfavor, and was unfavorably compared with Mr. Biddle's policy of "repose" under the suspension. It produced health, however, and brought New York out of the troubles of the times at least three years before Philadelphia issued from them, and with far less suffering on the whole. The Philadelphia banks delayed until the Governor forced them to resume, August 13, 1838. Meantime Mr. Biddle was writing plausible letters to Mr. J. Q. Adams to manufacture public opinion. Perhaps his head was turned by the position of financial Providence to the country. It would not be strange. In the summer of 1838 he enjoyed his highest prestige. Mr. James G. King induced the Bank of England to send £1,000,000 in specie here, and some of it was sent, which went into the United States Bank, and was thought a great victory for Mr. Biddle. He was said to have carried the merchants of Philadelphia, the great corporations of the country, and the public improvements of Pennsylvania through the crisis.* The great bank was, however, an unwieldy hulk, which was already stranded, and Mr. Biddle's bravado was only preparing a more humiliating downfall. He had become president of the bank at the age of thirty-seven, succeeding Mr. Cheves, who was considered too conservative. He had been urged on to bold methods of banking, flattered as to his success, and encouraged to assume unbusiness-like duties and responsibilities.† December 10, 1838, he wrote his last letter to Mr. Adams, in which he finally abdicated for the bank the position of financial Providence. March 29, 1839, he resigned the presidency of the bank, leaving it, as he said, prosperous. During 1838 its stock had reached 123. When he resigned it was 111–113. July 6, 1838, an act was passed by Congress to prevent the bank from re-issuing the notes of the old bank.

The notion of controlling the cotton market, which has been mentioned, was embodied in a circular of June 6, 1839, proposing a grand national combination to "bull" cotton. It was issued by Mr. Wilder, who denied that the bank was in the plot, but it appeared in 1841 that this was a prevarication. The Manchester *Guardian*‡ spoke of it as "the most rash and insane speculation of modern times." The mills closed up, the price fell, and the speculators were ruined. $1,400,000 had been gained previously by the clique, of which $800,000 had been divided. The residue and $900,000 more were now lost.* In August Mr. Jaudon was in great straits for money, and was calling on Biddle and Humphreys, of Liverpool, to get money at any sacrifice of cotton. The bank here was selling post-notes in New York, Boston, and even smaller cities. In August it drew all the bills it could sell on Hottinguer, and shipped the proceeds in specie to meet the bills. The object was to force the New York banks to suspend.† The drawee had given warning that he would not honor any bill unless he was covered. September 18, 1839, bills for 2,000,000 francs were presented, for which the specie had not arrived. They were refused, but the Rothschilds took them up,‡ and also some 8,000,000 francs more which were out, Mr. Jaudon finding security.

The fact of the protest was known in New York, October 10, 1839, but the Philadelphia banks had suspended the day before. They were followed by all the banks South and West, and by those of Rhode Island. The New York and other New England banks did not suspend. This was the real break-down of credit. There was no recovery from this, except through a liquidation, which went on during 1840. The Pennsylvania Legislature set January 15, 1841, as the day beyond which the penalties of suspension should be enforced. January 1, 1841, the bank published a list of its assets, from which it appeared that its capital was locked up in a lot of the most doubtful securities on the market. A run on the banks began as soon as they opened, January 15. In twenty days the United States Bank paid out $6,000,000, and the other banks $5,100,000. February 4 they all suspended again. The United States Bank had just loaned the State $800,000, and it held over $2,000,000 of Michigan bonds which it had not paid for. It had paid or loaned to Pennsylvania $12,000,000 since the charter was granted.§ Suits were now brought against the bank in such number that all hope of recovery was destroyed. Three trusts were established to wind it up. A committee of stockholders reported April 3, 1841, and gave a history of the bank for six years, for, as they said, "The origin of the course of policy which has conducted to the present situation of the affairs of the institution dates beyond the period of the recharter by the State." Mr. Jaudon borrowed $23,000,000 in Europe between November, 1837, and July, 1840. After that he borrowed $12,200,000 at an expense of $1,100,000 for discounts, etc., and the expenses of his office were $335,937. The foreign debt of the bank was $15,000,000. One

* New York *Express*, in *Niles's Register*, May 12, 1838.

† Contemporary criticism was all colored by party feeling. The most just and intelligent criticism, combined with sound financial doctrine, is in Mr. N. Appleton's pamphlet on *Currency and Banking*, 1841.

‡ Quoted in *Niles's Register*, July 27, 1839.

* Biddle's first letter to Clayton, 1841.

† Biddle's second letter to Clayton, 1841.

‡ The *Messager* in *Niles's Register*, November 2, 1839.

§ Memorial to Pennsylvania Legislature (*Niles's Register*, February 27, 1841).

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firm had had over $4,000,000 of cash from the drawer between August, 1835, and November, 1837. Jaudon, Andrews (first cashier), and Cowperthwaite (second cashier) had owed the bank $300,000 or $400,000 each, and settled by handing over stocks, etc. The losses on cotton had been repaid to the bank by the clique in doubtful securities. The stock in April, 1843, was quoted at 1⅛.* January 1, 1846, the notes still outstanding were $3,400,000. Every one seems to have dropped the bank suddenly in disgust, and it is even more difficult to get information about its obsequies than about its earlier proceedings.

In a Treasury Report of January 8, 1840, it was stated that there were 850 banks and 109 branches, of which, in 1839, 343 suspended entirely, and 62 partially, 56 had failed entirely, and 48 had resumed. The Philadelphia banks resumed March 18 or 19, 1842.

COMPARATIVE BANK STATEMENTS.

Year.	No.†	Capital.	Circulation.	Deposits.	Specie.
1820	308	137,100,000	44,800,000	.....	19,800,000
1830	330	145,100,000	61,300,000	.....	22,100,000
1834	506	200,000,000	94,800,000	75,600,000	.....
1835	704	231,200,000	103,600,000	83,000,000	43,900,000
1836	713	251,800,000	140,300,000	115,100,000	40,000,000
1837	788	290,700,000	149,100,000	127,300,000	37,900,000
1838	829	317,600,000	116,100,000	84,600,000	35,100,000
1839	840	327,100,000	135,100,000	90,200,000	45,100,000
1840	901	358,400,000	106,900,000	75,600,000	33,100,000
1841	....	.....	74,300,000	57,000,000	25,800,000
1844	....	.....	44,800,000	88,300,000	46,900,000
1845	697‡	197,000,000	97,000,000	87,300,000	43,200,000
1848§	791	200,800,000	125,200,000	.....	49,200,000

American credit held good abroad until 1839. Loans were negotiated during 1838 with as much success as ever. The "deposits," however, had seduced the States into great expenditures for improvements, and into debts. The debts of the States were about $200,000,000 in 1840. The amount of American securities held in England was over £20,000,000 sterling in 1837.‖ In 1839 the credits given in 1837 were not all met, and some States defaulted. Doubts of the credit of the States arose. Mr. Webster was in England, and gave the Barings an assurance of the constitutionality of the debts.¶ An effort was made in 1840 to have Congress assume the State debts, but so mischievous a precedent was fortunately avoided. The States and Territories without debt were New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, Delaware, North Carolina, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Those which at any time failed to pay interest were Pennsylvania, Maryland, Louisiana, Indiana, Illinois, and Arkansas. Those which repudiated part of their debt were Mississippi, Michigan, and Florida. Pennsylvania suspended in 1842.* Her debt, January, 1843, was $37,900,000. She resumed in February, 1845. Mississippi plumply repudiated $5,000,000. Louisiana repudiated $20,000,000, but the banks finally assumed or provided for it. Michigan settled up by disposing of her public works. Maryland suspended in 1842, but resumed in 1848. The delinquencies of interest in 1844 were over $7,000,000.† Some on the other side sneered at republicanism and Yankees on account of these defaults.‡ Some here cared little for the losses of foreigners. They gravely mistook the value to a young new country of its *credit*, its power to borrow capital of old countries.

The debt began to grow again as soon as it was extinguished, and the accounts show indebtedness every year after 1835 (when some $30,000 of old claims were outstanding). After 1837 the Treasury notes, which were authorized from year to year, raised the debt to $32,700,000, January 1, 1843. After that it was reduced to $15,500,000, January 1, 1846. The Mexican war carried it up to $63,000,000, January 1, 1849. The Texan indemnity of $5,000,000 was passed September 9, 1850; $15,000,000 were paid to Mexico in five installments, and $3,250,000 of her debts to American citizens, assumed under the treaty of February, 1848; $7,000,000 were paid for the Gadsden purchase of December, 1853. The debt reached $68,300,000 January 1, 1851, but was reduced to $28,600,000 January 1, 1857.

The Sub-Treasury, after having been vehemently discussed thoughout Van Buren's administration, was established July 4, 1840. At the special session which assembled May 31, 1841, the Sub-Treasury was abolished, two national bank bills were passed and vetoed, a bankruptcy act, a revenue act raising duties to twenty per cent. throughout, and a land distribution act, with proviso

* Table from *Bicknell's Reporter* in *Niles's Register*, September 30, 1843. Twenty-three stocks are given. A share of each would have cost, in 1836, $2839 62; in April, 1842, $708.

† Branches included. In 1840 one hundred and one banks and branches are estimated. The statistics have value only as general indications.

‡ Twelve more, with capital $7,300,000, not reported. Niles, February 7, 1846.

§ *Bankers' Magazine*, in Niles, February 26, 1848.

‖ London *Bankers' Circular* in *Niles's Register*, March 25, 1837. Garland's estimate, $110,000,000. Niles, July 21, 1838.

¶ Niles, December 28, 1839.

* See Sydney Smith's letter to Congress in *M'Culloch's Dictionary of Commerce*, article "Funds."

† Niles, October 12, 1844.

‡ Webster's letter to Biddle. Niles, September 12, 1840.

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that it should not be executed at any time when duties were over twenty per cent., were passed. The bankruptcy act was signed August 19, 1841, and repealed February 25, 1843. At the same special session the Secretary reported that $2,620,500 had been lost within twelve years by the defalcations of public officers. At the regular session, 1841–42, a temporary and a permanent tariff were both vetoed because they provided for violating the proviso in the land distribution bill. A third tariff of high protective duties passed, and land distribution was cut off. The duties were to be collected on the "home valuation," and no credit was to be given. In 1842 the pound sterling was rated at $4 84 for customs purposes. August 6, 1846, the independent Treasury was re-established, and the operations of the government were prescribed to be carried on with specie. The result proved the system wise and sound. The government had nothing to do with banking, and very little to do with the money market.

The paper money disease broke out next in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The Fort Wayne *Times** gives a description of the currency of Indiana in 1843, which is instructive as to some doctrines of "redemption." State bank paper was the standard. "Scrip" was issued for the domestic debt of the State, and was receivable for State dues. "Bank scrip" was a State issue to the bank to reimburse it for payments to canal contractors. "White Dog" was a State issue to pay for canal repairs, and was receivable for certain lands at its face and interest. "Blue Dog" was a State issue for canal extension, receivable for canal lands and canal tolls. "Blue Pup" was a shinplaster currency issued by canal contractors, and redeemable in "Blue Dog." Quotations (State Bank being standard): scrip, 85–90; bank scrip, 85; White Dog, 80–90; Blue Dog, 40; Blue Pup—!† In 1845 the quotations of Illinois currency were, State Bank, 42–45 discount; Bank of Illinois, 50–55 discount; Cook County orders, 18–20 discount; canal indebtedness, 60–75 discount; railroad scrip, 60–75 discount; Bank of Michigan, 85 discount; Michigan or Indiana State scrip, 10–15 discount.‡

In the summer of 1845 the business status was said to be: stocks neglected, much building going on for the "new communities" which were coming across the water, money abundant, exchange at par.§ In 1846 and 1847 the potato famine in Ireland sent us thousands of emigrants, and in 1848 the revolutions on the Continent sent thousands more. The potato famine also gave us a market for grain, and saved us from a share in the financial troubles of 1847. The repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, and our own more liberal tariff of that year, gave wider scope to industry. Railroads were extended already, both here and in Europe, far enough to affect production and exchange. The telegraph was just coming into general use. Ocean steam navigation was rapidly extending. Upon this set of circumstances came the discovery of gold in California in 1847. At once a great emigration thither of adventurous men began, and also a great speculation in exports thither. The gold diggers found that they ran into hardship, danger, and toil to pursue an industry which was precarious at best, and that the same amount of sacrifice would have gained more comforts at the East. Their industry nourished the gambling spirit, and their gains changed hands first over the gaming table.

The traders were little better off after a few years. The market was alternately glutted and empty, and the gains of one period were swallowed up in the losses of another. It was the great industrial world which gained by this new supply of the medium of exchange, which came just when it was needed to sustain the new development of industry and commerce. The first exchange of the metal was for food and manufactured articles. It presented a new and sharp demand for agricultural and manufactured products. New fields were opened, new factories built, not here only, but in all the commercial countries. The new and enlarged industries brought richer returns than before both of wages and profits, not on account of the money, but on account of the whole industrial expansion which the new supply of money facilitated, and the possibilities of which already lay in the improvements mentioned. The returns in all these industries being large, the demand for luxuries was extended, and the importations of wines, cigars, silks, etc., rapidly increased. The accumulation of capital was also rapid, and credit institutions which sought to facilitate its transfer sprang up in all civilized countries. They never have been able, under such circumstances, to refrain from credit creations in addition to the capital which passes their hands, and they did not refrain in this case. In the United States all the old tendency to over-issues, heightened, as it unquestionably was, by the usury law, and also the general use of accommodation paper, were at hand to assist such a movement.*

* *Niles's Register*, September 30, 1843.

† The Ohio nomenclature was wider still. "Yellow Dog," "Red Cat," "Smooth Monkey," "Blue Pup," and "Sick Indian" (*Niles's Register*, June 28, 1845). More particular descriptions are wanting.

‡ Niles, June 28, 1845. § Niles, June 14, 1845.

* As an example of the comprehensive and philosophical study of commercial crises, from which alone any correct knowledge of them can be derived, mention should be made of Max Wirth's *Geschichte der Handelskrisen* (Frankfort, 1874), from which some suggestions are here adopted.

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After two or three years of low discount rate and cheap food, there followed in 1853 rumors of war and a bad crop in England. This caused high prices for wheat here and a renewed speculation in Western lands and railroads, which issued in 1854 in a formal crisis and panic in Wall Street. Some California traders also found their affairs at a crisis, but generally the mercantile community held firm. The indebtedness for foreign importations was large, and the investments of foreign capital here were rapidly increasing. The Secretary of the Treasury estimated them at $200,000,000.

During 1856 the discount rate of the Bank of England was high, the harvest being poor and the importation of wheat great. In the spring of 1857 it was feared that the harvest here would not be good, but during the summer it turned out so well that the fear was lest it might not bring a price. Suddenly, on the 24th of August, the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, of Cincinnati, an old and highly esteemed institution, with liabilities for $7,000,000, was announced. It had loaned its means to new railroads, and then borrowed more to lend. This incident passed, however, without causing general alarm. The banks knew best what it meant. They reduced their loans in New York city from $120,000,000, August 22, to $67,000,000, October 17. This produced a crisis. The whole fabric had been built up on bank credits, and it was ruined when they were withdrawn; but the banks feared for themselves, so it was said that the panic broke out in the bank parlors. On the 12th and 13th of September the Philadelphia banks and others of the South and West (except of New Orleans) suspended. Mercantile failures now commenced, and followed day by day, the panic increasing, as money was locked up by any one who could get and keep it. The run on the New York city banks for note redemption began on the 9th. On the 13th an agreement was made to open a run on them for deposits in order to force them to suspend. Eighteen succumbed on that day, and thirty-two more the next day. One did not suspend. The New England banks followed immediately. The Constitution of New York forbade the Legislature passing any law to allow a bank suspension, but the judges of the Supreme Court agreed to grant no injunction against a bank unless there should appear to be fraud. The Northern and Eastern banks resumed in December. The Pennsylvania Legislature authorized suspension until May. Of nine banks at New Orleans only four suspended for a few days.

This crisis was short, sharp, and severe. It never touched the productive powers of the country. It is the only one in our history on a currency approximately of specie value. The recovery was rapid, and the reaction healthful. The losses were very great, but it was only a bad stumble in a career of great prosperity, and it simply taught sobriety and care. The number of bankruptcies in the United States and Canada was 5123; liabilities, $299,800,000; 3839 bankrupts, with $197,000,000 liabilities, were expected to pay forty cents on the dollar; 435 resumed, and paid in full $77,100,000; $143,700,000 were a total loss. Fourteen railroads* suspended payment on $189,800,000. Cotton manufacturers suffered severely by the fall of cotton (sixteen cents to eight and a half cents) and by the depreciation of stock. The American securities held in Europe at this time amounted to $400,000,000.

The tariff had been lowered by act of March 3, 1857, and the revenue suffered, of course, from the financial crisis. Indian wars had also increased the expenditures. Treasury notes were issued by act of December 23, 1857; loans were authorized June 14, 1858, and June 22, 1860. The debt January 1, 1861, was $90,500,000. There were on the same date 1605 banks, with $429,600,000 capital, $207,200,000 deposits, $91,300,000 gold, $202,000,000 circulation, and $696,700,000 loans.

The election of Mr. Lincoln was followed by movements toward secession and political alarms. There ensued limitation of business, contraction of credit, reduction of enterprise, and some hoarding of gold. Prices were reduced, the foreign exchanges fell, gold began to be imported. During the winter the Southern States seceded, and the political excitement increased. Southern collections became difficult, and then ceased. The failures during the year 1861 were 5935, for $178,600,000.

The Morrill tariff had passed the House May 10, 1860. Protection had been adopted in the Chicago platform. After the departure of the Southern Senators the tariff passed the Senate, and was approved March 2, 1861. It was soon buried deep under the financial legislation of the war.

Part of the loan of June 22, 1860, had been offered in October, 1860, but some of the subscribers withdrew after the election. December 17, 1860, $10,000,000 Treasury notes were authorized: $5,000,000 brought 88; in January $5,000,000 more brought 89 and 90. February 8, 1861, a loan of $25,000,000 was authorized; on March 2, another loan of $10,000,000 was voted, or Treasury notes to the amount of this and all unissued loans: $35,300,000 were issued. In March Secretary Chase refused bids under 94. In May $5,000,000 Treasury notes were sold under

* Wirth treats his readers to an account of the purchase of the Wisconsin government for $872,000 by the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad (p. 341), and he translates a number of confessions of American rascality from the newspapers of the post-panic period, when extravagances in that direction were in order.

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onerous conditions, and May 25 the banks took $6,400,000 in bonds at 85 to 93, and $2,200,000 Treasury notes at par. July 4 Congress met in extra session. On the 17th they voted to issue $50,000,000 non-interest-bearing demand notes, receivable for all dues; also 7.30 notes; also a loan at six per cent. to fund the same; and August 5, another loan. The Secretary proposed a direct tax of $30,000,000. Congress voted and apportioned $20,000,000, of which $8,000,000 fell on the seceded States. August 5 the tariff was extended. After Bull Run the six per cent. stocks were at 88½. August 19 the banks agreed to take $50,000,000 Treasury notes under conditions unfavorable to the government, and two months later to take $50,000,000 more. In November they took six per cent. bonds at 89, under still harder conditions.

The *morale* of the nation was now high. The war feeling was strong, and the enthusiasm had only settled down into determination. The Secretary of the Treasury reported an enormous deficit, and did not propose any way to deal with it. He looked wistfully toward paper issues, but rejected that plan. He proposed a national bank system, but such a moment did not seem propitious for reconstructing the banking system of the country. A run on the banks and an export of specie began in December. On the 30th all the banks suspended. Specie was at one or two per cent. premium.

December 24, 1861, duties on tea, coffee, and sugar were raised. February 12, 1862, $10,000,000 demand notes were issued, like those of July 17, 1861. February 25, 1862, $500,000,000 of 5–20 bonds were authorized. The same act established a sinking fund of one per cent. on the debt, and provided for the issue of $150,000,000 of non-interest-bearing notes ("greenbacks"), legal tender, convertible into six per cent. bonds. This was the Legal Tender Act. It was passed as a temporary war measure, under the stress of necessity. There was necessity for money, a necessity which had been neglected three months too long, but there was no necessity for a legal tender law. It was another illustration of Daniel Webster's saying, when a paper bank was proposed in 1815, "A strong impression that something must be done is the origin of many bad measures." The old demand notes were to be withdrawn. As they were received for duties, they bore the same premium as gold. The Secretary was also authorized to receive deposits at five per cent. to the amount of $25,000,000, raised March 17, 1862, to $50,000,000, July 11, 1862, to $100,000,000, and June 30, 1864, to $150,000,000, and six per cent. interest allowed. July 11, 1862, $150,000,000 more legal tenders were voted, and the provision of the act of February 25 for funding them in six per cent. bonds was omitted. Those of February 25 were to be recalled. The first issue of legal tenders was in April, 1862. As they were issued, gold rose and all specie disappeared. An effect was produced at first just like that noticed above as following the opening of the California mines, but the paper did not distribute itself over the world. It threw American prices out of relation to those of the rest of the world; that is to say, it disturbed all the relations of value and exchange, both internally and externally. July 1, 1862 (just a year too late), an act was passed laying internal taxes. This was extended by acts of March 3, 1863, June 30, 1864, March 3, 1865. The last provided for a commission to investigate the subject of internal revenue.

March 17, 1862, an act was passed authorizing the purchase of coin, which was necessary until the "old demand notes" were all paid in. The act of March 1, 1862, authorized certificates of indebtedness. July 14, 1862, duties were raised "temporarily."

The act of July 17, 1862, provided for an issue of stamps to be used as "change," but they were inconvenient, and the act of March 3, 1863, provided for $50,000,000 of fractional notes.

February 25, 1863, the National Bank Act was passed, authorizing $300,000,000 of bank capital, to be distributed, half of it by banking capital, and half of it by population. An act approved July 12, 1870, added $54,000,000, and provided for withdrawing and redistributing an excess above the quota held in New York and the East. This last was found impracticable. The act of January 14, 1875, removes all restriction on the amount of capital. The $54,000,000 were never taken up by those who had not their "quota," but are now in a fair way to be taken up by those who before had an excess. Banking capital does not go by heads nor by square miles.

October 5, 1865, there were sixty-six national banks in operation. The system rapidly absorbed nearly all the banks. The law required that country banks should hold fifteen per cent. of their circulation and deposits in greenbacks, and that the banks in the large redemption cities should hold twenty-five per cent. The banks were afterward allowed to count their reserves with their redemption agents as part of this reserve up to three-fifths of the required amount. The act of June 20, 1874, did away with this reserve, as far as circulation is concerned, and substituted a five per cent. reserve to be kept at Washington, where the redemption takes place.

The Comptroller of the Currency reported, December, 1874, that 2200 banks had been organized, 35 had failed, 137 wound up, 2028 remained. December 31, 1874,

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there were 2027 banks in operation; capital, $495,800,000; loans, $955,800,000; bonds to secure circulation, $412,900,000; specie, $22,400,000; United States Treasury certificates of deposit, $133,500,000; legal tenders, $82,700,000; five per cent. redemption fund, $16,900,000; circulation, $332,000,000; deposits, $682,800,000.

In his report for 1862, the Secretary sustained his legal tender paper money by all the old paper money fallacies. He set his face against the "gold speculators." March 3, 1863, a tax of one-half per cent. was laid on time sales of gold, and six per cent. per annum also for the time the contract had to run. June 20, 1864, gold trading was forbidden. Gold rose from 199 on the 21st to 230 on the 23d, and fell to 207 again. The act was repealed July 2. Nevertheless Mr. Stevens introduced a bill, December 6, 1864, declaring gold and paper equal, and laying a fine equal to the amount of the proposed transaction, and imposing six months' imprisonment on any one who should contract to sell notes for gold. This was tabled, but, January 5, 1865, he tried to introduce the bill again. The opposition was so great that he withdrew it. It was not because he did not know of the English acts of 1811 and 1812, and the fame of Mr. Vansittart. He did know of them. He specified those acts as laudable precedents, and wanted to imitate them, and he called Mr. Vansittart "the great financier."

Gold reached its highest point, 285, in July, 1864. Sales of American government stocks in Germany began in the summer of 1864. Loans were being contracted continually which it is not thought necessary to enumerate here. They were being "floated" by the redundant paper in the hands of the people. The debt, June 1, 1866, was $2,800,000,000. The greenbacks out were $402,100,000. The national bank notes were $280,000,000. The fractional currency was $27,300,000. In May, 1865, gold fell to 140.

The act of June 30, 1864, limited the amount of greenbacks to $400,000,000, and such part of $50,000,000 more as might be needed to redeem temporary loans. A general resolution in favor of contraction and resumption passed December 18, 1865, by 144 to 6; but a measure allowing the Secretary to withdraw $10,000,000 in six months, and thereafter $4,000,000 per month, was lost, and only passed, on reconsideration, by 83 to 52, April 14, 1866. This stiff and arbitrary measure had no principle of sound finance in it except that it went in the right direction. If the Secretary had been allowed a tithe of the immense discretion allowed in creating debt and issues two years before, he could have withdrawn $200,000,000 in two years without annoyance, for at that time every one expected it, and there was no credit structure yet built on the inflated paper. The crisis in England in the spring of 1866, and the war on the Continent in the summer of that year, caused some stringency here, and set the gold premium in activity. In February, 1868, McCulloch's contraction was suspended by order of Congress. He had reduced the greenbacks to $356,000,000, at which point they stood until October, 1872, when Mr. Boutwell, who affirmed that the $44,000,000 so withdrawn were under his control, issued $5,000,000 of them to correct a stringency in Wall Street. It took him all winter to get them back. The sum remained $356,000,000 until the crisis of 1873, when it was raised to $382,000,000. The act of January 14, 1875, set that sum as the limit, allowed national banks to be formed to any extent, and to issue notes for ninety per cent. of the bonds deposited, and greenbacks to the amount of eighty per cent. on the additional notes issued are to be withdrawn until greenbacks are reduced to $300,000,000.

March 2, 1867, for the third time in our history, a general bankruptcy law was passed.

March 3, 1865, the tariff was raised to compensate for internal taxes. July 13, 1866, internal taxes were re-arranged and somewhat reduced. This is the act under which Hon. D. A. Wells became special commissioner. The office expired by limitation June 30, 1870. Internal taxes were reduced by the acts of March 2, 1867, which exempted incomes under $1000; February 3, 1868, which repealed the tax on cotton; July 20, 1868, which reduced and re-adjusted the taxes; and by the act of July 14, 1870, which was a grand reduction. The income tax expired by limitation in 1871. The act of July 14, 1870, also reduced duties somewhat (pig-iron $9 to $7 per ton). Up to this time the protective system had been steadily extended by acts which have been left out of the present review as belonging more to commerce than finance. The duty on tea and coffee was repealed in 1872, and a ten per cent. reduction over a number of important articles was made. In the session of 1874–75 two acts were passed increasing and extending duties. The result is that the balance which should exist between internal and customs duties in a sound system of taxation has been more and more destroyed, that the customs duties have been placed too high and on too many articles to be productive of revenue, and that there is no system or principle in the present taxes at all. They weigh very heavily on the people without furnishing adequate revenue to the government.

The act of March 3, 1865, provided for funding Treasury notes in 5–20's. This went on through 1865, 1867, and 1868. Hence the 5–20's of those years. The act of July 14, 1870, provided for issuing $200,000,000 in bonds at five per cent., $300,000,000 in bonds at four and a half per cent., and $1,000,000,000

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in bonds at four per cent., in order by exchanges to reduce the interest paid. This is now being partly carried out through the "Syndicate." March 30, 1867, $7,000,000 were paid for Alaska, and July 8, 1870, four per cent. certificates for $678,000 were issued to pay Massachusetts her old claims against the United States from the war of 1812. The principal of the debt January 30, 1875, was $2,242,301,082 43, besides $64,623,512 issued to railroads.

By the act of March 3, 1863, the Supreme Court was to have ten members, and a new judge was appointed. The act of July 23, 1866, provided that no new appointments should be made until the number of judges was reduced to seven. By the act of April 10, 1869, to take effect the first Monday in December, the court was to consist of eight judges and a chief justice. The case of Hepburn *v.* Griswold,* involving the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act as to contracts made before its passage, was decided in conference November 27, 1869, by the Chief Justice and seven associates. One of these, Judge Grier, resigned February 1, 1870, and the decision *against* the constitutionality of the act as applied to the contracts mentioned was announced February 7. Judge Strong was appointed February 18, 1870, and Judge Bradley March 21, 1870. The re-argument of Knox *v.* Lee, involving the decision just mentioned, took place in December, 1870.† Judge Miller read the decision of the majority *affirming* the constitutionality of the law, Chase, Nelson, Clifford, and Field dissenting.‡

In September, 1869, a corner in gold was made which belongs to the financial history of the country, for it was the legitimate fruit of the existing financial system. It issued in a panic September 23 ("Black Friday"), when the Secretary of the Treasury intervened by a sale of gold to put a stop to the proceedings of a clique of characterless speculators. A panic in stocks followed, and a number of important failures.

The coinage law of February 21, 1853, fixed the weight of silver coins for fractional parts of a dollar at 384 grains to the dollar, 0.900 fine; legal tender for five dollars. It also put a seigniorage of one-half of one per cent. on gold coined. The effect was to send gold to England or France, where there was no seigniorage and lower mint charges.§ The act of February 12, 1873, reconstructs the coinage and mint laws entirely. The only silver dollar is the trade dollar of 420 grains standard, not meant to circulate here, but in the East. It is worth one dollar when silver is at $1.14285 per ounce standard, which is just about the present price. The fractional coins were made to weigh 385.8 grains to the nominal dollar, so that two halves should just equal a five-franc piece. These coins are issued at $1.24414 per standard ounce, or 803⅛ ounces for $1000, and are legal tender for five dollars. The gold dollar is yet the dollar of 1837, 23.22 grains fine, 25.8 grains standard.

The act of 1873 made the charge for coining gold one-fifth of one per cent., but the second section of the act of January 14, 1875, repealed this, and left coinage of gold entirely free. The law of March 3, 1873, fixes the pound sterling for customs purposes at $4.8665, and prescribes that exchange be quoted $4 86, $4 87, etc.

The stringency which had occurred in the fall of 1871 and 1872 was significant of the approaching absorption by expanding credit of the legally limited amount of paper currency. In the summer of 1873 the Granger agitation at the West frightened investors from railroad bonds, and crippled the enterprises which depended on the continuance of these investments for funds. The rebuilding of Chicago and Boston had also caused a great absorption of circulating capital. September 8 the New York Warehouse and Security Company failed, followed by one or two firms involved in railroad construction. Confidence in persons known to be burdened in this way was impaired, and a run on them for deposits began. September 18 Jay Cooke and Co. succumbed to this demand, and a panic followed. The country depositors began to run on their banks, though without panic. The country banks called for their balances, and the city banks called their funds in from the brokers. On the 20th the Union Trust Company suspended, followed by two or three other banks and trust companies. The panic on the Exchange was so great that the Exchange was closed, and remained closed for ten days. The Gold Exchange closed on Monday the 22d, gold at 112. On the 20th the Associated Banks formed an alliance by which seven per cent. certificates were issued for seventy-five per cent. of the value of securities deposited by any bank, which certificates were good for Clearing-house balances; $22,000,000 of them were issued before the tide turned. The President and Secretary were in New York on the 21st, but refused to draw on the $44,000,000. The Secretary ordered bonds to be bought as a measure of relief, and $12,000,000 were bought. This depleted the cash on hand, and before January 1 he was obliged to issue over $26,000,000 of the $44,000,000 for current expenses. This carried the greenbacks up to $382,000,000. The suspension of paper payments by the banks lasted until November 22. Meanwhile the crisis was affecting industry in

* 8 Wall., 626. † 12 Wall., 457.

‡ See 12 Wall., 528, note.

§ The best criticism on this is in Ernest Seyd's *Suggestions in Reference to the Metallic Currency of the United States.* London, 1871.

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all forms. It produced a general doubt of the status and of the future. Hours of labor and wages were reduced and workmen discharged. The lack of reviving courage and enterprise has been very marked, and is due to nothing else than the general feeling that there can be no permanent cure until the financial problem is solved. The failures in 1873 were 5183, liabilities, $228,100,000; those in 1874, 5830, liabilities, $155,200,000. The act of January 14, 1875, specified January 1, 1879, as the day for resuming specie payments.

The people of a new country are not likely to be very careful financiers. They have no traditions to carry down the warning of the past. They are not trained to look back or to look forward. They do not look back, because the great achievements of yesterday only provoke a smile to-day. They do not look forward, because they trust their power to deal with whatever may come. We must not expect what is inconsistent with the conditions. If we look to the past, there has been great progress. The theories on which the colonists based their paper "banks" obtain attention from no sober men to-day. The banks, whatever their faults, are not like those of 1816, nor yet like those of 1836. On the other hand, we are still struggling with the problems of currency and taxation and debt. A student of our past history can hardly expect that these will be solved by a heroic effort, but by a long and painful growth up to the conviction that financial make-shifts do not pay, and that the first condition of dealing successfully with financial difficulty is to get free exercise of the national productive powers.

W. G. SUMNER.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER VI.

SAM KINEO left forever his grandmother's wigwam as soon as the state of his bruises permitted him to put a decent face upon the world. He departed southward, and his name was presently forgotten by most of the dwellers in Urmsworth. His parting with Garth was an enigmatic affair; nothing good or bad was predicable of it. There was a kind of sullen civility in Sam's bearing; once or twice he covertly measured his late opponent with his eye, as though in search of what means had compassed his downfall. Garth, on the other hand, was withheld from cordiality only by Sam's unaccountable neglect frankly to own the falsehood of the slanderous assertion which had occasioned their quarrel. The subject was not broached; and when the boys shook hands at separating, one of them, at least, felt as if his hand were acting on its own responsibility.

As for old Nikomis, she was inclined to be sulky. She cast an evil eye upon Garth; and though Mr. Urmson on his son's behalf had equipped Sam pecuniarily and otherwise for his journey, she could not be induced to take up her abode under the roof of Urmhurst. Accordingly, she continued to practice medicine and magic for nearly a year and a half in her lonely wigwam; but the wigwam finally caught fire (whether accidentally or by connivance of the old lady was doubtful), and apparently her prejudices against Urmhurst were consumed along with it. At all events, she presented herself upon the cloven threshold the next morning as phlegmatically as though her invitation were but an hour old. Cuthbert received her with a corresponding equanimity; and for years afterward she was never known to stray a dozen rods beyond the kitchen door.

Meanwhile Garth had been growing in more ways than one. This was his anomalous period: the child character was dissolving, and the elements were re-forming into youthhood. He was unlike both his earlier and later self, for the most part incomprehensible by others, and to himself especially obscure. The composed gravity of demeanor which had characterized him from infancy was now exchanged for a somewhat restless and unsettled bearing. Even his taciturnity occasionally forsook him, and though he never became conversational, he would from time to time let loose his speech in odd harangues, which seemed to begin and end in the middle and tend nowhither. In short, having disembarrassed himself of his fairy accoutrements, he was trying to feel at ease in the homespun of every-day humanity, and beginning to speculate upon his own possible use and significance in the social world.

This tendency to investigate all forms of action and knowledge is prone to mischief; but in Garth there dwelt a foreboding that he should one day be wiser than now, and hence he often suspended his judgment and bided his time, lest his future should ridi-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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cule his present. Nevertheless, he laid valiantly about him on all sides, grasping at every thing to find his own; and it was funny in what incongruous directions his groping energies expanded themselves.

Besides a curious diligence in book-learning (though he seemed to study his lessons not so much for their intrinsic sake as in hope of their opening up some hidden process or suggestion), he was very zealous in chopping wood, digging potatoes, skating, riding, and canoeing, and moreover showed a fresh critical interest in flowers and forests, hills, streams, and clouds, insomuch that it began to be questioned in some quarters whether he might not turn out a naturalist. But his main ostensible occupation for several months previous to the domestication of old Nikomis was housekeeping; and Urmhurst, it is said, seldom in its long life has seen brighter days than under his administration.

For the first week or so his mother showed him the what and how of his duties; and thereafter with such conscientious vigor were they done, they seemed never to have been done before. The steel knives looked like silver; cups and saucers, pots and pans, glistened and sparkled, and were never broken. The black oaken floors and wainscoting, the brass candle brackets on the walls, the huge andirons, the table legs and chair runnels, shone with the polish of his potent rub. In the kitchen Garth wore a white paper cap and an apron, and rolled up his sleeves to the elbow. The dough which he kneaded would rise up like Samson in the night, lifting the kneading-board on its white shoulders. The meat was roasted with all the warmth of his heart. Though his cookery was whimsical enough at first, it rapidly improved, until its main fault was its extravagance. While there still seemed to be much to learn, Garth enjoyed his housekeeping and pursued it with ardor; but once he had thoroughly got the upper hand of it, its palpable and measurable delights palled upon him. He relinquished it abruptly when Nikomis appeared; but neither she nor her Irish assistant ever filled his place.

His interest in intellectual diversions lasted much longer; the piquancy of classics and mathematics lived by dint of its elusiveness; his books enticed him by failing to satisfy him; but it was only in his wooing of nature that he found both incitement and gratification. His lofty ambitions charmed his mother and amused his father; boundless were the worth and wisdom whereto he proposed to attain. About this time he possessed himself of the Bible, and read it through with reverential avidity. His mother, indeed, from as long as he could remember, had discoursed to him from the Psalms and Gospels; but he had listened rather to her tones than her words, and been more impressed by the acknowledged solemnity of the hour than by the sacred teachings themselves. Now, for the first time, he approached the Book independently, drawing his own conclusions and creeds from what he read.

Probably they were unorthodox; at all events, an experiment which Cuthbert permitted the minister to make upon the young student issued remarkably. It appears that Garth had never been to church, his father (who certainly behaved in some respects like the incorrigible heretic that Mr. Graeme declared him to be) declining to force the boy's will in the matter, and Garth himself being daunted by the faces of the congregation. However, his grandfather, having obtained his ear, bellowed into it to such good effect that the youngster became as eager as he had heretofore been reluctant to sit in a pew; and the ensuing Sunday morning he accordingly presented himself in the white-steepled village meeting-house, and took his place in hushed expectation.

It is as likely as not that most people on their first appearance in what is called the house of God find it a rather strange-looking place. Garth was abashed by the openness of the pews, his notions of worship being associated with privacy. How could any one be expected to open his heart to the Lord with fifty or sixty people looking on? Just as he had arrived at the conclusion that this must be merely a sort of antechamber, where he was to await admission to some hallowed interior tabernacle, the white-headed pastor rose up tower-like in his pulpit, and, to Garth's amazement, began to rumble forth a prayer. Glancing around, he saw the congregation's face in its hands —a gesture which he plausibly attributed to the universal embarrassment caused by poor Mr. Graeme's barefaced conduct. No one interfered to stop him, however, and the prayer went on, Garth blushing anew at every fresh invocation. A brief pause followed, and the neophyte noticed a general coughing, rustling, and brandishing of handkerchiefs—efforts on the part of the scandalized congregation to recover their equanimity. But now the hoary offender appeared once more, seemingly unabashed, and read a hymn, the sing-song piety of which struck his youthful hearer as being in as bad taste as the prayer, though otherwise less offensive. It will scarcely be believed, but the assemblage, instead of signifying their disapproval by a unanimous sigh, or even by significant silence, rose like one man to their feet, and, to the accompaniment of music, sang aloud the very words which had just been read! After this Garth began to realize his position. He stood solitary in a callous and unsympathetic crowd, and experienced the fine pain of finding himself at

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utter odds with his neighbors, without the power of believing himself in the wrong.

It was a long morning to him; even the physical discomfort of the narrow seat became almost intolerable. The minister's sermon was a revelation, though by no means such a one as he had intended it to be. It was said, indeed, that the discourse was one of the most stimulating which the venerable gentleman had been known to pronounce for many years past; and it is probable that the sight of Garth's emotion, which was manifest enough, but whose nature he entirely misconceived, may have spurred the preacher to unwonted exertions. With the lusty good-fellowship of long familiarity, the good man rang the changes upon the Divine name, and critically interpreted the Divine acts and intentions. The boy was visited to his depths with the hot glow of shame, sorrow, and indignation. He dared not confess to himself what he thought of his grandfather; but what to say of a congregation which could not only unresistingly endure this indecent profanation, but in several instances (or else Garth's eyes and ears deceived him) could actually go to sleep under it! For a season the youth mistrusted and disliked his kind; as for his grandfather, he had it in mind to hold an interview with him after service was over, and show him logical cause why he should abandon the clerical profession at once and forever.

By good luck, however, the meeting was prevented. The first person who caught Garth's eye when the congregation rose to disperse was Miss Margaret Danver, and he could not resist the impulse to claim her sympathetic hearing for his wrongs. She walked demurely away with him, and they spent a suggestive hour by the rocky margin of the river.

It was about the middle of March; the snows had been melted by a week of heavy rain, and now for a few days the temperature had been of almost summery warmth. The trees were beginning to put forth small greenish-brown knots of buds in fond hope of spring. The ground was moist and elastic, and the river was swollen beyond precedent, and rushed in tumultuous rapids over its headlong bed. The village stood on an eminence far above the lake, and the descent thither was in places very abrupt. The stream, in fact, was a succession of low water-falls, alternating with irregular inclined stretches; it turned one or two mill-wheels above the town, but for the last four miles or so of the course it ran unimpeded. In the summer and autumn months this part of it was useful only in an æsthetic sense, being highly picturesque; in the spring freshets the wood-cutters sometimes floated logs down to the lake; but the rapids were generally considered impassable to the skillfulest canoe.

Half a mile below the village was a little shed, rudely built with four uprights and a thatching of twigs and bark. Here Garth during the last few weeks had been building a birch canoe; it was his first independent effort at the craft, but he had succeeded remarkably well in combining strength with lightness. It now lay on the stocks, complete save for a few ornamental additions. The two young folks, whose path had insensibly conducted them hither, seated themselves, by mutual consent, beneath the shed.

"How will you get the boat to the lake, Mr. Garth?" inquired Madge.

"I can carry it on my head; it is light enough."

"If I were a man," returned she, glancing at him with her provoking dark eyes, "I would make it carry me!"

Both she and Garth had been growing older during the past eighteen months, he in his way and she in hers; but Madge was more mature than her companion, in aspect as in manner. She was barely fifteen, yet might almost have been called a young woman. Her beauty had long ceased to be childish; it had distinctness and definite character, and even outdid its early promise. It seemed a pity that so much human charm should be cooped up in secluded Urmsworth; and perhaps this view of her lot had suggested itself in some small degree to Madge herself. Her admirers—for the circumstance that Garth was foremost among these could not close the eyes of the rest to so much beauty—found her more capricious than of yore. She had ideas beyond them, developed a demurely satirical vein at their expense, but occasionally electrified them by a subtle bit of flattery, which to deserve they must needs be guilty of some indiscretion that rendered them more open to demure satire than ever.

Her relations with Garth were a little unorthodox. They were not formally betrothed. Not that parental obduracy prevented, but, rather, a reasonable sense of the ludicrous. The children were altogether too young when their affection first declared itself; and without questioning the wisdom of their choice, Mr. Urmson asked them with winning gravity whether they had not better wait, before settling their destiny beyond recall, until a somewhat broader experience should render their decision a finer mutual compliment. This refined logic captured Garth; it suggested opportunities of self-sacrifice, for which (in the belief, probably, that they were of rare occurrence in this happy world) he had at that time a lusty appetite. Madge was acquiescent likewise, though whether on the strength of her own constancy or of Garth's does not appear. It was arranged, at all events, that while they were to remain as dear to each other (within respectable limits) as they

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liked, they were nevertheless free, for a certain unspecified period, to reconsider the matter.

With Madge this plan worked sweetly; she was very unrepining and cheerful; but in Garth it was possibly the occasion of much of the restlessness which had characterized him of late. Madge, in one way or another, kept him fermenting. She wanted Garth to be something great, and he too desired eminence; but since their ideas of what greatness is did not precisely accord, her influence was rather to agitate than to direct him. It was not in his hours of mental exaltation that she most admired him; but when he was physically aroused and kindled —when, perchance, she had worked him up to a burst of fiery passion—then would she tremble and rejoice and deem him a true hero. Here, however, they were playing at cross-purposes. All Garth's early training, as well as his innate morality, led him to keep down the very part of his nature which it was Madge's aim to stimulate. What delighted her was a source of remorse to him; she was, in a certain sense, the embodiment of those tendencies in him against which all his nobler traits were embattled.

Of course Garth had never regarded her in this light; nor is it to be supposed that she herself was consciously amenable to blame. Nevertheless, the misunderstanding caused trouble. Garth was constantly nonplused at the failure of what was best in himself to interest her or gain her sympathy. He had not yet made the perilous discovery that what Cuthbert would have called his old Adam was most pleasing to her; but the fact, though unrecognized, must still have had an ill effect. Its tendency would be gradually to undermine the hardly erected barriers of self-control.

His spiritual ferments, grafted on a singularly robust and healthy physical constitution, sometimes imposed on him the necessity of putting his nerves to a great strain by way of recovering his natural equilibrium. It was a wholesome instinct, the slighting of which had very likely been at the bottom of the wildest and deadliest freaks of some of his Urmson ancestors. Garth, from time to time arriving at a point in his course beyond which all ordinary methods failed to advance him, would indulge in one of his thunder-storms, and come out with a clear sky. The feats of physical skill and daring which he accomplished on such occasions might have made him the talk of the neighborhood; but he never spoke of them, shunned spectators, and for his own part placed little value upon them objectively; their best merit, to his apprehension, lay in their soothing effect on his inward turmoil. Had he understood how much they would have elevated him in Madge's estimation, he might have been more communicative on the subject; but even she seldom found him out. He would be more serene and sunny the next time they met, and that was all.

But Madge's affection was eager for sensation; she wanted the assurance that her lover was better than any other girl's; and if he neglected to keep her provided with continual examples of his prowess, she was apt to become intractable and coquettish. On this particular Sunday Garth found her especially unsatisfactory. She had made fun of his indignation at the scandalous practices of the church, and on his dropping that subject she had teased him with problematic half-utterances, beginning frequent sentences only to break them off in the middle, and being besought to finish them, replying, "Oh, it is no matter." But for the circumstance that the girl never looked so fascinating as when engaged in this sort of tormenting, Garth would have been less patient of it; but he worshiped her beauty, and was largely controlled by it.

Had he been of a jealous inclination, he might have been more than usually disturbed, however, for Madge's broken hints could certainly have been interpreted to portend a fresh adjustment, to say no more, of the relations between them. His unsuspicious temper saved him from this; but he began to apprehend that the combination of disappointments would end in sending him off on one of his escapades, and he was ready to take up with the first suitable scheme that suggested itself.

"It's well you are not a man," he said, in answer to Madge's last assertion, "for no man or woman could take a canoe down those rapids."

"An Indian could do it," she rejoined. "Have you never heard? An Indian, long ago—it was when your ancestor first came here, and had killed this Indian's brother—ran to this river, and jumped into his canoe, and went down safely to the lake. Do you believe that, Mr. Garth?"

"If he believed he could do it, I believe he did it," replied the boy, after a pause, gazing on the whirling eddies. "Where did you hear it?"

"Oh, the descendant of that Indian came and told me," said she, tossing her head and laughing. "But no doubt it is true, as you say, that no white man could have done such a thing."

Garth remained so long silent upon this that Madge, becoming impatient, jumped up and declared she must go home to dinner. Garth hardly seemed to be aware of her, but on his rising, in a preoccupied manner, to escort her to the village, she insisted upon returning alone, and ere she was out of sight the other had relapsed into his reverie.

By-and-by the boy arose and sauntered home along the moist wood paths, and ate

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his cold dinner with philosophic indifference. His late heat against church abuses seemed to have passed away; he was absent-eyed and laconic.

"Shall you attend prayer-meeting, Garth?" inquired his father, after helping him to the last of the bread pudding. "It begins at half past seven."

Garth pushed away his plate, and assumed one of his favorite positions—leaning back in his chair, with his hands clutching the thick hair on either side of his head. This was the first allusion to the morning's experiences which had passed between them.

"Church is not good for me," he said, sententiously.

"What was the sermon about, my dear?" asked Mrs. Urmson, from the deep window-seat.

Garth shook his head solemnly, but seemed averse to any more definite reply. At length he said to his father, "You never go to church."

"I did when I was a boy, and heard all your grandfather's sermons; but now I am a grown-up invalid, and could preach sermons myself if I chose."

The young Urmson shook his head once more, and fell into a brown-study; but finally he clambered out to ask a question: "Is there no way of going to church alone?"

"You must ask Mr. Graeme," returned Cuthbert.

"I did not feel at church this morning. Can people make themselves feel at church? I feel so when I do not expect it. Last winter I skated alone on the lake at night, and skated over a thin place where the water was deep. The ice broke behind me as I went. Then, all at once, I felt — as I thought I was to feel this morning. I seemed to understand all sorts of beautiful and holy things, and every thing seemed to mean— It was like that psalm you taught me, mamma," concluded Garth, rather abruptly; and then, the momentary silence revealing to him his own ill-worded garrulity, he blushed uncomfortably, and, in his confusion, fairly retreated from the room.

"Dear me! to think of the dear child being on the thin ice alone at night! What if he had tumbled in!" said his mother, with an apprehensive shudder. Cuthbert laughed in his ambiguous, unexpected fashion.

"Have you no solicitude for poor grandpapa?" demanded he. "He will become prematurely aged, I fear, from disappointment at the constant miscarriage of his excellent plans about this impracticable boy. Such of them as are not still-born develop in a manner the most alien to his intentions."

"Garth is very strange sometimes; I almost think I hardly understand the dear child. And think, my husband," continued Martha, laying her knitting on her lap, "he won't be a child much longer! It makes me feel old to remember it."

The eyes of husband and wife met, and each, for the first time, perhaps, realized that the other's hair was growing gray. She was fifty, he fifty-five. They had wedded at middle age, but with young hearts, and their love remaining youthful, they had scarce taken heed of time. Cuthbert, who as a boy had been delicate, and who had returned from his foreign travels with what appeared a consumptive tendency, showed more signs of age in his small and rather meagre figure than in his face, which, despite frequent flittings of a somewhat whimsical humor, possessed an inward kindliness and serenity of expression that went far to annul wrinkles and grizzled locks. Martha was quite as tall as her husband, and considerably more ample in her proportions. She was a quiet, sane, and wholesome soul, with dark level eyebrows and a tender, motherly countenance. She seemed rather to have mellowed than to have aged with time; nevertheless, the immaculate whiteness of her invariable cap presented yearly less and less contrast to the smooth hair below it; and latterly there had been a sort of occasional dimness—a passing, accidental affection merely—of the eyes: nothing serious, and yet not so trifling but that it obscured the good lady's sight to the gold-bowed spectacles which hovered not many months away. Cuthbert's gray eyes still retained the brilliancy of youth; and, indeed, other appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the grasp of life was far stronger in him than in his gentle spouse. He had always believed the contrary; and at this moment, perhaps, regarding her with the musing half-smile which was wont to curl up one corner of his fine mouth, he flattered himself with an ungenerous resignation to the Providence which should see fit to remove him first.

"Yes, it's time we stopped playing old people," said he; "let us in future content ourselves with being the children that we really are. How else shall we have the face to put down in Garth this insolent assumption of being sixteen years old? Strange? Why, yes, his church-going notions are certainly such as no sensible person—like your father, for instance—could countenance for a moment, much less comprehend. We must try to keep them secret as long as possible. Meanwhile, all things considered, I am glad there is no rotten ice in the neighborhood this evening. It is full moon to-night, and Garth might have taken it into his head to go to a prayer-meeting, after all!"

Martha resumed her knitting, with an indulgent smile. Her husband, in some of his moods, had ever been an agreeable mystery to her.

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"Cotton," he remarked, abruptly, after a pause, looking fixedly on the page of his book, "Miss Danver will soon be of marriageable age."

"But not our boy, for many years," returned Mrs. Urmson, with a certain alacrity.

"Poor Margaret!"

"Why, you know the children are not engaged, my dear." Here Mrs. Urmson stopped to shift her needles. "Not that Madge is not very pretty, and always seems sweet—though somehow I don't feel as well acquainted with her as I dare say she tries to make me." Mrs. Urmson knitted a row in silence, and then added, "Of course I don't mean that she would be likely to change her mind, my dear."

"Poor Sam Kineo!"

"Has he come back?" cried Mrs. Urmson, dropping her knitting.

"Not that I know of," replied her husband, stroking his nose. "Oh, what a sphinx you are! You never say half you mean, and that but in enigmas. So you think Garth had better go through college before there shall be a Mrs. Garth?"

"Oh dear! College? Why, have we thought of that before?"

"To be sure, I believe not. But we will mention it to Garth to-morrow."

"Garth in college—dear me! But perhaps, after all, it might be best," murmured Mrs. Urmson over her rhythmic needles. Cuthbert smiled apart to his book, and, so far as words were concerned, the subject dropped.

Meanwhile the youth in question lingered in retirement, and went early to bed. Perhaps he slept; but whether or not, he was awake at midnight, and let himself silently out of his bedroom window. The round moon, looking as if fresh issued from some celestial mint, rode above the black tops of the naked trees and the gloomy clumping of the pines. There was no wind, and nothing seemed to move save Garth and his shadow. These traveled along in company, sometimes losing each other in dark places, but always together in the moonlight. Proceeding swiftly, they were soon on the bank of the stream, beside the little shed in which the canoe lay. Garth carried the canoe to the water's edge, slipped off his shoes and his shirt, and having run the buoyant craft below a little point where an eddy set back against the stream, he stepped lightly into the round hole amidships, grasped the paddle, and in another moment was away. The wind of his going blew his hair backward. The canoe seemed to be snatched onward by invisible hands.

A few yards ahead the great uprooted stump of a tree was sweeping along, rolling over and over, whirling about, and tossing its knotted black feelers toward the quiet moon like a drowning thing. Garth, in its wake, sat like an ivory statue, bending a little forward, the paddle dividing the water like a fish's tail behind. He appeared to himself stationary, all the world in mad race and wheel around him: only he and the moon stood still. Now a black jag of rock rushed toward him through the foam to dash him to pieces; now it swerved suddenly from its path, and shot by him with a hiss. But the stump had thrown out a twisted root, and catching a moment, had swung round, and now lay side by side with the canoe—an uncomfortable *compagnon de voyage*. After a breathless minute the branches of a fallen tree which lay half across the stream met the stump with a crash, and before they could disengage, the canoe was in advance. It was but a short start, however, and Garth heard thenceforth an unseen monster roaring and splashing close astern.

Though keeping his eyes unswervingly to the front, he was observant of every thing. He felt transcendently awake, every faculty full of life and quietly alert. The rush and wild tumult gave him repose, and he absorbed the power that seemed to threaten him. He was not at the mercy of the waters, but they bore him as slaves their master. The river flowed as he pleased. What seemed his peril was but proof of his power. The boy felt no flurry of excitement, no confused throbbing of brain or stiffness of movement. He marked the bubbles and foam which slowly fell behind him; the spinning eddies crossed his course without diverting it. He was conscious of the reeling banks, their blackness traversed here and there by a gleam of moonlight. The night air through which he clove his way struck cool on his naked breast, as the river on the birchen bows of the canoe. His shadow lay motionless on the boiling water to the right. He was at one with nature, and therefore secure; a human being, and therefore above security. He was inwardly tickled with spiritual laughter; he sat at ease while the world buzzed for his delight like a top. Down, plunging downward through the ghostly forest, leaping the unknown fall, slipping swallow-like athwart the whizzing rapids! During the swift ten minutes of his three-mile journey Garth drank so deep of the vigorous splendor of life as to sweeten and elate him for years thereafter.

Near the mouth of the stream, where it hurled itself into the lake, there rose a rocky eminence crowned with hemlock. It commanded a view of the last half mile or so of the channel, including the last and highest of the falls. At the moment that Garth, coming round the bend above, entered upon this stretch, two persons happened to be standing on this eminence, beneath the shadow of the trees.

"Look! look at that!" exclaimed one,

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catching at her companion's shoulder. "Ah! I know who it is."

Downward swept the slender canoe, now eclipsed in the shadow of a tall pine, now glancing into the moonshine, which gleamed white on the arms and shoulders of its occupant. As he came near, his face was very plainly visible. It wore an expression of composure which made its youthfulness impressive.

"I knew it was he—he is beautiful!" whispered the feminine voice again.

"He'll be drowned—you see!" muttered the other, somewhat angrily. "He'll not get over that last fall alive."

"He will! And if he does—"

"What?"

"You may go back to where you came from alone. There will be no one like him in the whole world."

In half a dozen seconds more, the canoe being within thirty yards of the brow of the fall, the girl's companion sprang suddenly forward with his breath drawn for a shout. She divined his purpose on the instant, and before he could utter it had wound one arm round his throat, while the other hand was pressed over his lips. The cry, not wholly smothered, reached the boatman just as he balanced on the critical verge. The human note in it turned his glance aside a hair's-breadth, and the paddle turned with it. The canoe leaped the fall a trifle aslant, plunged, and came up half full of water. Recovering his balance, Garth hurtled onward; but the serenity and proud superiority which had accompanied him thus far were gone. He felt that he had passed through deadly peril. In fact, he had been thrown off the track of his exaltation, and was at commonplace once more. He never recollected (if he ever knew) what had broken the spell; but he realized what he had done, and wondered at it, and perceived that in a thousand trials he might not once accomplish such a desperate voyage again. Meanwhile he was swept out in a sinking condition to the lake, but paddling hastily shoreward, managed to founder in shallow water. He got out, drew his canoe to the sandy beach, emptied it, and then resuming his seat, paddled quietly round the point out of sight.

"Now you may go," said the girl. "There is your boat; get in and row away. I like him best; I always did. I shall stay with him. No one else can do the things he does."

Her companion stood for a few moments apparently irresolute. At one time there was a gleam in his eyes that boded no good to the young girl; but it passed away, and he turned off with a short laugh.

"Oh, very well, very well! You stay if you like—but we'll see. I know you better'n you know yourself. I know how to get you. We'll see, we'll see. Good-by now. Don't tell him what you meant—ha! ha!"

Thus they parted, the girl hastening back through the woods to the home she had perchance not thought to see so soon again, her late companion pulling solitary down the lake toward far Wabeno. Garth too walked home in lonely musings and scantiest attire; but so warmed with his adventure as not only to escape the cold which he deserved, but to bring him with so cheery a countenance to the breakfast table the next morning—a bearing so widely different from that which had characterized him the previous afternoon—that his mother congratulated him on the improvement, and asked him what pleasant dream he had been having.

Garth, owing partly to a kind of shamefacedness about relating a feat which astonished even himself in the retrospect, and partly because he knew it would greatly alarm his mother, though hearing it from the doer himself, over a huge plate of buckwheats, said nothing about his late voyage, and it would probably never have been known to history had not Madge, who came up to the house that afternoon with the minister (she was the old gentleman's favorite parishioner, and he laid it to his own credit that she was the first of her family who had abjured the Roman Catholic faith for his hobby of Universalism), happened, by an apparently accidental question or allusion, to touch upon the topic of the canoe, and thereupon presently elicit the whole marvelous tale.

"You didn't see any thing—not meet any one—not see any one, I mean?" asked she, after listening restlessly and with many sidelong glances till the end.

Garth shook his head. "Though after I had paddled into the cove," he remarked, "and stowed away the canoe under the bushes, I remember thinking I saw a boat a good way out on the lake. But the moon dazzled on the water, and perhaps there was no boat."

"Perhaps it sank," exclaimed Madge, a light coming forth in her face and lending it a more vivid beauty. Then she laughed and said, "What a strange boy you are! Why didn't you tell me what you were going to do yesterday?"

"I didn't know I should do it till after you went home."

"Ah, but if I had known you were going to do it, perhaps I should have staid. And even now you told me only because I asked questions. Well, now I will tell every body."

"Pshaw! don't," said Garth, turning red.

"Now listen," returned she, holding up her finger. "What is the use of doing brave and fine things if no one is to hear of them? If you were the greatest man in the world, and kept it all to yourself, how could I be

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proud of you? Why, it is better people should think you do a great deal more than is really true, Mr. Garth. You do not know what you might lose by not telling people what you are, Sir."

"Nothing worth having," answered Garth, with some heat.

"That is very rude and unkind! So you care nothing for me, after all?"

"My dear, I love you," returned he, with an earnestness less boyish than she had ever known in him before. "You speak without thinking. Yesterday I might have thought you did not care for me."

"Oh, you know I have always loved you," asseverated she, feeling very truthful and melting. She liked him to overbear her. "Was I very disagreeable yesterday? I never will be so again. You don't know how much I have—how much I would do for your sake, Garth."

"You could not do more than love me," replied he; and with that they kissed very tenderly.

"And now I may tell them, just this once?" whispered the little Frenchwoman.

"Oh yes," said Garth, with a smile; "and I think this will be the last thing you will ever have to tell."

"The last thing? but what do you mean?"

"I sha'n't do any more of those brave things, as you call them. I don't feel any more need of them, and I think they are silly."

Madge looked rather dismayed at this; but on second thoughts she ventured to believe better of her young lover than his own account of himself, and meanwhile consoled herself by regaling the elders in the old wainscoted parlor with so vivid an account of Garth's exploit that one might have supposed that she had been an eye-witness of it, at the least. The parson chuckled gleefully and slapped his venerable knee.

"Well, son-in-law, I guess it's about time we sent him to college, sure enough! He's outgrowing this place pretty fast—no doubt about that!—Run and fetch him in here, my little lady; we want to hold converse with him.—Ah, Cuthbert, my lad, he's the old Urmson again, isn't he? It comes out in him, root and branch!"

There was some delay in Garth's appearing; for Madge, having heard college mentioned, had divined the rest, and forestalling the announcement of his contemplated destiny to the youth, had then stopped for a few moments' private discussion with him of the project.

A rapid review in her own mind of the conditions of the question inclined her to favor it. College—collegian: was there not something vaguely imposing in the terms? College was nearer the great outside world than the little village of Urmsworth—nay, it was itself a world. All the great ones of the earth, Madge had reason to believe, had been to college. Think of possessing a lover with collegiate claims to consideration! how superior to a mere villager with never so many intrinsic virtues! Virtue without *le bel air* was virtually of no virtue. One who had traveled, seen and lived in places afar off, was graced with imaginative charms lacking to him who had never strayed out of eye-shot. Madge had never seen a real foreigner, but she had her notions of what he would be like; and the foreign idea had potent attractions for her.

It was just what Garth needed—that was plain. He was already the most desirable boy in the village; but there was an indefinite universe beyond, which might contain sturdier rivals: he must make proof of them. It would be a little rash to pledge herself irrevocably to what might turn out to be, after all, but a secondary star in the firmament. The superior light would in that case be highly annoying. Let Garth go forth and prove himself a very sun, and all would be well.

"I think it would be fine!" exclaimed she, giving words to the result only of her analysis.

Garth too was fired by the idea; he had felt before now the yearning to get beyond his immediate horizon, and had occasionally wondered whether Sam Kineo appreciated his opportunities. Then college, learning, scholarship—the means of becoming better and wiser than he was! The boy threw back his shoulders, and seemed already to respire a mightier atmosphere. But all at once he bethought himself.

"College lasts four years. We sha'n't see each other—"

"Oh, but there will be holidays; and not to be able to see each other for a while will make the meeting pleasanter," rejoined Madge, with a providence remarkable in so inexperienced a maiden. Garth looked her honestly in the face, but all he could see there was a wondrous harmony of curves and colors. He sighed, a boy's sigh, for which he would have found it hard to give a reason, pulled his thick hair musingly for a few moments, and with another look—of simple loving confidence this time—but with no more words, he betook himself to the parlor.

The conference there went off smoothly enough, the minister declaring with elephantine playfulness that it was all Madge's doing, and adding that this was the second time she had forestalled the counsels of elderly prudence by the blandishments of young love. "It was that that got him to the picnic," vociferated the veteran, "though what treed him there I won't undertake to say—haw! haw!"

"But," interposed Cuthbert, "it was to

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meet her that he was to go to the picnic, whereas college will separate them. How must we understand that?"

"Love-letters!" bellowed the jolly parson. "You and Mattie never wrote to each other—more's the pity for you; but these young ones know better—eh, Miss Madge?—eh, Garth, you young rascal?—ho! ho! ho!"

Thus rallied, Garth turned an ingenuous red, while his beautiful little mistress's oval black eyes sparkled in arch acknowledgment of the mighty patriarch's humor. She was not devoid of the self-possession which is like ballast to a fair vessel, and for lack of which so many fair vessels dare not spread their sails.

"Ah, we shall see how he'll learn to appreciate what he's left behind him," resumed Mr. Graeme. "He won't hear a sermon like yesterday's from that young parson up at Brunswick—not twice in the four years. It needs a man who has preached for five-and-sixty years, and never missed a Sunday, to know how to work 'em. Bless the lad, I saw him; he didn't know what his old grandfather could do for him—eh, Garth? There, there, never be ashamed of it, boy; it showed a right heart, and right sense too. I liked to see you warm up, and the tears in your eyes—I liked to see it. But I can't promise you a sermon like that every week—no, no."

"Garth, go and show Miss Margaret that new tulip of yours," said Cuthbert. "It is just as well you can not," he continued, to the minister. "Garth was more affected by his yesterday's experience than is desirable. He's more impressible than you'd think from the build of his loins and shoulders. Your religious stimulus works too briskly. That agreeable adventure of his last night was probably the consequence of abnormal emotions aroused by your morning's discourse. I sha'n't let you loose upon him often. By-the-way," he added, before the other could bring himself to bear, "weren't you saying something or other about a fire last night? Not the meeting-house, I hope?"

"Ha! oh no. Why, it was my old witch's place—old Ma'am Nikomis. Somebody made a bonfire of her wigwam. I'm going to hunt her up, and see what can be done for her, this afternoon. She's always been a prodigy of mine, you know."

"She's a protégée of mine now. I wooed her for our kitchen chimney-corner a year or two ago. But what? her wigwam burned? Has she fallen out with Satan, or are they plotting new deviltries, or what is the secret of this conflagration?"

"My husband!" exclaimed Martha, chidingly. "The poor woman! It must have been her tobacco-pipe. Was she burned herself, father?"

"Methinks I see Nikomis," remarked Cuthbert, who was sitting in the window. "'Tis she indeed, hobbling hitherward with the wreck of her household goods on her back. Adversity has brought her to her friends. I must step out to receive her."

Accordingly, he went out to the porch, and standing on the cloven threshold, awaited the old squaw's approach. She was an ordinary-looking Indian woman, of rather stunted figure, high cheek-boned, and narrow-eyed. She was unpretendingly ugly, and of as stolid an aspect as most of her race, yet with certain gleams of intelligence and capacity occasionally discernible.

"Me come," observed she, stopping and facing Mr. Urmson, but not appearing to look at him.

"Come in," said he; "you were expected;" and he motioned her inward with a courteous gesture. But the old creature shook her head and seemed reluctant.

"Not come in front side," she grunted; "come in other side—other door."

"She's heard the legend of the threshold, probably," thought Mr. Urmson, "and is superstitious about crossing it. I suppose, then, she will have religious scruples about sweeping it.—I will conduct you to the kitchen door, madam. So long as you desire no exit from Urmhurst, you have your choice of entrances."

On the kitchen door-step stood the young lovers, having got thus far in quest of tulips. As Nikomis appeared round the corner, Madge shrank behind Garth's shoulder, seemingly disconcerted, as became a young woman caught in a tender predicament. The Indian, for her part, halted with a surprised grunt, though in her character of seeress she could scarcely have been ignorant of the young people's attachment.

"You are on your own ground here," said Mr. Urmson to the old woman. "Garth, you are deposed: surrender your keys and march."

"Glad you are come, Nikomis," said the young ex-chief, with a friendly smile. "How is Sam?"

"What a question!" exclaimed Madge, with a laugh which showed her still a little discomposed. "I'm sure he must be well enough. Probably he'll re-appear among us some day, and then we shall see for ourselves."

Nikomis perhaps thought this answer sufficient; at all events she did not offer to supplement it, and the passage now being clear, she went in and was ministered to by Mrs. Urmson.

"She is an excellent person," that good lady would occasionally observe, referring to her odd domestic. "She is clean, and perfectly upright. If she only wouldn't smoke when she is cooking dinner! But she cooks some things very well indeed, especially vegetables and soups."

"Witches have always been famous for their broth," her husband would reply.

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"But what especially captivates me is her authoritative bearing. It is absolute and yet undemonstrative. I feel like a tenant, the recipient of her bounty. I am continually grateful at not receiving notice to quit. I believe I should have been a happier man if I had married a wife who bullied me."

"I shall have time now to knit socks and mittens enough to last Garth all through college," would be Mrs. Urmson's next remark, placidly exultant. As a matter of fact, however, Nikomis was not of much practical value at her best, not to speak of her various disabilities. But Cuthbert was, in the old-fashioned sense, a humorist, and took a mysterious pleasure in benefactions which redounded neither to his worldly profit nor renown. The old squaw was treated with consideration, and paid good wages, which she was never known to spend. She brooded by day in the chimney-corner, sending puffs of tobacco smoke up the flue along with the savor of the roast meat. At night she mounted to a compartment of the garret, which she had fitted up in wigwam fashion; but whether to sleep or, as Cuthbert maintained, to indulge in the practice of forbidden arts, and perhaps take occasional excursions over the tops of the forest trees, it were rash to affirm. During several years following her domestication—if the term be permissible—only one person was suspected of having visited her den, and that was Madge Danver. But Madge was discreet, and if she saw any thing strange or unlawful, had the wisdom to give it silence.

A SHOPPER BY PROXY.

A PRACTICAL LOVE STORY.

THEY formerly lived in Madison Square, and moved in the best New York society. The father, a Wall Street man, lost his money, and the wife, two sons, and two daughters lived on the east side, and the best society knew them no more. Isolena, the youngest of the family, had accepted the situation with becoming fortitude. She had three trunks laden with the spoils of Saratoga and Newport. They would keep her in clothes for two years, and so long as the spoons held out to burn, to her boarding-house fare she could return. After the crash the father did nothing in particular, and the mother took to her bed. The sons, never having done any thing during their prosperous days, now kept sternly in that noble path. The elder daughter, in a fit of desperation, threw herself away on a bookkeeper with eight hundred a year, and was buried in Jersey. Isolena Van Rensselaer, being a person of sense, sold the silver and jewelry a bit at a time, paid the family board bills, and so kept the wolf away.

Weeks passed, and the store of spoons faded slowly. How much longer could they live on silver-ware? The wolf had already bayed the gas lamps in Third Avenue, just around the corner, and the sound kept her awake in the night.

One day there came a letter inclosing a check for one hundred dollars. Her hand shook as she unfolded the crisp paper, and sudden tears filled her eyes. Were the family miseries and poverty so wearing upon her that the sight of a check shook every nerve? And how had Heaven raised such friends in their hour of need?

It was only a letter from Cousin Mary Pelham. Cousin Kitty was to be married, and Mary wished to furnish one room in the new home. Would Isolena be so kind as to do some shopping in the city—get a nice chamber carpet, and have it sent up by express? Glad to find something to divert her mind, Isolena went shopping among the carpet men, selected what she thought would please and fit the prescribed measure, paid the bill, and returned home tired out and minus fifteen cents paid for car fare. Two days after came a letter saying that "the carpet was lovely, and we are all so much obliged."

The next day Isolena counted the spoons and figured out their position. There was just enough plate to pay the board bills for exactly six weeks. She appealed to her father. He, poor man, had trouble enough on hand. The wife and mother was dying. For a time the lesser griefs were lost in the greater; and then the mother crept away to peace and her grave, weary with the miserable disasters of the family.

The day after the funeral Isolena asked her father for her portion, and he divided his living among them all. Isolena's share was the spoons and some diamond rings. The family was broken up and ruined, and each selfishly looked out for himself. The men went to the bad generally. The elder daughter furnished her parlor with her share of the wreck, and Isolena sold a diamond ring, and put an advertisement in the *Tribune, Evening Post, Herald,* and *American Agriculturist.* Then she found another and cheaper boarding place, and sat down to await results, or starve.

Within a week a million people read this advertisement:

"MADEMOISELLE ISOLENA, purchaser of dress goods, gloves, hosiery, and millinery. Persons at a distance desiring to purchase dry-goods, etc., in New York may address Mademoiselle Isolena. Every kind of under-wear and small wares bought, goods and colors matched, and the best selections made at the lowest prices. Terms five per cent. All orders must have the money inclosed. Goods sent by express or mail at purchaser's expense. Address 492 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York. References, Arnold, Taylor, and Co.; Stewart, Lord, and Kinsey;" etc.

Three days Mademoiselle Isolena waited in heart-sick impatience, and then there

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came three letters. One contained a dollar, another six, another ten, and each had a small order. Total profits, eighty-five cents —the first money she ever earned in her life. She put on a pretty hood and a bright smile, and went out to do the shopping. At the door her eyes fell on the walk, and a blush, half shame, half something else, mounted to her face. He actually said good-morning, and offered his hand. She put out her left hand. That was the least worn glove. She felt grateful that he should recognize her. So many once friends had passed indifferent on the street that the thought that a Van Stupen should speak to her gave her unexpected happiness.

"Awful clever idea, Mademoiselle Isolena."

"Oh, Mr. Van Stupen! how did you know? I never can forgive myself for it."

"Gad! we all thought it a bright idea. Why, you're a broker—in trade, you know; same as I am, and Pell and Dennisen, and all the old set. Oh, by-the-way, Sister Patty is to be married, and I want to do the presenting business in good style. You please step into Tiffany's and buy something pretty and suitable."

"Mr. Van Stupen, what do you mean?"

"Biz, of course. Now you're offended. I beg pardon, Miss Van Rensselaer. I would not hurt your feelings for the world. You know I would not. I thought I could help you—"

"Van!"

"That's right, Iso—Miss Rensselaer, call me Van if you like. I am your friend."

"Let us speak of this no more. I am poor now. Our paths divide. I must earn my living, and Patty would never forgive me. I am truly glad to hear of her marriage. I—"

"Look you, Miss Van Rensselaer, I want some work done. I'll pay you ten per cent."

"My terms are five, Sir."

"Well, five it is. Here's the money. Spend it all, and take out your commission."

With that he thrust a roll of bills into her hands, and disappeared into a University Place car just as they reached Broadway. That night she slept peacefully for the first time for weeks. She had earned enough in one day to support her three. The following day she laid aside one dollar from her earnings, and received seven more letters, inclosing forty dollars in all. These orders employed her nearly all day, and at night she sent a letter with each, detailing the business transaction. The next day there came but one letter, and she was a trifle discouraged. Then came the Sabbath, and on the Monday there were twenty letters, including one that had evidently wandered about Madison Square in search of her for some time. It was from Patty Johnson, late Van Stupen. She was charmed with her brother's beautiful present, and so glad to hear that Isolena had made the selection. "Would it be too much trouble to do just a little shopping—only a dozen gloves or so?"

There was no money inclosed. Perhaps Mrs. Johnson was not aware that Miss Van Rensselaer was in business. Without the slightest hesitation she inclosed her advertisement to Mrs. Johnson, and explained her position. Mrs. Johnson might cut her dead; she probably would. She might even talk to her brother, and perhaps say bitter and disagreeable things. Then she must.

The following day brought more letters, and a loud complaint from her landlady concerning the trouble of bringing up so large a mail. Isolena at once turned all her available assets into money, and made one more bold push for her life. After much search she found a small back-room on the third story of a store on Broadway just below Union Square, and having supplied it with second-hand furniture, set up for herself, alone in the city. The room was at once chamber, parlor, kitchen, and business office. A dollar a day gave her all this, and placed her within easy reach of the best stores both on Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The removal gave her a chance to advertise again, and she went into it with seemingly reckless energy. She believed in advertising, and she meant to play a bold hand in the game.

Slowly, day by day, her business increased. It kept her upon her feet and in the stores and streets nearly all day, but in all her wanderings about the town she never met Mr. Van Stupen nor any one else who recognized her. Patty Johnson never answered her letter, and her family seemed to have utterly fallen out of her life. Weeks passed, and the warm season came. Then her business declined, and she at once spent every dollar she could spare in new advertisements, and within ten days her correspondence doubled in volume.

Late one warm afternoon she climbed the dismal stairs to her room, and found Mr. Van Stupen waiting at her door. She could do no less than ask him in. He came into her little room, and then said, slowly,

"Is this your home, Isolena?"

"Yes, Mr. Van Stupen; it is my home, counting-room, and all. I do up my packages here, and write my letters, and live generally. Don't you think it a pleasant room?"

"Well—yes; but hardly safe."

"Oh, indeed it is. The janitor and his wife live up stairs, and the street door is locked at seven. I am never out after that. Besides, there are the police."

"For all that, people might come up and annoy you. Your father and brothers have been looking for you. They told me yesterday, when I returned from Saratoga, and

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asked where you lived. I had seen your advertisement, but I would not tell them."

"That was kind, I'm sure."

"You are bitter, Miss Van Rensselaer. Had you seen them, you would have thanked me for keeping them away."

"They are my friends, Sir."

"I know it. Pardon me if I seem unkind. I am not, Isolena. I would gladly serve you, gladly take you away from such a life, gladly offer—"

A knock at the door interrupted him. It was the postman. He counted out a large bundle of letters, and said, pleasantly,

"Biz is a-looking up, mam'selle. Sixty-two letters is a big haul."

She bowed the man out, and then, with the bunch of letters still in her hand, she said, slowly,

"Thank you, Mr. Van Stupen. You are very kind. I need no help. I have created a good business, and I have more than a hundred dollars in the savings-bank, and as soon as the fall trade opens I shall take more comfortable quarters. I am doing well, and I want for nothing, save—"

She paused. The door slowly opened without warning, and a shambling figure crept in unbidden. It startled them both with a drunken laugh.

"Say—'Solena, gimme a ten—won't you? I've had hard lines—I have."

"What do you mean, Sir, by this insolence?" cried Mr. Van Stupen. "Take yourself off!"

"Mr. Van Stupen," cried the sister, interposing between the men, "he is my brother. Edward, there is the money; now please go away. Come again another day."

"Yes, demme fy don't! Ten dollars! here's wealth for you!"

Stumbling down the stairs, he crept away, and the two were left alone.

"That was not wise, Miss Van Rensselaer. He will trouble you again."

"He is my brother, Sir," she said, with dignity. "We will not speak of him more."

Mr. Van Stupen was in a measure defeated. He had not accomplished his mission, and after a few commonplaces he withdrew, and without an invitation to renew his call.

Now was her life clear before her. She must give her whole heart to her business. There was naught else to feed on, and it must take that or starve. The one friend she had retained had proved unfriendly. How had he dared to come to her since his engagement to Amy Ramsey? She had seen the engagement in some gossip's letter in a newspaper many weeks before.

By ten the next morning she had two advertisements in the *Herald*, one for a better room, and one for a female book-keeper. At night she glanced over the paper to see if her advertisements had received attention. Her eye fell on the marriages:

"RAMSEY—COURTLAND.—Amy Ramsey, daughter of Theodore Ramsey, of this city, to Allen Courtland, of Stamford, Connecticut," etc.

The paper slid from her hand, and for an hour or more she dreamed of the happy might have been. How she had misjudged him! And he was gone!

Three hundred and thirty-one girls and women presented themselves at her room during the next four days. Ten per cent. of them knew their business fairly well; ninety per cent. were totally ignorant of the whole subject. After much discussion a girl who had a first-class talent for doing exactly as she was told was selected, and in a new room on West Fourteenth Street the two set up a larger and more convenient establishment. The girl kept the books, and the mistress shopped for a profession. The weeks grew to months, and the winter came. Mademoiselle Isolena constantly spread her advertisement before the rural public, and the fame of her bargains filled the feminine mind with admiration. She slowly and surely prospered, and tried to think herself happy—and failed.

In all this neither father nor sister nor brothers ever visited her. She worked for a living. They never could forgive that. Madison Square concluded she must have died, and nobody ever contradicted the rumor. Mademoiselle Isolena was often useful to Madison Square, but none knew her, none recognized her. She had changed somewhat, grown more placid and quiet, and her face had put on a womanly beauty the Isolena of Madison Square had never known.

Suddenly the clerk gave notice that she must leave. Ah, yes! going to be married. That was it. Her work was only a makeshift till a man could be found to support her. After some delay Isolena found her father, and he called to see her. Would he keep her books for her? "Never! She was an ungrateful girl thus to blast the family name. Julia never did, nor Edward, nor Thomas." Could he support her? Well, no, not very conveniently. He was busy on the street, and it took all he could pick up to pay his board and the boys' board. By-the-way, he was just a little short. Could she lend him twenty dollars for a day or two? In silence she gave him ten dollars, and he went away without even thanking her.

She sat down indignant and heart-sore, and would have cried for shame and misery had not a visitor knocked. Patty Van Stupen.

"Isolena! Can I believe myself?"

"Yes, Patty, it is I. Can I be of service?"

"Service! Isolena Van Rensselear! One would think you were mademoiselle."

"So I am."

"Great Heavens! has it come to this?"

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"I do not know what you mean, Miss Van Stupen. Shopping is my profession. This is my office, and I am neither ashamed nor afraid. I explained it to you once by letter. Oh, pardon me! You are married, Mrs. —Mrs.—"

"Johnson, Isolena. I never received your letter, and I am truly grieved and shocked."

"I do not know why you need be. I have a good name in my business, and I owe no man any thing."

"Does my brother know of this—this great misfortune?"

"He once knew that I worked for a living, but that was a long time ago. I have not seen him for a year or more."

"He is in Germany. Did you not hear how that spiteful Amy Ramsey served him? Poor boy! He lost his money on the street, and then she left him and married Courtland. Then poor Van broke down, and father sent him abroad; and its cheaper living there, you know. Father allows—"

There was a sudden knock, loud and jolly. The mistress said, "Come in," and a big fellow entered, breathless and rosy with excitement—and something else. The two women were for a moment silent with astonishment. Isolena found her tongue first.

"Van!"

"Isolena! Patty! Dear girls, how are you both?"

He offered a hand to each.

"How you surprised us! When did you return?"

"One hour since. I bought a *Herald* and read the dear girl's ad., and here I came."

"Oh, Van!" said the two, and with a different tone to the "Van" and the "oh."

"I'm cured, Isolena. I have cut the parental apron string, and defied Madison Square. I haven't a cent in the world, but I'm going to work like a—like a man. Know any body who has a spare job?"

"Frederick Lorberry Van Stupen, I am amazed! I can not listen to such language. Grandmother Van Stupen will never forgive you."

"Bother grandmother!" replied Frederick. "Say, sister, couldn't you just run home and tell 'em I'm returned? You can take the carriage at the door."

"I will at once, for I am grieved and surprised beyond expression, and I must consult with my parents."

"Do—do. It will be kind in you."

"Allow me to wish you a very good-morning, Mademoiselle Isolena."

This Mrs. Patty Johnson said in tolerable French, and the shopper replied with equal grace and better French.

Once more they were alone. For a moment neither spoke, and then with a smile she drew near, and said, quietly,

"Are you familiar with book-keeping, Sir?"

"Yes, marm, and I write a very good hand."

"I am in want of a book-keeper, and shall be pleased to employ you."

"I am deeply grateful, mademoiselle, for your kind offer. You will pardon me if I ask concerning the prospect of an interest in the business—if I tried to be good."

She drew near, and a diviner light filled her eyes, and her lips parted in an ill-suppressed smile.

"If you please me, Sir, and you are very, very good, we will go into partnership in just six weeks from this day."

"Under the style of—"

"Isolena, Van Stupen, and Co."

No more honorable and successful firm can be found in New York than the dry-goods and millinery purchasing house of Isolena, Van Stupen, and Co., in West Fourteenth Street. More than this, it is a growing house. The company has increased materially. There are two already—twins.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

So thou wast made to hush thy perfect wings
Upon cold urns and shapes of dim decay,
To typify to man immortal things
Beyond the dreaming of a summer day.
Fair Psyche's form, which Love did once impress
With deathlessness,
Did snatch from thee,
Slight creature of an hour,
The grace that is thy dower,
To symbolize to time her bright eternity.

Yes, thou art linked with that diviner past;
Thou tak'st from golden years thy curving flight;
From elder gods and singers sad thou hast
A lot secured to mornings out of sight.
And yet to-day, in this delicious air,
This sunlight rare,
From bloom to bloom
A rival blossom skimming,
The sweetness overbrimming,
Who now would mate with thee the insignia of the tomb?

Rather, an emblem fitter far thou art
Of life swung deep amid the moment's bliss,
Fine sense, fine soul, athrill on beauty's heart,
Nor breathing save at touch of beauty's kiss.
The wanton bee his grosser need supplics,
He feeds and flies,
And still the ear
Follows his greedy hasting,
Whilst thou, thy leisure wasting,
Break'st not with pompous stir the languorous atmosphere.

The ardent season at its height delays,
Pauses an instant ere its waning glow,
No rawness cools the fervor of its days,
No changing dates its lingering fortunes know.
In shimmering warmth the wide green spaces lie
Drinking the sky,
Its habit even
Th' impersonal spruce forsaking,
With hints of joy is waking,
And yon dumb ledge half smiles to greet the kindly heaven.

But 'tis where Nature, tired of her crown,
Comes to the earth in generous embrace,
Here, where she lets her radiant splendor down,
That thou art wont, so near her shining face,
In mute delight, reflected sun and blue
To still pursue;
And poets say
They were ambition losing,
Thy aimless pastime choosing,
Only to feel with thee, with thee for once to stray!

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THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

XLVII.

Chien gagné quatre pieds, mais li pas ca marché dans quatre chemins.

The dog has four feet, but he does not walk with them in four roads.

In these dissuasives from spreading our butter over too much bread we find the principle of division of labor, the discovery of which is one of Adam Smith's titles to fame, and a forecasting of specialization, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the march of modern science. Because we have faculties which qualify us for usefulness in many callings, we are not therefore to attempt to master all callings, but, as the dog uses his four legs to walk in a single path, so we are advised to use all our faculties to attain the greatest proficiency in whatever vocation we may reasonably hope for the greatest success. Concentration is the secret of success. All might have wealth if they would give as much thought to acquiring it as they do to spending it.

XLVIII.

Miser ca fait macaque manger pimento.

Hunger will make a monkey eat pepper.

Necessity has no law; or, as the Haytians also say:

XLIX.

Malheurs pas ca châger con la plie.

Accidents do not threaten like rain.

This is a degeneration of a sublimely poetical version of the same thought which has come down to us as a part of the wisdom of antiquity:

Dii laneos habent pedes.

The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool. Their steps are inaudible; they give no warning.

L.

Ou fait semblant mourir, moi fait semblant enterrer vous.

You make believe die, I make believe bury you.

This is a shot at all sham and false pretenses. The pretender is taken at his word. It recalls the story of the Quaker whose guest declined some delicacy at his table in the expectation of being asked a second time. Being disappointed in this, he held out his plate, with the remark that he had changed his mind.

"Nay," replied the Quaker, "thee'll not lie in my house."

In other words, you make believe to be modest, or indifferent to my food, and I'll take you at your word. "You make believe die, I make believe bury you."

La Bruyère says: *Vous le croyez votre dupe; s'il feint de l'être, qui est plus dupe, de lui ou de vous?*

Franklin stimulated the colonists of Pennsylvania to resist the encroachments of the imperial government by using an Italian proverb of like import:

Make yourselves sheep, and the wolves will eat you.

The French say, *He who makes a sheep of himself, the wolf eats;* and the Spaniards say, *Make honey of yourself, and the flies will eat you.*

LI.

Chien connait comment li fait pou manger zos.

The dog knows how to eat bones.

A modification of the vulgar English proverb, *You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs.*

LII.

Quidi quidi pas fait vite.

Making a fuss is not making haste.

LIII.

Moi vini pou boir lait, moi pas vini pou compter veau.

I came to drink milk, not to count calves.

This is a slight variation of the Turkish proverb,

One does not cast stones at a barren tree.

So it is said of the pontifical court that it does not seek sheep without wool—*Curia Romana non quærit ovem sine lana*—a sentiment which, with many others, appears to have been inherited from pagan Rome, when it was proverbial that—

Absque ære mutum est Apollinis oraculum—Without his fee Apollo is mute.

The Germans say, *Umsonst wird kein altar gedeckt.*

Of the same *trempe* is Martial's epigram to Sextus:

*Vis te, Sexte, coli; volebam amare.**

You wish me, Sextus, to honor you; I wished to love you.

The Haytians have another proverb which is like the foregoing, though not of precisely the same import:

LIV.

Moin pas qua prend di thé pou la fievre li.

I don't wish to take tea for his fever.

LV.

Ca qui dit ou acheté choual gros vente li pas aidé vous nourrir li.

He who advises you to buy a horse with a big belly will not help you to feed him.

The world is full of people more ready

* *Epigrams*, iv., book ii.

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with advice than money when we would buy, with criticism than credit when we become embarrassed, with indifference than sympathy when we become poor.

LVI.

Babiez mouche, babiez viande.

Scold the fly, scold the meat.

In other words, if we find fault with the fly, we awaken a suspicion that the meat is spoiled by it. So the husband compromises his wife or daughter by accusing her cavalier. It is the argument used by the elders to Susannah.

LVII.

Ca qui gagné petit mil dehors, veillez la plie.

Who would harvest his millet, let him watch the weather.

This proverb, or at least the policy which it inculcates, seems to have been so universal at Rome some two thousand years ago that in the struggle for the repeal of the law which had banished Cicero, B.C. 57, the Senate resolved that thenceforth whoever attempted *de cœlo servare*—to watch the heavens—or by their interpretation to obstruct public business, was to be regarded as an enemy of the republic.*

LVIII.

Chien jamain morde petite li jusque nans zos.

The bitch will never bite its pups to the bone; or, as the French say, *The kick of the mare never harmed the horse.*

LIX.

Petite qui pas capabe tête maman li yo tété granne.

The baby that can not suck its mother will suck its grandmother.

This may be regarded as the Haytian version of the familiar line of Horace,

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit.

LX.

Zieux rouges pas brûle savanne.

Red eyes will not set the prairie on fire.

Rien ne sèche plus vite que les larmes,† say the French.

Every language abounds in proverbs which, like these, treat tears as one of the most serviceable weapons of hypocrisy.

LXI.

Sizandoli té bon viane li pas ca drioer.

If the lizard were good to eat, it would not be so common.

And *If soft words would butter parsnips, fewer would be wasted in flattery and idle compliment.*

LXII.

Si coulève pas té fonté, femmes se pouend li fair ribans jipes.

If the adder were not so dangerous, women would take it for petticoat strings.

But for the dangers which beset the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, we should yield to them even more readily than we do now.

The arts, however, which the flatterer practices upon those who, unlike the lizard, are either too innocent or not worth preying upon, or who, unlike the adder, are not dangerous, are fitly described as a leprosy:

LXIII.

Lepe dit aimé ous pendant li ronge doigte ous.

The leprosy pretends to love you that it may eat your fingers.

The pliancy of courtiers, the sycophancy of politicians and place-hunters, and the servility of toad-eaters of all denominations were never perhaps more justly characterized. It would seem to be scarcely more extraordinary for persons to put faith in the affection of a foul disease which is eating away their extremities than it is for men of exalted rank and influence to tolerate around them many who seem to be their favorites. Unhappily, *When flatterers meet, the devil goes to dinner:* his success is assured.

LXIV.

Ou fache avec gan chemin, que côté ou va passé.

If you quarrel with the high-road, which way will you go?

This is usually employed in deference to the presumptive wisdom of the majority and the good sense of manners and usages which have been sanctioned by time and popularity.

Descartes took many more words to say the same thing. One of the four rules of life which he prescribed to himself while making his search for truth was: "To obey the laws and customs of my country, adhering to the religion in which God has given me the grace to be educated from my infancy, and governing myself in all other matters according to the most moderate and least extreme opinions that are commonly received by the more sensible of those with whom I have to live.....And among many opinions equally prevalent I chose the more moderate, as well because they are the most convenient in practice, and probably the best, all extremes being generally bad, as to wander as little as possible from the true course in case I had mistaken the road."

LXV.

C'est cuiller qui allé la cail gamelle; gamelle pas jamain allé la cail cuiller.

The spoon goes to tray's house, but the tray never goes to spoon's house.

* Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*, p. 200 and 213.
† Nothing dries quicker than tears.

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The poor visit the rich, but the rich do not visit the poor. Those who want, go to those who have, but those who have are less apt to go to those who want. The obscure and humble seek the society of the fashionable, the distinguished, the powerful; the latter do not seek the society of the humble or the obscure.

"There are but two families in the world," said Sancho Panza, "those who have, and those who have not. My grandmother," he added, with a delightful simplicity, "had great esteem for the family of those who have, and I am of her way of thinking."

The Haytians have another proverb which is a corollary of the preceding

LXVI.

Pauvre moune bail déjeuner nans quior.

Poor people entertain with their heart.

LXVII.

Cabrite pas connait goumé, mais cui li batte la charge.

The goat does not know how to fight, but his skin may beat the charge.

There is no one so humble or so infirm that he can not in some way promote a cause he has really at heart.

LXVIII.

Béf pas ca jamain lasse poté cónes li.

The ox is never weary of carrying its horns.

What flatters our vanity or gives us protection is never wearisome.

There is an old Latin proverb of the same import:

Marti arma non sunt oneri.

LXIX.

Moune connait ca qua bouilli nen canari li.

Every one knows what is boiling in his own pot.

LXX.

Haillions moi passé tout nu.

Better rags than nakedness, or half a loaf than no bread.

LXXI.

Butté pas tombé.

A stumble is not a fall; or, *One error is not ruin.*

The horse which draws his halter is not quite escaped.

LXXII.

Si li té gagné moussa, li ta mangé gumbo.

If he had mush, he would eat gumbo.

A proverb applicable to the large class who are never sensible of their present blessings, but always wishing something more or different.

So the Hebrews say,

An ass is cold even in the summer solstice.

Luther, in his "Table-Talk," is represented as putting down a Misnian noble who had stumbled into the category of men who when they have mush want gumbo, and rejected the Gospel because it paid no interest, by telling the following fable:

"A lion, making a great feast, invited all the beasts, and with them some swine. When all manner of dainties were set before the guests, the swine asked, 'Have you no corn?'

"Even so," continued the doctor—"even so in these days it is with our Epicureans. We preachers set before them in our churches the most dainty and costly dishes, as everlasting salvation, remission of sins, and God's grace, but they, like swine, turn up their snouts, and ask for guilders. Offer a cow a nutmeg, and she will reject it for old hay. This reminds me of the answer of certain parishioners to their minister. He had been earnestly exhorting them to come and listen to the Word of God. 'Well,' said they, 'if you will tap a good barrel of beer for us, we'll come and hear you with all our hearts.'"

LXXIII.

Ci la qui vlé couvé, couvé su zéf yo.

Let him who wishes to hatch sit on his own eggs.

He who proposes to live without work must not undertake to do it at others' expense. He who would indulge in the luxuries of life must first provide them.

LXXIV.

C'est devant tambour nion connais Zamba.

It is before the drum you know Zamba.

Zamba is a very important personage in Hayti. He is musician, sorcerer, priest, and improvisator, and equally indispensable in all these capacities at negro *fêtes*.

The proverb imports that a man's talents must be tested by what he professes to know and do best. Cicero taught the same truth, but less poetically: *Id enim maxime quemque decet, quod est cujusque maxime suum.**

The Germans say, also, *Jedem steht sein eigenes Kleid am besten.*†

LXXV.

Dent morde langue.

The teeth bite the tongue.

One of the uniform consequences of domestic quarrels.

LXXVI.

Voleur pas vlé camarade li porte maconte.

The robber does not desire a comrade to carry his knapsack for him.

Distrust is one of the qualities most certain to rule in the breast of a rogue. Whom no one can trust is sure to trust no one. An important corollary of this proverb is thus treated by Seneca: *Nam quidam fallere docu-*

* *De Officiis*, i., 31. It best becomes us to do what we can do best.

† Every one's own garment becomes him best.

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erunt dum timent falli; et illi jus peccandi suspicando fecerunt. Which Voltaire may have had in his mind when he wrote the following line in his tragedy of *Zaire:*

Quiconque est soupçonneux invite à le trahir.

Whether in his mind or not, this modification of the *jus peccandi* shows that seventeen centuries of Christianity had not been entirely lost even upon one who treated it as a superstition.

The robber does not desire a comrade to carry his bag, not merely from a healthy distrust of his principles, but from the yet more selfish motive implied in the following proverb, often in the mouths of court favorites and political parasites:

*Le moins de gens qu'on peut à l'entour du gâteau.**

LXXVII.

Dents pas ca pôter dêi.

Teeth do not wear mourning.

Lightness of heart or innocence may not always be inferred from teeth-displaying laughter. Sad as well as treacherous hearts may often be found behind faces wreathed in smiles. "I laugh," said Byron, "that I may not weep."

LXXVIII.

Crabe pas mâcher, li pas gras; li mâcher touop, et li tombé nans chôdièr.

Crab has not walked, he is not fat; he has walked too much, and has fallen into the pot.

This illustrates the folly of running into extremes, and commends the wisdom of Deucalion's advice to Icarus:

In medio tutissimus ibis; or, *Too far east is west.*

LXXIX.

Canari vlé rîe chôdièr.

The earthen pot wishes to laugh at the iron pot.

The folly here criticised is also aimed at in the following:

LXXX.

Qui mêler zêfs nans calenda ouoches?

What business have eggs dancing with stones?

Do not eat cherries with a nobleman, lest he throw the pits at your nose, is the form in which the Danes administer the same counsel; and the Germans say, *The egg presumes to know more of the matter than the chicken.*

LXXXI.

Travai pas mal; ce ziez que capons.

Work is not hard; 'tis the eyes that are capons (cowards).

People are often discouraged from undertaking the task which Providence has clearly assigned them in view of the magnitude of the aggregate result expected of them. They overlook the lesson taught them by their watches, which count aloud over thirty million times in a year by counting only sixty times in a minute. Hence the curtain of the future is always down. Had the loyal people of the United States, when Fort Sumter was fired upon in 1860, thought it would cost from three to four milliards of dollars and more than a million of lives to preserve the Union, it may be doubted whether the voice of the country would not have pronounced in favor of "letting the wayward sisters go." If Pope Julius II. had known that the erection of St. Peter's Church at Rome would result in the great Reformation, which in three centuries was destined to give the controlling military and civil power in Europe to the Protestants, that monument of ecclesiastical presumption would never have been reared, and the Reformation, with all its vital and vitalizing consequences, might have been indefinitely postponed. Pharaoh would scarcely have ordered the male children of his Hebrew subjects to be thrown into the Nile if he had supposed it was to lead to the overthrow of himself and of his army in the Red Sea. And when Moses invited his compatriots to fly with him to the land of Canaan, his following would have been small in numbers if before leaving Egypt they had suspected they were to wander forty years in the wilderness. Did we realize at the very commencement of our regeneration that we must end, as Christ did, upon the cross, deliver up to death all our carnal and selfish affections, it is to be feared there would be fewer Christians even than there are.

LXXXII.

Voyer chien, chien voyer la ché li.

Send dog, dog sends his tail.

Another branch of Dr. Franklin's aphorism that if you would have your business done, go; if not, send. Your agent will be apt to follow your example, and send.

LXXXIII.

Sac qui vide pas connait reté debout.

The empty bag can't stand up.

This is the hungry slave's reply when reproached for idleness.

The conversation of the African of the Antilles abounds also in aphoristic expressions, which need only a slight change in form to be proverbs. For example, if a man's conduct justifies the worst imputations of his enemies, they say:

LXXXIV.

Baîe lelemis laite poû bôèr la-sous tête ous.

He gives his enemies milk to drink on his head.

* The fewer the better around the cake.

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LXXXV.

If a man has a grudge against you, they say:

Nômme la tinî nion tit cochon ca nourrî poû ous.

That man has a pig feeding for you.

LXXXVI.

If a man turns a deaf ear to another

Li casser bois nans zoreîes li.

He broke wood in his ears.

LXXXVII.

To decline a controversy, they say:

Pas moèn câller haler piquant çalà épîs zôtes.

I will not pluck this thorn with you.

LXXXVIII.

Of one who brings his kindred to trouble they say:

Li metter d'l'eau nans ziez famîe li.

He put water in the eyes of his relations.

LXXXIX.

Conversing they call

Ce manger zoreîes.

To eat with the ears.

XC.

Qf those who are abusive to their children or servants, or to any specially obnoxious person, they say:

Yeaux doé lasses laver la mains la-sous zôtes.

They ought to be tired of washing their hands on others.

XCI.

To endure every privation and strain every nerve to achieve a result, they say:

Márer vente poû nion baggaie.

To gird up the belly for the work.

XCII.

To cheat a person unmercifully:

Entrer nans vente nion moune.

To get into a person's belly.

XCIII.

To accommodate one's self to the custom of the place:

Danser con tamboû ca batte.

To dance as the drum beats.

XCIV.

A man with two faces—treacherous:

Cé nion couteau phêmacie.

He is an apothecary's knife (which is two-edged).

XCV.

Of a man who can not keep a secret, but must bring it up and out, they say:

Cé nion gens qui tinî l'estomac froit.

He is a fellow with a cold stomach.

The proverbs of every nationality deserve to be studied scarcely less, perhaps, for what they do not contain than for what they do. This is especially true of the proverbs of Hayti. The reader will look in vain through this collection for any thing corresponding in spirit with the popular maxims of Poor Richard, by which labor is dignified and sweetened, poverty disinfected of meanness and vulgarity, and frugality raised to the level of a Christian grace. How can the slave be expected to find pleasure in toil the fruits of which go to another, or merit in frugality which neither increases nor diminishes his own comforts nor the comforts of any in whom he is interested? Industry, toil, thrift, economy, whether of property or time, can no more be commended to a slave than the east wind to a rheumatic.

It will be remarked also that there is not a proverb in this collection which reflects the slightest interest in the Church or in the forms and ceremonial of the Romish faith in which the Haytians are trained. ome indications of the old Vaudou worship, which they or their ancestors brought with them from Africa, and which, though proscribed by the law and the Church, is still cultivated more earnestly and more sincerely than any other, may be occasionally detected, but the Christian faith seems to have left no impression upon their forms of thought or expression.

Love, the fertile mother of proverbs in other and especially warm countries, has not, so far as I know, produced a single one in Hayti to rise up and call her blessed. The same is true of friendship, courage, firmness, and all those heroic qualities which have a sense of moral accountability for their basis. As might be expected from a race of bondmen, their proverbs reveal no consciousness of the power and pleasure of knowledge, of the glorifying uses of education, no interest whatever in art of any kind, nor, it grieves me to add, any interest in the domestic relations, with a single exception: the slave all the world over resents any indignity offered to his mother. In the father the slave naturally feels less interest; as little in brothers and sisters, in marriage, and in domestic life, the sacred charms of which have never been revealed to him.

How little they know of slavery to whom the word only suggests ideas of shabby attire, coarse food, hard labor, brutal punishments, and the manifold physical privations incident thereto! What are these to the direr privations to which the proverbs they do not use bear their unimpeachable, if silent, testimony—privations which starve the soul, dry up in the heart those fountains of affection and sentiment which make all men kin, and which plant in their place fear, hate, vindictiveness, and despair?

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BACK WINDOWS.

APRIL 12, 18—.—In utter *ennui* and desperation I have at last begun a diary. Did I ever believe that I could descend to such a missish expedient? But no one knows what he is capable of until he tries, and "the times that try men's souls" develop strange and unsuspected resources.

Is this one of the aforesaid "times?" Well, all things considered, I should rather say it is. Here am I, Philip Leigh, an utter stranger in the city, just about launching on a commercial career under the most favorable auspices, "eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field," and all the rest of it. That is what I was two weeks ago, and the first clause still holds good. What am I now? A bundle of aches, a thing of nerves and sensibilities. Bah! what is manhood worth if a slip on a bit of orange peel, a twist of the knee, can reduce one to such a pitiful level?

No use grumbling? No, my philosophic soul. Would that you always ruled this mortal frame! Unluckily, you don't. Human nature is weak, given to repinings, and much haunted by black spectres of gloom and *ennui*. What defenses have I against their too frequent incursions? Plenty of pens and paper: certainly, but to what use? I have no friends to whom I care to pour out my woes—which is lucky for the friends. Books? my library is certainly limited. I did not come here to lead a bookish life, and beyond a Bible, Shakspeare, and one or two other volumes, my shelves are bare.

Women never seem at a loss to dispose of their time. What do they do, I wonder? Sew, I suppose; but, alas! that panacea is denied me. Oh, my mother and my revered grandmother, why did you let me go out into the world thus unprovided for?

Well, if I am to write a diary, something must be written; that is clear. Shall I feel my mental pulse, and record its variations with tender solicitude? Hardly, I think, for I have a strong conviction that "that way madness lies," and what I am specially beginning this diary for is to avoid morbid inspections and imaginings.

What then? to journey round my room after the fashion of Lemaistre? Genius might extract something from the aspect of a bachelor's room, in the "three pair back" of a New York boarding-house, but I confess that it is quite beyond my abilities. It is all new and prim. I have had no time to fit myself to my nook, nor my nook to me.

Well, then, outside. Outside there are yards—city yards—and a row of houses with that wrong-side-out look peculiar to the backs of city houses. The fronts are brown stone, I know. Are the characters of the inhabitants as different in the front and rear, I wonder? Have they all back-doors, where the mean little higgling vices come and go, while the lordly virtues stalk grandly up and down the front steps? How much could one learn of one's neighbors' characters from these same literal back-doors, I wonder?

The house opposite looks rather more attractive, or less repulsive, than the rest. The scrap of a grass-plot is fresh and green, and the borders are brown with the rich tinge of newly raked mould. Two children are skirmishing about the yard with the futile howls to which boys of a tender age are so marvelously addicted.

"Etta!" calls one of them, in a shrill squeal.

A girl's head appears at the window above.

"My fish has come unburied!" plaintively wails the infant, who has been closely examining a spot of ground out of my range of sight.

"Etta" laughs.

"Bury it over again, then," she calls, in one of those sweet, low-pitched voices which, be they raised never so high, do not jar upon the nerves.

She lingers a moment, looking down at the child. Where is my opera-glass? Yes, as I thought, a pretty face, a very pretty face, fair and soft, with a flickering rose bloom on the rounded cheeks, and cloudy golden hair, waving rather low above dark, straight brows. The eyes are dark too, I think, and the mouth is firm and yet tender—a little haughty, perhaps, but the smile brings out a tiny dimple at each corner, and shows such white even teeth that you don't mind that. Not a perfect face at all, not even a beautiful one, but sweet and fresh and refined, with a look of purity and health, moral and physical, about it. The figure, as much as I can see of it, is light and firm—one of those figures which can not be other than graceful, let them do what they will.

A bell clangs in the house: luncheon, of course. "Etta" vanishes, and only a blank wall and empty staring windows are left for my inspection. Not interesting, decidedly not interesting: and up at home, among the New England hills, the willows are veiled in their soft green mist, and wave after wave of verdure is sweeping up the hill-sides day by day among the great granite boulders, grim and gray. Does the sun shine there, and does the foliage glimmer as it used, I wonder? And are the brown mountain streams dancing downward, with their whirling flakes of white foam, between the mossy rocks?

"God made the country," they say; but He must have had some little hand in the city too, I fancy—at least in the making of such creatures as that "Etta" over there.

April 20.—This "Etta" is becoming quite a fascinating study—fascinating because bewildering and perplexing. What is she?

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Has the girl two natures, or is the mystery only in me? I hope my brain is not giving way under pressure; but why does she do such provoking, unaccountable things? Not that any thing she does is remarkable in itself, now that I come to think of it, only her looks and acts and ways at different times contradict each other so strangely. After all, I believe the difference is in my own mind, and not in her. How else can it be that whereas at one time I feel such a strange attraction toward her, at another I feel an equally strange repulsion? No, repulsion is too strong a word; it is rather an absolute indifference, utterly devoid even of admiration. So strong has this feeling grown that the instant she appears I feel, "Now I shall like her," or, "Now I shall hate her," and the instinct never deceives.

Last night Etta went to a ball or something of the sort. At any rate, she came to the window gorgeous in some white shimmering stuff, with wreaths of pink heath (I think) trailing all over it. She stopped a moment to clasp a bracelet on her round white arm, and the subtle charm and attraction were stronger than ever.

A few minutes afterward I saw her in the parlor. The gas was turned up to its full height, and the windows were wide open. Apparently she was posing and practicing before the pier-glass. Nothing in that? Of course not. We all like women to be at their ease, and how can they be that if they are not sure of looking well, and how could they be sure of looking well if pier-glasses did not exist? But surely she need not have pranced and ambled as she did before that mirror, with sidewise sweepings of her train, with airy flutterings of her fan, with bridlings and mincings, perkings of chin and droopings of eyelids. I was glad when the carriage was announced and the house was left to darkness and silence.

April 27.—No chance of my being out and about for two weeks yet, so the doctor tells me. Perfect stillness under penalty of lameness for life. Wretched for a man in full health to be tied by the leg in this way! Once in a while I am tempted to give it all up and go out into life again. I am tired of fighting this incessant thirst to be in the midst of the stir and bustle, one of a mass of struggling atoms, and not a mere solitary, sluggish molecule, a sort of hermit-crab, sitting here "my lane" and fighting off *ennui*. But—lame for life? Well, it wouldn't be pleasant. The words gave me rather a shivery feeling as they dropped so glibly from the doctor's lips. To hobble through life a mere distorted wreck of a man? No, on the whole, I had better eat my heart out here a little longer than to gnaw it in vain for the rest of my life.

I wonder if I am becoming too much interested in that girl over there? Certainly I watch for her eagerly, and count the day blank when I have not seen her. Nonsense! It is only the utter lack of any excitement in my life which makes me think of her at all; and then the mystery about her or about my feelings toward her keeps up the interest. Only let me get out once in the great surging sea of New York and mix with other men, and then Etta may go—it would be ungrateful as well as impolite to suggest "Jericho" as her goal—she may go whither she will.

But suppose, just suppose, the feeling should *not* be shaken off? Well, it would be awkward, certainly. But that is out of the question. I am morbid and nervous now; but let me only regain my full strength once more, and all these dreams and imaginings will vanish like a morning mist.

The back-room in which Etta oftenest appears is not her bedroom, evidently. It seems to be a sewing-room, study, nursery—a sort of city of refuge for the odds and ends of household life. Sometimes I see her sitting at the window and sewing. Somehow I think I like her best then. Her little fingers fly in and out so deftly, with such dainty twists and turns, which dimple the knuckles and show the pretty wrists in a hundred new and graceful attitudes. I look at my great clumsy fingers, and laugh to myself to think how miserably I potter over a single button, and what a wretched botch it is when it is sewed on at last.

She is a busy bee, this Etta. I hardly ever see her unemployed. I never particularly admired energy or industry in women. It is apt to make them uneasy, and uncomfortable to deal with. Their energy is given to breaking out in unexpected directions, and their industry to running into new and startling channels. I think I like a woman to be rather slow and lazy and indifferent, content to sit quiet and do nothing but look pretty and talk gently and sensibly. This being the case, I wonder why I like Etta least when she is idle? Sometimes she comes into the room with a slow and stately sweep. Then I know at once that she will do nothing but stand at the window, or saunter about the room in a futile, purposeless way, and my interest instantly dries up and vanishes like dew in the sunshine.

I like to watch her with the children—her brothers, I suppose. They are romping, rollicking boys, hearty, sturdy little fellows, both of them, full of spirits and mischief. She is full of fun too, and can romp with them (in a lady-like way, of course; Etta could not do any thing unladylike, I think), and interest herself in their pursuits. Sometimes they hang about her while she tells them stories. I can tell that that is what she is doing by the motions of her lips and the lighting up of her face. Such a bright little face! It grows

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upon one strangely, until I am almost ready to swear that it is as classically beautiful as that of the Venus di Milo. I can hear the peals of laughter from the boys' lips, but if Etta laughs too, the sounds are too low to reach me.

The other day, though, she did something that puzzled me. It was not *my* Etta, but *the other* Etta, that did it, for I have learned to distinguish them thus in my own mind. She was reading in the window, dressed for the afternoon, evidently, in some sort of pale green stuff that brought out the rose bloom of her cheeks and the gold lights of her hair wonderfully. The book, by the cover, was a novel, and she was too deeply absorbed in it to stir when one of the boys crept up behind her. I could not see what he was doing, but I could see his face of sly, impish delight as he stood there after he had finished his work, apparently awaiting the catastrophe. It came in a minute. At a quick motion of Etta's head the whole torrent of golden hair came rippling and waving down. The breeze from the window sent it streaming far and wide, until she seemed enveloped in a halo of golden mist. The little wretch had slyly pulled out every hair-pin as he stood there, and now he clapped his hands and laughed aloud a hearty peal of boyish merriment. I saw Etta's face; the rose bloom was all drowned in one scarlet flush which extended from chin to forehead, a flush of rage which almost transformed her, and turning on the boy, she gave him one ringing box on the ear, and fled. The child burst into a howl of mingled pain and rage, of course. Well, he deserved it; he certainly did. It was very provoking, and she has beautiful hair; but I *wish* she had not done it. At least, if she must do it, I wish I had not seen her face. I wonder if I shall remember it when I see *my* Etta again? It is very odd how clear the distinction is in my mind, as clear as if there were really two of them, instead of one whimsical, capricious, changeable, inconsequent girl. What a safety-valve adjectives sometimes prove! Blessings on the man who first invented them!

May 7.—May-day is safely over. I have been haunted by a fear lest my opposite neighbors should be seized by the "flitting" mania which pervades New York at this season. It gave me rather a shock to realize what a blank life would be to me now without Etta to watch and speculate about. Of course it will not last, but just at present it is my only excitement, and I feel much the same sort of interest that one takes in a well-constructed novel, or a well-written and well-acted play. I don't in the least realize that Etta is a real flesh-and-blood woman. She is to me only an abstraction, a study, a puzzle, and I catch myself wondering, "How will it all come out? What did the author mean by this?" Perhaps if I really met her face to face, spoke to her, and heard her answer, it would all be different; but at present she is no more real to me than the Undines and Loreleis of the German fairy tales.

May 12.—My siege is nearly over at last. Dr. Petrie tells me that I may try the strength of my knee in a short walk with the aid of a stout cane. Thank Heaven! I don't think I quite realized before the terrible tedium and *ennui* of this long confinement. A new illustration of, "He tempers the wind," etc., I suppose. I wonder if the prisoner ever realizes all his misery until the order for his release is signed, and the prison doors swing outward to let in the bright sweet sights and sounds of nature to his weary eyes?

May 19.—I am progressing rapidly. My knee seems quite restored, though I have not yet discarded my "oaken staff." Somehow my interest in Etta does not diminish as I thought it would. While I am out I catch myself continually wondering, "What is she doing now? Is my Etta or the other Etta there?" And the first thing on my return is a rush to the window to see if I can catch a glimpse of her.

Philip, my boy, this won't do, you know. It was all very well while you had nothing else to think of, but it is quite time for you to shake off such whimsies now.

Tom Grant has been here. Tom is an old friend, a hare-brained fellow enough, but good and honest and true. We used to be great chums in the old days, and have never outgrown the liking. Tom is engaged, and the engagement is so new that the freshness has not yet worn off. He seems in a constant state of wonder over his good luck, and of course is as full of his raptures as a boy is of fire-works on the "Glorious Fourth." He raves about her hair (I just wish he could see Etta's!), her eyes, her smile, her complexion, her hand (no daintier than Etta's, I'll be sworn!), until I am sick of the whole subject, instead of being fired with the wildest curiosity, as he fondly imagines. He is going to take me to call on Miss Laura as soon as I feel strong enough. I don't think that will be very soon. If it were Etta, now!

May 24.—It *is* Etta! Here's a jolly go, as the London *gamins* say. Tom came here yesterday, bursting in with his usual free-and-easy manner. Of course his first words were an inquiry whether I would go with him this evening to see Miss Laura. While I hesitated and bungled over my excuse, he was striding about the room, examining things, until he reached the window, when he stopped short with a sudden, "By George!"

Then—well, one does feel rather dazed when his castle tumbles about his ears, even if he never realized before that he had a

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castle at all. I have a vague idea that I stood with my mouth wide open, gasping like a sick salmon, while Tom went on to explain that the house exactly in the rear was the one where Miss Laura Vane lived.

"You must have seen her at the window, my boy," Tom went on, in his liveliest manner. "Dark eyes and golden hair, you know. Of course you've seen her; and *isn't* she a stunner?"

Laura—Etta, Etta—Laura: what did it all mean? Tom went droning on, and I heard him through a sort of confused mist, only waking at his last words:

"So I'll come for you to-morrow night, and take you round there. You're to be my 'best man' when the wedding comes off, you know; but that won't be just yet."

Now the thing that puzzles me is which Etta shall I see when I go there. If it's the other Etta, all right. In the course of time I am quite sure that I can develop a brotherly indifference toward her, which will not in the least interfere with my friendship for Tom. If *my* Etta meets us, though—what then? Then time must decide, and "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," in all conscience, especially when it comes in such a shape as this.

May 26.—Eureka! The mystery is solved, and what a fool I have been never to think of it before! When Tom and I walked up the Vanes' steps and rang the bell, I confess that I quaked at heart. Which would it be, my Etta or the other Etta? In other words, when I met the actual flesh-and-blood woman, which set of feelings would gain the upper hand?

Miss Laura swept down, gorgeous in white and rose-color, and, as I bent low in acknowledgment of Tom's presentation, I felt, with a sensation of blessed relief, that I found in her not my Etta, but the other Etta. I had only a moment for my self-gratulations, though. A second time the parlor door swung wide, a second figure all in white and rose-color, with golden hair and soft dark eyes, glided into the room. While I stared aghast I felt with a sudden thrill that here at last was *my* Etta, her very self, no phantom, and, best of all, not Tom's Miss Laura, after all.

Tom burst out laughing at my amazement, only half comprehending it, of course. Laura laughed too, and Etta smiled a shy, sweet smile.

"They are twins, my boy," roared Tom. "I wouldn't tell you before, because I wanted to see your first look when you saw them. Did you ever see such a likeness? *I* can tell them apart, though, bless you!"

"I think I can distinguish them also," I replied, meekly.

Think! In spite of Tom's incredulity, didn't I *know*, didn't I feel in every fibre, that Etta was *my* Etta, and that Tom's Laura was the other Etta, and to me nothing and less than nothing?

I fancy there will not be many more entries in this diary of mine. It has been a good friend to me while I needed it, but the living Etta is sweeter and lovelier than the phantom Etta whom I have rashly dared to call mine.

November 12.—I shall not be Tom's best man after all, for our weddings are to take place on the same day. Etta has laughed, with tears in her dear eyes, over this old diary of mine, and insists upon my adding this last entry as a testimony to the virtues of back windows.

CAN WE SPEAK ENGLISH?

THERE is an appreciation of beauty which confines itself to works of the so-called fine arts. There is another more subtle appreciation which recognizes a beauty in completeness and perfection, even though these be found in the products of what is called mechanical skill. The last-mentioned rejoices in perfection for its own sake, and holds in a certain kind of reverence the creative power which has fashioned any exquisitely finished thing, even though in its nature and use it be not beautiful. But of this latter kind was the appreciation of the Greeks at their most glorious time of art, when Phidias wrought, and Pericles and Aspasia aided to inspire.

The Greek nation, so we are told, prized excellence in art and handiwork of every kind, so that "the best workman in the most humble craft might succeed in rendering his name immortal; and we are told that the Greeks were accustomed to pray the gods that their memories might never die. We know, even at this day, the name of an architect on the island of Samos, and of him who constructed the largest vessel there; also the name of a famous stone-cutter who excelled in working columns. The names of two weavers or embroiderers who wrought a mantle for the Pallas Polias at Athens are known; likewise the name of a maker of very correct balances or balance scales; the name is also preserved of the saddler, as we should call him, who made the leathern shield of Ajax; even a certain Peron, who prepared a fragrant ointment, was noticed in the works of different distinguished men. Plato himself has immortalized in his works Thearion, a baker, on account of his skill in his handicraft, as well as Sarambus, a clever innkeeper.....In the island of Naxos statues were erected to him who first wrought the Pentelic marble into tiles for the purpose of covering the roofs of buildings, and merely on account of this invention." So says one of the first authorities on Greek art.

But very little of this reverent recogni-

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tion of perfection in workmanship has descended to us, and we carry our want of it so far that we are always inclined, after the manner of exact logic, to assign to the useful and the beautiful two distinct places, and to make the gulf between them so deep and wide that there may be no crossing over. The inflexible "either—or" of the logicians divides all things into two groups, and there can be no middle ground of harmony and union between the two.

This is as true with regard to the language which we have used from our childhood as with other things. Most of us look upon our language as a means, and not as an end. We use it as such, and provided that by it we can obtain our food, clothing, and shelter—nay, even on a higher plane, provided that we can obtain and convey ideas by its help, we give no more thought to the instrument by which we gain our ends than we do to the locomotive that carries us from one city to another. In fact, I should say that we give less thought to it, for we build our locomotives with care as to proportion and symmetry; we ornament them with gay figures and polished copper till we make them in themselves satisfactory to the sense of sight. But we do not select and cut, fit and polish, our sentences and our words which we use day by day and hour by hour. It is a curious fact that while in England it is considered a necessity for an educated person to speak elegant English, the locomotives roll by us in plain black or green, and with no attempt at artistic effect; while here, where we lavish so much care and adornment on our locomotives, we are carelessly content to use the same language as a mere vehicle of physical or mental satisfaction, and not in itself capable of being a thing of beauty.

But our mention of locomotives does not set the matter in its proper light, for we extend our anxiety for finish and ornament to the smallest and most common articles of household use. The dust-pan into which the house-maid brushes the ashes from our grate, and the broom with which she does this, are deemed worthy of thoughtful ornamentation, though in a month's time they too shall follow the ashes to the dust-cart; while the language which we hold as one of our noblest heritages from all our long line of varied ancestors, and which seems destined by the inevitable march of events to take possession of the civilized world, is not deemed of sufficient importance to claim our attention either as to its present or its future.

In our daily conversation we disfigure it with all varieties of slang, masculine or feminine, as the case may be—one as bad as the other. We disregard its delicate shades of meaning, we do all we can to deprive it of all force by our careless use of its terms, we load it with provincialisms and foreign phrases, and then we scornfully turn our backs upon it as if it were an old worn-out servant who may have been of use to scrub our floors or sweep our barn-yards. We hire foreign nurses for our children, so that the first words they utter shall be either a French or German dialect, and we boast of the fact that these children talk only French or German, and "do not understand one word of English."

Esau sold his birthright, but he hardly considered it a good bargain. We are not so wise as he yet, for we have not yet reached the recognition of our terrible blunder by the mourning which showed that he was in reality not so foolish as he seemed. At present we are glorying in our mess of pottage.

For is this not literally all that we have as the result of our barter? I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of the German language, for we owe it too much to be so childish. Noble in thought, accurate in construction, musical in its flow, it opens up to its thorough student a mine of wealth which can not be equaled by any modern language, and our own owes its vitality and strength to the self-same stock. I would not be unjust to the French tongue, which masters so well the so-called exact sciences, and bends itself with so much smooth facility to every varying mood of thought or fancy.

But what German or what French do our children gain from the nurses and inexperienced teachers to whom they are confided in their first nine or ten years of life? At most they can learn but baby-talk, for that is all they are capable of receiving. It is in vain to supply words where ideas do not exist for which they are needed. And even in this what inaccuracies do we not have, what interpolations of English terms picked up from their companions! We might as well—as we do in too many cases—leave the child to be talked to by only an ignorant Irish girl, and then hope to hear her expressing herself in pure English. But meanwhile the child learns English, so called, for she does this in spite of all prohibitions and orders not to use the useless, the unclean thing. And what kind of English does she speak? It is unnecessary to answer the question, for we need only listen to the talk of the children around us, in our schools and in our families, to hear for ourselves.

Then, to add to the general trouble, I think I am not stating the case unfairly when I say that not one-tenth of those who have the responsibility of educating children exercise the least care as to what kind of books or papers their children are reading, while any one who will have the patience to look over their children's books in the libraries and on the booksellers'

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shelves will be convinced that the authors take little care as to their use of this noble English tongue.

By the time she is ten years old the girl has become practically convinced that the English is quite an inferior language, and her pronunciation becomes more and more careless, her words thoughtlessly selected, her sentences absurdly arranged, and the evil is almost past remedy when she is sent to school where "French is the language spoken."

Those of us who have heard the conversation of school-girls among themselves when they were under obligation to speak only in French do not need to be told what that language becomes in their hands.

Is there no school, of all the hundreds advertising in all our city papers, which has the courage to state as a recommendation, "English the language of this school?" Is there no one school which will make it its aim, first and last, as far as the form of language goes, to see that the English spoken in play hours and recitations shall be pure and correct; that only those text-books which can bear this test shall be used; that the reading recommended shall be selected with this view; that the poetry committed to memory shall always be the best? Is there no school whose pupils shall be recognized by their clear and distinct articulation, their accurate and easy pronunciation, their exact accent, and their skillful and beautiful use of the English language?

Let us answer fairly the question so admirably put by Mr. Hart in his recent work on German universities, "What is meant by *knowing a language?*" and recognize the truth of his statement that "the small-talk of the ordinary letter and the drawing-room is no better and no worse in one language than in another," and that "if French is worth learning at all—and this applies to German and every other language—it is worth learning, not as a 'beggarly account of empty boxes' with pretty gilt labels, but as a vast store-house of thought and culture."

In view of this statement—and who of us that thinks one moment will not accept it?—may we not seriously ask these questions:

How many of our girls and boys can be said even to know French, to know and understand that language as used by Racine, by Corneille, by Pascal, or Molière? and far more serious than this, how many of them know German, that is, the language of Herder and Lessing, of Goethe and Schiller?

Most serious of all, and most concerning us, how many of us know English, that is, how many of us understand or can speak it even fluently and correctly, not to say elegantly? How many of us know our own most noble language, to which so many languages have contributed—the language of Chaucer and Spenser, of Milton, of Bacon, of Shakspeare? How many of us can talk English?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE most interesting event of the Commencement season of this year was the poem read by Mr. Longfellow at the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his class at Bowdoin College. The poem was published in our last number, and was very generally copied by the daily papers, so that it has been universally read. It is the first occasion, we believe, upon which Mr. Longfellow has appeared on the platform. No man is more popular or beloved, but his temperament leads him to a purely literary communication with the world, so that this exceptional appearance had a significance which was peculiarly interesting. Of all his class he and Hawthorne are the most famous; and as Hawthorne is gone, the summons to distinguish the anniversary by his presence and spoken verse was commanding and irresistible. On the most beautiful of summer days, therefore, among the familiar scenes

"That once were mine and are no longer mine,"

the poet read the poem that is now so familiar, and so worthy of the tender grace and purity and refinement of his genius. Its tone is very pensive, but not unnaturally so for the time and the circumstances, and the strain swells toward the close with a grave sense of still remaining opportunity and surviving power. The graduate of fifty years ago does not assume the bounding hope and enthusiasm of the alumnus of this year, nor pretend that age is not the waning moon. But across the sober reminiscence of age, as over the darkening landscape of declining day, steals tranquil splendor:

"Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

The poem is, as was most appropriate, a direct personal address to old classmates and friends. It is not a disquisition upon a theme arbitrarily chosen, nor an oration in verse, but the free-flowing, musical, and mournful expression of the thoughts and feelings which are natural to such an occasion, with all its associations, and with the enlivenment of illustration and the friendly exhortation that become the place and are characteristic of the poet. The refinement that avoids all excess, the exquisite tact which knows what not to say, as well as to say what is fit with restrained moderation, the avoidance of personal

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allusion, of forced gayety, the simplicity and sincerity, the modesty and elegance, the sweet under-tone of human sadness, are all most characteristic of the poet and the man. The occasion will long be memorable in the history of Bowdoin, and be recalled hereafter, like that Commencement at Dartmouth more than thirty years ago, when Mr. Emerson made the unmatched address to the literary societies, concluding with the appeal to the graduates of the year, which, like the sun rising upon Memnon, must have touched many of their lives into celestial music.

If the poem of Mr. Longfellow was the most interesting of the Commencement events, there were at least two orations, also, that make this year's anniversaries significant—that of Dr. Woolsey at Cambridge, and that of Mr. Charles Francis Adams at Amherst. The Commencement season, indeed, gives our conspicuous men who do not chance to be in official position an admirable opportunity to speak of public tendencies and affairs, and in a manner to secure the most general attention. It is observable that such orators do not follow any conventional academic routine, do not enlarge merely upon the charms of elegant letters, and abstractly commend scholarship and scholars, but incline rather to discuss the responsibility of scholarship and the duty of educated men. The orations of Dr. Woolsey and Mr. Adams both lament a decline of honor and honesty in our political life, and consider the possible remedies and correctives. Dr. Woolsey remarks the fact, and finds the chief hope of improvement in the cultivation by every citizen of a higher sense of personal honor, which would naturally lead him not only to refuse his countenance to unworthy men and to questionable acts, but to vigorous denunciation of them. The Springfield *Republican*, however, in commenting with praise upon the address, says that the orator, in certain cases which the paper mentioned, had not followed very faithfully his own exhortation. And the New York *Nation* is of opinion that abstract praise of rectitude and careful looking after our own conduct will not be enough, but that we must add to these the most incessant and relentless exposure of the short-comings of our brethren, to the end that public life may be made too hot for them.

Mr. Adams, in his address at Amherst, found the prolific source of political corruption in the derangement of the original balance between the three branches of the government, produced by intrusting the executive to feeble hands, and the consequent absorption of a large part of its essential and vital powers by the legislative branch. The "patronage," instead of remaining in the constitutional hands of the Executive, has thus been parceled out among four or five hundred legislators with no permanent and general responsibility, and the whole welfare of the country has been subordinated to the selfish interests of as many local seats of corruption. Simultaneously with this decline of sensitiveness to the force of moral obligation in civil life, he finds a striking decline of true religious feeling, shown by the tendency on the one hand to skepticism, and on the other to ritualism. His remedy is the more careful training of young men for the press, which so profoundly affects public opinion, and for oratory, which would not only give us political leaders, but persuasive religious teachers. Two years ago, in his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, Mr. Adams made a similar plea for careful training in oratory. He spurns the idea that the orator is born. He insists that oratory no more comes by nature than reading and writing. One man may, indeed, have certain natural aptitudes of voice, of presence, of personal magnetism, which another may lack. Careful training would develop the first into a great orator, while if he relied upon his natural gifts alone, and the other, with less gifts, were subjected to the training, the last would prove to be the better orator. Mr. Adams goes at once to Demosthenes and Cicero to fortify his position. Demosthenes failed in his first effort, and Cicero, when he began, showed an essential ignorance of his art, which he instantly strove to correct, nor ventured to speak again until he had overcome the difficulty.

Mr. Adams guards his statement so carefully that it is not easy to be sure that his exact meaning is apprehended. He is very careful to say that by training he does not mean rhetoric and phrase-making, but a careful and comprehensive intellectual and moral education. Yet in speaking of the preacher he says that sound doctrine is not enough; "the means of making it acceptable to the hearer" must also be considered as indispensable. This, however, is technical rhetorical and elocutionary training, and of the result of this there will be always doubt. An orator must, of course, articulate clearly, and avoid unhandsome tricks of attitude and gesture; and for full effectiveness the structure and order of his sentences must be carefully considered. If this be all that is meant by oratorical training, there can not be two opinions of its value. But a large part of this is as necessary to the writer as to the speaker; and it is not clear that a master of elocution would have made Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, or Wendell Phillips a finer orator; while it is questionable whether the utmost elaboration of the oratorical culture of which Richard Henry Lee, William C. Preston, and Edward Everett were conspicuous illustrations could have made them other than they were. But, however this may be, Mr. Adams certainly does not exaggerate the importance of oratory in public life. If the English race has, as appears, a special genius for politics, it is plain that its great political leaders have always been orators. The three most eminent chiefs in England at this moment are Gladstone, Disraeli, and John Bright, each one of whom is a consummate orator; and the one thing that impedes the career of Lord Derby—son of "the Rupert of debate"—and a leader of conceded ability and experience, is the want of oratorical skill and power.

The addresses both of Dr. Woolsey and of Mr. Adams are appeals to the higher character and culture of the country to take part in public affairs, and the *Nation* makes the comment that we have quoted. Here, then, are three remedies suggested for the political immorality which is conceded to exist—one, that every citizen shall carefully cultivate a nicer sense of honor; another, that the colleges and higher seats of learning shall thoroughly equip scholars as editors and orators, not intellectually only, but morally; and

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a third, that the contest with corruption and immorality be made personal, so that, instead of commending and pursuing honesty in the abstract, public opinion should roast the dishonest public man by every form of social ostracism. To put the case most strongly, what is the use of a lecture upon the dangers of immoral politics from a man who signs a subscription for a statue to Tweed? What does Tweed or any man more or less of his kind care for denunciations of his conduct and character if he sees that those who denounce him accept his civilities, drink his wines, and treat him as if he were as good as any body else? The Easy Chair has seen one of the chiefs of the New York bar send his wine at a public table to one of the most notorious New York judges, and when remonstrance was made, the lawyer shrugged his shoulders with a smile and said, "The bar must keep in with the bench." Before the era of Tweed, the man who was most unpleasantly conspicuous in the politics of New York was Fernando Wood. He is rich, and a Representative in Congress, and his colleagues, with Senators of the United States and justices of the Supreme Court, attend his levees and break his bread. But those Senators and justices corrupt and demoralize politics and the national character even more surely than their host. Wendell Phillips was formerly severely censured for personal criticism and condemnation in his speeches. His reply was to the point. "If I denounce what seems to me moral cowardice in the abstract, every body yawns and agrees. If I say I mean Edward Everett, whom every body respects, and whose political example seems to me pernicious, every body may be shocked, but they fall to thinking."

This personal treatment of offenders requires courage. But how are we to extricate ourselves without it? If nobody is to be condemned because nobody is without sin, all moral safeguards are swept away. When Tweed was indicted as a criminal, and was actually sent to jail, a thousand tongues that had been tied were loosed. But his character and his acts were as well known when he was the lord of the Americus Club as they are now. They were as well known when the gifts were given at the wedding as they are now. And those who gave those gifts, those who shrugged and smiled and said, "Who will cast the first stone?" were, in a very obvious and direct sense, Tweed's accomplices. So if men who cheat or who are privy to cheating at elections, if men who use money illicitly for their cause because if they do not it will be illicitly used against them, if men who swindle the government, and take advantage of the "universal practice which every body follows" of making money by means of commissions and contracts, if men who lie and steal in politics are not treated like other perjurers and thieves, and sent to Coventry if they can not be sent to jail, if they are retained as members of clubs to which gentlemen only are supposed to belong, and if those who mean to be decent and honorable people eat their dinners and dance at their balls, it is certainly useless to praise virtue and integrity in the abstract, and to exhort young men graduating at college to cleave to honesty and purity as the talisman of success. Nothing is more evident than that rascality will flourish as long as rascals are treated like decent and respectable men; and those who are afraid of being called Pharisees if they refuse to recognize knaves as friends and companions are afraid to do their share in the outlawry of knavery.

THERE are many things in a suburban neighborhood to be deplored. You are, for instance, if not twelve miles from a lemon, yet inconveniently removed from shops and their supplies. If a friendly party runs out by rail or drops down by boat to dine or sup with you, you can not send around the corner and order in a feast. If you have walked a mile to a neighbor's, and a shower comes up, there is no hack to be summoned, nor any sidewalk to save your shoes from mud. The absence of lanterns, also, on dark nights exposes you to the chance of falling over slumbering cows, and you are taught by checkered and adverse experience the significance of that phrase of Lamb, "the sweet security of streets." Yet the misfortune of the suburban resident is that the remedy is apt to be worse than the disease. Nuisances or inconveniences are often to be removed only by a greater nuisance, and the head of a family finds that the home itself is more inviolate in the city than in the rural neighborhood of the city in which he has fondly planted it. The nuisance of nuisances in the suburbs is the fell hand of improvement, and the personage who is most to be feared by the peaceful suburban denizen is the enterprising speculator who blights a pleasant region of quiet homes and retiring country estates with "boulevards" and promenades and avenues, and whose aggressive generosity would make all his neighbors millionaires by converting their shaded lawns into corner lots.

It is apparently inconceivable to some minds that a country place, however modest, may be held as a home to be enjoyed, and not as a property to be put into market; and an excellent article in the New York *Times* recently showed how unavailing the wishes and efforts of the owners of such places may be to secure their own property against those who wish to seize it, ruin it, and compel the owners to pay for the devastation. The illustration mentioned in the article was the quaint, old-settled shore of Long Island opposite Staten Island, known as New Utrecht, Bath, and Gravesend. It was a peaceful, picturesque neighborhood, as every one knows who remembers it fifteen or twenty years ago; drowsy, perhaps, like the shore of Communipaw, higher up, on the other side of the bay, but none the less charming, and equally worthy the admiration of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and of all who would find a tranquil retreat, suburban yet overblown by the breath of the sea. If sometimes the "shakes" were known in those silent shades, they were surely better than snakes, and what shore of the bay of Manhattan is wholly free from them? The "Ring" of Brooklyn fell upon this unsuspecting neighborhood, and insisting that the spirit of the age and the necessary development of the island and the improvement of property and the facility of communication demanded "boulevards," or huge, broad, straight, bare, dusty, and dreary streets, made a job of the enterprise, pushed an act through the Legislature, vainly resisted by the inhabitants who were to be sacrificed, and so at vast expense the whole region has been ruined, the shady rural roads

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destroyed; blank and glaring deserts of streets have been laid out, hideous and repulsive to every body but a few fast-trotting rowdies and a few lager-beer saloons; the value of property has not advanced; a desirable population has been driven away, and the victims have been forced to foot the bills of their own ruin, and all to put money in the pockets of a knot of speculators who would gladly ravage the Central Park in the same manner had they a fair chance of success.

The Easy Chair knows two neighbors, living in a similar suburban neighborhood, whose homes are quiet and retired, and who have rejoiced to believe that they were safe and beyond the invader. Suddenly their names appeared at the head of a petition to the village authorities asking for a road striking through both their places. "Have you both gone mad, or are you both going away, so that you don't care what befalls your neighbors?" they were asked. And with rueful faces they answered, "We give a finger to save an arm. We ask for this road to prevent another that would be infinitely worse." The "improvement" will destroy the retirement of their places, and fatally injure them for the home purposes for which they are held, and yet they will be made to pay a large share of the cost. "Indeed," some improving voice exclaims, "and do you really argue that two sentimentalists who may have fortune enough to gratify all their selfish whims should be allowed to obstruct the opening of a great public highway for the convenience of the people? The two neighbors of whom you speak have horses and carriages, doubtless, and they can drive to the cars, or to the landing, or to any part of the neighborhood which they may wish to visit. And shall they make the honest laboring man go round? Shall they interfere with the easy communication of the people? Good Heaven, Sir, would you carry us, in this free and happy land, back to the condition of France under the old *régime*, and actually plead in an American village hall that monseigneur's comfort should take precedence of the convenience of the poor man?"

Are you there, old mole? There can be village Robespierres and Marats as well as village Hampdens. Demagogery is as easy in new America as in old France. Neither of the two neighbors would interpose the least obstacle to a needed public improvement. But every man who lives in a suburban neighborhood holds two relations to it, one common with other citizens, and the other individual. As a citizen, he is interested that the neighborhood be kept as attractive as possible; as an individual, that other people do not help themselves at his expense. The good people of New Utrecht and the Long Island shore probably found at a very early stage of the proceedings that they were rifled and devastated in the name of public improvement, and that public improvement meant the speculations of other people at their expense. They knew, as all suburban residents know, that a road is not necessarily an improvement, and that real estate in the country is not benefited merely because it is placed upon a dusty corner. The way to improve real estate in the suburbs is not to make them as much like the city as possible, but to keep them as unlike as practicable. Capital is attracted to pleasant places. A suburban neighborhood is charming in the degree that it is rural. Poor people and rich people equally prefer shaded and grassy roads to broad and naked avenues upon which the summer beats and over which the winter whirls. There is many a noble tree in the country, the beneficent friend of man and beast, a benediction to body and mind, which is cut down that a road may be made straight, which was an appreciable element in the value of all neighboring estates and in the attraction of the neighborhood.

The Easy Chair drove one summer day with a Frenchman, a gentleman of the Duchesse de Berri's court, through a pleasant country village not a hundred miles from New York. The day was soft and clear, the scene tranquil and delightful. "Ah," exclaimed the Frenchman, "now I see what I have always wished to see, and it is more beautiful than I supposed—a New England village." The street was broad, indeed; but it was not a blank, sandy "boulevard;" it was a road with broad margins of turf, lined with noble elms that made a magnificent far-stretching bower, a broad, lofty aisle of verdure, and on either side the houses were a little withdrawn from the street, each separate, and muffled in shrubs and vines, in roses and honeysuckles. But there was no want of convenience and "improvement." There were neat sidewalks and lanterns and proper drains. The railroad station was close at hand, and the telegraph office was in a pretty cottage. The charm of the whole was its rural character, which the good sense of the villagers had preserved and defended. They had held the city at bay except in such conveniences as they could fitly appropriate. They did not believe that rectangular and shadeless streets were profitable to their community, nor did they permit any speculative citizen to "improve" his own estate at the expense of his neighbors, nor any "ring," as upon unhappy Long Island, to lay waste the country as its greed should dictate. The village fathers, whether in the suburbs or farther away, who maintain so far as practicable the rural charm of their community, and resist the devices and designs of speculators in real estate, will find that their good sense is rewarded by the steadily growing fame and fortune of their charge. There are few more sorrowful sights than what the real estate speculator calls an "improved" neighborhood.

THE diocese of the Easy Chair is sometimes defined as that of manners and the minor morals. But no morals are properly minor, and manners are very closely related to morals. If the morals of a time are to be understood, it is well to observe its manners, and novels which are called pictures of manners are certainly studies of morals. *Tom Jones*, and all the Fielding and Smollet novels, as well as those of Richardson, which they succeeded, are stories of life and manners. And surely the historian of the eighteenth century in England repairs to them for glimpses of the morals of the time. It would be a very simple but a very effective rule for a young man, that to cherish good morals he should cultivate good manners. And manners, he must not forget, imply something conventional, something restrained and self-commanding. To be "natural" is a common aim and desire, but it is well to understand precisely what it is that we desire; and how many know what they mean when they

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say "natural?" It is easy to laugh at Sir Charles Grandison and the artificial manners of the "old school," but are the manners of Lovelace any more natural than those of Sir Charles? And if they are so, are natural manners so desirable? Mr. Mill, in his posthumous essays, makes some valuable remarks upon the general conception of "nature" and "natural," which deserve the most careful consideration. Nothing is more natural, let us hope, than modesty; but modesty forbids many things that are called natural.

Recent events have called public attention to the intimate relation of morals and manners. It may be said that there is no greater peril to morality than much that is called merely free and easy manners. Young men, and even young women, permit themselves a freedom and license of manner which, having all the aspect of impropriety, may very readily acquire its substance. Edward addresses Emily with a loud and jesting intimacy of tone and conduct, which might be expected in the sailor saloons of Water Street or Wapping, but which is repulsive and odious in the drawing-room or among refined and gentle persons. Edward and Emily would be amazed to be told that they have not the manners of a gentleman or of a lady, and have the air of the *demi-monde*. They think that they are especially *comme il faut*, and that above all others they know what is the rule of high society. But they are merely vulgar, and have the manners of those who are worse than merely vulgar. Coarseness can not be gilded into refinement. The young woman who habitually calls her young friends of the other sex by their Christian names, or who suffers any thing that can be called familiarity, although it fall short of actual indecorum, should reflect carefully. "Sir," said a lady to a policeman who took her elbow to pass her over the street, "if I wish you to touch me I will ask you." No woman of a high sense of personal dignity wishes any man to lay his hand upon her thoughtlessly or unnecessarily. Nor will such a woman permit any kind of rudeness in the tone or manner of men.

These are exceedingly simple and easy lessons in manners, but the times show that they are not yet fully learned. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. Resist the beginnings. They are old maxims of wisdom, and they apply themselves to manners as to business and politics. And as the Easy Chair is admitted as a friend to many a home circle, it will venture to change another proverb to the purpose, and remark that good manners begin at home, like charity. It should not be supposed that courtesy is altogether "natural." We can teach ourselves to think of others, and to spare them pain or inconvenience, as we can train ourselves to give them pleasure. It is done by the careful cultivation of the forms of courtesy, which are both means of gratifying others and barriers against their encroachment. Parents who teach their children habits of neatness and order and the exterior observances of good manners are sometimes thought to be making them artificial. But a gentleman is always more agreeable than a boor, and a lady, by manners, by forms, by artificial barriers, repels the libertine.

THE London *Saturday Review* says, in a late number, "Most people who go to America come back miserably dyspeptic." One would think that the *Saturday Review* came to America every week. Discussing the late famous trial in Brooklyn, it says that its revelations suggest doubts whether a system of "moral telegraphy" with this country would be useful to England, and it inveighs against the half dozen Americans involved in that trial as if they were the forty millions that make up the nation. The article is the more amusing as it proceeds from a paper in the land of the Tichborne trial, which suggests generalizations quite as damaging to England as those which the paper finds in the Brooklyn trial are to America. For more than a year the leading papers were full of the details of the story of the effort of a butcher boy to pass himself off as a baronet, and all England took sides. The lawyers spoke with exceeding plainness to each other. The judge browbeat the counsel for the butcher. Members of Parliament held meetings to aid him. A national subscription was started for his assistance. He was made the champion of the poor. The lamentable spectacle was offered of vast throngs of Englishmen, who hated titles and aristocrats and a nobility, frenzied with enthusiasm for a butcher who falsely claimed to be a baronet, and who, if not one of the class which his party abhorred, was a mere perjurer and swindler. The judge took part against the prisoner, and when the case was decided, his counsel, merely because he was his counsel, was elected to Parliament by a large constituency. In Parliament he denounced the courts of the country, while the Lord Chief Justice of England warmly defended himself at public dinners against the charge of conduct upon the trial unbecoming a judge. The words of the *Saturday Review*, in opening its article upon the Brooklyn trial, may be very fitly quoted in regard to that of Tichborne: "It may be safely assumed that there is only one country in the world in which such an amazing exhibition as that which has been presented in the trial of [Orton] at [London] could possibly occur."

The article then proceeds in a caustic strain about the defendant in Brooklyn, and sneers at the more disagreeable and painful aspects of the trial. For all that is most offensive in it the *Review* holds the country at large responsible. But even Sydney Smith would have protested if his bitterly contemptuous articles upon the Methodists—who were not a group of persons or a single church, but a vast community and important part of the English people—had been cited as an illustration of England and English life and conduct and influence. The *Saturday Review*, if it is competent to say any thing upon the subject, knows that the phenomenon is as exceptional in this country as it would be in its own, and that all it says had been already widely and more trenchantly said here. And there is one question which every humane and thoughtful person in both countries will ask, How many men—even the most famous and popular and beloved—could have their lives turned inside out, as it were, and the public not be astonished? In his article upon Daniel Webster, Mr. Parton was reproached for suggesting that he was sometimes flown with wine. Was that all that could be said of him? And had every thing been publicly blazoned as it was privately whispered, would he, who, upon the whole,

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was thought to be the greatest man of his time in America, have been held to be so great? What would happen if every thing were plainly told of Dr. Franklin, the good patriarchal uncle of his country, as Washington is the father? Is he great because we have not the valet's knowledge? Do we insist upon keeping the mountain remote in order that it may enchant us? How many biographies tell the truth, or show us the man as he was and as the biographer finds him to be? Or, again, the microscopic detail of every moment, of every word, of every deed, of every look; still more the malevolent interpretation, the suspicion, the insinuation, the crafty perversion—how many lives could bear these and still seem to be not only spotless, but irreproachable? In general we know only the large, salient, obvious points and aspects of the best-known men, as they are called, and might well be amazed at the results if we saw them exposed, for instance, to the stripping and the searching scrutiny of a court of law.

Yet, as great and conspicuous and long-extended hypocrisy and imposture are very unusual, as it is now understood that Mohammed, despite the histories for many a generation, was not an impostor nor Cromwell a hypocrite, and as Cagliostro was soon seen to be a knave, it is undoubtedly true that the dominant impression made by a man whose life is open to all men's eyes, who speaks, writes, acts, in the very focus of public observation, and especially if he be a man of a large, generous, expansive, and sympathetic nature, is the true impression of the man. Errors of judgment, lamentable weaknesses that had not been suspected, unanticipated credulities, when they are laid bare by the rigorous exposure of such a man's daily and hourly life, may amaze, may occasion regret, but they can not affect the great general impression which his personality has produced. If, indeed, a man who is indiscreet has been supposed to be of singularly sound judgment, if a man who is passionately impetuous has been thought to be especially cool and prudent, if one who is essentially a boy has been thought to be peculiarly a man, the sudden revelation of the truth will startle and sadden those whom it undeceives. But if he be a genial, generous, impulsive man, full of genius, of an exhaustless imagination, of magnetic power, he is not the less so because his sagacity is proved at fault, and because he has had more trust than insight. Those who have always seen that the mountain was an Alp, a hill of our common earth, and not a pillar of the sky, will, when the storm passes over, see that it stands, as of old, clear and defined in the sunlight, mingled of green woods and coarse herbage, of shady dell and bold pasture, the winds of heaven still singing through its far-stretching foliage, the hues of heaven as bright as ever in its mantling surface of flowers.

Editor's Literary Record.

TENNYSON'S *Queen Mary* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is not a mere poem—not a mere dramatic poem. It is a true historical drama, intended for the stage, and now in course of preparation in London for the boards. It belongs to the class of historical dramas which Shakspeare created, and of which he has furnished not only the model, but almost the only illustration. The drama is founded on the life of "Bloody Mary," begins with her coronation in 1553, and ends with her death in 1558. The whole story centres about her tragic-pathetic life; its single mystery is the mystery of her enigmatical character. The incidents are all historic—the rebellion of Wyatt, the death of Cranmer, the infidelity of King Philip; the characters are no less so—Princess Elizabeth, Cardinal Pole, Sir Nicholas Heath, Edward Courtenay, Lord Howard, Lord Chancellor Gardiner, etc. The subordinate characters, servants and peasants, are few and unimportant. Of unhistorical incidents we do not recall one. There is no underplot, no by-play. There is no innocent, happy, healthful love to set off the sorrowful, broken-hearted, morbid love of the Queen. Instead of this adventitious setting, which a less skillful hand would have employed, Tennyson puts Mary in contrast with Mary; and with an art which is quite original, and which is characteristic of his marvelous genius, alternately excites his reader's ire by Mary's cruelty, instigated by a superstitious and bigoted conscience, and his compassion by Mary's suffering, inflicted by a morbid and unrequited love for her unworthy husband. We recall in literature no parallel to this skillful employment of the divided life of a double nature to awaken the alternate pity and wrath of the reader or the audience. As a picture of the times, *Queen Mary* is as accurate and painstaking as a history. It could not be more so if it had been painted by a Macaulay or a Froude. As a study of character it is more just, and therefore more true, than the works of either of these masters. Queen Mary, the central character, is admirably delineated; the Princess Elizabeth, though occupying a subordinate position, is no less admirably conceived. The ready intolerance of Gardiner and the reluctant intolerance of Pole are set in striking contrast with each other, especially in one interview between them, which constitutes one of the finest scenes in the play. The enigma of Cranmer's noble nature, too tender and too yielding for the semi-barbaric age in which his life was cast, is portrayed in a manner which is equally admirable in a dramatic and a historical point of view. We should not dare to prophesy what measure of success may be expected to attend the production of this drama on the stage; but we should not expect the largest success for a work of art so high and pure. There is nothing sensational; the fire and blood are all behind the scenes. There is little of mere sentiment, though much of deep and earnest passion. Only the finest tragedienne could adequately conceive and portray the Queen, and every thing would depend upon the successful representation of her alternate bitterness of bigotry and bitterness of grief. There are some touches of humor in the volume, chiefly in the conversation of the citizens in Act

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I., Scene 1, and the discussion about "pwoaps" between Tib and Joan, in Act IV., Scene 3. The latter is, in dialect, every way worthy of the author of "The Northern Farmer." But in lieu of this humorous relief, the lack of which is the most considerable defect in the drama, there are furnished some very exquisite *morceaux*, especially in songs, one of which we quote. Mary, broken-hearted at her husband's indifference, borrows her attendant's lute, and sings:

"Hapless doom of woman, happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in loathing:
Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!

"Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken:
Low, my lute! Oh low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!"

The poet laureate has added a new laurel to his crown by *Queen Mary*, for he has demonstrated that the nineteenth century is not too materialistic nor too sensational to produce a true drama of the heart. And his well-chosen theme can hardly fail to add impulse to the movement against the incursion of Romanism, which Gladstone has interpreted, and in part even aided to create, by his remarkable pamphlets.

Dr. Henry Schliemann's *Troy and its Remains* (Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong) is invested with all the charms and characterized by all the defects which belong to enthusiastic genius. Dr. Schliemann began life as a shop-boy; tried the sea, and was discouraged by a storm and shipwreck; obtained in Amsterdam a position as small clerk at an annual salary of 800 francs (equal to $160), half of which he spent upon his studies; adopted, if he did not invent, a new method of learning languages, and made marvelous progress, and with but poor facilities. This method consisted in reading a great deal aloud without making a translation, and devoting one hour a day to writing under a teacher's supervision, and committing to memory the teacher's corrections; he thus learned in succession the English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese languages, and finally the Russian, in spite, as he assures us, of a very bad memory. The truthfulness, though not the honesty, of that assurance, however, we take leave to doubt. Meanwhile he had been promoted, and his income reached the more satisfactory sum of 2000 francs ($400). His knowledge of the Russian language led to further promotion, and he was sent to Russia as agent, and shortly after established a mercantile house on his own account in St. Petersburg. At length, when a moderate fortune gave him a little leisure, he took up Greek, for which he had possessed an intense appetite ever since the day when, at the age of ten, he had presented his father with a badly written Latin essay on the principal events of the Trojan war. In six weeks he had mastered the difficulties of modern Greek, and in three months had learned enough of the ancient Greek to read and re-read Homer with enthusiasm. We do not, however, recommend any juvenile student to assume that Dr. Schliemann's method of study will give him Dr. Schliemann's celerity in acquisition. In 1863 he retired from business to devote himself to the study of ancient life and literature, and not long after began personally the work of excavations at Hissarlik, which he believed, and, as the result proves, with good reason, to be the site of ancient Troy. His work began in 1870, but not until 1871 did he finally commit himself to it with the definite purpose of pushing it through to the accomplishment of definite results. The first entry in his diary is October, 1871; the last is June, 1873. During a part of this time he had in his employ as many as 160 workmen, and was using 88 wheel-barrows, 108 spades, and 103 pickaxes, all brought from England. Miasma threatened disease; falling débris produced frequent accidents; the Turkish government, equally unable to appreciate the value of such labors, or to permit other lands to reap any benefits from them, hampered and hindered him in innumerable ways. But neither these hinderances, nor those produced by the incompetence of his workmen, were able to dampen his ardor or that of his wife, who shared, and, by sharing, strengthened, the enthusiasm of her husband. It is impossible for us to trace the course of his work, or even adequately summarize its results. He has proved that Hissarlik is the site of ancient Troy, that the Iliad is a fiction founded on fact, and that the city, which Homer never saw, has been in Homer's description represented as much larger than the reality, by a pardonable poet's license. He has discovered in four successive layers of ruins the remains of four successive civilizations, and done something, by his uncovering of relics and inscriptions, to interpret their origin and character. He has cast serious discredit on the assumption of a certain class of scientists that the age of the prehistoric world can be traced in the gradual development of successive stone, copper, and iron ages, for he has shown that stone and copper implements are discoverable side by side, and even the copper overlaid by the implements of a later stone age. His large volume, published in Leipsic in 1874, contains 217 photographic plates and 4000 art representations of the more than 100,000 objects which he has brought to light. The present volume contains wood-cuts of 300 relics, lithographic plates representing 200 more, making 500 in all. They constitute a very satisfactory illustration of the results of his work, though by no means a complete survey of them. Dr. Philip Smith, the English editor, has added greatly to the value of the book by his notes; and the publishers have made it all that could be desired in the beauty of its illustrations and its typography. We have neither space nor inclination to enter into a critical analysis of the value of Dr. Schliemann's theories. These have given rise to heated discussions among the antiquarians, who must be left to adjudicate upon their value. It must suffice here to say, in a word, that the very enthusiasm which makes the author the foremost among explorers, unfits him for the office of judge or critic, but does not render his work any less entertaining, and perhaps not less truly valuable. His graphic account of his discovery of the remarkable group of Priam's Treasure is certainly not less entertaining, nor is the "find" itself less extraordinary or intrinsically valuable, because of his imaginative deduction, that "it is probable that some member of the family of King Priam hur-

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riedly packed the treasure into the chest, and carried it off without having had time to pull out the key; and that when he reached the wall the hand of an enemy or the fire overtook him, and he was obliged to abandon the chest, which was immediately covered to a height of from five to six feet with the red ashes and stones of the adjoining royal palace."

Sir HENRY SUMNER MAINE'S *Ancient Law* (Henry Holt and Co.) is an acknowledged classic in law literature, and almost the only work which traces law, in a philosophical rather than a practical and professional spirit, to its origins in early history. The present edition, from the fifth English edition, is enhanced in value by an admirable introduction from the pen of THEODORE W. DWIGHT, embodying a very excellent abstract of its contents, useful alike to the general reader, who may thus get a bird's-eye view of the whole subject before entering on its study in detail, and to the special student, whom it will greatly aid in fixing the results of the whole work in mind. The republication of this volume accompanies a new contribution to the same general theme from the same pen, *The Early History of Institutions* (Henry Holt and Co.). The particular theme which the author has undertaken to treat is not of itself promising, and in ordinary hands would be dry to the last degree. This is the early laws of Ireland. In 1596 the poet Spenser, writing of the state of Ireland, gave the English public what we believe was their first knowledge of the Brehon laws—a body of law which was reduced to writing as early as the tenth or eleventh century, and which as an unwritten code dates much farther back. Indeed, the Senchus Mor, or Great Book of the Ancient Law, claims in its preface to have been compiled during the life and under the personal influence of St. Patrick, but this claim our author disallows. This system of law derives its name from the Irish Brehons, who held, according to Sir Henry Maine, a position partly civil and partly religious in the ancient tribes, exercised functions analogous to those of the Druids in England, and retained their judicial and quasi-legislative authority after the Christianization of Ireland had deprived them of their priestly office. Whatever in the laws of the Brehons did not clash with the Word of God was confirmed, and remnants of their influence may be easily traced in the social condition and customs of Ireland to-day. In 1852 a commission was appointed by the English government to prepare these ancient laws for publication, and their presentation to the public has given to Sir Henry Maine the material for this volume. But his work is by no means a mere account of these curious laws. His mind is familiar with the whole subject of ancient law, and quickly recognizes the parallelisms and analogies in systems of thought, which in historic origin and external form are widely different. Thus his subject affords a text for a series of observations, striking, original, and generally, as it appears to us, sound and well sustained, on the nature of the genesis of national and institutional life, and particularly on the institutions of English-speaking peoples. A single illustration may suffice to give our readers some idea of the value of this work as a contribution to comparative law—his curious account of the ancient custom of "fasting upon a debtor," his comparison of it with the Hindoo custom of "sitting dharna," and his interpretation of the enigma. The custom consists in sitting at your debtor's door and starving yourself till he pays. It is a recognized method in India, and has been prohibited by the English code. The fact that the Brehon law recognizes the same singular method of collecting debts is one of the points which indicates in the institutions of the two countries a common origin in remote times, and therefore a community of race. Of course the question arises to a practical modern mind, What if the debtor lets the creditor starve? and Sir Henry Maine gives the very reasonable response that there was a general belief that some supernatural penalty would follow—a belief definitely expressed in India by the fact that the creditor generally employs a Brahmin to starve himself vicariously for his client. Such an isolated illustration may serve to indicate the interest with which Sir Henry Maine invests a subject which might be thought interesting only to the archæologist, but it can not give the reader a just idea of both the interest and the value which attach to his just and reasonable deductions, from a careful historical review, concerning the growth of law and of legal institutions from the rudest beginnings in the patriarchal household to their consummation in a modern state. It only remains to add that both volumes are sumptuous specimens of book-making, and in type and paper are a delight to the eye.

Professor J. E. CAIRNES'S *Character and Logical Method of Political Economy* (Harper and Brothers) is an admirable introduction to the study of that science. It is less a treatise on political economy than a definition of the science, and a defense of it as defined. There are two schools of extremists on this subject, whose errors Professor Cairnes points out, and whose misapprehension of the nature and functions of political economy must necessarily be removed from the mind of the student at the outset of his studies, or he will never escape from the perplexity in which they entangle him; indeed, the perplexity will only grow more hopeless the further his studies proceed. On the one hand is the conception of this branch of knowledge as an exact science. It is not only ranked with mathematics because its laws "deal with quantities and the relations of quantities," but mathematics are invoked to obtain conclusions which can be thus obtained only from mathematical premises, and in dealing with definite and calculable forces. The result is always practically unsatisfactory, because this conception ignores the fact that the operation of political and social laws depends upon human motives and choice and conduct, and that these, if not absolutely fluctuating and indeterminate, are always so far complex and incomprehensible that no one moral force—self-interest, for example—can be relied upon to operate with the same undeviating regularity as the law of gravitation, whose force is capable of exact mathematical expression. The contrary view, to which Mr. Ruskin has given forcible, not to say contemptuous, expression, is that political economy is no science and can be none, that there are no discoverable laws regulating political and sociological relations, nothing on which calculation can be based, because these depend upon incomprehensible and incalculable elements in the human soul. This error, the exact reverse of the

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other, assumes that each soul is a law unto itself, that its springs of action are wholly within itself, and that human nature is not, like every thing else which God has made, subject, even in its apparently wayward and erratic course, to divine fixed laws. Professor Cairnes points out the truth that political economy is a real but not an exact science; that it depends partly upon the absolute and well-defined laws which regulate material things, and partly upon the occult laws which regulate human passion; and that, accordingly, "an economic law expresses, not the order in which phenomena occur, but a tendency which they obey; that, therefore, when applied to external events, it is true only in the absence of disturbing causes, and consequently represents a hypothetical, not a positive, truth." These principles, which seem very obvious, and are certainly very simple, are also very fundamental, and their application constitutes a courteous though trenchant criticism on some high-sounding philosophies and theories, which, failing to recognize this necessary limitation of the science, carry the student into the gravest errors. The volume is not only admirable as an introduction to the study of political economy; its mastery would save some of our American politicians from blunders which would be amusing were they not nationally humiliating.

Five volumes of Centennial literature naturally find themselves in company on our table. Dr. R. S. STORRS'S address before the New York Historical Society, *The Early American History, and the Genesis of it* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), may be fairly regarded as an introduction to the Centennial. Dr. Storrs, who elsewhere gravely announces that he has no verbal memory, has one of the most marvelous memories for historical events and dates of any American scholar. He has a rare power of combining generalization with a happy specification of individual instances to illustrate and enforce his historical deductions. He runs rapidly over the history of the century out of which came forth the colonies which peopled America, and shows how our Revolutionary spirit and our later life find their genesis in the moral and intellectual life of the age which produced the printing-press, carried forward the Reformation, and almost created both modern science and modern art. His address is a capital prefatory review for that careful and detailed study of American history to which, we may assume, the American people will to a considerable extent devote themselves for the next few years.—In *Fears for Democracy* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) Mr. CHARLES INGERSOLL brings together from the records of the early constitutional debates a large number of expressed opinions from leaders of all classes in support of his assertion that our forefathers had relatively no faith in democracy, that is, in government of or by the people, and that they shaped American institutions to guard against the evils experienced by the Old World, without clearly recognizing or fully trusting in the masses as the source and fountain of political power. This democratic idea is one that has grown from the germ which they planted. "That great movement, while they are sleeping in their graves, is striding onward." He points out what he regards as the essential danger to democratic institutions, namely, a neglect of their political duties by the people, traces to that neglect the civil war, and points out how the present dangers are due to the same cause. Mr. Ingersoll's interpretations of history are not always just, but his essential principle, that democracy can be maintained only by a vigorous exercise of popular duties, as well as a watchful guardianship of popular rights, is not only an important truth, but is effectively enforced and illustrated.—The first volume of C. EDWARDS LESTER'S *Our First Hundred Years* (United States Publishing Company) traces the history of the United States from the discovery by Columbus down to the battle of New Orleans, January, 1815. We judge Volume II. will complete the work. It is a convenient book, both to present to the general reader a comprehensive view of our past history, and to enable the student to recall quickly a forgotten date or incident. Mr. Lester is a popular rather than a profound writer, but has evidently studied his theme with care; and in his estimate of critical periods and influential men (the Puritans, for example) exhibits a good judgment, while he wields a graphic pen.—*Public Men and Events* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is in the nature of a new contribution to American history. It is certainly something more than a skillful re-arrangement of materials already familiar to the public. The author, NATHAN SARGEANT, undertakes to trace the political history of the country from 1817 to 1853. During a part of that time he was connected with the press as a Washington correspondent; during a part of it he was successively Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, Register of the Treasury, and Commissioner of Customs. He is thus enabled not only to mix personal recollection and anecdote with public history, but also to write the latter with that peculiar vital power which nothing but a personal acquaintance is able to impart. He confesses to some prejudices as "an old-line Whig," but his consciousness of their existence has guarded him against their influence, and we are unable to see that they impair the value of his history. His estimate of General Jackson may be regarded as a test of his prejudices, and he must be a very zealous Jackson man indeed who will deny to it the merit of fair-mindedness.

We wish it were possible to entertain a rational and well-grounded hope that FRIEDERICK WIECK'S *Piano and Song* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.) will be at all likely to have as large a reading as it deserves. There are two classes of innocent sufferers in the community to whom the piano is an instrument of torture. One are the young ladies who are taught the instrument without being taught music, to whom it is a purely mechanical convenience for scales and other similar finger-exercises, which they can measurably understand, followed or accompanied by *études* which they can not understand. They finger away at the board with the idea, diligently cultivated, that the chief end of practice is, first, skillful finger gymnastics, and second, noise. The former is frequently attained to a degree marvelous to behold; the latter is achieved by the free use of the loud pedal, which converts the finest harmonies of Chopin or Beethoven to a discordant clangor. The second class of sufferers are the comparatively small number in society who have really learned to love music, and who are compelled to submit to its "ex-

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ecution," not only without a protest, but with smiling faces, happy if they can escape without applauding the desecration. Friederick Wieck is the father and teacher of the celebrated Clara Wieck, widow of the renowned Schumann, and his book is a manly and exceedingly entertaining protest against the pernicious habits of playing, practicing, and teaching, which, we judge from his pages, are as fashionable in Germany as here; for sins—musical sins like all other kinds—are peculiar to no nation. The essays are independent, as though they had been originally written for some papers or periodicals. Some are written in dialogue form, and are quite dramatic. The style is easy, the humor is trenchant, and the principles which Mr. Wieck would substitute for the principle of "tumble and bang" are very simple, and very simply stated. Any parent whose daughter is learning the piano, and who really wishes her to elicit music from it, will do well to give her this book and insist on her reading it, after which she may probably lend it to her music-teacher to advantage.

We group together a few of the more prominent and valuable out of a host of summer novels. *Playing the Mischief*, by J. W. De Forest (Harper and Brothers), is a satire on, rather than a picture of, Washington society. It is not a sequel, but is a natural successor, to *Honest John Vane*. Josephine Murray, a pretty young widow, goes to Washington to put through a claim; said claim consists of a demand for an indefinite sum, any where from $10,000 to $100,000, for a barn burned down in the war of 1812, which cost $1000 to build, and has already been once paid for. The story is the record of her adventures and experiences, and is simply a thread on which to hang some well-drawn caricature sketches of Washington notabilities and Washington social and political life. A vein of exaggeration runs through the book—indeed, it hardly claims to literal truthfulness. Even as a satire it would have been more effective if the brighter and better side of American politics had been employed to set off the vices and follies which the author wishes to portray. Occasionally his personifications are such as to trench on the questionably personal. No one will doubt who were the originals intended by Mr. Y. M. C. A. Smyler and Mr. Sykes Drummond. Those more familiar with Washington society than this Literary Recorder will probably find other unquestionable portraits in Mr. De Forest's gallery. There is plenty of humor in the book; and while its general tone is sharply satirical, and too continuously satirical for the best effect, the satire is not malicious, and certainly in the main not undeserved. The scalping is very neatly done, though the men whose scalps are so dextrously taken off may not enjoy the operation.—*Ecce Femina; or, The Woman Zoe* (G. W. Carleton and Co.), by Cuyler Pine, is a woman's protest against the unchristian treatment to which penitent woman, despite Christ's example and precept, is subjected by Christian society. The story is short and simple, the characters are few, the moral lesson well wrought out in the fiery wrath of the clergyman against his wife, and his tardy penitence and defense of her name. The authoress, a granddaughter of ex-Chancellor Jones, has moved in the society which she describes, and though she sometimes exaggerates, the truth underlies and gives significance to her satirical touches.—*Ward or Wife?* (Harper and Brothers) is a pretty little comedietta, with two characters. Excepting Miss Wilhelmina Goring and "Crabs" there is no one of any importance in the book, though, of course, some other characters have to be introduced, because these two can not go through life in solitude, much less play out their allotted drama alone. The ward is in love with her guardian, and the guardian is in love with his ward; but he will not tell his love, for he will not bind the young heart to his mature life, and, of course, she can not quite tell hers, though she comes as near doing so as propriety permits. At last all is made clear, the superfluous lover peacefully withdraws, and the curtain falls on the ward made wife. The story is very prettily told, and "Min" and "Crabs" are peculiarly attractive in their loves. The intermixing of so much French in the conversation is a defect.—Miss Thackeray has done nothing with her graceful pen more graceful than resetting the old songs to new music in her "Blue-beard's Keys" and her "Jack and the Bean-stalk." The first gives title to the volume, *Blue-beard's Keys, and other Stories* (Harper and Brothers). The melodrama of Blue-beard could not well be wrought out except on Italian soil, but even there the preservation by Barbi of the relics and reminders of his infidelity and cruelty in the old oaken chest, for no other purpose apparently than his self-torture, has in it a flavor of improbability that even Miss Thackeray's graphic pen can not counteract. But "Jack and the Bean-stalk" is as natural and pretty a story as one often meets. An English "Jack" might have won his harp just as Hans did his, and Sir George is a most natural British ogre. —*Eglantine* (Harper and Brothers) is a quiet story of English life. The scene is laid in a fishing village; the characters are out of the more ordinary course of well-traveled routes of fiction, and, if not strikingly original, are certainly fresh and unique. For interest the novel depends on those great events which are just as likely to happen in common as in remarkable lives—love, separation, sorrow. There are heart-throbs in the book which will find responses in every susceptible reader, but no thunder-bolts to strike awe or terror into the hearts of those whose sympathies have become deadened to the experiences which are common to humanity of all classes.—*The Lady Superior* (Harper and Brothers), by Eliza F. Pollard, is a tragedy possessing very considerable originality of construction. The scene opens in the midst of a fearful snow-storm in Wales. George Mordaunt returns home to die at his mother's feet. Before she has had time to fully comprehend the fact, or utter her forgiveness or seek his, he is dead, and she is charged with the care of the young life, "Brownie," whom he has protected against the cruel beatings of the storm by the ample folds of his cloak. Out of her experiences in search of her mother the strands of the story are woven together. The mother's life has been a pitiful one—a weaker nature crushed and cruelly ill-used by a stronger. Such unnatural torturers as Madame De Pas doubtless there are; but as certainly they are unnatural, though Miss Pollard has wrought successfully in making the cruel, vengeful woman seem not impossible. The mother is found at last, and though death has

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given her tardy succor from her woes, her good name is retrieved from the shadow of a base suspicion which through all the years has overhung it.—As a story JEAN INGELOW's *Fated to be Free* (Roberts Brothers) is seriously defective. It lacks movement and incident, and fails to grasp the mind or to keep an aroused and alert interest. The authoress, indeed, in her preface to the American edition, declares that she has "not aimed at producing a work of art at all, but a piece of nature." The interest of her book depends on her descriptions, which are vivid, her characters, who place duty before pleasure, and are ennobling, if not altogether delightful, companions, and on the bits of poetry and morality of which she makes her very simple narrative the vehicle. The book is, in a true sense, a religious novel, but its religion is one less of sentiment or strong feeling than of every-day practical working duty.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—During the month of June three new asteroids have been discovered—Nos. 144 and 145, on the 4th, by Peters, at Clinton, and No. 146, on the 8th, by Borelly, at Marseilles.

American astronomers have to mourn the very sudden death, on the 11th of June, of Professor Joseph Winlock, director of Harvard College Observatory. It will be difficult to fill his place.

Numerous communications have appeared from the astronomers of England in reference to the details of the observations made during the recent transit of Venus. They appear at present to be chiefly occupied in determining the reliability of the observations recorded by means of photography.

Colonel Tennant communicates what he considers an acceptable determination of the diameter of Venus as measured by means of what is known as Airy's double-image micrometer. He has obtained, as he thinks, a decided indication of the elliptic form of the disk of the planet, the compression of the shorter diameter with reference to the larger being at least the $\frac{1}{239}$ part. The mean diameter given by Tennant is very nearly a mean between the results of the five principal previous determinations.

Professor Gyldèn has published a catalogue of right ascensions of stars, which have been obtained by him with the utmost possible accuracy for use in the reduction of his observations at Stockholm. He considers the positions published a few years ago by Professor Newcomb to be sensibly larger than they should be, and even finds room for criticism of the absolute right ascensions published by the Pulkova Observatory.

Professor Smythe, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, calls attention to the large and variable proper motion of the star 793 in the British Association catalogue, in reference to which star Mr. Duncan, of the Royal Observatory, remarks that the thorough examination of observations made at Greenwich of No. 793 shows that its proper motion is certainly large, and that it is important to continue observations of this star. It is, therefore, again to be observed regularly at Greenwich, in order to confirm Professor Smythe's suggestion as to the variability of its motion.

Mr. Wilson, of the Temple Observatory, at Rugby, having examined the observations of the double star *Eta Coronæ*, states that the recent measurements show a systematic divergence from the orbit predicted in 1856 by Winnecke in his inaugural dissertation. The discordance amounts at present to eleven degrees in the position angle. The distance between the two stars is very nearly one second of arc. If, relying only upon modern observations, we attempt to trace the orbit backward, and predict the position of the star in 1781, when observed by Sir William Herschel, the discordances appear quite within the limits of the accuracy of Herschel's observations; but the hypothesis that best suits all known observations is that there exists at each successive revolution of the stars some shortening of the period.

The great number of remarkably accurate observations of double stars that have been made by Otto Struve must, when fully published, contribute greatly to our knowledge of the relative movements of binary stars. For some years past Struve has from time to time given the results of his investigations into the movements of some of the more interesting stars. The latest communication on the subject from him relates to the star 42, *Comæ Berenices*. This double star was discovered by the elder Struve in 1826, but appeared single in 1833, since which year it has been observed as regularly as possible every year by either William or Otto Struve, and has during the last forty years three times repeated the rare phenomenon of the occultation of one star by the other. The plane of the orbit described by these two stars coincides so nearly with the line joining them to the sun that we have no trace of a sensible inclination between the two. Owing to this circumstance it is that each star appears in the course of its orbital revolution to successively eclipse and be eclipsed by the other; and when in other parts of its orbit, with a powerful telescope, the stars can be seen distinctly separate, their position angle has remained sensibly constant for fifty years. The two stars are so very nearly of the same brightness that a certain ambiguity is introduced into the observations, such that the period of revolution might be supposed to be either about thirteen or about twenty-five years; but this uncertainty has been removed by the recent observations of Otto Struve, according to whose measurements, as computed by his assistant, Dubiago, the most probable period of revolution is 25.7 years. The major axis of the orbit of the ellipse described by the double stars is 0.66 of a second of arc. The observations made by the Struves during fifty years differ from the places, as predicted according to Otto Struve's computations, on an average only one-thirtieth part of a second. These computations also agree very satisfactorily with the observations made by Dawes and by Secchi. In observing very close double stars—which, in fact, appear not distinctly separated, but give only a

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slight irregularity or elongation on one side of the main star—a source of error exists which is distinctly explained by Struve, and to which the attention should be called both of observers and of telescope-makers. A very small error, he says, in the centring of the object-glass, so small that its existence would hardly be suspected with single stars, can on such an occasion considerably modify our judgment as to the real direction in which the image is elongated. In reference to the double star 42, *Comæ*, it is a remarkable fact that Struve's computations rest entirely upon measured distances, whereas until now distances have been generally considered too unreliable to be used, as compared with measurements of position angle.

Professor Kirkwood calls attention to the fact that certain observations of meteoric showers support the conclusion that besides the shower that occurs on the 12th of November, ordinarily known as the Leonids, another cluster of meteors has been observed on the 14th of November, which is probably a small fragment of the principal group, belonging, in fact, originally to them, and separated from them within historical times, in consequence of considerable perturbations, either by Uranus or the earth.

The Melbourne Observatory has published the first Melbourne general catalogue of stars, prepared from materials printed in the first four volumes of the Melbourne observations. The remarkable star *Epsilon Indi*, according to this catalogue, has a proper motion of 4.58 seconds of arc of a great circle, rendering it thus a most attractive object for an investigation of annual parallax.

Bruhns has published some additional studies into the supposed identity of the comet observed by Pogson at Madras on December 3 and 4, 1872, with the fragments of Biela's comet, and the shooting-stars observed on the night of November 27. He concludes that the object observed by Pogson "had no relation to Biela's comet nor to the meteoric display, notwithstanding the singular fact that it was discovered by Pogson in consequence of the telegram sent to him by Klinkerfues, which was grounded on the opposite opinion."

At the regular annual visitation of the Greenwich Observatory, Sir George B. Airy, in his report of work done during the past year, and the condition of the institution, states that during the past year Mr. Glaisher has resigned the care of the meteorological department, and that in his own opinion the subject of meteorology, which has been followed for many years, is scarcely connected with the two great duties of the observatory—viz., astronomy and navigation—and, indeed, hardly deserves the name of a science (!), although it is in great popular request. He finds that the mechanical self-registration of some meteorological phenomena, as introduced by himself shortly after his assumption of the directorship of the observatory, has increased the annual expenses of the observatory in a much lower proportion than the work done. In reference to the future, he is inclined to propose that the observatory should abandon meteorology, photoheliography, and spectroscopy, not as unimportant in themselves, but as being less intimately connected with the fundamental objects of the Greenwich Observatory. On the other hand, he desires to see the system of time signals extended, but would not hamper the necessary labors of the institution in reference to geography by the imposition upon it of even the least of what is now known as physical astronomy.

At a late sitting of the council of the Paris Observatory resolutions were passed regarding some researches which will be probably soon begun relating to the observations of intramercurial planets, as also the determination of the velocity of light. The intramercurial planets will be observed photographically when crossing the disk of the sun. These researches will be commenced as soon as the great Arago refracting telescope is fitted up for photographic purposes.

Dr. Fuhg contributes a short note on the dimensions of the sun. According to his investigations, based upon the observations made at Greenwich, there is no trace whatever of any periodical change, the difference between the greatest and least diameters of the sun being less than one second, and probably entirely explicable as due to the peculiarities of the various instruments that have been used, and the numerous observers employed during the past fifty years.

Galle announces that, by including in his computation of the solar parallax those observations of the planet Flora that he had in his previous memoir been unable to use, he arrives at the definitive value of the solar parallax, viz., 8.873, as based on the observations made in 1873. This result is almost precisely midway between the figures given by Cornu (8.878) and by Leverrier (8.866). He recommends that the planet Eurydice be observed for similar purposes during September and October, 1875.

It is announced that the maps of the stars of the southern hemisphere to illustrate the great catalogue compiled by Dr. Gould will soon be published, under the title of *Urano-Metria Argentina*.

Mr. Marth calls the attention of possessors of large telescopes to the fact that about the middle of August next there will be a conjunction of Saturn's satellite Japetus with the ring and ball of the planet. He is anxious that observations of this conjunction shall be made, in order to afford data for the improvement of the theory of the satellites of Saturn.

The photometer invented by Christie, and described by him over a year ago to the Astronomical Society of London, has been diligently employed by him in actual observations. He states that the probable error of the results amounts to only the twentieth part of a stellar magnitude, but that it varies for stars of different colors. A feeble red star is, according to him, more easily distinguished than a feeble blue star.

The problem of the movements of three or more bodies, such as the planets, under the influence only of the law of universal gravitation has always presented in its most general form difficulties so great as to prevent its complete solution by any mathematical process that has hitherto been devised. To the elucidation of this subject Mr. Veltmann contributes an ingenious essay, in which, by the application of the laws of determinants, he is able in a simple manner to arrive at interesting formulæ.

The earthquakes during the month have been unusually numerous and violent. Very severe

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ones are reported in Asia Minor on the 3d and 11th of May, and later in the month at the Loyal Islands, in the Pacific Ocean.

A slight shock of earthquake was experienced, June 18, in the southwestern part of Ohio and eastern portions of Indiana. Many house walls were cracked, chimneys overturned, and goods on shelves in stores thrown to the floor.

Further accounts concerning the destruction on the 18th of May of the city of Cucuta, Colombia, South America, show that this earthquake was one of the most destructive on record. At least 5000 lives were lost, and property to an immense value destroyed.

In *Physics* the usual record of progress is to be noted. Carl has devised a simple apparatus for showing lateral pressure in liquids. It consists of a cylinder to hold the liquid, hung at its top upon a knife edge, and having a lateral opening near the bottom which can be closed at pleasure. An index attached at top moves over a graduated scale as the cylinder varies from perpendicularity. The condition of equilibrium is regulated by one superior and two lateral balls. If now the cylinder be filled with water, it remains perpendicular; but on opening the orifice at the bottom the water pressure is relieved on that side, and the cylinder swings in the opposite direction. The apparatus may be made to show also the change in the form of the parabola as the height of the water column decreases.

Boisbaudran has shown that a remarkable inequality of action is exerted by a given supersaturated solution upon different isomorphous bodies. A perfectly regular crystal of potassiochrome alum, placed in a slightly supersaturated solution of ammonio-alumina alum—which had been rendered basic, so as to crystallize in cubes—was soon covered with a white octohedric envelope showing cubic facets. After a longer time the cubic facets had increased considerably, but the distances between opposite solid angles of the octohedron remained unaltered. Hence the author concludes that the solution must have been supersaturated relatively to the octohedral faces of the ammonio-alumina alum, but not relatively to the cubic faces of the same alum. In general it appears that in the phenomena of solution and crystallization the molecular volume, the density, the relative arrangement of the similar or dissimilar atoms in the molecule, and all other causes of dissimilarity possess their special influences. Indeed, it may be said that two bodies not absolutely identical never exhibit strictly the same physical or chemical reactions, however closely they may in certain particulars resemble each other.

Schuller has contrived an apparatus by which Lissajous's figures may be readily produced on the screen. It consists of two pendulums, adjustable by sliding weights, carrying mirrors, each movable on a horizontal axis, at their upper ends. The planes of vibration may be parallel or perpendicular, at will. The same physicist has devised a modification of the common form of this experiment with tuning-forks. Instead of having a mirror on the extremity of a prong of each fork, he places the two forks with their four prongs in the same plane, one of the forks being vertical, and four or five inches in advance of the other, which is horizontal. The lower prong of the horizontal fork carries a screen with a small hole in it. The second fork carries on one of its prongs a small lens of short focus. The small opening in the screen is strongly illuminated by sunlight concentrated on it by a lens; an image of this is formed on a distant screen by means of the lens on the second fork. When the first fork is vibrating, a vertical line of light will appear; when the second is in motion, the line will be horizontal; when both are in action, the Lissajous curve corresponding to their rate will be given. The figures are much larger made in this way.

Neyreneuf has shown very beautifully the oscillatory or vibratory character of the detonation of a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases. In a tube the result may be shown in two ways: either by making the tube perfectly dry inside, in which case the watery vapor produced by the combustion condenses preferably on the cooler parts of the tube, leaving those parts transparent which the vibrating flame has heated; or by coating the tube interiorly with a thin layer of paraffin, when the melting of this substance shows the heated portions. In these experiments it is necessary to graduate the rapidity of the combustion to the size of the tube. With a test-glass an inch and a quarter in diameter and eight inches long, well dried, and filled with a mixture of equal volumes of hydrogen and air, the striæ represented fern leaves. With tubes of less diameter, the effects are more regular, especially if during the detonation there is a musical sound produced. Fine striæ are then observed perpendicular to the axis of the tube. If the tube is very long, there is no musical sound produced, but the rings are widely separated and very sharp.

Berthelot has published another important research in thermo-chemistry, in which he has studied the thermal changes produced when acids or alkalies are dissolved in water, with the expectation of solving the question of hydratation. He has also given a description in a subsequent memoir of the various pieces of apparatus which he has employed in his calorimetrical experiments. These are, a helicoidal agitator for mixing the water of the calorimeter, an *écraseur* for crushing salts and other solids in liquids, a distilling apparatus, with worm and receiver, for effecting reactions out of contact with water, an apparatus for measuring the heat of solution at elevated temperatures, a closed apparatus for the reaction of nitrogen dioxide on oxygen, and an apparatus for decomposing ammonium nitrite by heat.

Mascart has made some very delicate experiments on the effect of the translatory motion of the earth on the refrangibility of light, in continuation of those made by Arago, and with reference to Fresnel's theory. His apparatus was arranged under-ground, so as to be free from diurnal thermal changes. The collimator was turned to the west, so that at mid-day and at midnight the rays entering it would be moving, the one with the earth in direction, the other opposed to it. A very numerous series of observations showed that the change of deviation thus produced is entirely inappreciable, and this with a perfection of methods which would detect a twentieth part of that which Fresnel's formula supposes. Indeed, in using mixed films, for example, Mascart shows that the length of the ap-

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parent paths of the interfering rays is not changed by this condition by one two-hundred-thousandth part, that in observing Newton's rings it is not one four-hundred-thousandth, and that in the fringes produced by double refraction there is not produced by the movement of the earth a change in the path of the two rays of one-millionth part.

Gariel has described some simple apparatus for explaining by construction the elementary laws and formulas of optics.

Williams has made a photometric investigation into the intensity of twilight when the sun is at various distances below the horizon. The percentage of error in the instrument employed was about three. The results of the photometer readings were reduced to the light given by a standard candle as unity, when burning at a distance of one meter from the disk. By a graphical construction of the actual results a curve was obtained, and a table deduced which gives the percentage of light, compared with that at sunset as unity, for any number of minutes after sunset up to 34. At 1 minute it is 0.95, at 10 minutes 0.290, at 20 minutes 0.064, at 30 minutes 0.009, and at 34 minutes it is 0.004.

Crosby, also in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has made some photometric determinations of the light of the sky at different distances from the sun, adjusting the mirror and lens which were employed so that the sun's image would fall on the disk, and then measuring the intensity of the light at regular intervals thereafter. In some cases this method was reversed. The results represented graphically show a logarithmic curve, when the intensities are taken as ordinates and the natural sines of the sun's angular distance as abscissæ. The author calls attention to the meteorological importance of his results.

Pickering and Strange have investigated photometrically the amount of light absorbed by the sun's atmosphere. By means of a *porte lumière* carrying a black mirror and lens, an image of the sun 40 cm. in diameter was thrown on a screen 230 cm. from the aperture. A circular hole was cut in the screen, and behind this the photometer disk was placed. By moving the mirror any portion of the sun's image could be thrown on the photometer, and its light measured. The results are thus given: The probable error does not exceed one per cent., except close to the edge. The light at the edge is about 0.4 that at the centre. The variations in brightness are nearly those which would be produced by a homogeneous atmosphere whose height is equal to the sun's radius, and its opacity such that only twenty-six per cent. of the light is transmitted. There appears to be a slightly different distribution of the light along the polar from that along the equatorial diameter. If the sun's atmosphere were removed, the brightness of the sun's disk would be uniform and 3.83 times that of the centre of the disk at present. Moreover, the total amount of light would be increased 4.64 times.

Descloizeaux has published an elaborate paper on the doubly refractive properties of the triclinic feldspars, albite, oligoclase, labradorite, and anorthite, in which he shows that, though so difficult of exact determination by present physical or chemical means, these feldspars may very readily be distinguished from each other by their optical characters.

Daguenet has proposed a simple apparatus for showing the phenomena of the spark in rarefied air. A barometer tube a meter in length has a wire of platinum sealed in at one end, and is then filled and inverted in the usual way. On connecting one electrode of an induction coil with the platinum wire and the other with the mercury, the space above the column is filled with a whitish light. By introducing air and plunging the tube in a deep cistern the spark may be observed at various pressures, and by introducing various other gases and liquids many beautiful effects may be produced.

Thalen, the Swedish physicist, has written a paper on some experiments which he has made in order to ascertain the location, depth, and magnitude of mines of iron by means of magnetic measurements. By means of careful observations, isodynamic lines are constructed. Then the line which joins the two points of maximum and minimum deviation, or the magnetic meridian of the mine, gives the general direction of the ore bed. The intersection of this line with the neutral line indicates the point where it is most desirable to begin mining. Finally, the distance of this latter point from the point on the magnetic meridian of the mine where the deviation is a minimum is one-half the distance of the centre of the mass of ore below the soil.

Pickering and Strange have given the results of their measurements on one of Farmer's large dynamo-electric machines. With a speed of 1280 revolutions per minute, a light of from 650 to 900 candle powers was obtained.

Jacques, working in Professor Pickering's laboratory, has made some experiments in answer to Jamin's criticism of Ampère's theory of magnets, in which he shows not only that Jamin's experiments are not themselves fairly capable of such an interpretation, but also that, rightly interpreted, they actually sustain the theory of Ampère.

In *General Chemistry* Nilson has made a series of experiments on the salts (particularly the selenites) of the rarer earths, with a view to determine the equivalence of the contained elements. He concludes that glucinum has an equivalence of two, and belongs to the magnesium group, while yttrium, erbium, cerium, lanthanum, and didymium have an equivalence of four, like aluminum, iron, chromium, and indium, their double atoms, also, like the latter, having an equivalence of six.

Laspeyres has proposed a more perfect apparatus for the direct estimation of water in minerals, etc., consisting of a series of calcium chloride tubes, through which a current of dry air is passed, in which the substance is heated. The chloride of calcium used is dried at 150° to 200° C.

Schnetzler has investigated the action of borax upon fermentation and putrefaction, following out some experiments made by Dumas. He finds that borax acts promptly upon the protoplasm within living vegetable cells, causing it to contract, to separate from the cell walls, and to condense. All movement is at once stopped within the cell, and the chlorophyll grains are changed in form. The cells of yeast, of mould, etc., lose their vitality in a solution of borax. Infusoria, rotifers, entomostracans, tadpoles, are

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killed in such a solution. In the infusoria the contraction of the sarcode can be distinctly seen. Grapes and currants are perfectly preserved by borax; milk containing one grain of borax in thirty cubic centimeters remained sweet for three months; and beef was preserved for a year and a half in a concentrated solution, which was renewed three times, without the least odor of decomposition. Borax is, therefore, strongly recommended for the preservation of anatomical preparations and for dressing wounds.

Schutzenberger and Bourgeois have sought to throw some light upon the production in plants of the so-called carbo-hydrates by an investigation of the products resulting from the solution of white cast iron (in which the carbon is combined) when conducted at ordinary temperatures. They find that the residue obtained on treating 100 grains of this iron with a cold solution of copper sulphate is, after removal of the copper, a brownish-black pulverulent substance weighing 7.135 grains, and consisting of carbon, 64 per cent.; water, 26.10; silica, 7.1; undetermined, 1.8. It appears to be a hydrate of carbon, having three molecules of water united to eleven atoms of carbon. Nitric acid oxidizes it to a reddish-brown amorphous substance, which the authors call nitrographitoic acid.

Scheurer-Kestner has observed that the white fumes accompanying the sulphurous oxide which is produced by the combustion of iron pyrite are caused by the presence of sulphuric oxide, and that the sulphuric oxide is produced by the oxidation of the sulphurous oxide by air in presence of ferric oxide at a high temperature.

Vierordt has suggested the use of his quantitative spectrum analysis method in volumetric assay, and gives experiments which show its very great advantages.

Carey Lea has published a paper upon the influence exerted by color in changing the sensitiveness of substances to light. He finds, for example, that corallin increases the sensitiveness of silver bromide to red rays, only moderately increases it for yellow rays, and does not increase it at all for green rays, contrary to the view of Vogel. He concludes that there is no relation whatever between the color of substances and the color of the ray to whose influence they modify the sensitiveness of silver bromide.

Vogel maintains that while the chloride, bromide, and iodide of silver are sensitive to rays of both high and low refrangibility, this sensitiveness also depends on the bodies which may be mixed with them, those colored bodies which absorb certain colors (and which promote photographic reduction) increasing the sensibility of the silver salt for the absorbed rays. Moreover, certain colorless bodies which promote photographic reduction, and certain others which influence the index of refraction, also modify the color-sensibility.

One of the most valuable discoveries of the day is that made by Wolcott Gibbs, of a new physical constant, which he calls the "interferential constant." It is well known that when interference colors are viewed through a prism a series of dark bands appears in the spectrum, known as Talbot's bands. The number of these bands between any two lines in the spectrum may be calculated when we know the thickness of the plate producing the interference, the indices of the given spectrum lines, and their wavelengths. If now the thickness of the plate be made unity, and the formula thus modified be divided by the density of the substance composing the plate, an expression will be obtained of a quantity called an "interferential constant." It represents the number of bands in the spectrum between two rays whose indices are given, for a thickness of the plate equal to a unit of density. This number is for each chemical substance a characteristic optical function, and independent of the temperature. Its value will apparently be fully equal to the other physical methods of analysis, such as density, boiling-point, specific volume, rotatory power, etc., while in some examples given it finds important application in quantitative analysis. Moreover, it appears that the interferential constant of a compound may be tolerably well calculated from those of its constituents.

In *Organic Chemistry* Von Lang has measured the crystals of glycerin. They are brilliant when in their mother-liquor, but deliquesce in the air. In form they are orthorhombic, the ratio of the axes $a : b : c = 1 : 0.70 : 0.66$.

Engel has discovered some new reactions of glycocoll. It gives with ferric chloride an intense red color, and it develops a blue coloration when treated with a drop of phenol and sodium hypochlorite is added. The author can not get the blood-red coloration as observed by Horsford when glycocoll is boiled with a solution of potassium or barium hydrate; he hence supposes that Horsford's substance was not pure.

Kolbe has further investigated the fact, observed by his assistant, Ost, that while sodium salicylate yields on dry distillation sodium sodiosalicylate, potassium salicylate similarly treated yields potassium paraoxybenzoate. He finds that the barium, strontium, calcium, and magnesium salts act like the sodium salt, and that the potassium salt does the same when heated only to 145°. He recommends this as the best method for the preparation of paraoxybenzoic acid. A series of papers has been published in Kolbe's Journal by Neubauer, Kolbe, Wagner, Fontheim, Zürn, and others upon the antiseptic action of salicylic acid. It has come very extensively into use, having, for example, entirely replaced phenol in the lying-in hospital of Leipsic.

In *Physiological Chemistry* Boussingault has made analyses of gluten biscuit, with comparative analyses of other similar articles of food, with a view of showing its real value when used as food in cases of glycosuria. From his table it appears, for example, that 73 pounds of baker's bread introduces as much starch into the system as 100 pounds of the gluten biscuit, while the latter affords eight times as much albuminates.

Maly has published a paper on the chemical composition and the physiological importance of the peptones.

Epstein and Müller have sought to throw some light on the beneficial effect of phenol on glycosuria by ascertaining whether phenol prevented at all the action of the liver ferment on the glycogen. Their results were negative. Acids suspend the action of this ferment, while alkalies simply lessen it.

Berthelot has observed that perfectly pure acetic oxide is not changed into the sodium salt in presence of sodium hydrate, even after the

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anhydride is completely dissolved. The acetic oxide, therefore, even when dissolved, may exist for some time in contact with water, and even of soda, without union. In presence of an alkali the union is much more rapid, taking place in the course of two or three minutes, whereas in the case of water it requires more than an hour.

Rautert has given an improved method of purifying salicylic acid by distilling it in a current of superheated steam. Recrystallization from water makes it snow-white.

Microscopy.—We commend to the careful reading of microscopists and microscope-makers the excellent paper of Mr. Slack, read before the Royal Microscopical Society of London, May 5, 1875, and the discussion thereon, contained in the June number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*. The paper is entitled, "On Angle of Aperture in Relation to Surface Markings and accurate Vision." Mr. Slack proves, from the results already accomplished by Zeiss, of Jena, working under the direction of Professor Abbe, that resolving power and penetration are not in that condition of irreconcilable hostility generally supposed, and that a new era is dawning upon physiologists, and, indeed, all who care for something more than the mere display of diatom dots. It is well known that in the extravagant desire to display these dots, angular aperture has been pushed to an extreme, and a certain amount of chromatic error allowed as necessary to sharpest definition. By very careful construction, centring, and elimination of errors, the objectives of Zeiss, *e. g.*, a one-quarter inch of forty-eight degrees, and a one-sixth inch of sixty-eight degrees, will perform work, as Mr. Slack proves, hitherto supposed to be only within reach of the most expensive large-angle objectives. Zeiss has, so to speak, minimized angles of aperture, and secured great working distance and penetration, and yet obtained the amount of separating and resolving power of much larger angled objectives. Mr. Slack truly observes that opticians have been encouraged to make excessive apertures substitutes for good corrections, and that naturalists and physiologists have been too contented with feeble resolving powers, under belief that any more capacity for resolution must mean less penetration.

Not indirectly connected with this subject of large angle is the "Measurement of the Möller Probe-Platte," by Professor E. W. Morley, reported by J. E. Smith, in the same journal. The measurements were made by means of a Tolles one-sixteenth and a Troughton and Sims micrometer. Professor Morley's measurements are, no doubt, pretty accurate, but any one who knows any thing about diatoms also knows that the number of striæ in 0.01 inch is subject to considerable variation in the same species.

Ethnology.—The president, council, and fellows of the Royal Geographical Society of London have prepared a manual of arctic geography and ethnology, in addition to the Admiralty arctic manual, with Mr. Clements R. Markham as editor, and who contributes four papers, viz.: "On the Origin and Migration of the Greenland Eskimo;" "On the Arctic Highlanders;" "A Sketch of the Grammar of the Eskimo Language;" "A List of the Names of all Places on the Coast of Greenland, from Latitude 65° 15′ N. on the Eastern Side, round Cape Farewell to the Entrance of Smith Sound." Dr. Rink furnishes an article on the "Descent of the Eskimo," and Dr. John Simpson, of H.M.S. *Plover*, one on the "Western Eskimo." The report of the Anthropological Institute, and a list of ethnological questions for explorers, drawn up by various members of the society, close the volume.

Among those recently wrecked though not lost on the *Saranac* near Vancouver Island was Dr. Bessels, the arctic explorer, who was on his way to Alaska, fully equipped with photographic apparatus, etc., to make a complete study of the inhabitants, and to collect for the Centennial as large a number as possible of implements to illustrate their mode of living and their grade of progress. This enterprise was part of a scheme to represent the whole country as fully as possible.

The Municipal Council of Paris have voted in part the means to pay the professors of a superior school of anthropology, which will be opened next November in a building lent gratuitously by the École de Médecine. No fees are to be charged to pupils. Five courses of lectures are to be delivered, including a series by M. Broca on craniology, one by M. Dailly on human races, and one by M. G. de Mortillet on prehistoric times. The number of lectures is to be increased as the resources of the association multiply.

The report of the fifth general meeting of the German Society of Anthropology, Ethnology, and Proto-History, held in Dresden 14th to 16th September, 1874, is edited by Dr. Hermann von Ihering. In addition to many interesting papers upon local researches, exhibiting the intense interest manifested throughout Germany upon this subject, there are several of a more general character, among which we notice remarks by Herr Fraas upon the tertiary man, discussions by Schaffhausen, Virchow, Von Ihering, and others upon the early dispersion of the Lapps, and upon methods and apparatus of craniometry and craniography. Herr Graf Wurmbrandt awakened considerable discussion by his statements upon the chronology of prehistoric discoveries.

Zoology.—The infusoria have been lately studied by Dr. Bütschli, who has found true lasso cells in an infusoria comparable with those found in the hydra and jelly-fishes. He is also inclined to doubt whether a true fecundation of eggs takes place in these animals. Häckel also does not believe in the sexuality of the ciliate infusoria.

Nerve fibrils with numerous nerve cells and ganglionic cells have been found by Eimer in a Beroë studied by him at Capri, but he detected no true nerve cord.

A very elaborate paper on the anatomy of a Helix (*Zonites algirus*) is published, with plates, in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* by H. Sicard, while M. Vayssière describes some points in the anatomy of the naked pelagic mollusk, *Glaucus*.

A further contribution to the history of the singular parasitic worm, *Echinorhynchus*, is given by Leuckart. He has discovered that *E. proteus*, which lives in the adult state in the intestines of cyprinoid fish, when young inhabits the little crustacean of fresh-waters, *Gammarus pulex*. In the latter state it is globular or ovate, with the proboscis retracted, but internally fully organized; only the sexual organs are still immature. It is introduced into the digestive tube of

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the *Gammarus* as an egg, but makes its way when hatched through its walls into the abdominal cavity. The singular fact is discovered that the perfect worm is developed with all its organs within the embryo from a central mass of cells, the embryonic germ, which may be regarded morphologically as a rudimentary digestive system. Leuckart hence believes that the relations between the embryo and the developing *Echinorhynchus* are somewhat analogous to those between the *Pluteus*, *Pilidium*, or *Tornaria*, and the star-fish, nemertean worm, or *Balanoglossus*, viz., it is a true metamorphosis that takes place. In other species of *Echinorhynchus* the metamorphosis is less marked, as, for example, in *E. angustatus*, which in the adult state lives in cyprinus, but when young in *Asellus aquaticus*.

On examining certain galls on the common milfoil (*Achillea millefolium*), Dr. Löw, of Vienna, found in the interior a soft whitish lump, which, when brought in contact with a drop of water, disclosed hundreds of little round worms, *Anguillulæ*, or vinegar eels, in all stages of development. It was previously known that these minute worms lived in plants. That they, like the tardigrades and rotifers, can be dried up and then revived was known to Linnæus. Baker in 1775 found that the young of *Anguillula tritici*, inclosed in diseased grains of wheat, could be revived even after a desiccation of twenty-seven years by moistening with water; and other naturalists observed the same fact for shorter periods.

Hering has ascertained from the dissection of numerous young dogs that *Ascaris mystax* is never found in new-born puppies, and therefore is neither introduced directly into the fetus from the mother nor through the milk. The eggs are probably transferred to the stomach of the sucklings through their licking the belly of their mother, and in that of the adult dogs through their licking their own anal region. The greatest number is found in young dogs which are not yet half a year old.

A splendidly illustrated and lengthy memoir on the simple Ascidians of the coast of France, by Professor Lacaze-Duthiers, appears in his "Archives." His studies refer to those species in which the larvæ are not tailed. He believes that these animals are mollusks, while the idea is gaining ground in Germany and this country that they are worms.

Among recent works on insects may be mentioned the first part of a synopsis of the horse-flies, or *Tabanidæ*, of this country, by Baron Ostensacken. Mr. Scudder has described in Hayden's Bulletin several fossil *Thrips* from the tertiary strata of Colorado.

The fresh-water fishes of China are to be monographed by Messrs. Sauvage and Thiersant from material sent to the Museum of Natural History of Paris by the Abbé David and others. A number of preliminary descriptions have already appeared in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*.

A valuable essay on the classification of the *Falconidæ*, by Mr. Ridgway, appears in the fourth Bulletin (second series) of Hayden's Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. He adopts Huxley's innovations in the arrangement of the birds of prey, based on osteological characters. The paper is illustrated by outline drawings.

In *Botany* we have some interesting observations on the conjugation of zoospores by Professor J. E. Areschoug, of Upsala. This mode of conjugation was first noticed by Pringsheim in *Pandorina* and in some plants belonging to the Zoosporæ. About a year ago Professor Areschoug published his observations on the conjugation of zoospores in Ulva (sea-lettuce), and recently he has observed a similar conjugation in *Dictyosiphon hippuroides*, Lyngb.—a plant belonging to the order Phæosporæ, to which our devil's-aprons belong. Although the Phæosporæ include some of the largest known plants, *Macrocystis pyrifera*, found on our west coast, being sometimes a thousand feet long, the only reproductive bodies yet known in this order are minute zoospores.

The volume of the International Scientific Series on Fungi, by M. C. Cooke, will give to the American reader a fair idea of the general structure of that group of plants. The descriptions of the uses and notable phenomena of fungi are good, but in all points relating to the development and microscopic structure the book falls far below the average Continental text-books. In the department of North American botany we have a conspectus of the North American *Hydrophyllaceæ*, by Professor Asa Gray, and a revision of the genus *Ceanothus*, by Sereno Watson. Professor Van Tieghem, of Paris, in the *Comptes Rendus*, confirms the observations of Rees on the fertilization of the *Hymenomycetes*, and we understand that he is about presenting further remarks on the *Mucorini* in the *Annales des Sciences*.

Agriculture.—In agricultural science we note the appearance of Part IV. of the Bulletin of the Bussey Institution of Harvard University, whose contents, like those of the previous parts, show that this institution is, in fact, what it modestly refrains from styling itself, an efficient agricultural experiment station.

Among other articles is a "Record of Trials of various Fertilizers upon the Plain Field of the Bussey Institution." These experiments are a continuation of a series that have been in progress for four years. The effects of stable and yard manure, fish scrap, guano, phosphates, nitrogenous manures, potash, salts, etc., upon the growth of barley and beans on a light, porous, and rather dry soil, have been tested by applying the same manure to the same crop on the same plot of land year after year.

The results of these experiments favor quite decidedly the practice of using combinations of the different fertilizers rather than the individual articles by themselves. "Mixtures of a phosphatic, a potassic, and a nitrogenous fertilizer produced very good results, even when compared with barn-yard or stable manure applied at the rate of ten cords to the acre."

One of the interesting conclusions drawn by Professor Storer from these experiments is that "stable manure may be more profitably applied in small quantities along with artificial fertilizers than in large quantities by itself alone.....It is probably true that in the vast majority of cases the real efficiency of barn-yard manure would be increased by the addition of a certain proportion of soluble potassic and nitrogenous fertilizers, and by dressing the land beforehand with superphosphate." And further: "Just as the mulch-

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ing and diffusive power of the stable manure would tend to increase the efficiency of artificial fertilizers, so the ready solubility of the latter—their so-called activity—would enable the crop to use the constituents of the dung more fully than would otherwise be possible."

The present condition of our knowledge of the *Peronospora infestans*, and the questions which science has still to answer concerning its habits and the means of preventing its ravages, are quite clearly set forth in the Bulletin referred to in an article upon the potato-rot, by Professor W. G. Farlow, formerly a pupil of De Bary, who is well known as the most thorough investigator of these subjects. It is well settled that the rot is due to the action of the mycelium or vegetative threads of the fungus called *Peronospora infestans*, which develop in the stem, leaves, and tubers of the potato, exhaust the matter stored in the cells of the plant, and thus produce the disease. Asexual spores are at the same time produced, which, falling on the leaves of the healthy plants, or working through the soil into the tubers, spread the disease more or less rapidly. How the disease is propagated from year to year is not yet fully determined. The only way yet proved is by the mycelium in tubers kept over winter. Analogy would point to oospores as another means, but these have not yet been observed. When botanists learn how the disease is propagated from year to year, a preventive may be discovered, but until then none may be hoped for.

The need of experiment stations to exercise a control upon the trade in fertilizers has received a new illustration in some analyses of fertilizers sold in Connecticut during the past season. One article was found to be heavily adulterated; another contained nearly 1300 pounds of sand, coal, brick, and other equally useless materials, to the ton; while others, though not so positively bad, were yet of so low a grade that to purchase them must have been very uneconomical.

In *Engineering*, the substantial progress toward the solution of the rapid-transit problem in New York is the subject of general comment. The route from the Grand Central Dépôt to Harlem River by a tunnel four miles in length is now open throughout for the passage of trains.

A contract has lately been awarded for the construction of a new bridge over the Monongahela River at Pittsburg which is to possess some novel features. It will be built on the suspension principle, but instead of wire cables, immense chains will be employed. These chains, two in number, will be composed of wrought-iron links each twenty feet in length, and formed of sixteen flat bars placed side by side, and at a distance from each other of one and two inches; into these spaces, at the ends, fit the bars of the next link, and the entire thirty-two bars are joined by an immense iron pin six inches in diameter and four feet long. The lateral width of the chain is forty inches.

The seventh annual convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers was opened at Pittsburg on Tuesday, June 8, Vice-President W. Milnor Roberts delivering the customary opening address. The subjects of papers and discussions were quite numerous, but those eliciting the greatest share of attention were rapid transit, cheap transportation, and river mouths. Upon the last-named topic several speakers referred approvingly to the action of the general government in appointing a commission for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi, and the final adoption of the jetty system.

The twentieth iron steam-ship launched from the yard of John Roach and Son since October, 1871, was successfully sent into the water at Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of June.

The work upon the buildings of the Centennial Exhibition are, at the time of this writing, in an advanced state, and the comparison of the condition of general preparation with that of the late European Exhibition at a corresponding period before its formal inauguration is a highly favorable one. There is now an excellent prospect that the display of mining and metallurgical products, which it has hitherto been feared would be but poorly represented, will be very complete, as befits their eminently practical character. The Smithsonian Institution, aided by a governmental appropriation for the purpose, superintends the formation of the collection, which will be made under the personal direction of Professor Blake, of New Haven, and will supplement it from the material already in its possession.

The latest reliable returns place the total mileage of American railways at the close of the year 1874 at 69,273 miles, an increase of 4.6 per cent. upon the figures of 1873. The aggregate cost of construction is estimated at $4,221,763,594. From the *Railroad Gazette's* record of railway construction we have the information that up to the end of June 312 miles of new railroad have been completed in the United States in 1875, against 570 miles reported for the corresponding period of 1874, and 1271 miles in 1873.

In *Technology* we may note a new application of the sand-blast, namely, for producing a lustreless, very finely grained surface (termed by the trade satin finish) upon plated ware or silver. This finish has heretofore been accomplished by the use of rapidly revolving brushes made of fine wire. A Connecticut manufacturing firm have lately found that the sand-blast performs this stippling work much more rapidly and effectually, and have introduced the necessary apparatus for its employment upon a large scale.

The chemical composition of metalline, the new lubricating material which has of late attracted much attention, is given out to be as follows:

Paraffine	4.98	Alumina	2.53
Carbon	18.89	Lead	32.40
Silica	6.44	Zinc	20.07
Lime	3.96	Copper	2.75
Magnesia	1.99	Tin	1.55
Ferric oxide	3.94	Moisture	0.51
Total			100.01

An interesting experiment upon the decomposition of salt by superheated steam is reported by Mr. S. Cabot, Jun. He declares that when submitted to this treatment appreciable quantities of caustic soda are produced, accompanied by the liberation of volumes of hydrochloric acid vapors. It may be remarked in this connection that a technical process founded upon this reaction would be by far the most direct method of producing soda lye and the soda of commerce. It could, however, be made available as a technical process only when the yield approached closely to the theoretical one, which has thus far not been realized.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of July.—The Maine Democratic State Convention, at Augusta, June 22, nominated General Charles W. Roberts for Governor.

The New York Prohibition State Convention, at Syracuse, June 23, nominated G. D. Dusenbury for Secretary of State, and adopted resolutions condemning the license law, and demanding prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

The California Independent party held a convention at San Francisco, June 23, and nominated for Governor the Hon. John Bidwell, a wealthy agriculturist of that State.

The Wisconsin Republican State Convention, at Madison, July 7, nominated Harrison Ludington for Governor. The Convention favored the gradual resumption of specie payments.

The Minnesota Democratic State Convention, at St. Paul, July 7, nominated D. L. Buell for Governor, and passed a resolution favoring specie payments.

A convention in the interest of the paper-money party has been called to meet at Detroit August 25.

Governor Tilden, of New York, has vetoed the bill empowering the Governor to discharge any prisoner sentenced for twenty-five years or upward at the expiration of fifteen years, provided he has behaved well during that time.

The Count von Arnim has been convicted by the Prussian court of intentionally abstracting state papers of the character of public deeds intrusted to him, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

The British House of Lords, June 24, passed the Canadian Copyright Bill to a second reading. The Household Franchise Bill was debated in the House of Commons July 7. The motion for a second reading was lost, the vote standing 166 to 268.

The Public Powers Bill was passed to a third reading by the French Assembly on the 7th of July, after some debate. An amendment was adopted providing that if the Presidency should become vacant while the Chambers are dissolved, the Senate shall meet, and general elections be immediately held. The University Education Bill was discussed in detail, clause by clause, July 12. All the amendments moved by the Liberals were rejected by narrow majorities.

The draft of the new Spanish Constitution provides that the Senate shall be composed of 300 members, of three classes, viz., first, Senators by hereditary title; second, Senators elected by popular corporations; third, Senators nominated by the crown. All grandees of Spain receiving incomes of $10,000 and over are included in the first class. For the Lower Chamber the Deputies are to be chosen for five years, one representative to every 5000 voters. The king has the right to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and the elective portion of the Senate simultaneously or separately, but must convoke new Chambers within three months. He appoints the President and Vice-President of the Senate, and has the right to veto bills. Any person arrested must be brought before a tribunal or released within seventy-two hours. Either the Cortes or the government may decree the suspension of the constitutional guarantees, but banishment of a Spaniard from his country is prohibited.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Immense destruction of life and property was caused by the recent floods in France; 216 persons were drowned in Toulouse alone. The damage done to that city and Agen is estimated at over $20,000,000.

The mails bring further particulars of the recent terrible earthquake in New Granada. The loss of life and property was much greater than was at first supposed. Cucuta and all the surrounding villages within a radius of twenty miles were completely destroyed by the severity of the shock. At Cucuta alone it is estimated that between two and three thousand persons lost their lives, while the loss of property will far exceed $8,000,000. Many serious losses of life and property were also occasioned by the rain, and by bands of robbers.

The British court of inquiry have reported that the wreck of the steamer *Schiller* was caused solely by the failure to use the lead.

The intercollegiate regatta at Saratoga Lake resulted in a victory for the Cornell crew. Columbia was second, and Harvard third. The race was run by Cornell in 16 minutes 53¼ seconds.

The semi-annual statement, by Messrs. Dun, Barlow, and Co., of the number of failures in this country, with the total amount of liabilities, shows that from the 1st of January to the 30th of June 3377 failures were reported, with a total of liabilities of $74,940,869.

The American rifle team in Ireland won the rifle-match at Dollymount, June 29; the score for the American team being 968 against 929 for the Irish team.

DISASTERS.

July 5.—Near Far Rockaway, Long Island, collision between two trains on the South Side Railroad. Seven persons killed, six fatally and twenty-two seriously injured.—The steam-tug *Lumberman*, while returning from Fortress Monroe with a pleasure party of eighteen on board, was run down by the steam-ship *Isaac Bell*, off Sewell's Point, and sunk in fifty feet of water. Nine of the company were drowned. The steamer was not injured.

OBITUARY.

June 24.—At Burlington, New Jersey, Rear-Admiral De Camp, aged sixty-three years.

June 25.—In New York city, Mortimer Thompson, better known as "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P.B.," aged forty-four years.

July 8.—In St. Louis, Missouri, General Frank P. Blair, Jun., aged fifty-four years.

June 29.—In Austria, Ferdinand I., ex-emperor, aged eighty-two years.

July 7.—In London, England, J. E. Cairnes, Professor of Political Economy in the London University.

July 18.—In England, Lady Jane Franklin, widow of Sir John Franklin, the ill-fated arctic explorer, aged about seventy years.

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Editor's Drawer.

ON the 16th of June last was celebrated, at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, the Centennial of the first Baptist sermon preached west of the Alleghany Mountains. A large concourse of citizens and many distinguished preachers were present. One of the brethren stated that "one hundred years ago Virginia was an ecclesiastical province, and Kentucky was one of her counties, and no Baptist was by law allowed to preach within her borders. Baptist ministers were in those times imprisoned for preaching the Gospel, and it was their custom to preach from their jail windows on Wednesday and Sunday at 12 M., and precisely at that hour great crowds flocked to the jail to hear them. The magistrates had erected high plank fences in front of their prison windows to prevent the people from hearing them; but the good people, nothing daunted, would congregate there, and after singing a 'hyme,' would hoist a pole, with a flag on it, above the fence, and the servants of God would take that as a signal, and would send the Gospel right through the fence into their hearts, converting many and bringing them to God."

Among the curiosities brought for exhibition to the Baptist faithful were an old flint-lock rifle and a powder-horn, brought to Harrodsburg one hundred years ago by Colonel William Whitley. On the horn was engraved this inscription:

> Wm. Whitley I am your horn
> The truth I Love a lie I Scorn
> Fill me with best of powder
> Ile make your rifle crack the Louder
>
> See how the dread terrific ball
> Make Indians bleed and toreys fall
> You with powder Ile suply
> For to defend your Liberty.

A FEMALE servant in the family of a gentleman in the Department of the Interior, Washington, is allowed to make a yearly visit to her old home in Richmond, Virginia. Last summer, when she left, a substitute was employed, a mulatto girl, who had been quite well educated. She performed the duties in a rather indifferent manner. When the regular servant returned, she began her tour of investigation to ascertain how her work had been done, and was disgusted at the evident want of neatness manifested every where. Her indignation finally found vent in the following, to her mistress: "I'll tell you what it is, Miss ——, you can't get grammar and clean corners out of the same nigger!" Which, if true, offers a knotty problem in reference to the education of the race.

CHARLES HUGO has translated Shakspeare. When he came to "A plague o' both your houses," he did not search for the French equivalent, but rendered the line thus: "Que la petite vérole mange vos maisons toutes les deux!"—May the small-pox destroy both your houses!

NEXT to the wonders of the telegraph are the humors that its operators sometimes indulge in, and that, too, in the easiest and most natural way in the world. For example, could any thing be droller than this? An operator in Detroit was working on one Chicago wire, and feeling a desire for a toothful of the weed, quietly interrupted the report he was sending, to instruct the gentleman who was taking from him in Chicago to ask the gentleman on another Detroit wire to tell Powers, who worked about six feet from him, to hand him a chew of tobacco. The instructions were followed out, and in about half a minute Powers tossed over his tobacco-box, as he could not fail to respond to a friend who had sent so far for a favor.

IT is so seldom we get a good Drawer anecdote from France that the following is quite acceptable. Recently a French male convict at Cayenne obtained permission to marry a female convict; but as the man was a widower, the Governor declared it was necessary first to obtain the certificate of the death of his first wife. A communication was addressed to the authorities at home, but the mail returned without reply. The convict insisting that the ceremony should be no longer delayed, the Governor said, "But what is there to prove that your first wife is dead?" The reply of the convict was satisfactory on this point: "*I'm here for having assassinated her!*" and the nuptial ceremony went on.

FROM "Conversations in a Studio," in *Blackwood*, the two following anecdotes are worthy of reproduction in the Drawer. The first is of an English swell, whose education, whatever it might have been in Greek and Latin (as much, perhaps, as Shakspeare's, according to Ben Jonson's sneer), was not liberally endowed with English literature. Some of his friends persuaded him to go and hear *Hamlet*, which was then playing in London. On his return he was asked how he liked it, and he said, "Very nice, very nice, but awfully full of quotations."

The second is of a person who subscribed for the weekly numbers of new editions of Dickens and Shakspeare, thinking them contemporaneous writers. One day he went to the publishers, and, in rather an excited tone, said, "When is the next number of Shakspeare coming out?"

"Not for a fortnight," was the answer.

"Well," he replied, "I wish you'd be in a hurry about it; I'm tired of waiting. You see, you've left me in a most interesting *part* in the middle of *Othello*, and I want to know how the whole thing ends; so hurry up the thing as fast as you can."

THAT was not bad of an opulent old gentleman, recently deceased, of whom it was asked, "How much did he leave?"

"Oh, every thing; he took nothing with him."

AN Indiana correspondent mentions that at the Annual Conference Temperance Anniversary a brother related the following: In the Conference was a minister of small proportions, but whose confidence in himself was quite sufficient. He was called upon to baptize a large, heavy woman by immersion. An officious member ventured to remark that if he needed any assistance, he was at his service, which was declined. In the small man and the large woman cautiously waded, but the small man slipped on a treacherous stone, and drew the large woman down

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with him. The large woman was recovered by the stewards, while the small man made for the other side of the creek. As he grasped an overhanging bush to draw himself out of the water, he turned to the other shore, and, clearing his mouth from water, exclaimed, "*Brethren, sing something appropriate.*"

Concerning epitaphs, here is one fresh from the other side, copied from a stone in the churchyard of Muyne, County Louth. Ward died about ninety years ago:

Beneath this stone here lieth one
That still his friends did please;
To heaven I hope he's surely gone
To enjoy eternal ease.
He drank, he sang, whilst here on earth,
Lived happy as a lord,
And now he hath resigned his breath—
God rest him, Paddy Ward!

A correspondent at Aurora, Indiana, copies for us the following inscription on a stone in the grave-yard near Guilford, in that State:

Ann
Wife of
J. H. B——L,
Died
June 187–
Aged
45 years less 45 days

Dear Angel Wife
I gave thee parting kiss,
Twenty-one years we lived
In truth and bliss

Always firm
But ever mild
I never saw
Her strike a child.

By Husband.

A correspondent at Terre Haute, Indiana, forwards the following specimen of ossuary literature, copied from a grave-stone in that region:

Under This sOd our Babie LieS,
it Nether cRies nOr HolErs.
IT LivEd Just twenty 7 DayS,
And lost uS $40.

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie's *Memoirs*, the second volume of which has just been published, show him to have been one of the most remarkable of modern Scotchmen. In domestic life he was a very genial man, happy in the society of his twelve children, a reader of light literature, an ardent angler, and able to enjoy a holiday whether at home or abroad. One of these was at Rome. He saw nothing to admire in St. Peter's, and got sadly tired, and contemptuous too, of the pictures of the great masters. But he was taken with and impressed by the Pope. He appreciated the voice which "rolled out the blessings from the balcony."

"One grudges," says he, "a devout, amiable, and kindly old man to such a system of falsehood and superstition. His expression of face is one of great kindness and geniality. No doubt of it, Pio Nono is a lovable-looking man, with the air of a perfect gentleman: in fact, we are all agreed that the Pope is the best bit of popery, and that if he would turn a good Presbyterian, we would be proud to see him in the Moderator's chair." Is not that a pat on the back?

Dr. Guthrie's manner of preparing his sermons was original. He generally wrote his sermons in the vestry of St. John's Free Church, and often had one unbroken spell of nine hours' work. But sometimes he composed at home, and then all the while his voice could be heard resounding from within his study. The explanation of this he gives in a letter:

"Don't commit by repeating your discourse aloud. I *write aloud*, but I *commit* in silence. If you do otherwise, the matter will become too familiar to your own ears, and it won't rouse you during delivery; and if it don't rouse you, it won't rouse the people. The advantage of writing aloud is that it teaches to write a spoken style—a great point that."

Illustration was his forte, and this power he was constantly feeding by study and questioning, for questions were one of his habits:

"I was preaching in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday night, and have been greatly amused at two observations which were told me to-day, the one by Catharine Burns, who was in the back seat of the gallery, and heard a man (in allusion to my nautical figures) say to his neighbor before her, 'He is an old sailor; at least he was a while at sea;' and Miss Gilfillan heard one say to another as he came down the stairs, 'If he *stick* the minister trade, yon man would make his bread as a surgeon.'"

To a clerical friend he writes these rules:

"Observe either to draw your pen entirely through or to alter any passage which you find it difficult to commit. A thing is easily remembered which is striking, and retained which is sticking; and what does not impress your own mind in these ways, and therefore is committed with difficulty, you may be sure won't tell on the minds of your hearers. Deal in pure pithy Saxon. Never use a word with Greek or Latin or French root if you can find one with the same meaning in your mother-tongue. Use as few adjectives as possible; they load and cumber the truth. Mind 'the three P's.' In every discourse the preacher should aim at Proving, Painting, and Persuading; in other words, addressing the Reason, the Fancy, and the Heart."

No doubt manner and action were equally the subject of study, though nature here was his friend. The scene when he preached in St. John's is photographed on the memory of multitudes. What a hush of expectancy on the upturned faces of the people as, entering from a side door, the preacher is seen pressing with eager step through the crowd who fill the passage from the vestry to the pulpit! The swing of the broad shoulder, the head bent forward, the look of earnestness on the flushed countenance, all tell of a man who feels he has come forth on an important errand, and is straitened till it be accomplished. The opening psalm and first prayer over, the doors, within which the strangers in the school-rooms below the church had been pent up, are thrown open, and, swarming up the stairs, the eager crowd now pours into the church itself, till, in a few minutes more, every foot of standing room is filled.....He had all the external attractions of a pulpit orator: an unusually tall and commanding person, with an abundance of easy and powerful, because natural, gesture; a quickly and strongly expressive countenance, which age rendered finer as well as more comely (for in early and middle manhood it was gaunt, with a dusky complexion, overshadowed by lank black hair); a powerful, clear, and mu-

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sical voice, the intonations of which were varied and appropriate, managed with an actor's skill, though there was not the least appearance of art.

A GENTLEMAN in Broad Street, who during the day devotes himself with cheerful assiduity to the peaceful and ennobling pursuits of avarice, and who knows as well as any D.D. the meaning of a marginal reference, was spending an evening during Commencement season with a young lady who was about to graduate from a fashionable school presided over by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Desirous to know if at the opening of school in the morning it was the custom to read prayers from the Prayer-book or to offer them in the less formal style of the Presbyterians, the good broker asked,

"Does the doctor pray extemporaneously?"

"What?"

"Does the doctor, in the morning, pray extemporaneously?"

"No—*not so very*," was the reply of the maiden, whose *abs*, *ebs*, and *ologies* were now all rounded and polished off.

IN the parish church of Fettercairn a custom existed, and indeed still lingers in some parts of Scotland, of the precentor on communion Sabbath reading out each single line of the psalm before it was sung by the congregation. This practice gave rise to a somewhat unfortunate introduction of a line from the First Psalm. In most churches in Scotland the communion-tables are placed in the centre of the church. After sermon and prayer the seats round these tables are occupied by the communicants while a psalm is being sung. On one communion Sunday the precentor observed the noble family of Eglintoun approaching the tables, and saw that they were likely to be kept out by those who pressed in before them. Being very zealous for their accommodation, he called out an individual whom he considered to be the principal obstacle in the passage, "Come back, Jock, and let in the noble family of Eglintoun;" and then, turning again to his psalm-book, he took it up and went on to read the line, "Nor stand in sinners' way."

SOME of our city divines who have been taking their vacation in the rural districts, where the humming of birds and the bleating of lambs are heard rather than the clanging of street car bells and the noise of the pavements, will appreciate the following bit that comes to us by late steamer from England:

A curious incident occurred in a large and well-attended church in Clifton on Sunday evening. The preacher's subject was the "Lost Sheep," and during the sermon it so happened that a real live "lost sheep" strayed from Durdham Down, close by, and got itself entangled in the iron railings that surround the church. Thus it was that as the preacher made allusion to the "lost sheep" of the parable, the real live sheep at the church door answered, "Bah!" in a very loud but piteous tone. "Which of you," said the preacher, "having an hundred sheep—" "Bah! bah!" replied the woolly captive outside. The audience, as it must be at once perceived, were placed in a position of considerable embarrassment, not to mention the poor preacher, especially when he continued, "For I have found the sheep;" and the creature at the door replied, still louder, "Bah! bah! bah!" The audience struggled hard, and the preacher also. They managed *not* to roar, and *he* just escaped (by the skin of his teeth) breaking down.

THE pages of this Magazine are not often enlivened by works of fiction from novelists born and abiding in Scotland. The following exciting romance is by a native of that land, and the scene is laid in Aberdeen:

"That bear!" muttered to herself a bonnie lassie at about forty-seven and three-quarters, as she fled from a public flower garden at the approaching of a man of fifty-two and seven-eighths, who was noted for saying bitter things of the other sex.

"What did you run for?" said a gruff voice behind her.

"To get rid of you."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"No; you are worse than a pitch plaster."

"You won't get rid of me, either."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What! us two fools get married! What would people say?"

"That's nothing to us. Come, say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well, good-by," the male exclaimed. "It's your last offer in this life."

The lady was disconcerted at the idea. She thought, and replied softly, "Stop a bit."

"Yes or no?"

"I must consult—"

"All right; I thought you were of age. Good-by."

After second thoughts, she said, blandly, "Very well, MacStringer, I consent." And she gave him a rose.

How unlike the foregoing is a story of our own happy country. A lady was entering the dépôt at Cairo, Illinois, when a perfect gentleman stepped up and said to her,

"How d' do?" extending his hand and smiling cheerfully.

"I beg pardon," said she, looking at him. "You have the advantage of me."

"Why, don't you know me?" he asked, annoyed.

"I can't remember you," she said.

"Why, I used to be your husband—Uriah H. Loomis, you know."

She did remember him.

THE hortatory efforts of the "Hard-shell" divine, the colored divine, and other pulpit orators peculiar to the American people have frequently been quoted in the Drawer, but not until now have we been favored with a specimen of the "Broad Yorkshire." Thus speaketh an Englishman:

There wor once a mason at Guiseley gat it intov his heead 'at he wor just cut aht for a preycher, so he went to see a Methody parson, an' asst him if he couldn't get him a job as a "local" somewhear; he wor sewer if they'd nobbut give him a reight chonce, he could convert

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sinners wholesale. Well, after a gooid deal o' bother t' parson gat a vacant pooilpit for him i' some ahtside country place, an' theer one fine Sunda' mornin' in t' mason went, reight weel suited wi' hizen. Up into t' pooilpit he mahnted, like one 'at wor weel used t' job. All went on quietly eniff, whol t' time come for him to begin his sarmon, an' theer wor a rare congregation to listen tul him.

"Nah, my friends," he began, in a stammerin' soart of way, "t' text is this: 'I am t' leet o' t' world.'" He then waited a bit, an' a'ter thumpin' t' pooilpit top toathree times, he gat on a bit further. "Firstly, my friends," he says—"firstly, I—I—I am t' leet o' t' world," an' then he com' to another full stop, and thumpt the pooilpit agean a bit. "Yes," he went on agean, "in t' first place, I—I—I am t' leet o' t' world," but he couldn't get a word further, dew what he would.

At t' last, hahivver, there wor an owd woman among t' congregation sang aht, "I tell tha what it is, lad, if tha'rt t' leet o' t' world, thah sadly wants snuffin'."

An' t' poor mason hookt it aht o' t' chapel as if he'd been bitten wi' a mad dog. He wor nivver known to enter a pooilpit at after.

THERE has been much in the papers of late, mainly from the witness stand, on the pleasant custom and not unpleasant sensation of kissing. On the whole, the Scotch view of that exercise is about the best:

Oh, if it wasna lawful,
  Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
  Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
  Maidens wadna take it;
If it wasna plenty,
  Poor folk couldna get it.

No person who has ever witnessed the hideous transformation undergone by our brave submarine divers when cased in their diving armor can fail, we think, to enjoy the following incident, sent to us by an officer of the corps of engineers of the United States army:

It may be remembered by some of your readers that during the early part of the late war our government caused a number of old hulks to be sunk across the mouths of the different channels leading into Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, in order to prevent blockade-running at that port. After the close of the war it became necessary to remove these obstructions, in order to give back to South Carolina her best port. To effect this, Mr. T——, a well-known expert in his profession, was sent, with his men and apparatus, to the spot, and commenced the task. The negroes saw a chance for speculation, and one day half a dozen of them pulled out in an open scow loaded with melons, and making fast to Mr. T——'s vessel, commenced to trade. The diver who was below exploring the bottom of the ocean, saw a dark object upon the surface above, and suspecting the nature of the visit, pulled his signal line to be hauled up. The negroes saw suddenly a horrible monster rise from the deep, and, after calmly surveying them for a moment, seize one of the largest melons and vanish with it beneath the waters as suddenly as he had come. There was a universal yell of horror, and the panic-stricken darkies, with a common impulse, sprang overboard. A boat was instantly lowered to pick them up. But the divers fared ill, so far as regarded fruit, after that day; for the "cullud" brethren firmly believed they had "seen de debbil, suah," and could not be induced to repeat the visit.

PRELIMINARY to admission to the public schools of St. Louis, answers are required to a list of questions, some of which are at times too much for the intelligence of the unfledged citizens of the "future great city of the world," as witness the following:

A friend of mine, Miss J——, teacher of one of the primary classes, catechised a little ragamuffin a short time since with the following result:

"What is your father's name?"

"Don't know."

"Don't know your father's name?"

"No."

"Well, what do the neighbors call him?"

"Don't call him nothin'. They don't see him. He ain't never home 'cept nights."

"Then," as a bright idea occurred to her, "what does your mother call him?"

"Why, she calls him 'old fool.'"

At this point her researches into the secret history of that family ceased.

On another occasion a little candidate grappled successfully with every question on the list until the one, "What is your father's occupation?" was propounded, when he was forced to admit that he did not know what that word meant.

"I mean, what does he do?" said Miss J——.

"Oh! he builds fires."

"Ah! he's a janitor, then?"

"I don't know what *that* means, neither."

"Why, a janitor is a man that builds fires, and sweeps out, and takes care of a building."

"I guess he ain't that kind, then, cos he don't sweep none."

"Doesn't he? Well, *where* does he build fires?"

"I don't know," said the little fellow, very emphatically, and in a tone betraying considerable irritation; "he's dead."

CONCERNING excursions at the public expense, which seem to be growing more frequent, and conducted quite "regardless," etc., we find a quaint and humorous bit of history in a local paper published in New Jersey, which shows that whatever may have been his short-comings politically, Mr. Buchanan was flatly against all junketing at the expense of our common federal "Uncle." The story is as follows:

The *Harriet Lane* was a revenue-cutter, and was built, as all vessels for the revenue marine are, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. She was, upon the occasion of her trial trip, used by certain members of the Buchanan administration to convey a pleasure party down the Potomac River, and I have no doubt there were several Champagne lunches consumed during that voyage. The circumstances attending that "pleasure party" were such as to render it a memorable occasion. The trip occurred during the summer season, when the President and his cabinet were, of course, suffering from the ef-

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fects of the oppressive heat of this latitude, and a sail on the Potomac River would afford a brief but pleasant interlude in their daily routine of official life.

Howell Cobb, then Secretary of the Treasury, without consultation with the President or any of his colleagues, concluded that the occasion of the trial trip of the *Harriet Lane* would be a fine opportunity to invite his friends of the cabinet, of the foreign legations, and his acquaintances generally to enjoy with him a short sail down the Potomac. The preparations were made accordingly and the invitations issued, and all arrangements completed without the knowledge of the President. When Mr. Buchanan learned of this "d——d frolic," as he characterized it, he was very wroth, and sent for the Attorney-General. That officer found him fuming and swearing, and the first greeting he received was a double-barreled interrogatory.

"Are you," said the President, "going on this d——d frolic? What do you think of such a conversion of public property to private use?"

As soon as the Attorney-General could get his breath he replied that he was not going on the *Harriet Lane*, and further, that while he felt a delicacy in criticising the acts of his colleagues, he nevertheless could not hesitate in expressing his emphatic disapproval of the whole affair.

"But," said he, "Mr. President, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it!" exclaimed Old Buck, in a great passion—"do about it! Why, of course, I will stop it. It is all wrong; it is scandalous, and I will be held responsible for it. Of course I will not suffer it to go on."

"But," said the Attorney-General, "the invitations have been issued; foreign ministers have been invited and have accepted. They, of course, thought it was all right and proper, and if you interfere now, it will be to a certain extent a reflection on them. Moreover, a great many good people have thoughtlessly agreed to accompany the Secretary of the Treasury, and it will cause them useless and causeless mortification if you make a row about it now. I have no idea that Mr. Cobb has thought any thing about the morality of making use of a government vessel in this way. I am sure, if he had reflected a moment, he would have been the last man in the world to take such a step; but he has taken it, and I see no way in which you can interfere now without causing a great deal of scandal, and doing more harm than good. Is there no way of remedying the wrong after it is done?"

Mr. Buchanan, after a little reflection, said, yes, there was a way. He would pay the expenses of the trip himself out of his own pocket.

At the next meeting of the cabinet after the excursion, Mr. Buchanan, just before the conference concluded, turned to Mr. Cobb and said:

"Mr. Secretary, I want you to bring me an itemized bill of the expenses incurred during the trial trip of the *Harriet Lane*. I want a full and detailed statement of every thing—the coal consumed, the salaries of the officers, the wages of the seamen, and cost of supplies of every nature and description."

Cobb was thunder-struck. He could not conceive what such a demand meant, but he knew Mr. Buchanan too well to manifest any surprise or ask any questions. He replied, "Certainly, Mr. President; I will do so."

But as the members of the cabinet retired, Cobb took the Attorney-General by the arm, and walked along toward the Treasury without saying a word. When they had traversed about half the distance, he suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, "What in thunder does the old Squire mean?"

The Attorney-General made no reply, and Cobb said, looking him square in the face, "You know what he means; I know you do, and now I think you owe it to me to tell me frankly what he is up to."

The Attorney-General, thus appealed to, of course could not refuse, and explained the matter to him in detail, and concluded by saying, "He has asked you for the bill because he means to pay it out of his own pocket."

Cobb gave a long-continued whistle, as was his habit when he wished to manifest great surprise, and said: "That's what the old Squire is up to, is it? Well, I'll see whether I can't surprise him."

The conversation on this point dropped, but every once in a while, as they continued their walk to the Treasury, Cobb would utter a prolonged whistle. At the next regular cabinet meeting Cobb was as bright and cheerful as a lark on a sunny morning. He was in extraordinary humor, and kept cracking his jokes at every body. The business of the day was concluded, and the usual friendly chat on current topics was indulged in, and still no allusion was made to "that bill." But the instant there was a move made by some one to take his departure, Mr. Buchanan, who had been rather taciturn during the meeting, turned to Cobb and said, rather sharply, "Mr. Secretary, where is that bill?"

Cobb, assuming an innocent air, answered, "What bill do you mean, Mr. President?"

"I mean the bill of expenses for the trial trip of the *Harriet Lane*," replied Mr. Buchanan, very sternly. "Have you got it with you?"

"Oh, that bill," said Cobb. "Yes, I believe I have it somewhere about my clothes;" and he fumbled first in one pocket and then another, and finally drew out a crumpled paper, which he handed carelessly to the President, saying, "I guess that's it."

Mr. Buchanan took it and carefully read it, scrutinizing each item closely until he reached the end, when he exclaimed, "Why, it is receipted—paid in full by Howell Cobb!"

"And who in thunder should have paid it but Howell Cobb?" broke in that individual, with an air of injured innocence. "It was my frolic: who should have paid for it?"

"Sure enough, sure enough; who should?" was all that Old Buck said. But he brightened up immediately, and joined in the conversation with that peculiar gusto which he could so well add to a friendly chat, and it was hours before the meeting broke up.

As the Attorney-General was taking his leave, Cobb caught him by the arm, and as they were going down the steps into the yard, he said, "Didn't I come it over the old Squire that time?"

That was the first and the only time the *Harriet Lane* was used during Mr. Buchanan's administration as a pleasure yacht.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCV.—OCTOBER, 1875.—Vol. LI.

AT ONE AGAIN.

By JEAN INGELOW.

"HIS STRAWBERRY COW SLIPPED LOOSE HER TETHER."

I.—NOONDAY.

Two angry men—in heat they sever,
And one goes home by a harvest field:—
"Hope's naught," quoth he, "and vain endeavor;
I said and say it, I will not yield!

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"As for this wrong, no art can mend it;
The bond is shiver'd that held us twain;
Old friends we be, but law must end it,
Whether for loss or whether for gain.

"Yon stream is small—full slow its wending;
But winning is sweet, but right is fine;
And shoal of trout, or willowy bending—
Though Law be costly—I'll prove them mine.

"His strawberry cow slipped loose her tether,
And trod the best of my barley down;
His little lasses at play together
Pluck'd the poppies my boys had grown.

"What then? Why, naught! *She* lack'd of reason;
And *they*—my little ones match them well:
But *this*— Nay, all things have their season,
And 'tis my season to curb and quell."

II.—SUNSET.

So saith he, when noontide fervors flout him,
So thinks, when the West is amber and red,
When he smells the hop-vines sweet about him,
And the clouds are rosy overhead.

While slender and tall the hop-poles going
Straight to the West in their leafy lines,
Portion it out into chambers, glowing,
And bask in red day as the sun declines.

Between the leaves in his latticed arbor
He sees the sky, as they flutter and turn,
While moor'd like boats in a golden harbor
The fleets of feathery cloudlets burn.

Withdrawn in shadow, he thinketh over
Harsh thoughts, the fruit-laden trees among,
Till pheasants call their young to cover,
And cushats coo them a nursery song.

And flocks of ducks forsake their sedges,
Wending home to the wide barn door,
And loaded wains between the hedges
Slowly creep to his threshing-floor—

Slowly creep. And his tired senses
Float him over the magic stream,
To a world where Fancy recompenses
Vengeful thoughts with a troubled dream!

III.—THE DREAM.

What's this? A wood. What's that? One calleth—
Calleth and cryeth in mortal dread;
He hears men strive—then somewhat falleth!—
"Help me, neighbor—I'm hard bestead."

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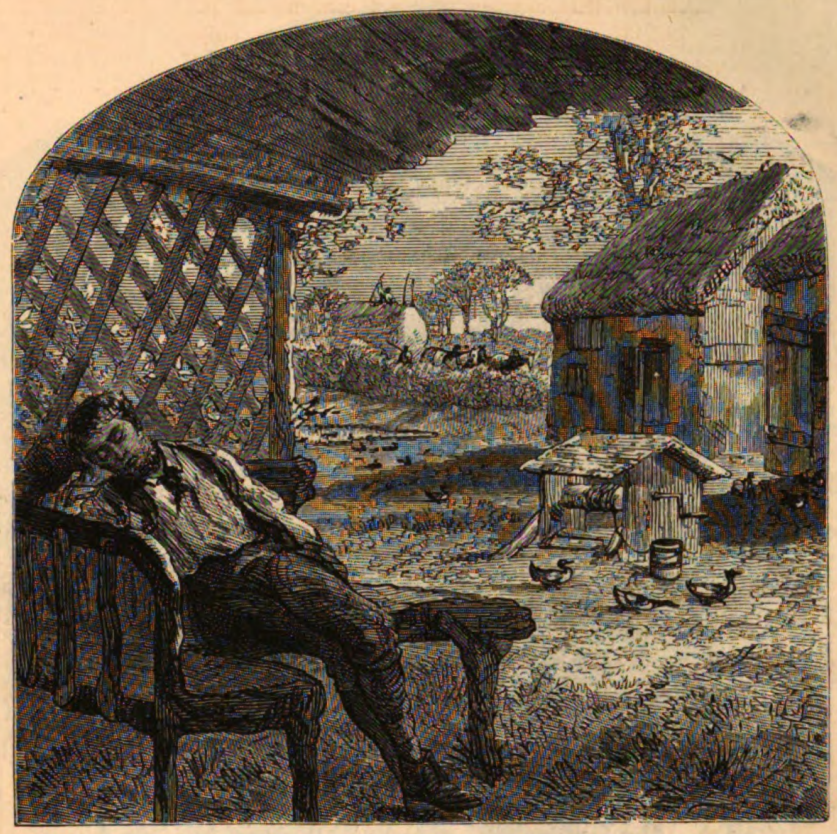

"AND HIS TIRED SENSES FLOAT HIM OVER THE MAGIC STREAM."

The dream is strong—the voice he knoweth—
  But when he would run, his feet are fast,
And death lies beyond, and no man goeth
  To help, and he says the time is past.

His feet are held, and he shakes all over:
  Nay, they are free—he has found the place;
Green boughs are gather'd—what is't they cover?—
  "I pray you, look on the dead man's face—

"You that stand by," he saith, and cowers—
  "Man, or Angel, to guard the dead
With shadowy spear, and a brow that lowers,
  And wing points reared in the gloom o'erhead.

"I dare not look. He wrong'd me never.
  Men say we differ'd; they speak amiss:
This man and I were neighbors ever—
  I would have ventured my life for his.

"But fast my feet were—fast with tangles—
  Ay! words—but they were not sharp, I trow,
Though parish feuds and vestry wrangles—
  Oh pitiful sight!—I see thee now!

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"BUT ONE IN THE GARDEN OF HOPS IS SINGING."

"If we fell out, 'twas but foul weather
After long shining. Oh bitter cup!
What! dead? Why, man, we play'd together!
Art dead—ere a friend can make it up?"

IV.—THE WAKING.

Over his head the chafer hummeth;
Under his feet shut daisies bend:
Waken, man! the enemy cometh,
Thy neighbor, counted so long a friend.

He can not waken—and firm and steady
The enemy comes with lowering brow;
He looks for war, his heart is ready,
His thoughts are bitter—he will not bow.

He fronts the seat—the dream is flinging
A spell that his footsteps may not break;
But one in the garden of hops is singing—
The dreamer hears it, and starts awake.

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"MY BOWER! THE FAIR FAY TWINED IT ROUND ME."

V.—A SONG.

Walking apart, she thinks none listen;
And now she carols, and now she stops;
And the evening-star begins to glisten
Atween the lines of blossoming hops.

Sweetest Mercy, your mother taught you
All uses and cares that to maids belong;
Apt scholar to read and to sew she thought you—
She did not teach you that tender song:

"The lady sang in her charmèd bower,
Shelter'd and safe under roses blown:
'*Storm can not touch me, hail nor shower,*
Where all alone I sit, all alone.

"'*My bower! The fair Fay twined it round me;*
Care nor trouble can pierce it through;
But once a sigh from the warm world found me
Between two leaves that were bent with dew.

"'*And day to night, and night to morrow,*
Though soft as slumber the long hours wore,
I look'd for my dower of love, of sorrow—
Is there no more—no more—no more?'

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"SHE TURNS HER FACE WHEN HIS OWN HE BENDETH."

"Give her the sun-sweet light, and duly
To walk in shadow, nor chide her part;
Give her the rose, and truly, truly—
To wear its thorn with a patient heart.

"Misty as dreams the moonbeam lieth
Checkered and faint on her charmèd floor;
The lady singeth, the lady sigheth,
'*Is there no more—no more—no more?*'"

VI.—LOVERS.

A crash of boughs!—one through them breaking!
Mercy is startled, and fain would fly,
But e'en as she turns, her steps o'ertaking,
He pleads with her—"Mercy, it is but I!"

"Mercy!"—he touches her hand unbidden—
"The air is balmy, I pray you stay—
Mercy?" Her downcast eyes are hidden,
And never a word she has to say,

Till closer drawn, her prison'd fingers
He takes to his lips with a yearning strong;
And she murmurs low, that late she lingers,
Her mother will want her, and think her long.

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"Good mother is she, then honor duly
The lightest wish in her heart that stirs;
But there is a bond yet dearer truly,
And there is a love that passeth hers.

"Mercy! Mercy!" Her heart attendeth—
Love's birthday blush on her brow lies sweet;
She turns her face when his own he bendeth,
And the lips of the youth and the maiden meet.

VII.—FATHERS.

Move through the bowering hops, O lovers,
Wander down to the golden West;
But two stand mute in the shade that covers
Your love and youth from their souls opprest.

A little shame on their spirits stealing,
A little pride that is loath to sue,
A little struggle with soften'd feeling,
And a world of fatherly care for you.

One says: "To this same running water,
Maybe, Neighbor, your claim is best."
And one: "Your son has kissed my daughter:
Let the matters between us—rest."

"LET THE MATTERS BETWEEN US—REST."

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THE LAND OF LAKES; OR, THE NEW NORTHWEST.

VIEW IN THE DALLES OF THE ST. LOUIS RIVER, MINNESOTA.

BY the New Northwest is meant that portion of the great Northwest lying directly west of Lake Superior, comprising the State of Minnesota and the country lying to the west and northwest of it. What was known as the Northwest Territory fifty years or more ago, when that vast region was ceded to the United States by Great Britain, did, as a matter of fact, include what is now the State of Minnesota, although that region was then a *terra incognita*, so far as its being recognized or considered by the government as any thing more than a "howling wilderness," inhabited by savages and fur-bearing animals, instinct with perpetual desolation and wildness, and not susceptible of civilized occupancy.

More than three hundred years ago Jacques Cartier, an adventurous French naval officer, discovered the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and, moving up that stream a few miles, landed and built a stockade near the present site of the city of Quebec, and by the "divine right" of the King of France claimed the entire country of the Indians lying westward as the property of his royal master. This occurred in the year 1540, eighty years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The French authorities, quick to seize an advantage, sent out an expedition to occupy this newly discovered land. Quebec was declared the capital of *New France*, by which was meant all the unknown region lying to the westward. They set about exploring this vast territory. More than one hundred years subsequent to Cartier's discovery the traders, missionaries, military officers, *voyageurs*, and adventurers had reached the western shores of the Great Lakes, having followed the St. Lawrence River from its mouth to its source in the watershed of the continent. There was an undiscovered country still beyond which was full of promise. They obtained some informa-

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tion concerning it from the Indians, who had a very limited knowledge of it, and a vague idea of the existence of a great river many miles beyond, which they called the *Miche Sepe*—a name the French retained and recorded on their maps of this region some years later. The trader and missionary still moved on, hand in hand, as they had done during the preceding hundred years; the former actuated by love of gain and adventure, the latter animated by fervent zeal and devotion in bearing the tidings of the Cross to the benighted savages in this pathless wilderness. For the real discovery of this New Northwest, then, the world is indebted to those traders and missionaries who braved danger and faced death itself in the pursuit of their respective objects.

JACQUES CARTIER.

There is no one, perhaps, who reads at all, and is impressed with what he reads, who has not in the picture-gallery of his mind some historical scene or incident which stands out from all others in brighter colors than the rest, and in sharper outlines. It may be Leonidas with his three hundred defending the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persian bands, or Horatius defending the bridge against "thrice thirty thousand foes," or the Pilgrims hazarding all for conscience' sake, or some other of the hundreds of brave, heroic, or romantic incidents which glorify the pages of history. To many the braving of danger and death by those Jesuits, Franciscan priests, and Recollet fathers, who came here two centuries ago for the sole and single purpose of the conversion to Christianity of the pagan savages, was a display of chivalrous devotion and martyr-heroism seldom, if ever, witnessed or recorded. History has never done them full justice. To some their career may seem to have lacked those outward circumstances that enchain the fancy or arrest the attention, while to others it possesses all these elements. True, no pomp or circumstance of war surrounded these unpretending actors, no royal display dignified their action, and little of the tragic element calls forth the sympathetic tear; yet it is a sad and painful history, in many of its details and incidents harrowing and revolting. Those all-enduring men, born amidst the luxuries of civilized life, left all behind them when they embarked in their boats to the land of the savages. Their lives were in constant jeopardy, at the mercy of the caprice, jealousy, superstition, and hate which were always active in savage breasts filled with a relentless and untamable ferocity. They went to share the life of these savages, to be domiciled in their dirty lodges, to partake of their unappetizing feasts, to listen to their tribal traditions, and to put themselves into communication with the inner workings of their spiritual natures to enable them to teach with greater effect. Their motto, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*—for the greater glory of God—had inspiration enough in its grand simplicity and fullness of aim to consecrate any great undertaking involving self-sacrifice and pious effort.

The spirit of avarice and love of adventure made the trader the pioneer of the missionary—Mammon has generally led the way for God—but it required great bravery and courage to face the danger and possible death which the trader encountered. When they reached the Mississippi, by way of Lake Superior, the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, or the Illinois River, and went up the "Father of Rivers" in their rude boats, its surface had never before been disturbed but by the sea-bird's wing, the fish which reveled in its waters, or the smoothly glid-

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THE JESUIT MISSIONARY.

ing, picturesque canoe. The song of the *voyageur* had not yet been heard by the savage. On either bank a wilderness met the eye. The stillness of primeval nature had rested over these solitudes for untold ages. Century after century the morning dawned on the most picturesque landscapes, the most beautiful lakes and streams, while the setting sun gilded the smoke that rose from the humble wigwam, and the deepening twilight gave a sombre gloom to groves and prairies occupied by the simple, unaspiring, though barbarous tenants of the soil. These were content with their savage life—with their squaws, their medicine-men, their Manitou, their tribal wars, and would have so remained to this day but for another people with a deeper and higher life, before whom the mentally powerless natives quickly disappear. The traders made their way, notwithstanding, to the remotest corners of what is now the State of Minnesota, until they had established barter with the Indians throughout this broad area; and the missionary ever unfurled his banner beside the trading post. Thus this section of the Union was made known—a region where land and climate alike vie to waken and sustain man's energies.

These explorations and labors were continued for nearly two centuries, during which time France, Spain, and England contended for the possession and control of this land. It was under the dominion of France until 1763, then under that of England until 1804; Spain never succeeded in gaining a foot-hold there. In 1804 it was ceded to the United States. During all those years, and, indeed, up to a recent date, there was rivalry and contention between wealthy and powerful fur-trading companies, individuals, Indians, and the military forces. It was, indeed, a field of contest and bloodshed. Human bones whiten the land between the rivers St. Croix and Mississippi, and to some extent west and northwest of the latter. The successive governing powers attempted to assert authority and enforce obedience and recognition of their rule, and to acquire an unlimited influence over the natives. The English were the most successful in this direction. To this day these Indians respect and would yield ready obedience to the British crown were it restored to authority here. This was one of the causes of the Indian uprising in 1862. It is claimed by the best authority that the secret of this disposition lies in the fact that the English in their treatment of the Indians were more just yet more severe and decided than other governments.

The names of those French traders, missionaries, explorers and adventurers, Indian tribes, and prominent actors who occupied or were interested in this land until within the last three or four decades have been handed down in connection with lakes, rivers, towns, counties, and institutions of va-

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rious kinds all over the State of Minnesota. Among the more prominent are Hennepin, who discovered and explored the Upper Mississippi to its source in 1680, and named the great falls at Minneapolis, in the county bearing his name, after his patron saint, Anthony of Padua; Nicollet, the eminent scientist, who explored the Minnesota River and various portions of the Northwest, and who has a monument in a county in the western part of the State, and after whom is named a fine hotel in Minneapolis; Duluth, whose name is given to the "zenith city of the unsalted seas," at the head of Lake Superior; Le Sueur, Faribault, and many others, who are in like manner remembered. Even the blood of the early French, generally tinctured with the Indian, is coursing in the veins of many who are seen daily on the streets of St. Paul, Minneapolis, and in other parts of the State. The high cheek-bone, with otherwise regular Gallic and often handsome features, tells the story of the manner of life of their ancestry. Many of the early comers married squaws, but were not especially scrupulous about the formality of marriage. However, by the more respectable class these informal marriages were legalized when those having authority to perform the ceremony came to the country, or when in any other way an opportunity was offered. Many of the French and some of the American settlers had one wife or concubine in town and another in the hunting grounds. History does not record that either the mistress or community saw any thing censurable in the practice of raising illegitimate children. The evil effects of this manner of life and practice were and are still seen in the Red River country, and on and beyond the boundary line, in various forms. The renegades up there lived with the Indian women unlawfully, raised up illegitimate children, and populated that section largely with mongrel half-breeds, who became dissolute, treacherous, and thieving outlaws—parasites in a civilized community. But they got no foot-hold in Minnesota to the extent of influencing the character of its institutions or customs; they had no part in the great work of building up the State. This element in the population was but as a crooked changeling laid in the cradle for a short time, until the sturdy Americans could bring the fair babe of the commonwealth they had forecast.

Under the French dominion many of the officers, traders, and adventurers who came from France and Canada were descendants of an existing or fallen nobility, and were educated, polished, and intelligent, and supposed they were born to rule. They were men of civilization and Old-World ideas, confronted with these forest solitudes, confronted, too, for the first time, with their real selves, and so led gradually to eliminate from the original substance of manhood the artificial results of culture. The freedom from the restraints of civilized life, the adulation of natives and employés, gave a romance to this life which was coveted and often preferred to that in the elegant parlors of Paris or Quebec. It was a semi-civilization, full of a charm of its own, the like of which can hardly be found now, in these days of railroads and newspapers and telegraphs, in our continent. All nationalities enjoyed it. It was full of novelty, incident, and adventure. A pious historian has said it was apt to "render one earthly, sensual, and devilish," unless there was "a strong religious principle to counteract;" and further, that "there have been scenes enacted in Minnesota" (referring to the early days) "which will never be known till the judgment-day, for ignorance of which we should be grateful." This statement is highly colored. But this hybrid blood, like that of the Indian, is rapidly disappearing and being superseded by the Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Celtic. The last remnants of the inferior races linger like spectres around the final resting-place of their kindred, or, following their instincts, have kept beyond the limits of civilization, and are beyond the boundaries of Minnesota. Of the Gallic element but few traces remain to bear testimony to a former domination. Most of these are to be found in St. Paul, where some of the oldest and wealthiest families are either of French descent or connected with those who are, and retain some of the characteristics of their ancestors; and some streets, both English and American in aspect, bear the names of the vanished Gauls. Of their wild and daring life we have but imperfect tradition, the superior energy and life of the later pioneers blotting out the evidences of it and them, and they now live only in the stray paragraphs of the limited chronicles whose hoarded leaves are garnered and jealously watched by the Minnesota State Historical Society. The Indians have left innumerable names and many mounds and other evidences to tell their successors that here their race once lived and died.

I found an interesting and entertaining work on America (when this section of it was in the possession and under the authority of the English), written by Winterbottom, an English author, and published in London in 1795. It is a work of four volumes, in the possession of James A. Lennon, Esq., an old settler here, who has many quaint and antiquarian relics and records of olden times. The work is as rare as the records of the court of George the Fourth. The sketch of St. Anthony's Falls, on the next page, was probably made two hundred years ago. The name of the artist is not given, but is supposed to be Father Louis Henne-

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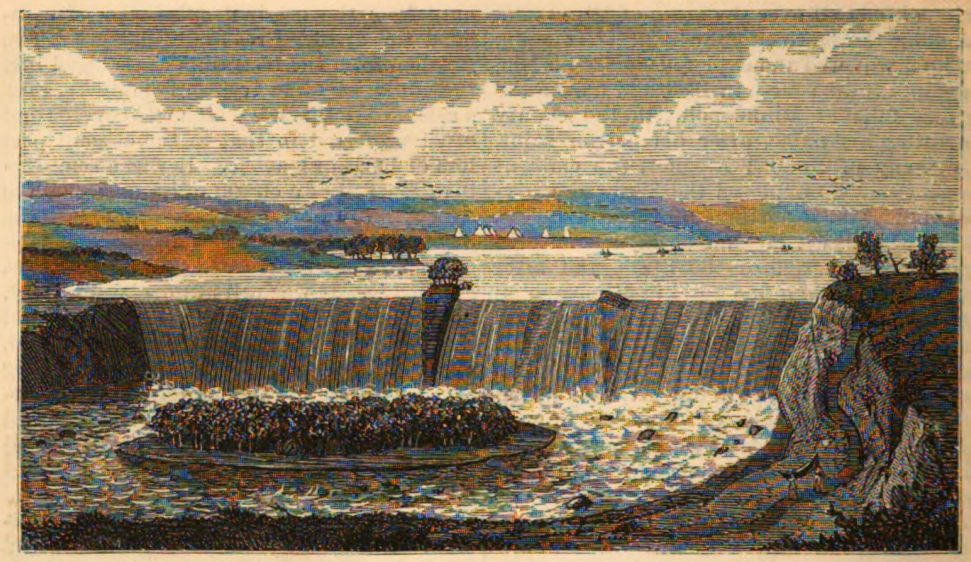

VIEW OF ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.—[FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.]

pin, as subsequent records indicate that he was the original explorer of the falls, and took back a sketch of them to Europe when he returned, over a century preceding the time when this work was issued, about eighty years ago. Those who have made this subject a study think they can locate the rock and island alluded to in the original sketch as the same which are now found below the falls, stranded, as it were, since the recession of the falls of a century ago, by the constant and inexorable action of the water in undermining and destroying the ledge, which process science and the most skillful engineering have arrested in later years.

In speaking of the lakes and rivers of North America, Winterbottom makes the following allusion to the commerce of the Mississippi River at that early day: "The merchandise necessary for the commerce of the upper settlements on or near the Mississippi River is conveyed in the spring and autumn in batteaux, rowed by eighteen or twenty men, and carrying about forty tons. From New Orleans to the Illinois the voyage is commonly performed in eight or ten weeks."

This chapter—a long description of the great river—states that nothing was known at that time respecting its length, and even its source was unknown. It says, further: "We only know that from St. Anthony's Falls, in latitude 45°, it glides with a pleasant, clear current, and receives many large and very extensive tributary streams before its junction with the Missouri." The description of the falls follows: "The Falls of St. Anthony, in latitude 45°, received their name from Father Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, who traveled into these parts about the year 1680, and was the first European ever seen by natives. The whole river, which is more than two hundred and fifty yards wide, falls perpendicularly about thirty feet, and forms a most pleasing cataract. The rapids below, in the space of three hundred yards, render the descent considerably greater, so that, when viewed at a distance, they appear to be much higher than they really are. In the middle of the falls is a small island, about forty feet broad and somewhat longer, on which grow a few cragged hemlocks and spruce-trees; and about half-way between this island and the eastern shore is a rock, lying at the very edge of the falls in an oblique position, five or six feet broad and thirty or forty feet long. These falls are peculiarly situated, as they are approached without the least obstruction from any intervening hill or precipice, which can not be said of any other considerable fall, perhaps, in the world. The country around is exceedingly beautiful. It is not an uninterrupted plain, where the eye finds no relief, but composed of many gentle ascents, which in the spring and summer are covered with verdure and interspersed with little groves, and give a pleasing variety to the prospect. A little below the falls is a small island of about an acre and a half, on which grow a number of oak-trees, almost all the branches of which able to bear the weight are in the proper season of the year loaded with eagles' nests. Their instinctive wisdom has taught them to choose this place, as it is secured, on account of the rapids above, from the attacks either of men or beasts."

Previous to the advent of *bona fide* settlers Minnesota had been partially explored and its resources to some extent made known. Such eminent officers and scholars as Long, Pike, Nicollet, Schoolcraft, and others had been here. Of course some settlers had

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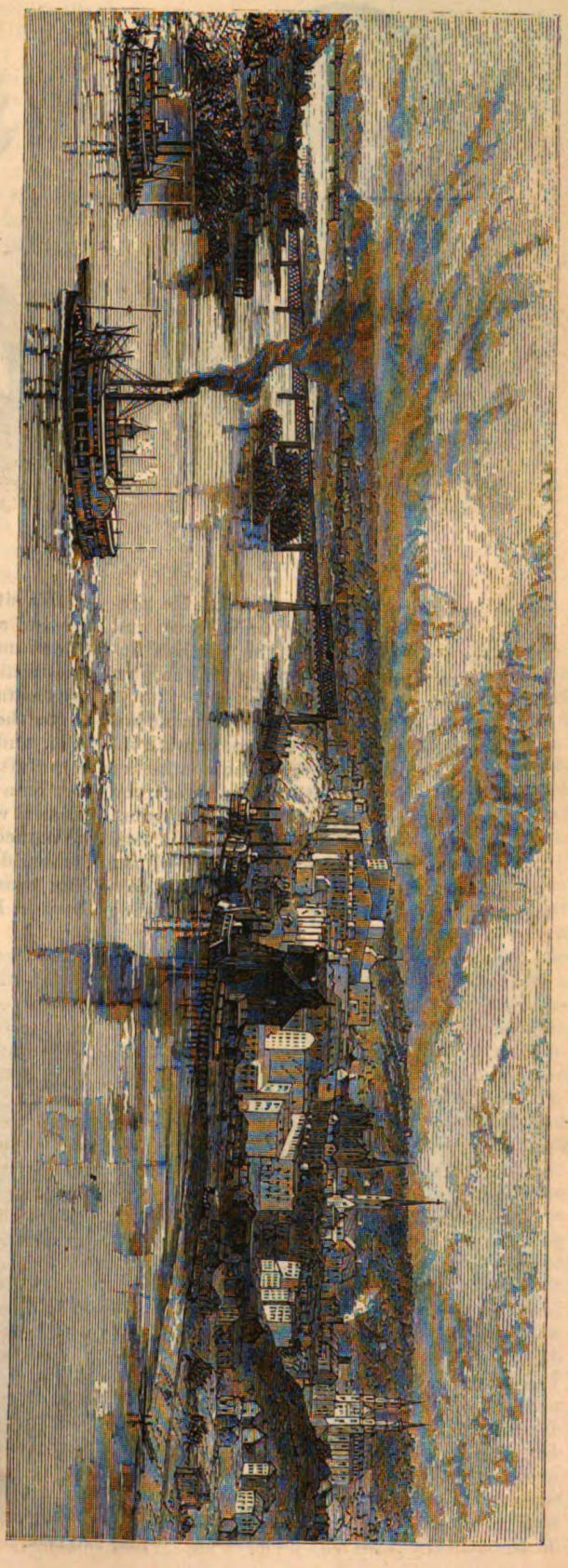
come and made claims, or had squatted on land. Among the number was Jonathan Carver, who came from Connecticut in 1767, soon after this section had been ceded to Great Britain. He seems to have been a keen, practical Yankee, the prototype of those who came after him. He was the first of the numerous land speculators; went up the Mississippi above the Falls of St. Anthony, with an eye for the main chance in the way of a speculation. He returned to a point below the present site of St. Paul, and stepped out of his canoe in front of what proved to be a remarkable cave, which now bears his name. A few feet from the entrance commences a lake of clear water, which extends back to an unknown distance. The walls of the cave are covered with indecipherable Indian hieroglyphics, appearing to be very old. A short distance from this cavern, on the bluff above it, is the mound in which the Dakota tribes buried the bones of their dead, assembling there annually for that purpose, and to hold council and legislate for the succeeding year. At one of these gatherings Carver made a speech before the Dakotas—probably the first ever delivered by a Yankee in this region. The first conveyance of land made and the first deed signed in this region was here. It was made to Carver from the Indians, and the instrument under which his heirs founded their claim to the Carver tract, which both England and this government subsequently repudiated. As late as 1851 holders of this Carver scrip were seen about the neighborhood looking up their imaginary estates. But Carver was a far-seeing man. He predicted that splendid scheme of commercial intercommunication by which St. Paul was to become the centre and focus of a great internal commerce. He predicted a water connection with New York, which has been consummated in the Erie Canal. He also conceived the idea of a Pacific road by way of the Minnesota and other rivers,



ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

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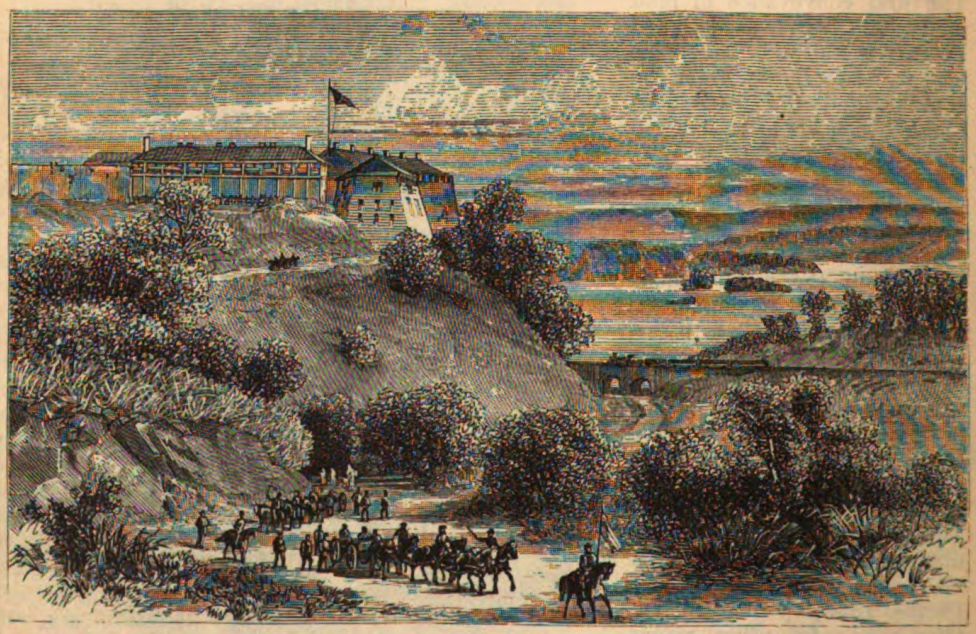
JONATHAN CARVER.

COLONEL JOSIAH G. SNELLING.

which has since been attempted. He presented his schemes with such force and clearness that he induced the English authorities to make explorations for the purpose of surveying and discovering.

In the year 1819 this government sent out troops, under Colonel Leavenworth, with instructions to build a fort at the confluence of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, and to enforce the authority of this government. A stockade was first built on the low land west of the Mississippi and south of the Minnesota River, called "Cantonment Leavenworth." On account of the overflowing of this site, the location was changed to the present site of Fort Snelling, on the high table-land on the opposite side of the Minnesota River, a white sandstone bluff. During the fall of 1820 Colonel Snelling succeeded to the command, completed the fort in 1824, and christened it Fort St. Anthony. Soon after this General Scott visited the fort on a tour of inspection, and was so well pleased with its excellent construction that he named it Fort Snelling, in compliment to its builder and commander. Colonel Snelling was a brave and competent officer; born in Boston in 1772; entered the service



FORT SNELLING.

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as lieutenant in 1808; was distinguished for bravery at the battles of Tippecanoe, Brownstown, and Lyons Creek; and was prominent in connection with Hull's surrender at Detroit, and at the trial of that officer denounced him as either a coward or a traitor. A succession of promotions made him colonel of the Fifth Infantry in 1819. He died August 20, 1828, in Washington. His estimable and accomplished widow is still living, in Cincinnati, aged ninety-six years.

The real material development of Minnesota commenced in the year 1834, when H. H. Sibley made his advent here as a partner in the American Fur Company and superintendent of its great interests north of Lake Pepin to the British boundaries, and the combined power of capital and labor was brought to bear upon the hitherto somewhat wild and precarious business of collecting furs. During the succeeding fifteen years a number of prominent men came here, who were and have since been identified with the upbuilding of this State in every particular—such men as H. M. Rice, Franklin Steele, N. W. Kitson, Edmund Rice, Joseph R. Brown, D. Olmstead, and others, whose names are now fully commemorated on the map of the State. The knowledge they acquired of Indian character and of the manner of dealing with the savages, as well as of the resources of the State, fitted them to render efficient service to the commonwealth. There have been two currents of population which have surged across the continent and peopled the great West. The initial points of this distribution were Jamestown and Plymouth. These currents, of course, often intermingled. The cumulative pressure of the northern tide of population forced it around the lakes (which limited it on the north), and northward up the Mississippi Valley, and east of the central desert regions into Wisconsin and Minnesota, where it came in contact with and overcame that lethargic tide which had its rise in Quebec as an initial point, and had followed the waters of the St. Lawrence, consuming a century in getting here. From this source some feeble attempts at settlement had been made; the most notable was that of the Earl of Selkirk, a wealthy Scotch nobleman, in 1811, on the Red River, near the boundary line. It was a failure. The colony was scattered into Minnesota, further south. All such attempts failed wholly or partially. It was commencing at the wrong end: as absurd as the attempt, about the same time, of one Dixon to establish an empire of half-breeds and Indians on the Red River, with himself as chief, under the title of Montezuma II. It seems to have been predestined that the channel through which the permanent settlers of this State were to come should be on American soil. In this way came the pioneers who built up the State and gave it its character. It is a noteworthy fact that the settlement of Minnesota has been free from the scenes of sanguinary violence which have disgraced the early history of many of the border States. This is due to the fact that this State, California, and Oregon were settled about the same time—1851—and the gold fields of the Pacific attracted the reckless adventurers and desperate characters who would otherwise have found a home here. As it was, the men who had it in

MINNESOTA DAKOTA.

GENERAL H. H. SIBLEY.

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SIOUX MASSACRE, 1862.

view to gain subsistence by honest labor sought the fertile prairies of Minnesota. We refer to the settlement after the organization of a Territory and State.

These tides of emigration pushed the natives ahead of them. The Indians made successive stands and efforts to resist this onward march of civilization, which was driving them before it and destroying them. They had been forced up the streams in this section, from different directions, until they found themselves at their source—the limit. Here they made a final and desperate struggle for their existence and to recover their lost hunting grounds. Instinct seemed to dictate to them to make this their final battle-ground in this latitude. But whether as the result of instinct or reason, or from the force of circumstances, the conflict is a fact of history. Minnesota, then, may be said to be the outcome of that period of contention preceding 1848, the epitaph of which was written in blood with the tomahawk. It is the child of many vicissitudes; ceded and re-ceded, languishing undeveloped through an existence of two centuries, sacked and pillaged, shocked from centre to outline by Indian wars and massacres, deluged with blood in the fierce warfare between the Chippewas and Dakotas, and finally, in 1862, when it was hoping for rest and stability, plunged into that terrible Sioux massacre and war in which nearly one thousand pioneers were brutally tortured and butchered, shocking the civilized world with its atrocity. This beautiful land seems, indeed, to have been the prey of a capricious fate, but it has survived the ordeal, and come out strengthened and with renewed vigor. Its permanent settlement and progress toward the fulfillment of its destiny seem to have been consecrated by that Sioux massacre. It was a turning-point in the history of the State. The war was terminated in such a manner as to give assurance to the world that that was the last successful or considerable uprising of Indians in this latitude, since the latter were driven from the borders of Minnesota and severely punished. This defense of the State and suppression of the uprising was intrusted to General H. H. Sibley, who conducted it with distinguished ability, and fairly won the title of the savior as well as the father of Minnesota. His familiarity with Indian character and his ability and integrity of purpose especially fitted him for this important duty.

To mould and shape the destinies of a State out of the chaos and confusion attending the travail and birth of Minnesota required just such men at the helm as the pioneers who came — men of great physical and moral courage, and many of them well educated. The American came to the front in earnest, one hand extended for a land grant, and the other grasping a rifle.

These men, well fitted to encounter the hardships of frontier life, were not un-

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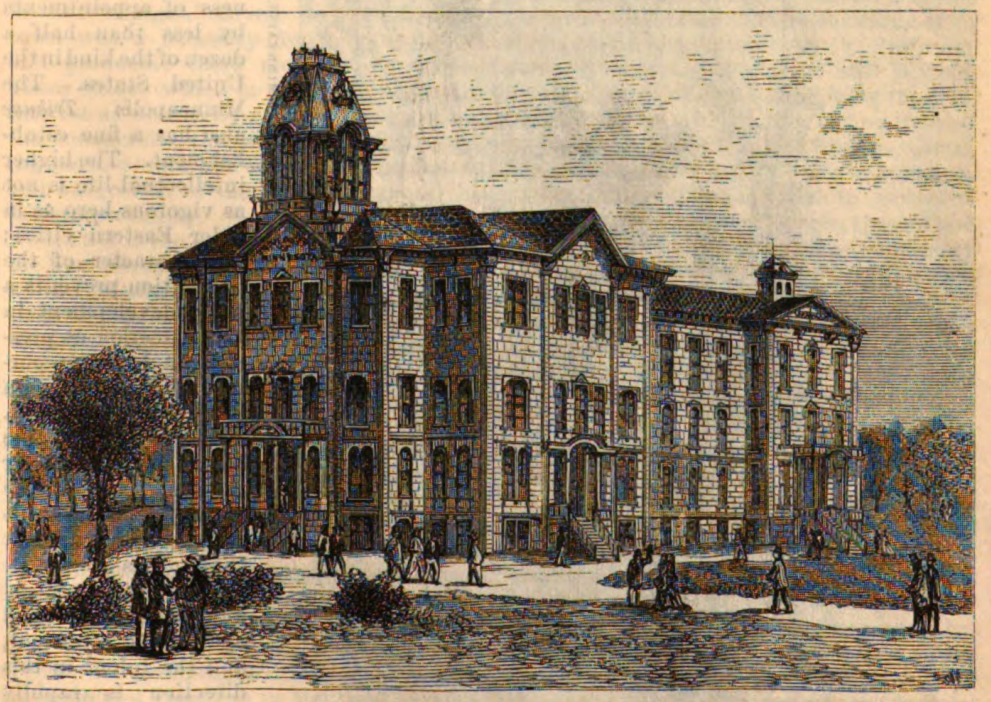
mindful of the higher wants of the people who might cast their lot here. No sooner had they made a shelter for themselves than they reared the church and school-house. Minnesota has excellent common schools, munificently endowed, higher institutions of learning, and an excellent university. The largest and finest edifices in such flourishing interior cities as Winona, Rochester, Faribault, Red Wing, St. Cloud, and others are the school buildings. The finest public-school building in any country town in this land is at Rochester, in the southern part of the State, indicating a half century of patient upbuilding instead of a single decade. One having a knowledge of what Minnesota was up to as late a date as 1850, when the entire population was about 5000, and then east of the Mississippi River mainly, and no knowledge of its progress and growth since, would be surprised to be now set down on the streets of St. Paul or Minneapolis, or some of the large interior cities. Then St. Paul, the only city, was on the verge of civilization; it consisted of a few rude shanties, each alternate one devoted to relieving the universal American thirst. It has now nearly 40,000 inhabitants; and Minneapolis, a few miles above, nearly as many—80,000 people within an area ten miles square. These cities have school-houses, churches, and public buildings that would grace any Eastern city, and massive business blocks on either side of the principal streets, representing their industry and wealth. Great mills, elevators, and manufactories of all kinds line the banks of the river at Minneapolis. The river is spanned by expensive bridges. The *first* bridge that was ever put across the Mississippi River at any point was the wire suspension-bridge at Minneapolis, built in 1856. The elegant residences and grounds indicate a high degree of refinement. Throughout the State the soil yields an abundance; railroads penetrate every section of it, and reach out through the far Northwest toward the Pacific coast and the British Possessions, all paying tribute to these central cities. The people love their soil, climate, prairies, lakes, and streams, and look forward to the future with high hopes. Yet there are men still young who can remember when these cities and this populous section was a tenantless prairie or tree-covered bluff. Twenty-five years ago Chicago and Milwaukee were the *Ultima Thule* of Northwestern travel to ordinary mortals who were neither pioneers, trappers, nor fur-traders. It took several days to get to St. Paul from Chicago. Now St. Paul and Minneapolis are the objective points for tourists and pleasure-seekers in that direction. The people of those cities talk of "watering-places" and summer resorts within their own State. Minnetonka, Como, White Bear, and other lakes are within a few miles, and so are Frontenac, Faribault, St. Cloud, and a number of other healthful and beautiful resorts. A ride of about twenty hours by the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, or Chicago and Northwestern and West Wis-



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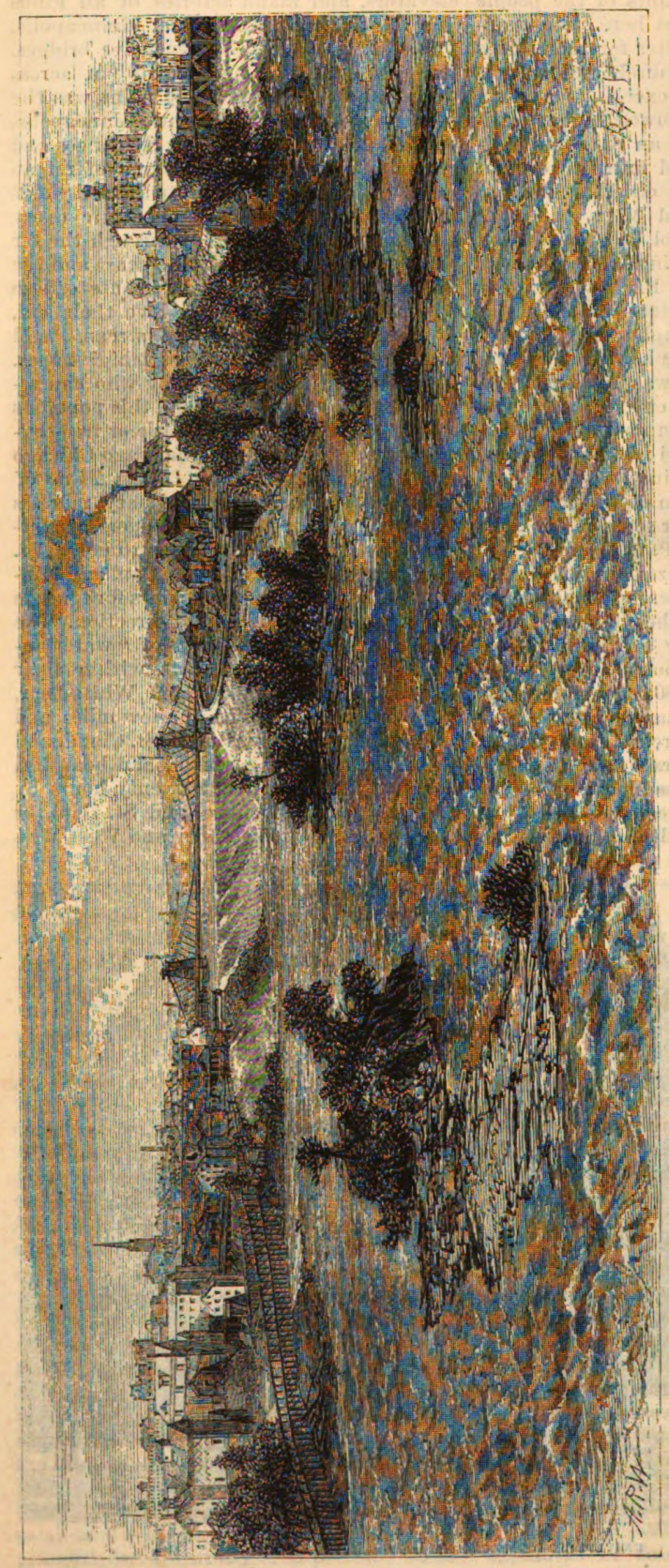

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. ANTHONY, MINNESOTA.

consin railways brings one here from Chicago. By the former route the ever-changing and ever-beautiful scenery of the Upper Mississippi is in view from the cars which run on the river-bank from La Crosse to Minneapolis—scenery which will compare with any in the world. Elegant passenger and sleeping coaches run through without change, and have all the conveniences for travelers possessed by any roads in the world. The press, the telegraph, and the steamboat, as well as the railroad, are here—indeed, hundreds of miles beyond to the west and the northwest. The press here is equal in ability and enterprise to that of any city in this country. The *Daily Press* is one of the most brilliant and able in the country, and has a building, newspaper and job establishment, equaled in completeness of appointments by less than half a dozen of the kind in the United States. The Minneapolis *Tribune* also has a fine establishment. The higher intellectual life is not as vigorous here as in older Eastern cities; the character of the population prevents a large development in this direction at present. A large proportion of the population is of foreign descent. Moreover, the people have little time for the graces and culture which come with literature and art. But these cities are the rivals in this respect of any of their size and age on the continent, and the talent in this direction is rapidly coming to assert itself.

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CAPITOL, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

In the Old World people follow the trade, here trade follows the people. The real marvel, after all, is not that these large cities have grown from insignificant villages in so short a time, but that the country back of them has developed so rapidly. Had Minnesota grown only with that comparatively slow growth of the more eastern States, St. Paul and Minneapolis would now be but villages. Given the country, the town was a necessity for the population and products: there must be a market. These cities—which in time will be one in interest as well as by virtue of contact, one the commercial, the other the manufacturing portion—are but the visible exponents and outgrowth of the development of the tributary country.

St. Paul is the leading commercial city in the New Northwest, and third in importance in the Mississippi Valley. The wholesale trade in 1874 amounted to $19,000,000, one wholesale dry-goods house alone doing a business of $2,500,000. The banking capital amounts to $2,150,000. Nine railroads centre here and at Minneapolis. St. Paul received by all railroads and steamboat lines in 1874, 471,000 tons of freight; expended in new buildings and improvements the same year, $2,125,000; Minneapolis about the same. While these figures do not show the full amount of business, they indicate how vigorous and substantial the growth has been. Though hardly of legal age, St. Paul looks as old as Boston in many respects; the grouping of buildings is as picturesque and varied as in Montreal. From the river-bank, which is a bold escarpment of quartzose sandstone underlying the limestone, gleaming white where the plateau terminates on the river's brink, on successive elevations or tables, rise acres of solidly built stone and brick structures, and still further back, on the broad esplanades, long avenues lined with fine residences. On the levee, where the cars come in and steamboats land, are seen in the business season a throng of laborers, steamers shrieking their arrival and departure, and a grotesque scramble for the Northwest still beyond. The city leaped into new life after the war, and during the construction of hundreds of miles of new railroads, like a young giant, confident in the plenitude of its strength. It is a cosmopolitan city, rich in social life and energy, active in commerce, shrewd and ingenious in the struggle for the supremacy of trade in the New Northwest. It is attractively situated, flanked by bluffs and plateaus, and abounding with groves and vales. The elevations are traversed by horse railways, and a ride of a few minutes will take one from the business centre to the suburbs. The passion for suburban residences is fast taking possession of the people, and several beautiful avenues, or boulevards, as the people there delight to call them, have been laid out and built up in both this city and Minneapolis.

Minneapolis is only seven miles in a straight line from St. Paul, from centre to centre. The two cities are connected by broad avenues. The scenery is rare in its beauty and picturesqueness. Fort Snelling, Minnehaha, and other points are widely known. One of the most magnificent views

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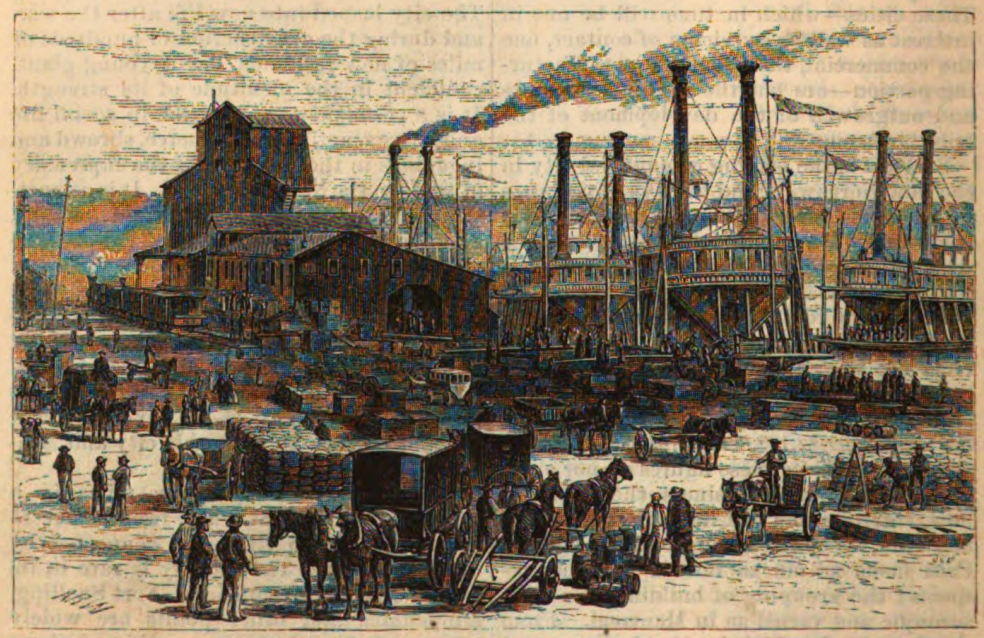
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MINNEAPOLIS.

in the Northwest is that obtained as one approaches Minneapolis on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, when the west is aglow with a mellow sunset—the land, sky, and groves wreathed with vapors of variegated soft and beautiful tints; the city in the distance on an elevated prairie, the background diversified with graceful slope and rounded contour of hill and woodland. Nearer the city one hears the roar of the great cataract, St. Anthony's Falls, mingled with which is the noise of axe, hammer, and saw: an apotheosis of industry, where, reversing the fairy tale, nothing is left to luck; and if there be any poetry, it is something that can not be helped—the waste of the water over the dam. It is the queen manufacturing city in the New Northwest, has the most ample and effective available water-power on the continent—indeed, in the world. Its hydraulic capacity at an average stage of water is 120,000 horse-power; the descent in the river within less than two miles is sixty-four feet, the effective fall forty-five feet. The northern termination of the ledge of limestone which underlies the surface for fifty miles east and west is here. This stone is an excellent building material, and is extensively used here and in St. Paul. The water found its way through the sand-rock under the ledge a few years since and threatened to destroy it; but the united efforts of the proprietors and the government in putting in works have made the dam permanent and secure for all time. To this great water-power, to the fact that raw material of almost every kind employed in the arts is found in the State, to the favorable commercial position and facilities which enable her to collect this raw material and distribute the products to widely dependent markets, Minneapolis is indebted for her present eminence as a manufacturing city. She has signal advantages for varied manufacture. Almost every variety of industry is prosecuted here. The chief interests in point of magnitude



LEVEE, ST. PAUL.

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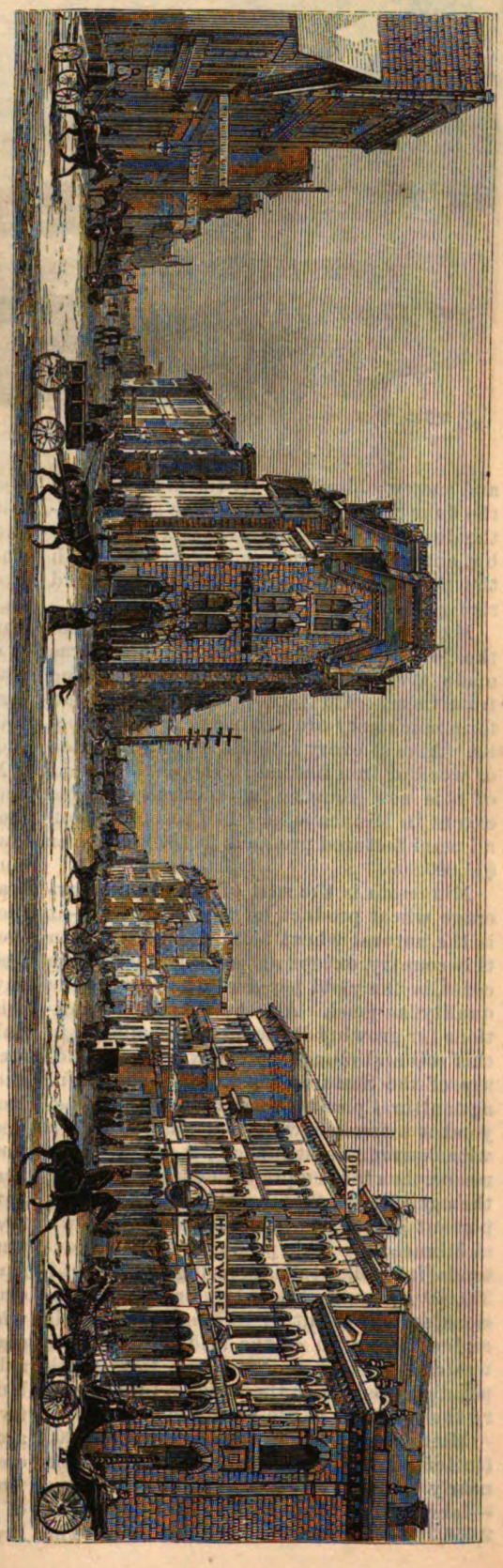
are lumber and flour. The annual lumber product is about 200,000,000 feet and about 125,000,000 shingles. It is the central point for lumber manufacture for the vast region of pine on the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries. Many millions of dollars are invested in this business. Of equal and perhaps greater importance is the manufacture of flour, in which Minneapolis is excelled by but one city in the United States. The product in 1874 was 726,500 barrels, and 65,000,000 pounds of feed. Ex-Governor Washburn, of Wisconsin, has built and is now operating the largest mill on this continent, and the fourth in capacity in the world. The machinery and stones are the best that could be found in France. The art of flour-making has been reduced to something near perfection here. The Minnesota wheat is said to be of the best quality of any in the world. Spring wheat is grown almost exclusively, and produces the best flour. Five years ago it sold in the market for three to four dollars less per barrel than winter-wheat flour, while now it commands from one to two dollars more per barrel. The new process, the use of what is known as the "middlings purifier," has revolutionized the manufacture of flour. The machinery by which this result is accomplished is very ingenious; it was introduced into this country from France originally, but has been very much improved here. Mr. Christian, the proprietor of a large mill, a thoroughly practical and scientific operator, has made the subject a study, and investigated the merits of the new processes in Europe and America, and given the millers the benefit of his knowledge. The result has been the production of machinery so delicate and exact in its operation as to extract all the better qualities of the wheat kernel without impairing the vitality, producing the whitest and best flour the wheat is capable of yielding. This process consists in removing the bran from the wheat by subjecting it to grinding, the dust and bran being reeled out, leaving a mass of rounded coarse grits of wheat meat or simnel, which in this form can be subjected to a blast of air which carries away the dust and impurities of the exterior coatings. The simnel, thus purified, and ground again, produces this excellent flour, which has come to be the delight of the housekeeper because of its absolute purity



BUSINESS CENTRE OF MINNEAPOLIS.

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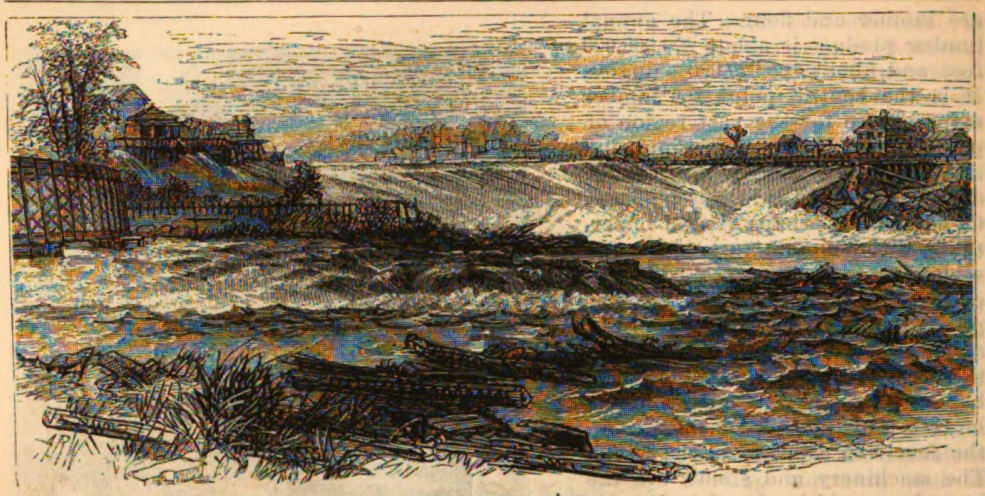

THE DAM, ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.

and snowy whiteness. By the old process—the flour being made by only one grinding—the dust and impurities were to a considerable extent ground up and intermixed with the flour, reducing its color, richness, and rising qualities.

Many valuable inventions have come from the Northwest. The first steel plow was made there; reapers and threshers came from there. The best plows, reapers, and farm machinery are produced in Minneapolis. Almost every kind of machinery made of wood or iron needed in the development of this new country is produced to some extent in Minneapolis. The total value of all manufactured products in 1874 was over $15,000,000.

Minnesota is the seat of the greatest average wheat product on this continent—it is the natural wheat belt; nowhere else in this country, excepting possibly the Pacific coast, is the yield per acre as great or the quality as good. All the requisite conditions for growing it seem to be combined in this soil and climate. The western boundary of the State is the limit of successful agricultural production in this latitude; beyond it a treeless, waterless waste, stricken with barrenness, stretches for miles. Minnesota thus takes a pre-eminent rank among the agricultural States. All of the less important grains are also successfully grown in Minnesota. This productive district extends into Manitoba, covering an area of 350,000 square miles in the British Possessions, and all tributary to Minnesota. This region lies north of the arid and desolate waste stretching south of the forty-ninth parallel, over which the winds refuse to carry their burden of life-giving moisture.

Minnesota has a population of over 600,000 (in 1850 it had less than 5000), an area of nearly 84,000 square miles, or 53,760,000 acres—larger than all New England—of which 2,556,342 acres are under cultivation. The assessed valuation of taxable property was $140,000 in 1850, and is $223,000,000 now. The State debt, exclusive of the old railroad bonds, is but $444,000. The annual product of wheat is nearly 30,000,000 bushels, of which about 5,000,000 bushels are manufactured into flour within the State; of other grains 23,000,000 bushels. It has 3,000,000 apple-trees, of which 85,000 are bearing. It has over 2000 miles of railroads, and 1200 miles of navigable waters within and along its borders.

Minnesota is the water-shed of the continent; the great rivers which drain it have their rise in Northern Minnesota within a few miles of each other, and radiate east, north, and south. The St. Lawrence River drains the eastern slope, the Red River of the North the northern, and the Mississippi the southern. The highest elevation is 1680 feet above sea-level. These several slopes have different physical characteristics in this State. The eastern, at the head of Lake Superior, is a development of primary rocks overlaid by deposits of clay and drift, and is rich in minerals; the northern slope includes the rich alluvial deposits of the Red River Valley and the fertile basins of the lakes and rivers in Manitoba. The northern part of the State is covered with hard-wood timber, beach, elm, and maple; the highland or water-shed is covered with pine, spruce, and conifers—more than 20,000 square miles of the surface—and the soil is comparatively sterile. The southern slope, which extends into the Mississippi Valley, and includes the entire State south of the ridge, is one vast extent of prairie and woodland, unsurpassed in fertility and productiveness. The streams running southward are fringed with alluvial bottoms, and covered often with a dense growth of hard wood; the main part of the entire surface of this slope is a deep, dark, argillaceous alluvium, exceedingly rich and grassy. The

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poplar, alder, willow, and kindred species and hard woods take the place of pine; the transition from conifer to deciduous forms is sudden. Outside of these valleys the surface is rolling prairie, whose undulations dip down on all sides to the margins of beautiful lakes and streams, which are numerous, and furnish an ample supply of moisture. Minnesota is emphatically the Land of Lakes, the name given it by the Indians. They are almost numberless, and by their beauty and sylvan associations constitute one of the principal charms of the rural landscape.* The portion of the State lying between the Mississippi and St. Croix rivers has a variety of soil and timber growth. One of the characteristic features of that portion of the State is the number of water-falls, which, in addition to water-power for future populations, afford some of the wildest and grandest scenery. Besides the great Falls of St. Anthony, where huge rocks are piled up in Titanic confusion, attesting the great power of the water with which they have contended for ages, there are a number of beautiful cascades up the river. Further north and west are several falls on the Pigeon, St. Louis, and St. Croix rivers. On either stream is a most singular combination of wild and grand scenery. The cascades and cataracts are precipitous and bold. On Pigeon River, in a distance of 400 yards, the fall is 144 feet—a succession of cascades and cataracts through a narrow gorge, with perpendicular walls from 40 to 120 feet high. The dalles of the St. Louis and St. Croix are noted for their grandeur.

MINNEHAHA—LAUGHING WATER.

The garden of the State is west of the Mississippi, which is intersected with streams, affording thorough drainage and, with their outline of bluffs and the graceful sweeps of their valleys, some of the most picturesque and animated scenery in this or any other country, breaking the monotony of a prairie country into forms of great variety and beauty, combining the elements of successful husbandry and delightful landscape views. The vegetation is luxuriant under the quickening effects of a hot summer, abundant moisture, and the dry atmosphere which performs such important and conservative functions in tempering the ministry of the elements of the life and growth of animals and plants, all contributing to the making of the growing season of ample length for seed-time and harvest.

The dark warm soil of the rolling prairies and river bottoms along the lines of the St.

* Dr. Day, of St. Paul, State Fish Commissioner, has taken the pains to obtain the extent of inland lake surface in the State by measurement, showing 1,601,840 acres—three and one-half acres of water to every one hundred acres of land. He is introducing choice species of fish into these lakes and streams, such as are not here now, and will never be except by artificial propagation, though these waters abound in several ordinary varieties of fish.

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VIEW IN THE DALLES OF ST. CROIX.

Paul and Pacific, the Sioux City, and Winona and St. Peter railways is as rich as the famed valley of the Nile. Experience has demonstrated that it is not only favorable for agricultural purposes, but for stock-raising as well. Some of the best stock farms and choicest herds of blooded stock in this country are in Minnesota. C. A. De Graff has a stock and grain farm at Janesville, ninety-three miles southwest from St. Paul, of 2200 acres, called Lake Elysian Farm, from the lake on which it is situated. It is stocked with thorough-bred Durham and Alderney cattle, and horses, sheep, and hogs of the best breeds. The experiment has proved a decided success, his stock commanding the best prices in the Eastern markets: 1100 acres of the land are in crops, 350 in grass, the balance in pasturage and timber. Several extensive grain farms have also been opened. Mr. Dalrymple, in Dakota County, has one of several thousand acres, which has been profitable. The luxuriant grass growth, the rich meadow and prairie lands, the extensive pasturage, abundance and purity of the water, large yield of all grains and vegetables used in subsisting and fattening animals, the mildness of the winter season, freedom from diseases which prevail in more southern and more humid atmospheres—all point to stock-raising and wool-growing as among the most important and profitable of the diversified channels into which the industry of the farmer may be directed. Wool grown in Minnesota is of the best quality.

Minnesota possesses all these natural elements of wealth—elements well calculated to concentrate a numerous population, and call forth all their aptitudes and energies—and is open to the intellect, the energy, and the capital of the East. Emigrants will not be likely to go west of this State for some years hence, except those in search of minerals and sudden fortunes. It is the western limit of successful agriculture. In 1820, when land was held at $50 an acre in New England, the farmer moved to Ohio, and got it for $1 25; in 1840 it was the same in Ohio, and he moved to Illinois; for the same reason he went to Iowa and Minnesota in 1850. When it is $50 an acre there he will go to the Winnipeg and Saskatchewan valleys, by which time it is hoped they will belong to the United States.

Many people who contemplate moving to the Northwest are not aware that thousands of acres of the richest government lands, near a line of railway too, may be had by simply occupying them, under the Homestead or Tree-planting acts, or of the railroad companies on almost as easy conditions. The St. Paul and Pacific Railroad penetrates one of the richest parts of the State, and is doing a great work in opening up to settlement those vast prairies and woodlands, furnishing land and homes to thousands of settlers almost without price, certainly requiring very little ready money. All the time required for payment is given, and at a low rate of interest. One of the

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objections—perhaps the only one—to habitation on the prairies west of the timber belts has been that they are without timber. This disadvantage is being overcome by planting trees—an enterprise which was initiated in that section by President Becker, and is now under the supervision of Hon. L. B. Hodges, who introduced tree-planting into the State twenty-five years ago, and has demonstrated its entire feasibility by repeated experiments. It was commenced along this railway in 1870 for the primary purpose of creating a snow-break, the trees being set in rows on either side of the track; in places most liable to drift, two rows to form a more effective break. The experiment has proved a decided success, and the work is now prosecuted with vigor. This company has set out over 4,000,000 trees; 20,000,000 have been planted on the treeless prairies of the State. Mr. Becker, to encourage private enterprise, opened a farm on the prairies, and is planting on a large scale at his own expense. Many kinds of trees grow very rapidly—often fifty to sixty feet high, and twenty-five to thirty inches in diameter, in from fifteen to twenty years' time; hard woods, six to eight inches in diameter, in from seven to ten years' time. It is claimed by Mr. Hodges that trees can be planted at a cost of less than one-third of a cent each the first year. This device will prevent the snow drifting on the track, supply timber and fuel for the use of the road, besides enhancing the æsthetic effect.

Minnesota, by virtue of its geographical position on the continent, is also of political consequence. William H. Seward, in a speech he made in St. Paul in 1861, said that Minnesota occupied a commanding position with reference to the political as well as the commercial destinies of this country. He predicted that power was not to reside permanently in the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains nor in the sea-ports. Sea-ports are controlled by the interiors; that this control would eventually be located in the Mississippi Valley; and he said he believed the *ultimate seat of government would be located somewhere near the head of navigation on the Mississippi.* Stephen A. Douglas expressed the same sentiment when in the United States Senate, in connection with the location of the capital of the Territory at St. Paul. Hon. Alexander Ramsey was appointed Governor of the Territory in 1848, and sent here to organize the government. In his inaugural he made like predictions of the future of this State. He has lived to witness a realization to some extent of his predictions; has been Governor of the State, and twelve years its honored representative in the United States Senate, and hence one of the most prominent and useful of the actors in promoting the destiny of the State. These men had the sagacity and foresight to discern a great city in the near future at the head of navigation, and a great State to sustain it—a result inevitable of that tide of emigration from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Germany, and Scandinavia, which has been and is still flowing noiselessly out on the prairies to cover them with farms, villages, stock, and grain.

SILVER CASCADE, NEAR ST. ANTHONY.

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PARISIAN JOURNALISTS.

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

WE Americans are apt to think there is no journalism in France. In our sense, there is little; in the French sense, there is a vast deal. If there had not been sterling journalism there, the great Napoleon would never have said that a journalist means a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns; that four hostile newspapers are more to be dreaded than a hundred thousand bayonets.

One of the earliest of newspapers, the *Gazette de France*, was established in that country (1631) by Dr. Théophraste Renaudot. The French could not live without news. The Gauls, according to Cæsar, were so eager for it that they ran after strangers and beset them for the latest intelligence. Nearly all the revolutions have been sustained, if not created, by the press. Mirabeau, Camille Desmoulins, Marat, Louvet, Tallien, Hébert, Billaut-Varenne, were journalists and pamphleteers. Armand Carrel, François Mignet, and Adolphe Thiers, as editors of the *National*, largely contributed to the abdication of Charles X. Émile de Girardin was instrumental in driving Louis Philippe from the throne. Henri Rochefort, through his *Lanterne* and *Marseillaise*, did much to render Louis Napoleon so unpopular as to compel the war with Germany in a desperate effort to preserve the empire.

One of the oldest, and assuredly the best known, of Parisian journalists is Émile de Girardin. Now seventy-three, his years have been full of experience; for he has been on every side of politics that has been invented since his birth. He is believed to be waiting for some new fashion, which he will accept, the moment it appears, from the charm of its novelty. His career has been singular. Born in Switzerland of parents legally unknown, he bore the name of Émile Delamothe until he was twenty-five. Then discovering that he was the son of Count (General) Alexandre de Girardin, he claimed his proper patronymic, and contended manfully for his right to it, although his father did not acknowledge him for ten years. He made his *début* in literature with two romances, *Émile* and *Au Hasard*, the former a highly colored story founded upon the experiences of his youth. Appointed Inspector of Fine Arts under the Martignac ministry, he profited by the leisure of the sinecure to enter into several daring speculations, which turned out luckily. He then published *Le Voleur*, which, true to its title, filched from all the other presses, and *La Mode*, an authority on fashion, for some time under the patronage of the Duchesse de Berri.

After the abdication of Charles X. he established the *Journal des Connaissances Utiles*, a monthly, at four francs a year, which in a little while had one hundred and thirty thousand subscribers. He also issued other cheap periodicals, atlases, and almanacs, pretending that they emanated from a National Society for Intellectual Emancipation, combining with them divers commercial enterprises, some of which, like the mines of Saint Bérain, the Physionotype, and the Agricultural Institute of Coëtbo, obtained, as they say in Paris, *un malheureux retentissement*. This phrase, being translated into plain English, is susceptible of meaning an outrageous swindle, and that is what the people who lost by Girardin's schemes substantially called it. They were to make a great deal of money by subscribing to the journalist's projects; but he seems to have been the one chiefly benefited.

Girardin appears to be a sort of Gallic Yankee or Westerner. The Agricultural Institute of Coëtbo sounds exactly like some fantastic advertisement in a frontier newspaper of a new way to practice an old imposition. To say that he had any intention of defrauding would be unfair; but it is not strange that such intent was charged upon him by those who counted themselves as his dupes. By this time (he was now three-and-thirty) he had a well-filled purse, he had been defendant in several suits for libel, he had fought three duels, and had acquired a vogue.

His next step was to start the *Presse* (July 1, 1836), a conservative organ, at forty francs a year—half the price heretofore paid for dailies of the same class. Thus challenging

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and defying all competition, his contemporaries, particularly his political opponents, fell upon him violently. He could not have been more abused if he had been an editor in the United States. Both his public and private life were assailed. He was accused of claiming a name that did not belong to him (his filiation was not avowed until 1847), of flagrant dishonesty in his business transactions, of total lack of political principle. He was so bitterly denounced on every hand that he hardly knew whom to call to account. But he very soon fixed upon one of the fiercest of his opponents, Armand Carrel, then acting as editor-in-chief (Thiers, Mignet, and himself had an agreement that each should fill the position for a twelvemonth) of the able liberal newspaper the *National*. Carrel, as brave and peppery as he was able and honest, promptly accepted Girardin's challenge, and chose pistols, which is unusual in France, and always regarded as a serious sign. They fought at Vincennes. Girardin received a slight wound in the thigh; Carrel was shot in the abdomen, and died in great agony, two days after, in the house of a friend, to which he had been removed, at Saint Mandé. When the sad news of his fatal hurt reached Paris, hundreds of the brilliant republican's admirers flocked to Saint Mandé, and his death was mourned as a public calamity.

The tragedy excited a tremendous outcry against the chief of the *Presse;* but he stood firm, securing a long-disputed seat in the Chamber of Deputies, and gaining an immense circulation for his paper. Though he has never said so publicly, the disastrous result of the duel must have caused him lasting regret. It is reported that he resolved on the fatal field never to give or accept another challenge. Certain it is, he has not fought since, and he has had omnipotent cause. Some time after, he declared in the *Presse* that the *Siècle* employed regicides on its staff. Louis Bergeron, one of the editors, who had been tried for an alleged attempt to shoot Louis Philippe and been acquitted, demanded that Girardin should either retract or give him satisfaction. The grand Émile, as he is often styled, would do neither. Bergeron sought him in a box at the opera and publicly cuffed him. The assaulted journalist simply caused him to be arrested. He was tried, and condemned to three years' imprisonment (*sic*), the severest penalty for such offense. Girardin must certainly have registered a vow in heaven never to go to the field again.

His success despite so many obstacles, and his general unconciliatory course, insured him any number of enemies. In 1846 he was meanly excluded from the Chamber of Deputies, to which he had been elected four times, on the pretext that he was not a Frenchman. After various fluctuations, after supporting and attacking in turn divers ministries, and keeping himself in very hot water, he carried the circulation of the *Presse* to 160,000 copies, and finally sold his interest in it (1856) to Millaud and Co. for 900,000 francs. He had had the paper twenty years, and cleared on an average 250,000 francs annually. Since then he has owned and disposed of the *Liberté*, and has recently undertaken the *France*. He can not keep out of the excitement and turmoil of politics. A cardinal article of his faith is that he can render any journal profitable; that he can even touch the corpse of a newspaper and make it live. His experience has furnished some reason for his belief. Nevertheless he is not content. His political aspirations have never been realized. His ambition is lofty. He has hungered for a seat in the cabinet, and, according to rumor, he has been frequently on the eve of appeasement. Kings, princes, presidents, have consulted him; but none of them have invited him to the cherished chair. Naturally he feels aggrieved. He has an ineradicable conviction that he is not appreciated, that he is one of the great men whose entire greatness his contemporaries have not been able to understand. His vanity is enormous, his egotism sublime.

With many virtues, he has many defects. One of these is an absolute absence of humor. The subject of manifold jests, he never descries the prick of a single one. When the jokers name him the Holy Sacrament, because no government ever sends for him until it is at the point of death, he does not smile. When they impute to him the phrase, "Émile de Girardin and Napoleon Bonaparte have alone illustrated their era," he considers that a solemn fact, a truism, indeed. There is no end of the sport that has been made of him—outside of his presence, however, for he has immeasurable dignity and unfailing force. He sees the satire and raillery in print, but they disturb him not. He is on too magnificent terms with himself to be displaced. Whatever revolutions may be possible to France, Girardin can never be driven from the throne of his imperial egotism.

The eminent journalist has always managed to keep himself in the public eye. He has done nothing, it is said, without a view to self-advertisement. Even his affections are affirmed to have been influenced by practicality. His first wife, the witty and beautiful Delphine Gay, was the literary and social fashion when he espoused her (he was twenty-nine then), and this is thought to have decided his choice. She died in 1855, and he married the Countess of Tieffenbach, widow of Prince Frederick of Nassau, which union was probably impelled by his ambition.

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Professionally, he was the foremost to introduce the romantic *feuilleton* into a political newspaper, the *Presse*, and the experiment was so prosperous that his contemporaries imitated it at once. Even the weighty and momentous *Journal des Débats* felt obliged to combine its leaders with fiction. The "Mystères de Paris," first published by Eugène Sue in its columns, trebled its circulation. He was the first also to bring into fashion, now firmly established, the broken-line-and-brief-paragraph style of editorial. In 1848, when he was fervently supporting Louis Napoleon for the Presidency, he used to have every evening over his signature three or four flaming leaders of this convulsive sort.

Empire is Peace.
Peace is Empire.
Why is Empire Peace?
Because it is propped up by bayonets.
Will France ever herd with the beasts of the field?
Yes; and chew the cud of remorse and humiliation.
When and why?
France will herd for seven times seven years with the brute nations of the world.
And be despised.
And laughed at.
And mocked.
And it will serve her right.
Unless she elect Louis Napoleon.

His motto is, "A new idea every day" (*Une idée par jour*), and he has so far transcended it that he has often a dozen ideas of an antipodal character in twenty-four hours, rendering it impossible for his associates to keep up with him. This facility for change has caused many disagreements between the great Émile and his contributors; but he has always been very kind to young men who have talent and will not oppose him. The poorer, the more friendless, a candidate, the more certain he is to find favor from the editor of the *France*, who is very fond of young men, and has had any number in his employment.

An adventurer himself—and proud to be such—he affects the adventurous that have the courage and the will to cross swords with the warring world. He has ever felicitated himself upon a certain personal resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte, and he was long in the habit of wearing a wisp of hair over his forehead in the manner of the greatest man of modern times. If he should use this phrase, he would, no doubt, mentally and modestly except himself. He looks a little, especially in the lower part of his face, like Caleb Cushing. He is very noticeable, positively distinguished in appearance, and nobody is better aware of it than he.

There is much to be said in behalf of Girardin—one of Charguéraud's heroes—but chiefly that he is, in the Parisian sense, a great journalist, and, in every sense, a man of India rubber principle and of iron will.

Paul Garnier, or de Cassagnac, as he insists upon being called, is one of the youngest and most notorious press men of the French capital. He is about thirty-four, the editor of the *Pays*, and has fought ten or twelve duels, which is his biography in brief. Not being at all remarkable as a writer, he determined very early to become remarkable as a fighter, and he has succeeded. His father, much more of a man than the son (he took his added name, he says, from a village near the place of his birth), was editor-in-chief of the *Pays*, and made Paul his associate when the latter had become twenty-five. The younger Cassagnac has now been for some time chief of the paper, which is superlatively imperialist, being regarded as the special organ of the ex-Empress Eugénie and the quondam prince, her son. He attracted her attention and won her regard by challenging her political foes, memorably Henri Rochefort for his bitter denunciations of the Napoleon family. The editor of the *Lanterne*, who had been brutal not less than savage in his assaults, was badly wounded, he having named pistols as the weapons, not to give any undue advantage to his antagonist, one of the best swordsmen in Paris.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC.

One of Cassagnac's first combats was with Aurélien Scholl, a pugnacious polemic, who was on the elder Dumas's *Mousquetaire*, on Villedeuil's *Paris*, on the *Corsaire* (he began his inky apprenticeship there), the *Satan*, the *Silhouette*, the *Coulisses*, and on the *Figaro*. Scholl had considerable reputation as a duelist, and yet he was pricked in the right arm.

The youthful Paul so enjoyed the *éclat* of worsting his older and more experienced adversary that he was impatient to fight somebody else. For some slight cause he sent a cartel to Vermorel, of the *Courrier Français*, who declined; whereupon the pyrophagonist of the *Pays* offered him countless affronts, declaring that he had no right to

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give offense and refuse satisfaction. One would have thought from his tirade that a refusal to accept a challenge must be uncle or cousin-german at least to total depravity. He raved like a drab on the subject.

Very soon after, Lieutenant Lullier, of the navy, also a *littérateur*, took exception to some of Cassagnac's performances, and invited him to the field. Oddly enough, the redoubtable fire-eater denied himself the pleasure of tasting a single spark, and the lieutenant, though most energetic in heaping insults upon the braggart, could not provoke his bellicose appetite. Inconsistency so glaring was hard to explain. But Lullier's friends claimed to have the key in the fact that as a fencer or pistol-shot he has scarcely an equal in France, and that the swaggering eulogist of the empire knew his acceptance would be equivalent to another interment in the family lot of the Garniers, who maintain themselves to be De Cassagnacs.

A desperate conflict was that with Gustave Flourens, a radical journalist, who demanded reparation of the defender of the Napoleonic dynasty for his opprobrium poured upon certain liberal politicians condemned to Sainte Pélagie. According to the French code, a duel ends with the drawing of blood, however slight, though either combatant may, with the consent of the seconds, continue the combat to a decisive result. Flourens, who was furiously in earnest, asked that the fight should go on so long as both could stand, and this was conceded. Consequently the rencontre was waged for half an hour, until the challenger (It will be observed that Cassagnac, when called out, always names swords) had received twenty wounds, and fainted from loss of blood. His opponent had the avail by reason of coolness, not to mention skill.

The editor of the *Pays* is physically brave, no doubt (most men are), but he is a bully, and also barbarian enough to fight for the notoriety fighting yields him. Like most bullies, he exaggerates his love of danger, which he encounters not from principle, but from unadulterated vanity. He is not a gentleman, even in a very loose sense, and if somebody will but puncture his pericardium either with lead or steel—as somebody probably will ere long—journalism will be improved and Paris benefited.

His writing in the *Pays* is weak, verbose, bathic, frequently incorrect, always in wretched taste. He tries to atone for this by a churlishness and violence that do not help his rhetoric, and seriously hinder his manners. It is surprising that Eugénie, who, though a bigot, is a lady, should have chosen for her champion such a fellow as Cassagnac. The least bad thing about him is his looks, and they are not a quarter so good as he imagines. His features are regular, his face round, his hair and eyes black or nearly so, while his shoulders are broad and his figure well proportioned. He reminds one of an Italian, and would readily pass for the tenor of an opera company. He is incessantly fencing at Paz's rooms. He ought to have been a fencing-master. His calibre and character fit him for the position. He never appears to such advantage as with a foil in his hand, and he never will until he is in his coffin.

Every body has heard of Edmond About, who is an admirable satirist and novelist, and rather a mediocre journalist. He neglects, like so many of us, the work he is adapted to, and undertakes that which is foreign to him. He has a feverish ambition to shine on the press, and while he is vainly trying to, he might be composing new *Tollas* and *Grèces Contemporaines*. His novels got him fame, fortune, and a rich wife besides, who was Mademoiselle De Guillerville. He might have been satisfied; but on an evil day Louis Napoleon invited him to Compiègne, decorated him, and urged him to go

EDMOND ABOUT.

to Rome and write a sarcastic account of his observations—something in the style of the *Grèce*. The author was only too happy. He posted off to the City of the Soul, and in due time published a very witty and one-sided book that the literary world knows and admires as the *Question Romaine*. He looked confidently for a lucrative office as a reward for his brilliant satire. But the Emperor had changed his papal policy meanwhile, being then inclined to conciliate Pio Nono. Nothing could be done, therefore. The result was that About became a liberal, attaching himself to the *Gaulois*, then a new

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enterprise; afterward to the *Soir*, at a salary of 1500 francs a week. When war was declared against Germany he turned army correspondent, and berated the empire soundly. He is now the editor of the *XIXième Siècle* and correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, but not doing very well in either.

The novelist felicitates himself upon his uncompromising infidelity, and was greatly disappointed because he was not formally excommunicated for his *Question Romaine*. He seems to forget that in Paris a *littérateur*, in order to be peculiar, must pretend to have some theological faith. Some years since somebody called him the grandson of Voltaire. He has never recovered from it; he never will.

About undergoes nearly as many revolutions as Girardin, and is not half so unselfish or sincere. Not only is he not grateful, he is unwise enough to advertise his ingratitude. One of his sentiments is, "Benefits would be too dear if they had to be repaid" (*Les bienfaits coûteraient trop cher s'il fallait les payer*), borrowing the idea from the former *Figaro* chief, the late Nestor Roqueplan's "Ingratitude is the independence of the heart" (*L'ingratitude est l'indépendance du cœur*). This is not mere surface cynicism, the reaction from unreturned tenderness and frustrated ideals. It goes deeper; it is drawn from and designed as an excuse for unworthy behavior and unmanly conduct. About has done worse things than he has said. He is a sparkling trifler, and is well-nigh barren of any earnestness of purpose, of any generosity of heart. It is hard to dislike him, so witty is he, so genial does he appear. But it is harder still to yield him any permanent esteem.

He is a delightful companion and a very poor friend, for which latter he may imagine he makes up by being a distinctly undesirable foe. He is a personal anatomist. He is perpetually dissecting his acquaintances, his familiars more readily and thoroughly than the rest. He possesses a positive genius for discerning their weaknesses, especially for what is susceptible of ridicule. His definition of the pleasure of friendship would be the pleasure derived from admission to an intimacy that exposes the peculiarities and faults of our friends, and enables us to present them in the most ludicrous light. You may be vastly tickled at About's dinner table—he is an elegant entertainer—to hear him discuss his acquaintances in a masterly malicious way. But when you reflect that you will be treated in exactly the same manner for somebody else's delectation, your enjoyment will be liable to abatement. At his own dinner table, at his handsome country-seat, surrounded by the members of his family, he is at his best socially and intellectually. Still you can not help thinking that even there he seems like Mephistopheles living *en famille*. He invariably serves up his friends, as he does other viands, with a piquant sauce of satire. It might almost be said that he had systematized detraction. Each course has its scandal and sarcasm, as it has its proper wine. With sherry goes social skepticism, with Bordeaux raillery, with Chablis innuendoes, with Chambertin ridicule, with Château Yquem aspersion, and with Champagne downright slander.

Good fellow, as he is often called, and is, perhaps, socially speaking, he has very few actual friends, and, in truth, deserves them not. His enemies, however, personal, political, theological, and literary, are innumerable, as was shown when, combining against his play of *Gaëtana*, produced, years ago, at the Odéon, they crowded the theatre, and caused its withdrawal by their tumultuous disapproval.

It must be confessed that he is a good deal of a time-server. Half of his politics lies in his vanity, the other half in his purse. He is a Republican, Imperialist, Orleanist, or Legitimist as material consideration prompts. He was a fervent Orleanist when he thought the Comte de Paris had a good prospect for the throne. Finding the prospect altered, he began to abuse the prince so unstintedly that Edouard Hervé, a brother journalist, who had introduced him to the comte at About's urgent solicitation, resented the injustice in his paper, and was challenged by the creator of the *Roi des Montagnes*. They fought, with no other harm than the loss of a few drops of blood and a fine to the challenger of two hundred livres. About is like most railers and satirists: albeit sparing nobody, he is very sensitive himself; he loves to give, but is indisposed to take.

He is stout enough, successful enough, young enough (he is but forty-seven), to be good-natured, and his full face, brown hair, and blonde beard would convey the impression of amiability, were it not for a malignant sparkle in his blue eye, and a frequent cynical smile lying in ambush under his mustache. When his face is in repose he looks hard and ugly. Then nature, finding the man off guard, gives warning of what he really is.

Among the very few friends of the author of the *Mariages de Paris* is Francisque Sarcey, dramatic critic of the *Temps*, and chief contributor to the *XIXième Siècle*. He is loyal and enthusiastic enough for a wide circle of friends, and is instigated perchance to express in intensity what is wanting in number. About is the mirror before which he dresses himself; About is his model; About is his idol. When his principal praises him he is happy for a month; when he disapproves, life is a desert. Members of the press—an irreverent, scoffing crew the world over—laugh at Sarcey's honest wor-

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ship, and declare, when About drinks Cognac, that his adorer, through sympathy, gets gloriously drunk.

The most eccentric and ferociously earnest scrivener on the Seine, from Mount Tasselot to Havre, is Louis Veuillot, the rabid ultramontane editor of the *Univers*. He is as much of a bigot as About is a pagan. He believes sufficiently to atone for all the infidelity of his fellow-scribes. He is an unadulterated humorist without a particle of humor. He had some once, but his burning fanaticism has dried up the source. The wags say that he carries the keys of St. Peter in his pocket, and the whole weight of the Vatican on his shoulders.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

The intensest Roman Catholic among all the laity of France, he grows intenser daily, and merits canonization for his monstrous prejudices. He has been living backward at a tremendous rate for nearly forty years, and is now hopelessly stuck in the middle of the sixteenth century. He should have flourished then, and have been born in Spain.

How Philip II. would have honored him! The gloomy monarch would have discovered in him a man who could sympathize with the sentiment, "Better not reign at all than reign over heretics!" Possibly Philip would have been rather lax for Veuillot, who might have preferred Tomas de Torquemada, the gentle Dominican who died with the sweet satisfaction of having perpetually imprisoned ninety thousand schismatics and burned ten thousand at the stake, and rested on this his hope of heaven.

Veuillot is the son of a poor provincial cooper, who, driven to Paris for want of work, set up a humble wine shop, and starved slowly. Louis, the eldest of four children, picked up some education, and at thirteen was put in an advocate's office. His literary instincts were at once aroused. He studied law by day, read miscellaneously at night, and in six years felt competent to earn his bread by his pen. He went into a newspaper office under an agreement to do any thing and every thing. He rose rapidly. Writing was his gift; controversy his delight. The ink he used was mixed with vitriol. He attacked with malevolence every body who thought or acted differently from him. Before he was twenty he had had two duels, one with an actor he had excoriated, the other with the editor of the *Journal de Rouen*, who had the temerity to be a Republican. Called to Périgueux professionally, he employed his pen there as a bludgeon, and was compelled to fight for the abuse he indulged in. Back in the capital, he went upon a government newspaper, and then upon the *Paix*, a doctrinary journal. He was very clever, but not often decent. He had a passion for the low theatres, coarse company, and licentious literature. He had no faith in any body or any thing, and was, as he avows, on the point of becoming a *condottiere* of the press, when one of his friends, Olivier Fulgence, proposed to him a journey to Rome. He was twenty-five then. He was saved from a bad fate for a worse. He got religion, and got it in its most aggravated form, through the spectacle of theologic pomps and a presentation to the Pope. Never since has he been for one moment sane. Returned to Paris, he purged himself of sin (he does not mention whether it was by calomel or rhubarb), and pledged his future to the defense of the interests of the Church. The result was a number of sectarian works, and the most violent denunciation in the presses he controlled of whatever he deemed irreligious. After a number of material changes, he became the *rédacteur* of the *Univers;* assailed other Roman Catholic papers, the university, the revolutionists, the socialists, the philosophers, not only in his own columns, but in pamphlets and books without end. He fell upon the ancients and the Greek and Latin classics, and when the Archbishop of Paris sought to remonstrate against his course, he fell on him, and went to Rome to appeal personally to the Pope to decide between him and the priestly opponents of the *Univers*. Pio Nono sustained him, and his paper continued its bitter war upon liberty, science, reason, and progress. The rabid journal was interdicted in many dioceses, and Monseigneur Dupanloup forbade the clergy's reading it. He has been a vehement advocate of the temporal power of the Pope, and an uncompromising foe of whomsoever happened to hold a contrary view. Finally, when the *Univers* seemed to endanger the public peace, it was suppressed. It re-appeared in a few days, under the title

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of the *Monde*, though shorn of the terrible personality of Veuillot. Ere long, however, the old name was resumed, and the editor remounted his theological war steed; but he has not been quite so mad as before. He conscientiously believes that the Church is under his direct care; that, but for him, heresy and infidelity would deluge the world. What is to become of ecclesiasticism when he slips from the planet, one hesitates to think. The question ought to distress him as much as pastry did the builder of the Escorial, who, like Veuillot, probably mistook indigestion for the beatitude of religion.

Louis Veuillot's personal appearance denotes him truly. He is now sixty-two, but rugged as a bear, so hard and gnarled in semblance that he bids fair to survive the century. His face is coarse, strong, and conspicuously marked by small-pox, his nose large, broad, and rounding at the base, being of the bottle order. His brow is intellectual, his eyes glowing, well-nigh feverish, his eyebrows heavy, his hair and whiskers thickly strewn with gray, wiry, bristling, and standing apart, as if some of them had denied the doctrine of papal infallibility, and were affrighted at their own temerity. There is some resemblance in the man to the portraits of Mirabeau, and in the shape of the head and strength of the face to the sturdy hero old John Brown. Immense virility is in the fierce, unconditional ultramontanist. His pen is wonderfully nervous, his will unconquerable. The stuff of martyrs is in him; all the spirit of the Inquisition stirs in his bilious blood. He is simply a monomaniac on the subject of Romanism, for which he would yield his life with ardent alacrity. He has exceeded the theologians. He has discovered the meaning of the much-discussed sin against the Holy Ghost. It is to doubt any dogma of the Church, or to dissent from any opinion expressed in the *Univers*. A man of family, one of his daughters recently entered a convent, and he rejoiced thereat; for whatever Rome approves is to him as the voice of Jehovah. Louis Veuillot is kind at heart, they say, but his mind is warped as a strip of pine under an August sun. Outside of his creed he is called genial. Touch him on that, and he is a controversial maniac.

SISTER AND LOVER.

"Look not, linger not, if you see
My love in the wood is waiting for me:
He will stand by the stem of the oak-tree old,
Where first his love in my ear he told."

She charged me thus, and I gave my word.—
Listen! was that his footstep stirred?—
Yet I fain would see but his figure dim,
For I know she will crave for news of him.

"Look not, linger not, if perchance
He should turn to you a curious glance;
For in the twilight of thickset pine
He will think any maiden form is mine."

Before he saw me I promised to flee.—
Look, he is standing beneath the tree!—
But would she be glad if I came away
With naught of her love's fair face to say?

"Look not, linger not, if he spy
And chase you, speedy of foot and eye;
For when you turn from the shade of the trees,
He will grieve that it be not my face he sees."

And haply now is the time to flee.—
See, he has turned, and is coming to me!—
But now if he caught me with flushed cheeks red,
'Twould seem as for bashful love I fled.

"Look not, linger not, if he haste
And catch and question you on the waste;
For little to talk with you cares he,
But to ask how long he must wait for me."

When he sees not her, he will turn away.
But perhaps some message he has to say;
And if he be eager to ask of her,
Cruel 'twould be ere he come to stir.

"Look not, linger not, if he gaze
Into your eyes with his bright eyes' blaze:
He will only seek in their lustre clear
The look of the sister's eyes more dear."

But now he has set his hand in mine.—
How bright in my eyes his brown eyes shine!
But I can not gaze in their depths: they seem
With more than questioning love to gleam.

"Look not, linger not, if he seek
To know of your life from week to week;
For he only cares of you this to know,
Where with your sister and when you go."

I can not go, for he holds my hand.
His clasp is hot as a burning brand;
His voice is low, and I scarce can hear
What it is that he whispers in my ear.

"Look not, linger not, if he speak
Of his heart with love that's ready to break:
It is but a message that he would send
To his own dear love by a trusty friend."

"I love you, dearest," he murmurs low.
He does not say, "Tell your sister so."
But if his message be for her ear,
I must stay the end of his tale to hear.

"Look not, linger not, if he clasp
Your waist with a tender, loving grasp:
It is but as he should say, 'Like this,
Give your sister from me a kiss.'"

How can I flee, so closely pressed?—
How sweet it is in his arms to rest!—
How can I turn me away, or speak,
While his kisses shower on my lips and cheek?

"Look not, linger not, if he say,
'Cruel you are to hurry away;'
For when his sun is hid from his sight,
You may seem as the moon to reflect my light."

But in vain I cry to him, "Let me go!"—
How sweet to be held in his strong arms so!—
And in vain I struggle and strive to speak,
"Those kisses should be for my sister's cheek."

"Look not, linger not, haste again,
That his words may comfort my waiting pain;
And the world shall know by me and you
That the trustiest friend is a sister true."

But he says, "Oh, your sister fair may be,
But you, love, are all the world to me."
If he love me so, am I faithless—nay,
If he love not her—yet a while to stay?

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THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

[Second Paper.]

MICHAEL ANGELO'S CUPID.

THE museum is especially rich in old Venetian glass. Some of these wine-glasses are lighter as to weight than ordinary letter-paper, and the tints are most wonderful. One of the oldest forms has on it red Indian girls, dressed like Italian ballet-dancers of a very early period. There is reason to believe that this piece of glass was made soon after the discovery of America, when the enthusiasm about the region which the great Genoese had discovered filled all Italy. It is very plain that no portraits of the squaws could have reached the countrymen of Columbus when these dancers were designed. Mr. G. W. Cooke, now Academician and landscape painter, had in early life a studio in Venice, and he had a way of picking up bits of old glass in the shops, the keepers of which were often willing for a few soldi to part with things now worth (in some cases literally) their weight in gold. Afterward he had, I believe, a studio in Agerola, and there also found beautiful Italian glass. He collected in this way enough to fill three or four large cases. After they were collected a considerable quantity of ancient Spanish glass was obtained, and the fact was made apparent that the latter was an imitation of the former—the reverse being the case, it will be remembered, in the case of majolica, which began in Italy with attempts at imitating the Hispano-Moresque "lustre-wares." It is even probable that we may trace in this transfer of art-initiative from Spain to Italy one of the first bad results of the banishment of the Moors, whose exquisite works are now models for our finest architects. With reference to the hypothesis that the theatrical squaws are to be referred to the interest that followed the discovery of America, I may mention that there are several curious instances in the museum where dates have been approximately fixed by the treatment of subjects. One notable example is a Japanese dish, on which is a rude but reverent representation of the baptism of Christ. Although certainty can not be reached yet in the matter, there is reason to believe that this dish was made before the extermination of Christianity from Japan (1641). The only reason for doubt is that there is known to have existed at one time a plan of English potters to fashion articles here, and then send them over to China to be painted and baked, of which there is proof in wares marked with English coats of arms, though the work is manifestly Chinese. But I believe there is no instance where any such work is Japanese, and indeed the latter had not formerly any great reputation in England.

There are eight magnificent Japanese bronzes in the museum, of which one—a figure of the beatified Buddha—may be regarded as the noblest Oriental monument

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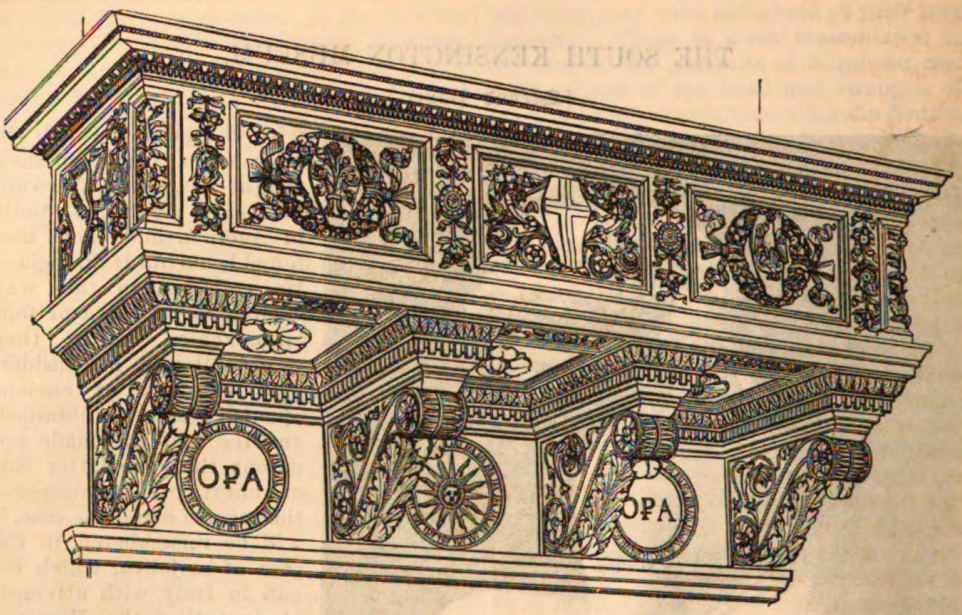

MARBLE CANTORIA.—BY BACCIO D' AGNOLO.

in Europe. It is impossible to gaze upon this grand figure (about fifteen feet high), seated with crossed legs, and open hands lying one in the other, without being impressed by a certain majesty in the ideal it represents, as well as astonished at the largeness of the undertaking which has produced a bronze of such size. The figure is seated as it were on the ground, and the round infantine fullness and health of the face and the closed eyes render it probable that it was meant to represent the supreme moment when Sakya Muni attained through humility and meditation that sacred Buddhahood (a word cognate, perhaps, with our *budding*) which he had vainly sought by practicing the severe asceticisms which the Brahmins enjoined upon him. "He met a certain Brahmin," says the Siamese version, "named Sotiya, and from him accepted eight handfuls of long grass. The Master spread the grass on the ground to the east of the Bo-tree, and sat thereon, and the grass became a jeweled throne. The Lord, with well-steadied mind, turned his whole thought to attain through purity and love the exaltation of knowledge. And around him gathered the angels of many worlds with fragrant offerings, and the strains of their celestial concert resounded in the most distant universe."

This figure has for a long time borne a label which I have hoped would disappear: "Lent by the Southwark Co. Temporary Label." But it has not disappeared; and there are rumors that when it does, the noble form will disappear with it. The Southwark Company has not reported the means by which it was secured, and it has not been able to sell it to the museum even by lowering the price from a thousand to five or six hundred pounds. I have heard that Berlin is negotiating for it, but I could wish that it were going in the opposite direction, if go it must. I believe that, merely to melt into new bronzes, it is worth more than is asked for it, and what the hitch is in the way of its purchase here is past comprehension.

The history of some of the other bronzes is as follows: An English sea-captain saw three large bells, each seven or eight feet high, about to be taken on a Japanese ship for ballast. He saw that they were of antique and curious design, and was told that they had belonged to a temple that had been destroyed. The Japanese seamen gladly parted with them for a small sum, and told him of similar things near by. These, which were two bronze vessels something like huge candlesticks, each four and a half feet high—probably meant to support large masts for flags—he found lying amidst rubbish of old metal. These noble bronzes are elegantly modeled with dragon ornaments, and indicate a development of skill in this direction which has never been equaled in Europe. Besides these there are two large incense-burners eight feet high, and wonderfully wrought with beautiful decorative and symbolical forms.

But the indifference of the Japanese to their ancient relics of art has no known parallel to that which prevailed in the cathedral at Bois-le-Duc, in Belgium, a few years ago, and led to the transfer to this museum of one of the finest specimens of the French Renaissance that now exists. In the rage for repairs the authorities of the cathedral pulled down this, its magnifi-

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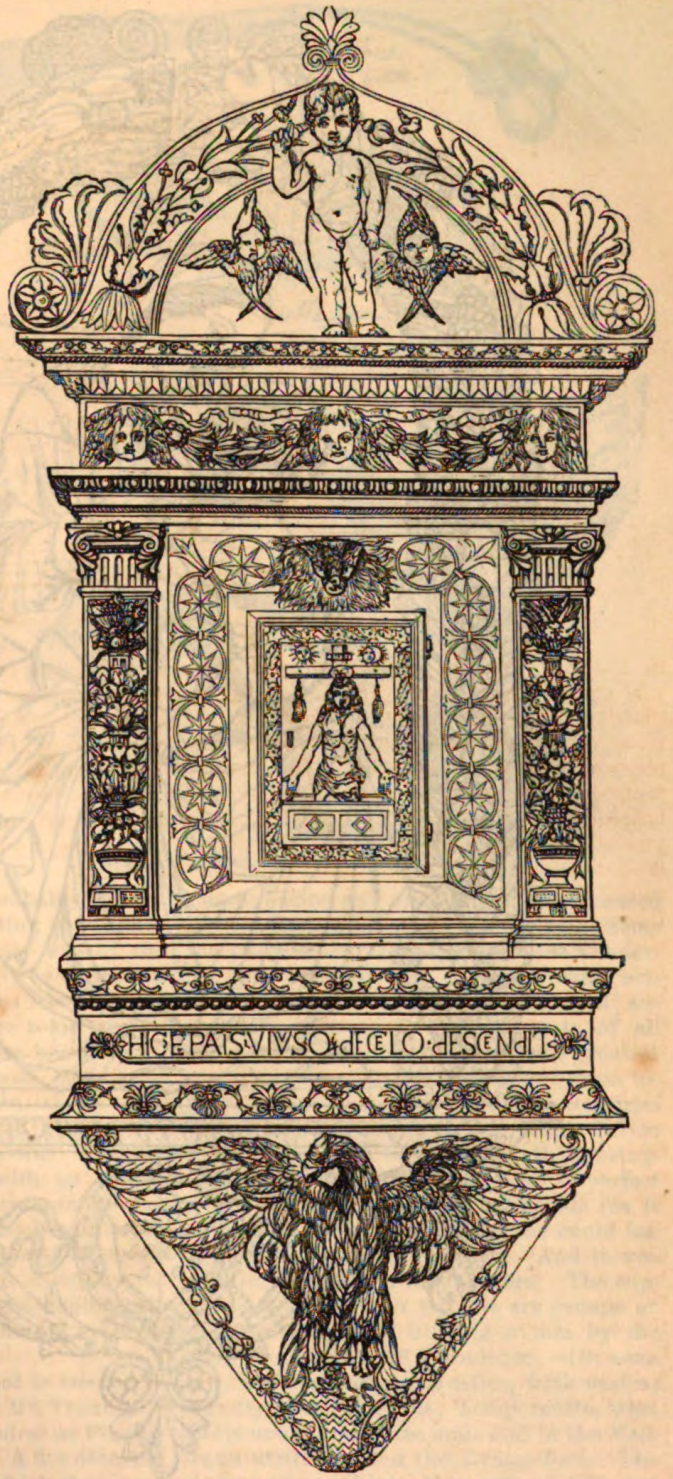
cent rood-loft — which is marked 1623, and consists of the finest colored marbles, and many perfectly sculptured statues—and substituted for it a conventional Gothic structure. This great rood-loft—it covers one whole wall (sixty feet) in width, and is from thirty to forty feet high—was actually carted out in pieces as rubbish, and lay in a corner of the cathedral yard, when some English tourist, attracted by the beauty of one of the statues, made a small offer for it, and finally purchased the entire structure for a few pounds. Finding some difficulty in carrying it off, the tourist wrote to the directors of the museum about it, and was overjoyed when they agreed to purchase it for a thousand pounds. The museum was no less happy in securing for a tithe of its value this unique and admirable work, which is without damage of any kind, and stands in the New Court just as it did in the cathedral which was unable to appreciate its finest treasure.

Most of the "finds" by which the collection of ecclesiastical architecture has been enriched have been made in Italy. One of the most valuable of these is a Florentine "Cantoria," which has been affixed to the wall over the lower doorway of the North Court, and thus supplying promenaders in the corridor above with a little balcony from which the contents of the great room below may be best seen. This singing gallery was the work of Baccio d'Agnolo, and was set up in the church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, about the year 1500.



TABERNACLE.—ANDREA FERRUCCI.

In the neighborhood of the same city, namely, at Fiesole, the Church of San Girolamo was found willing for small sums to despoil itself of two fine examples of its own great artist (1490), Andrea di Fiesole, otherwise Ferrucci, and two works of the artist, not without honor save in his own country—an altarpiece and a tabernacle—grace an arcade of this museum. But the most precious possessions of this character are the specimens of Della Robbia ware, of which this museum has more than fifty examples! There were two men who gave this ware its name—Luca and Andrea, uncle and nephew

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ALTARPIECE—THE VIRGIN WITH THE INFANT SAVIOUR.—ENAMELED TERRA COTTA, OR DELLA ROBBIA, IN HIGH RELIEF.—BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA.

—and their work is almost equally excellent. One of the pieces is a large terra cotta medallion, eleven feet in diameter, bearing the arms and emblems of King René of Anjou, which was fixed in an exterior wall near Florence about fifty years before America was discovered, and after undergoing the weather of over four centuries, its colors are as brilliant and its finest mouldings as clear as if it had been made

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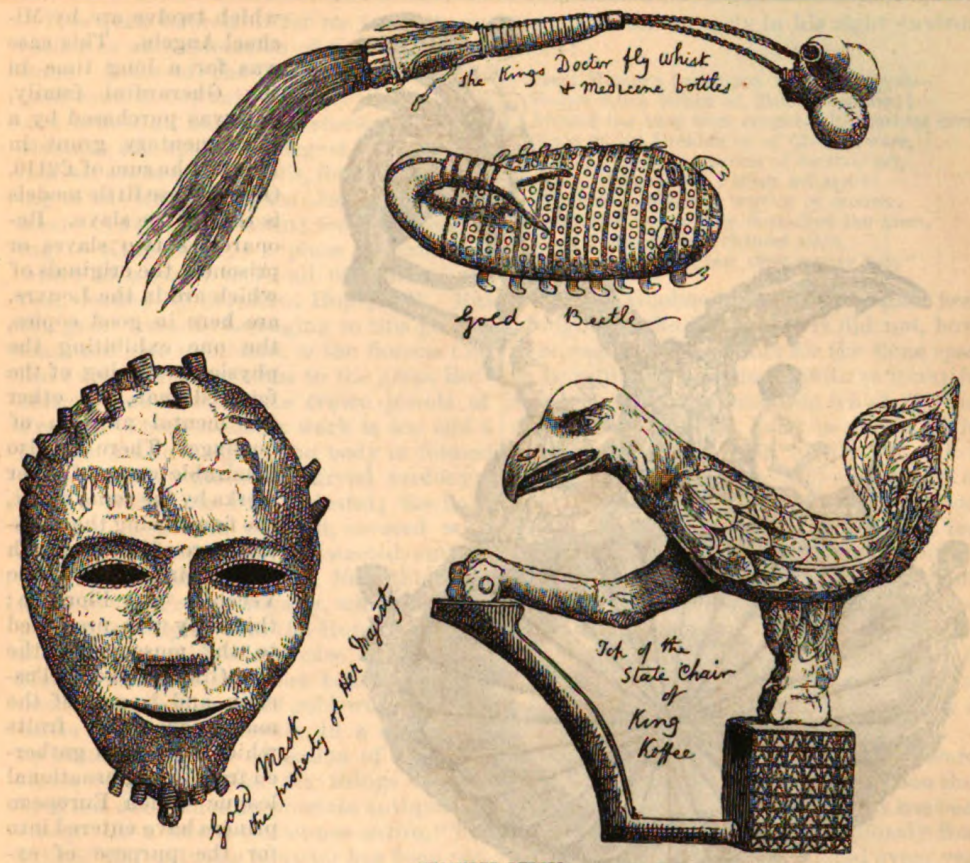

ASHANTEE RELICS.

this year. An altarpiece, probably by Andrea della Robbia, representing the Adoration of the Magi, is certainly one of the finest works of art, pictorially as well as in modeling, that has come to us from the era in which he lived. There are some twenty figures in relief, and each face has its own physiognomical distinctiveness, each head its phrenological peculiarities, all as carefully portrayed as if Lavater and Spurzheim had watched over the work. A figure of the Virgin and Child, with an arched border of fruit and flowers, presents us with an expression which could only be conveyed fully if the matchless colors could be transferred to my page, but which entitles it to be classed among those great Madonnas of art history which have influenced civilization.

The most conspicuous object in the North Court is the reproduction by Mr. Franchi of a pulpit erected in the cathedral at Pisa by Giovanni Pisano in 1302–11.* A fire occurred in the cathedral in 1596 by which this great work was damaged, and the panels—carvings in relief of Scripture subjects—were deposited in the crypt; other parts of the pulpit were removed to the arcades of the Campo Santo, and some others incorporated in the new pulpit of the cathedral. Some ten years ago Mr. Franchi, of whose wonderful skill the museum contains many evidences, obtained from the cathedral authorities permission to take casts of all these scattered parts of Giovanni's greatest work, and having done so, he put them together; and now, more than two centuries and a half after the structure vanished from Pisa, it has been set up at South Kensington. The reproduction has been so perfect —even to the toning of the marble (as it seems to be) by age—that no one could imagine it to be a reproduction. And it was certainly worthy of all this care. The supports of the circular tribune are groups of statues—Fortitude, holding a lion by the tail, head downward; Prudence, with compass and cornucopia; Justice, with scales; Charity, nursing twins; Temperantia, who, oddly enough, is quite nude and in the Medicean attitude; and the Evangelists. The statues, two-thirds the size of life, are grouped around eight columns, which they nearly conceal. At the top of these the tribune is inclosed by seven large panels, in which are finely carved the Nativity, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Presentation in the Temple, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Betrayal, the Crucifixion, the

* An illustration of this pulpit was given in the September number, page 495.

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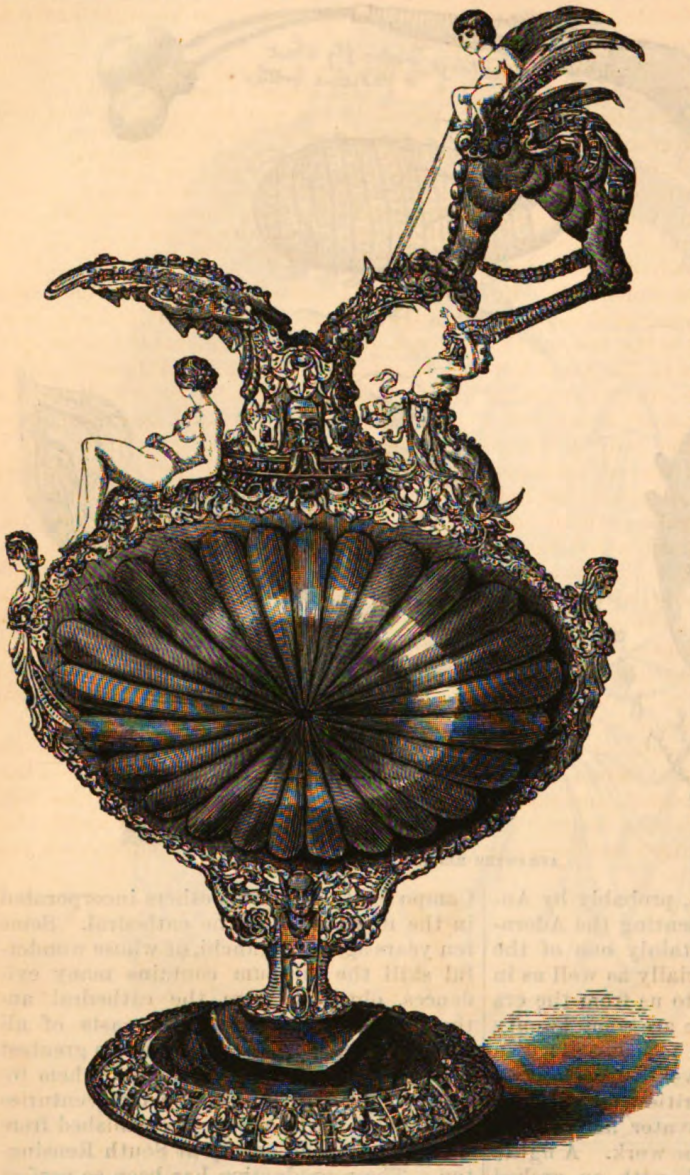

THE CELLINI SARDONYX EWER.—MOUNTED IN ENAMELED GOLD, AND SET WITH GEMS.—ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Resurrection. This noble work justifies the ancient fame of Pisa as the home of sculpture.

The museum is particularly rich in Michael Angelos, considering that it has had to glean after the Glyptothek of Munich, the Vatican, and the Louvre. It possesses the beautiful Cupid executed in the great sculptor's twenty-fourth year (1497), also his statuette of St. Sebastian, unfinished, and showing the last touches of his chisel, as, without the intervening appliances of modern sculpture, he carved his idea directly on the marble. There is a female bust ascribed to him, and another work in which he participated, which is quite unique: this is a case of small models in wax and terra cotta, of which twelve are by Michael Angelo. This case was for a long time in the Gherardini family, and was purchased by a Parliamentary grant in 1854 for the sum of £2110. One of these little models is that of the slave. Buonarotti's two slaves or prisoners, the originals of which are in the Louvre, are here in good copies, the one exhibiting the physical suffering of the fettered man, the other the mental anguish of bondage. There are also admirable casts of other works by the same artist, the finest being the colossal figure of David, which stands in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence; this copy was presented to the museum by the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, and is one of the many excellent fruits which have been gathered from the international league which European princes have entered into for the purpose of exchanging works of this character, and reciprocally aiding in the work of enriching the museums which constitute so important a feature of modern civilization. It is a happy characteristic of this museum that one meets in it very few objects whose interest or beauty is marred by association with war. The spoils are few, the tokens of friendship with foreign nations innumerable. A few golden pieces brought back from Abyssinia and from the kingdom of Ashantee—the latter close to the famous umbrella of King Koffee—are indeed here to show by their exquisite work (not to be equaled by any goldsmith in England) that blows aimed at so-called savages are likely to fall upon the springing germs of civilization. The wonderfully chased and jeweled symbols of Theodore remain to prove that the poor Queen has been compelled by adventurers to lay low a finer crown than any of her subjects can make. But these are slight incidents in a museum which will forever be considered the ripest fruit of the long Victorian era, the victory of Peace.

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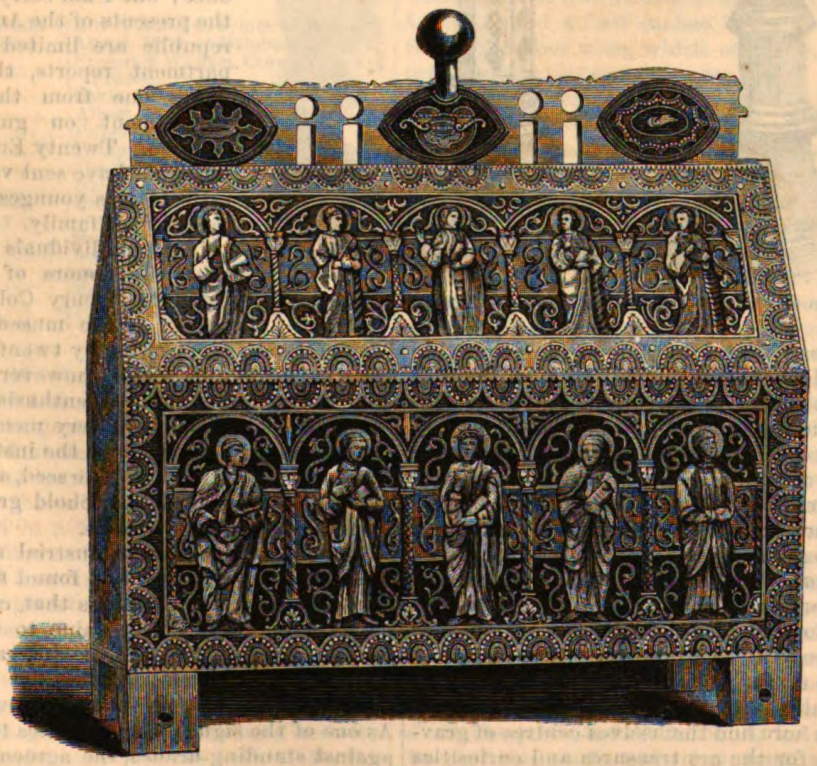
It is quite impossible for me to invite my reader to an exploration of the loan collections. Some of the ancient jewelry and gold work is not only intrinsically priceless and beautiful, but also historical, *e. g.*, the Mexican sun-opal; the largest known aquamarine, set as a sword-hilt, formerly belonging to the King of Naples (Joachim Murat); a cat's-eye (largest known), formerly belonging to King Candy; a piece of amber in which is a small fish—all of which have been loaned by Beresford Hope, M.P. But the great treasure belonging to this gentleman, and here exhibited, is the famous Cellini ewer, which, previous to the great Revolution, was part of the crown-jewels of France. This matchless work is ten and a half inches in height; the body is formed of two convex pieces of carved sardonyx, with a similar piece for pedestal; the handle and spout are of gold, covered with masks and figures richly enameled, and set with rubies and diamonds. Near this fragment of old French royalty, which the explosion sent flying into the Hope cabinet, is the brilliant gold missal case of Henrietta Maria. Some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient *repoussé* gold work and enamels were, until recently, in a case made up chiefly from the collection of Mr. Gladstone, whose fondness for things of this kind has done much to promote antiquarian study. In a recent Christmas satire, "The Fijiad," the ex-Prime Minister has been portrayed rather cleverly in his right environment:

"Great Homer's bust upon the table stood—
Homer much talked of, little understood;
Around the bust were ranged, with curious care,
Gems of old Dresden or of Chelsea ware,
Cracked tea-pots, marvels of ceramic art,
Choice Faïence and Palissy set apart;
For great Gladisseus, warrior of renown,
For plates and pottery ransacked the town,
Made dowagers and virtuosi stare,
Collectors, jealous, tear their scanty hair."

But the Gladstone collection has been brought to the hammer. It did not, however, require many hours for the same cases to be refilled with objects quite as beautiful from the large accumulation which the museum always has on hand in excess of its present room for their exhibition. It is rather droll, however, to find a specimen of sacred art replaced in this case by a wonderful racing prize, a silver cup three feet high, representing the "Birth of the Horse." The winged steed is rampant on top, while the gods and goddesses of Olympus gather around it in homage. It is English work of the twelfth century, and would seem to be a vaticination of Parliament adjourning to honor the winged winner of the Derby in 1875.

Various public men sent their treasures to the museum in its earlier days, when they were more needed than now; but it has been found necessary to select fastidiously from the too numerous articles offered every year



CHÂSSE, OR RELIQUARY.—LIMOGES ENAMEL.—THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

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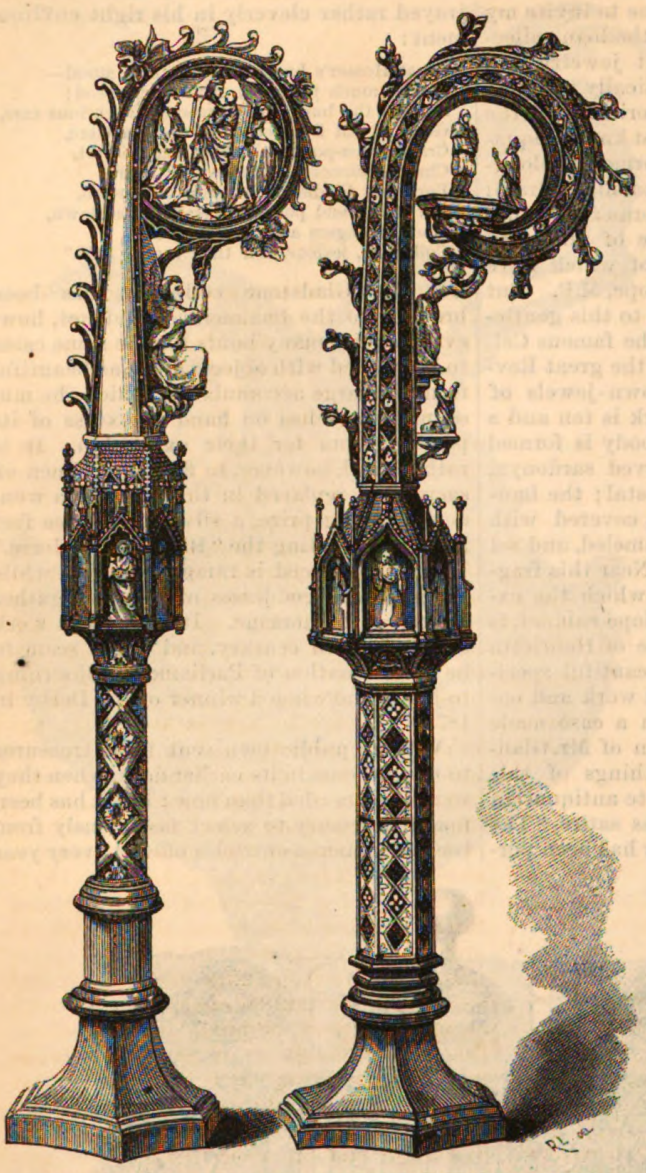

PASTORAL STAVES.—IVORY AND ENAMEL.—FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

as loans. Many families owning valuable collections find it difficult to keep them in perfect safety, and more begin to realize that such articles should not be of private advantage. Some collections, originally received as loans, it is pretty certain will never be removed; and I am assured by the director that the museum has been notified of being remembered in many wills. This gentleman, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, and his predecessor, Mr. Henry Cole, said to me, in conversation about the prospect of building museums in the American cities, that they had no doubt such institutions, if good and safe buildings were erected, would there as well as here find themselves centres of gravitation for the art treasures and curiosities owned by the community around them.

This museum, though not yet out of its teens, has received six great collections, worth collectively more than one million dollars; thirteen bequests, worth over half a million dollars; and 1086 general donations, whose aggregate money value is very great, though not yet estimated. Among the donations in the latter category sixteen have been from the Queen, nineteen from the late Prince Consort, three from Napoleon III. (very valuable too—Raphael's "Holy Family," in Gobelin tapestry, four pieces of Beauvais tapestry, and a collection of 4854 engravings from the Louvre), three from the Emperor of Russia, and thirty Egyptian musical instruments from the Khedive. Thirty-one donations, including, of course, a much larger number of objects, have been received from twenty-eight governments. In this list Japan (two), Würtemberg (two), and the United States (three) are the only governments which appear more than once; but I am sorry to say the presents of the American republic are limited to department reports, the last being one from the War Department on gun-shot wounds. Twenty European museums have sent valuable gifts to this youngest member of their family. Among private individuals other than the donors of collections, Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., father of the museum, and his family are represented by twenty-eight very valuable gifts—gifts, however, which are little compared with the enthusiasm and intelligence lavished by every member of that distinguished family on the institution which they planted as a little seed, and may now from their windows behold grown to its present large proportions.

For the purposes of industrial and art education, the museum has found the perfect casts and reproductions that can now be made not inferior in value to original works. In this respect the international convention to which reference has already been made has been of immense advantage. As one of the signs of better times to be set against standing armies, the agreement deserves insertion in any account of this mu-

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seum. It was entered into during the Paris Exposition of 1867, and in the following year communicated by the Prince of Wales to the Lord President of the Council.

CONVENTION FOR PROMOTING UNIVERSAL REPRODUCTIONS OF WORKS OF ART FOR THE BENEFIT OF MUSEUMS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

Throughout the world every country possesses fine historical monuments of art of its own, which can easily be reproduced by casts, electrotypes, photographs, and other processes, without the slightest damage to the originals.

(*a*) The knowledge of such monuments is necessary to the progress of art, and the reproductions of them would be of a high value to all museums for public instruction.

(*b*) The commencement of a system of reproducing works of art has been made by the South Kensington Museum, and illustrations of it are now exhibited in the British section of the Paris Exhibition, where may be seen specimens of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Swiss, Russian, Hindoo, Celtic, and English art.

(*c*) The following outline of operations is suggested:

I. Each country to form its own commission according to its own views for obtaining such reproductions as it may desire for its own museums.

II. The commissions of each country to correspond with one another, and send information of what reproductions each causes to be made, so that every country, if disposed, may take advantage of the labors of other countries at a moderate cost.

III. Each country to arrange for making exchanges for objects which it desires.

IV. In order to promote the formation of the proposed commissions in each country, and facilitate the making of reproductions, the undersigned members of the reigning families throughout Europe, meeting at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, have signified their approval of the plan, and their desire to promote the realization of it.

The following princes have already signed this convention:

Great Britain and Ireland	Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.
	Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh.
Prussia	Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia.
Hesse	Louis, Prince of Hesse.
Saxony	Albert, Prince Royal of Saxony.
France	Prince Napoleon (Jerome).
Belgium	Philippe, Comte de Flandre.
Russia	The Czarowitz.
"	Nicolas, Duc de Leuchtenberg.
Sweden and Norway	Oscar, Prince of Sweden and Norway.
Italy	Humbert, Prince Royal of Italy.
"	Amadeus, Duke of Aosta.
Austria	Charles Louis, Archduke of Austria.
	Rainer, Archduke of Austria.
Denmark	Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark.

PARIS, 1867.

When the day comes in which Europe shall build a museum of princes and princedoms as subjects of antiquarian study, let us hope that those who signed the above convention may figure on its walls in mosaic, and the original document quoted be preserved in a frame to show that princes in their time could sometimes do a sensible thing. I have been assured by those competent to give information that the signers of the above document would gladly have the Governors of the American States which possess museums add to it their names, and transatlantic museums avail themselves of its advantages. These advantages are very great, as, after one cast has been made, the cost of the rest amounts to little more than

ELKINGTON'S MARK.

FRANCHI AND SON'S MARK.

that of material and transportation. This kind of work is now done in such perfection that it were easy for Messrs. Franchi and Son or Messrs. Elkington to confuse an untrained eye as to which is original and which reproduction. These firms are now officially connected with the Science and Art Department, and their marks have a money value in Europe. For three or four pounds any museum or private collector may obtain perfect copies of ancient shields, salt-cellars, tankards, tazzas, fire-dogs, knockers, whether chased or *repoussé*. Old specimens of this kind are rare and costly. A beautiful pair of bronze fire-dogs—pedestals surrounded by Cupids, and supporting respectively Venus and Adonis—made in Venice about 1570, are rather costly, the work being intricate and the figures four feet high; but Messrs. Franchi's copper-bronze copies at £30 are nearly as good as the originals, which were considered cheap at the £300 which the museum paid. A wonderful old Italian bronze knocker (1560), fourteen and a half inches in height and thirteen inches wide, which cost £80, is reproduced by the same firm for £4.

It is, however, the large casts of Oriental objects and ancient German shrines, which occupy a grand building to themselves, that will probably be of paramount interest to an American. It is here shown that the most notable and interesting objects in the world can be copied with the utmost exactness and in their actual size, and brought within reach of the people of any country. Even Trajan's Column is here, and though in this case it has had to be set up in two columns instead of one, many others have confirmed my experience of the impossibility in tracing out at Rome the figures which cover it so satisfactorily as they can be made out at South Kensington. Here we have the grand topes of India, which are reproduced in Ferguson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*, brought before us in full size. The throne of Akbar—set in the air at the convergence of bridges, so that no man might approach him without being inspected from the surrounding windows, and any arms he might have about him observed—is here in all its grandeur, and on the outside pictures of all the processes of the work by which the cast was made and transported by aid of astonished Orientals. It is wonderful

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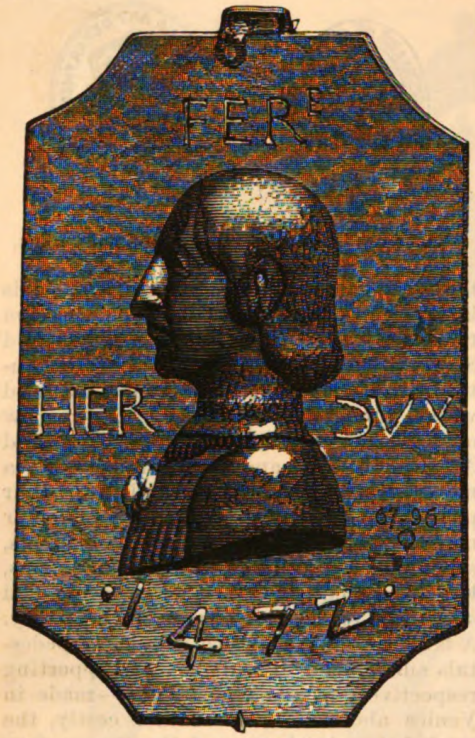

HERCULES, THE DUKE OF FERRARA.

indeed that it should be left to this age and to England to appreciate the romance of the East, and to revise, correct, and estimate the traditions of the Oriental world concerning its own monarchs. Akbar, for instance, bears the reputation in the East of having been an archtyrant and a blasphemer, and the care he took in preparing this curious building, with his throne suspended, as it were, in mid-air for safety, is regarded as confirming the Oriental view. But the fact is now known that the hostility excited by Akbar was through his liberality in entering upon a comparative study of all religions, arousing thereby the enmity of all their priesthoods. From being a saint, to whom the people brought their sick that his breath might heal them, the Emperor became in popular regard a demon. He instituted at Delhi (A.D. 1542–1605) discussions on every Thursday evening, to which he invited the most learned representatives of all religions, allowing each his statement with strict impartiality; he had as many as he could of the sacred books of each religion translated for his library, though neither his threats nor bribes could extort from the Brahmins their Vedas, which now are open to every English reader through the labors of Max Müller. He tried in turns worshiping Vishnu, Allah, the Sun, and Christ. His enemy Badàoni writes that "when the strong embankment of our clear [Mussulman] law and our excellent faith had once been broken through, his Majesty grew colder and colder." This sad result (in the view of Badàoni) being proved by the fact that "not a trace of Mussulman feeling was left in his heart," and "there grew gradually, as the outline on a stone, the conviction in his heart that there were sensible men in all religions."

It is not always that these ancient monuments, as in Akbar's case, survive to remind the world of to-day what forerunners some of its characteristic tendencies had in early times and unsuspected places. Indeed, it might surprise some of the magnificent princes of the East in the far past if they could now visit London and observe the kind of interest their monuments excite. Here, for example, is an exact and full-sized copy of that ancient iron pillar of Delhi which some think gave the province its name.* It was set up in the fourth century, and is twenty-two feet above-ground. All manner of superstitions have grown around it. The Hindoos have a belief that it rests upon the head of the king-serpent Vásaki, near the earth's centre; that the founder of a great dynasty was told by an oracle that if he planted it there his kingdom would never be shaken so long as it should stand; that one of his successors, doubting this legend, dug it up and found the bottom stained with the serpent's blood; and that in consequence the dynasty passed away before Mussulman and then English conquerors. For ages this pillar has been kept polished by the vast numbers who climb and try to climb it every year, success in this feat being a proof of high pedigree. But during fifteen centuries there were two rather obvious things which the Hindoos appear never to have attempted, one was to really dig about the bottom of this pillar, the other to translate an old Sanskrit inscription on it. Both of these have recently been done by Englishmen. The bottom was found to reach only a few feet beneath the surface of the earth. The inscription testifies that it was set up in his own honor, and in his own lifetime, by a prince quite unknown in other Hindoo annals. This prince, Dháva by name, would appear to have been the most extraordinary being that the sun ever shone upon, or, rather, that ever shone upon the sun. A clause of the inscription runs: "By him who obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period, who united in himself the qualities of the sun and the moon, who had beauty of countenance like the full moon—by this same Rajah Dháva, having bowed his head to the feet of Vishnu, and fixed his mind on him, was this very lofty arm of the adored Vishnu [the pillar] caused to be erected." The chief present

* An illustration of this pillar was given in the September number, 1874, page 474.

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value of the monument of this magnificent individual is the light it enables such archæologists of metals as Mr. Day and Mr. Mallet to cast on the early use of iron. Mr. Day has shown the remarkable interest of this pillar in that respect, though I believe that the iron sickle found beneath the feet of a Sphinx, and now in the British Museum, brings us nearer to Tubal-cain by a thousand years, being assigned to B.C. 600.

But here my rambles through these unlimited fields must draw to a close. One must, amidst such numberless treasures gathered from the great streams of Time, more especially remember Sydney Smith's advice, based on the post-diluvial brevity of human life, that writers should "think of Noah, and be brief." It is with a certain distress that I feel compelled to pass by the great galleries of pictures, including some of the finest Turners, Wilkies, and Gainsboroughs, and a large number of historic paintings. The originals of the *Liber Studiorum* alone might inspire a volume. I have also had to select some collections, to the total neglect of others equally important, but have chosen those concerning which no full treatises exist. No collection in the museum is more deserving of attention than that of the musical instruments, which show the entire evolution of the art from the first savage bark drum and the pipe that Pan might have played to his flocks up to the last grand piano; but for twelve shillings the reader may procure Mr. Carl Engel's admirable *résumé* of this department. There may also be had full works on the ancient ivories (one guinea), textile fabrics (one and a half guineas), majolica (two guineas),

TAZZA.—ALGERIAN ONYX AND ENAMEL.—MODERN FRENCH.

furniture and wood-work (one guinea). An excellent work also exists in a full catalogue of books on art (two guineas); and I may mention that at the present moment it is possible to collect in London an admirable art library for a moderate sum—an advantage that will soon disappear. The present art library in the museum is the only one possessing any thing like completeness in Europe, and is a most notable feature.

But we must not part from South Kensington without considering how fares therein the aim and purpose out of which it grew, namely, culture and training in every variety of art. It will at once be recognized that the art schools, enjoying such an unparalleled environment as to examples, carried on also in rooms of vast extent, perfectly lighted, heated, ventilated, and furnished, must be judged by a higher standard than other institutions of the kind in Europe or in America. And, retrospectively, the schools must be conceded to have done wonders. For one thing, it may be claimed that it found the art education of the nation at zero and raised it enormously. By wisely using its power to send floating through the provincial cities a loan exhibition, and by a judicious distribution of the annual fund (now about £2500) granted it by Parliament to aid institutions of a like character which are willing also to aid themselves, the commission has been the means of establishing in Great Britain 125 schools devoted to art, and in forming classes in colleges to teach art,

ANDREA GRITTI, DOGE OF VENICE.—ITALIAN; ASCRIBED TO VITTORE CAMELO, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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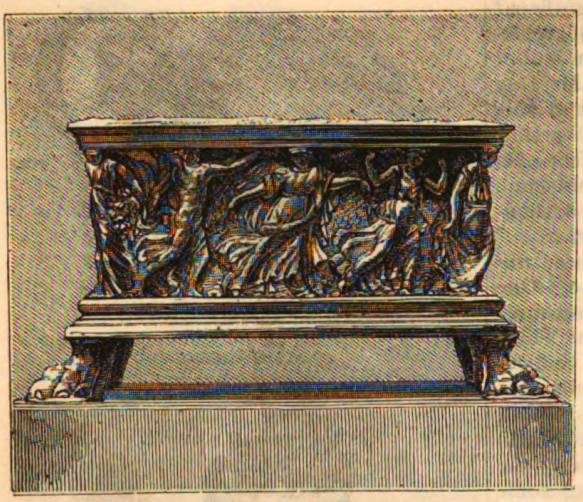

SALT-CELLAR.—SILVER GILT.—ITALIAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

to the number of 5000 pupils. It has increased by 150 per cent. the number of those who study art to prosecute it for itself or to apply it to make their work more artistic. It has awakened in the millions of London especially, and to some extent throughout the nation, a higher taste. The number of visitors has increasingly exceeded a million each year, and should the museum be opened on Sunday afternoons—a step which the director and curators anticipate with satisfaction—this number must be vastly increased. These crowds, however, never make the rooms seem crowded; their decorum is equal to that which is preserved in the best drawing-rooms; there have been only two cases in the history of the museum where persons have been ejected (the fault being tipsiness); and no article of value has ever been missed. In strolling through the building with George Boughton, we concluded to follow some very rough-looking youths and observe what objects attracted their attention. We were surprised to find them passing by King Koffee's umbrella and trinkets to devote all their time to the statues of Michael Angelo. I have repeatedly observed similar phenomena in the picture-galleries —the roughest people crowding around the best works of art.

The way in which all this has told upon the work of the country has been jealously watched and also fairly recognized by foreign critics. The first gold medal awarded on the Continent for art education, awarded to South Kensington, was not given by any favor, and it was won by a great deal of hard work. In the introduction to the seven-volume report presented to the French government in 1862, M. Chevallier says: "Rivals are springing up, and the pre-eminence of France may receive a shock if we do not take care. The upward movement is visible, above all, among the English. The whole world has been struck with the progress they have made since the last exhibition, in designs for stuffs, in the distribution of colors, also in carving and sculpture, and generally in articles of furniture." M. Rupet urged the establishment of a museum in Paris similar to that at South Kensington, saying, "It is impossible to ignore the fact that a serious struggle awaits France from this quarter." The report from Lyons—whose School of Design was, to a large extent, the model copied by England—says, "With Great Britain we shall have some day to settle accounts, for she has made great progress in art since the Exhibition of 1851." These statements are much more true now than when they were written. In the direction to which they refer—that of decorative art—South Kensington has certainly taken a leading position in Europe. The evidences of this are appearing daily. For example, the firm of Messrs. Corbière and Sons, which was established in London about twenty-five years ago as an importing house for French patterns and goods, has now been almost changed into an exporting house, sending to France patterns and designs for goods which it obtains from South Kensington. Even this is hardly so grateful to the English as a report lately made by a large Glasgow firm, that it has for some years been obtaining from this museum, at the annual cost of a few hundred pounds, de-

IVORY TANKARD.—AUGSBURG, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

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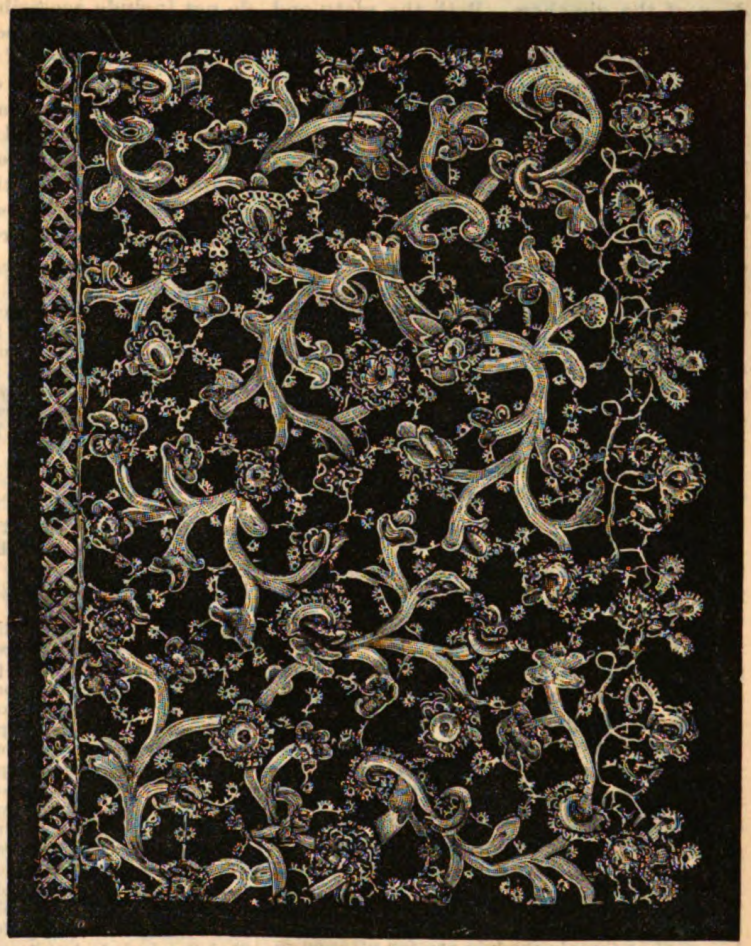
signs such as it had been for many years previously securing from Paris and Lyons at a cost of £2000 per annum.

Lyons, indeed, after teaching England its art of war, has itself lost it. Neither Paris or London will use their newest patterns, one of which, I understand, represents huntsmen and hounds in full chase after a stag, careering all over a drawing-room carpet! In Paris, and even more in England, taste has for some years been tending to demand richness in substance, vagueness in pattern, quietness in color, for all stuffs used in rooms. It is greatly to be regretted that the great manufacturers of textile fabrics have declined to participate in the Centennial Exhibition, having concluded that their goods will have too much protection in one sense, and not enough in others. It would have excited astonishment in America to see what transformation has been wrought in carpets and curtains, and it would be at once recognized that the old fabrics, with their fixed scrolls, their glare and glitter, have become barbarous. Messrs. Ward, of Halifax, recently rolled out for me on a floor side by side the old patterns and the new, and it was to the eye like passing from poppies to passion-flowers. "Those blazing ones," said Mr. Ward, "have gone out of fashion in this country since the new schools of design began, and we never sell a yard of them here; we made them for America until the last tariff, and now the manufacture has ceased altogether." The new curtain stuffs have always an unobtrusive, almost a dead, ground of saffron, or olive, or green, and on it flowing conventional leaves with some heraldic form—as daisy, pomegranate, etc.—to supply spots of color; and the carpets are of much the same character, with somewhat larger forms.



FINEST RAISED VENETIAN POINT LACE.—FLORAL DESIGN.—ITALIAN, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

These exquisite designs are universally recognized as results of South Kensington. But there is one point where the results are less satisfactory. The best designs which include the human figure have still to be obtained from the Continent; and these being of especial importance in pottery, the great porcelain factories say that their needs can not yet be met by English art schools. The truth is, there is an opposition in controlling quarters to permitting studies of the female nude at South Kensington. This inhibition especially hampers the female pupils, who do, perhaps, the greater part of the ornamental work. In the male school the male nude is studied; and many of the male students—those particularly who mean to devote themselves to fine, as distinguished from decorative, art—unite to employ female models in rooms outside of the school. It is as difficult to see what benefit is secured by modesty in thus placing a necessary study beyond the regulation of the masters, who might preserve decorum, as it is to find any advantage to religion gained by shutting the door to the pictorial gospels of Raphael on Sunday, and keeping open the

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door of the gin-shop. Both the piety and the prudery are anomalous. The Zoological and the Botanical Gardens in London, the Dublin Museum, Hampton Court, and Kew Gardens are all open on Sunday, while the museums and galleries of the metropolis are closed. The Royal Academy has nude models of both sexes, under the same government which prohibits the like at South Kensington. The queerest anomaly, however, is that of the Slade School of Art at University College, where the vexed question has been settled by permitting the male pupils to have female models, and the female pupils to have male models! This restriction of the ladies to (nearly) nude models of the other sex, strange as it may seem, was made in the interest of propriety, as it was thought improper for the masters to enter and instruct them in the presence of a female model.

These restrictions, as has been said, fall most heavily upon the female pupils. It might be supposed that if at South Kensington the male pupils may study the male nude, the female pupils might have the corresponding privilege with models of their own sex; but the fact is, the young female artists are not permitted to see so much of their model as they would be required to reveal of their own persons at one of her Majesty's Drawing-rooms. There has consequently not one good figure painter ever graduated from the female classes at South Kensington. The head-master, Mr. Burchett, himself an able figure painter, knows well, as all experienced figure painters in Europe know, that female models are far oftener secured from vice by their occupation than exposed to it, and that life schools are not inconsistent with decorum, under proper management; and he (Mr. Burchett) has made efforts, one of which was to have the model incased in flesh tights, to secure for his pupils the advantages so freely offered in Continental schools. But his contrivances have been stopped by threats of Parliamentary questions. It is no doubt in good part due to this limitation that South Kensington can not yet point to any high results in the direction of the fine arts. Young men of genius will continue to prefer schools which are without such restrictions. And it can only be ascribed to the consummate care with which studies of the antique are conducted, and to the full supply of the finest casts offered by the museum, that decorative art itself at South Kensington has suffered so little from the limitation referred to. For it is certain that the human figure is the key to all other forms in nature. It is certain also that the female form is the very flower of all natural beauty—"the sum of every creature's best," as Shakspeare says of Perdita—and no arrangements for art training can be considered complete which do not include accessibility to such studies of the same as are required by those who have given evidence of their fitness to interpret the sacred secrets of nature.

Beyond this there is no deduction to be made from the method of training at South Kensington. The following official memorandum of its regulations (with which is given the names of its faculty) will show the large scope of instruction included:

INSPECTOR-GENERAL FOR ART, RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A.
Head-Master, RICHARD BURCHETT.
Deputy Head-Master, R. W. HERMAN.
Mechanical and Architectural Drawing, H. B. HAGREEN.
Geometry and Perspective, E. S. BURCHETT.
Painting, Free-hand Drawing of Ornament, etc., the Figure and Anatomy, and Ornamental Design, R. BURCHETT, R. W. HERMAN, W. DENBY, R. COLLINSON, and C. P. SLOCOMBE.
Modeling, F. M. MILLER.

FEMALE CLASSES.

Lady Superintendent, MISS TRULOCK.
Female Teachers, MRS. S. E. CASABIANCA and MISS CHANNON.
Matron, MRS. GARRETT.
Attendant, MRS. ABEL.

1. The courses of instruction pursued in the School have for their object the systematic training of teachers, male and female, in the practice of Art and in the knowledge of its scientific principles, with the view of qualifying them to impart to others a careful Art education, and to develop its application to the common uses of life, and its relation to the requirements of Trade and Manufactures. Special courses are arranged in order to qualify School-masters of Parochial and other Schools to teach Elementary Drawing as a part of general education concurrently with writing.

2. The instruction comprehends the following subjects: Free-hand, Architectural, and Mechanical Drawing; Practical Geometry and Perspective; Painting in Oil, Tempera, and Water-Colors; Modeling, Moulding, and Casting. The classes for Drawing, Painting, and Modeling include Architectural and other Ornament, Flowers, Objects of still-life, etc., the Figure from the Antique and the Life, and the study of Anatomy as applicable to Art.

3. The Annual Sessions, each lasting five months, commence on the 1st of March and the 1st of October, and end on the last day of July and the last day of February, respectively. Students can join the School at any time, the tickets running from date to date. The months of August and September, one week at Christmas, and one week at Easter or Whitsuntide are Vacations. The classes meet every day *except Saturday*. Hours of Study: Day, 10 to 3; Evening, 7 to 9.

4. In connection with the Training School, and open to the public, separate classes are established for male and female students; the studies comprising Drawing, Painting, and Modeling, as applied to Ornament, the Figure, Landscape, and still-life.

FEES.

For classes studying for five whole days, including evenings: £5 for five months.

For three whole days, including evenings: £4 for five months.

For the half day—morning 10 to 1, or afternoon 1 to 3: £4 for five months.

To all these classes there is an entrance fee of 10s.

Evening Classes: Male School: £2 per session.
Artisan Class: 10s. per session; 3s. per month.
Female School: £1 per session, three evenings a week.

No students can be admitted to these classes until they have passed an examination in Free-hand Drawing of the 2d Grade. Examinations of candidates will be held weekly, at the commencement of each session, and at frequent intervals throughout the year.

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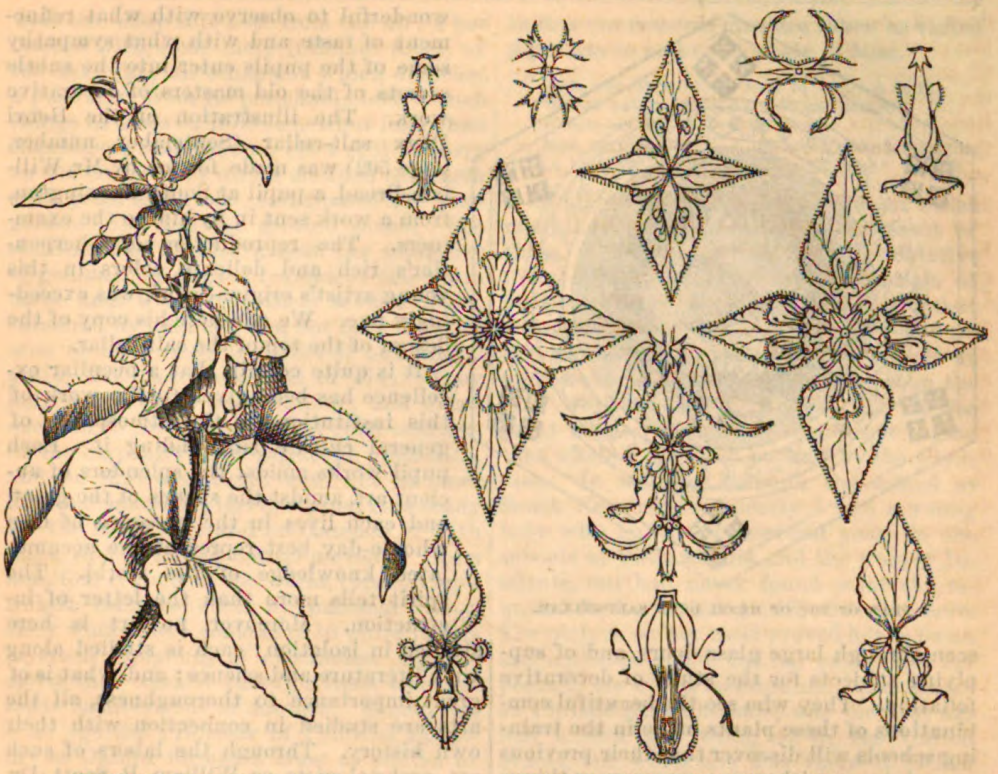

NETTLE IN ITS NATURAL STATE.

NETTLE IN GEOMETRICAL PROPORTIONS.

5. Students can not join the School for a shorter term than *five* months, but the students who have already paid fees for five months may remain until the end of the scholastic year on payment of a proportional fee for each month unexpired up to the 31st July in each year.

6. Classes for School-masters, School-mistresses, and Pupil-teachers of Elementary Schools meet on two evenings in each week. Fee 5*s*. for the session. Teachers in private schools or families may attend the day classes on payment of a fee of £1 per month.

7. The morning classes for Practical Geometry and Perspective are open to all students, but they may be attended independently of the general course on payment of a fee of £2 per session for those Classes.

8. Students properly qualified have full access to the collections of the Museum and Library, either for consultation or copying, as well as to all the School Lectures of the Department. The public also are admitted to the same privileges on payment of small admission fees; for which see the prospectuses of the Museum and Library.

9. A register of the students' attendance is kept, and may be consulted by Parents and Guardians.

Nothing can exceed the care and devotion with which the great work of South Kensington is carried on by both teachers and pupils. In walking through the rooms with the head-master (a teacher of nearly thirty years' experience) I could only marvel at the indications unintentionally furnished by the pupils, from moment to moment, of his intimate knowledge of their work and their progress, however remote from such details he might be officially. In his room he keeps all the works sent in by the pupils in competition for the many valuable prizes offered by the school at each stage of progress, and these are preserved in large albums, each marked with the young artist's name, so that by looking through it we trace the unfolding in this or that direction of a human mind, from the first crude geometrical drawing to mastery of the finer strokes of form and color. The pupil applying for admission is not simply put in at one end of a machine-like system to be turned out at the other, but a specimen of his or her work is demanded, and a place assigned in accordance with it.

It was morally impressive to witness the large numbers of women who have here found a field for the cultivation of their powers. In one room—that of geometrical proportions—the students of both sexes are taught together, and no doubt the co-educational system will gradually creep from this to other classes, as it has to some extent done in University College and other institutions. But the museum is able to supply both schools with any quantity of models and aids. The young female artists appear to make up for any privation they may have in the direction of fine art, from the cause already mentioned, by the remarkable perfection to which they carry ornamental designs, especially such as may be derived from flowers, fruits, and leaves. In one part of the museum there is a series of grottoes, filled with all manner of ferns and other plants, which serve the double purpose of adorning the room, from which they are

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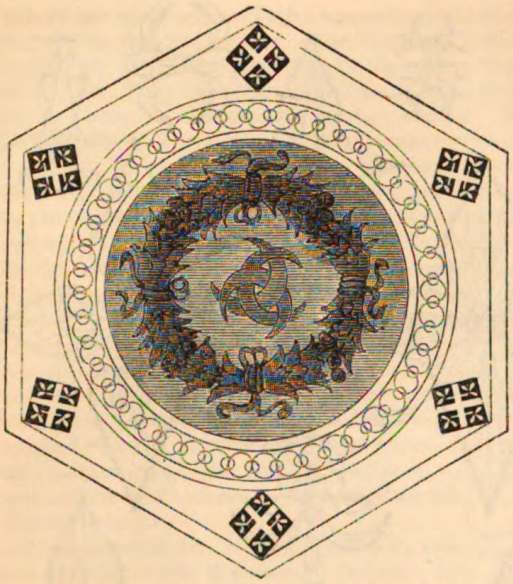

PLAN OF TOP OF HENRI DEUX SALT-CELLAR.

seen through large glass doors, and of supplying subjects for the study of decorative foliation. They who see the beautiful combinations of these plants made in the training schools will discover that their previous acquaintance with some very common things has been very limited. In this study of the geometrical capacities of plants for decorative purposes the female pupils seem to excel. The exquisite art of one of them, Miss Louisa Poole, enables me to present an example of this kind of work, for which she recently received a gold medal. The subject of this very clever piece of combination is the common nettle, and even without the beautiful colors with which Miss Poole's original work was rendered, these outlines she has drawn for me will perhaps enable the reader to understand the kind of work by which this school has relieved England of its former dependence on Paris and Lyons. It is but just, however, to state that Miss Poole's work, when exhibited, on occasion of the last distribution of prizes by the Duke of Richmond, was surrounded by a score of similar sketches which had brought their designers well-merited prizes. No one could examine them without perceiving that the young artists have learned the main secret of ornamental art, that nature is but an alphabet, which it is the task of the artist to combine into words and sentences that shall convey human purpose and thought.

Some of the best work done at South Kensington is the copying of rare and beautiful specimens of ancient majolica and other wares. The Rothschilds and other collectors gladly lend their choicest possessions for this purpose, and the copies are of high value to this and other museums. It is wonderful to observe with what refinement of taste and with what sympathy some of the pupils enter into the subtle secrets of the old masters of decorative work. The illustration of the Henri Deux salt-cellar (September number, page 502) was made for me by Mr. William Broad, a pupil at South Kensington, from a work sent in by him to the examiners. The reproduction of Cherpentier's rich and delicate colors in this young artist's original work was exceedingly fine. We add here his copy of the design of the top of the salt-cellar.

It is quite certain that a peculiar excellence has been given to the work of this institution by the atmosphere of general culture surrounding it. Each pupil works amidst the splendors of ancient art, amidst the shades of the great, and each lives in the presence of men who to-day best represent the accumulated knowledge of the world. The spirit tells more than the letter of instruction. Moreover, no art is here studied in isolation: each is studied along with literature and science; and, what is of great importance to thoroughness, all the arts are studied in connection with their own history. Through the labors of such art archæologists as William B. Scott, Dr. Zerffi, such experts as Mr. Moody and Mr. Bohler, the pupil may study, by theory and experiment, the evolution by which his task has come to him, when and how great successes were attained, and so inherit the vital spirit which of old quickened the flowers of beauty by which he or she is at every moment surrounded. The pupil will realize here the immortality of good work. He will see that an old blacksmith, ordered to make iron grilles for Hampton Court garden, put such heart and soul into his work that his four pieces must now be brought hither as a monument of which Thor might be proud. Never was more beauty wrought in iron than this by Huntington Shaw, of Nottingham, anno 1605. Under his hand rose, shamrock, and thistle have grown on the metal so tenderly that it would seem a breath might stir them, while from the Irish harp in the centre one might almost listen for Æolian strains. But that was done in a day when to work for a king was felt to be working for God. And all through this museum shines the great fact that the best work was never done merely for money, but for the altar, for love and loyalty. It is a Museum of Civilization, where each work is a heart. There sat a man doing his very best to advance the whole world; there marched a brave invader of Chaos and Disorder; a reason worked through him like that which turns a bit of mud into a lily. It is a supreme joy to trace these foot-prints of the universal Reason. A flute-key that

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wins one more soft note from the air; a pot flushed with some more intimate touch of the sunlight; an ornament which detaches a pure form from its perishable body—such things as these exhibit somewhat finer than themselves, namely, man elect still to carry on the ancient art which adorned the earth with grass and violet, and framed the star-gemmed sky and the spotted snake. The student shall also learn here the solidarity of genius. In distant regions of the world these men worked at their several tasks, sundered by land and sea, but here they are seen to have been members of one sacred guild, like that described of old: "They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, It is ready for the soldering: and he fastened it with nails, that it should not be moved." From manifold regions of the world, through ages linked each to each by national piety, their works have come here to unite in one mystical symphony of excellence. By the spirit that worked through them they are made members one of another. Some little time ago the Professor of Political Economy at Oxford formed a class of youths of both sexes, and said to them one day: "There are two great distinctions between man and the lower animals; one of them is the root of labor, the other is the root of civilization. What are they?" The first was soon explained; the root of labor is that the animal has only to seek his food to find it prepared for him, and his clothing is made for him by nature, whereas man must cook and modify his food, and make his clothing. The second puzzled all in the class except one young maid, who said: "The root of civilization is progressive desire. Give an animal all that satisfies its present want—good shelter and food enough—it will never be restless, nor show a further want; but satisfy man in any moment, he will want something better the next. This craving for the better and the best leads on to civilization." But it is the combination of these various lines of improvement which finally creates a civilization. Savages improve on their own roads, but the Kaffir never borrows for his own hut any advantage belonging to the hut of the Zulu, not more than the bee borrows for its cell a hint from the bird's nest. The savage has the root but not the flower of civilization. But then each civilization in turn is to a great extent special; the human race has a wider life, into which all separate streams of blood are poured, and all arts blend. By a higher law of evolution man's moral and intellectual powers are selected from the isolated tribes and nations through which they have for ages been distributed. In this our museum men are taken as varied pigments to make the study of Man.

> "Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
> Whose nature is its own divine control,
> Where all things flow to all....
> Man, oh, not men! A chain of linked thought,
> Of love and might to be divided not."

Of all countries America is that to which mankind must look for the fulfillment of those aspirations which are the creative force, carving on the world the ideals of poetry and art. Each fine work will reflect the culture of the race. Emerson has reminded us that for the best achievement we must have instead of the Working-man the Man working, and it were a pity if the great man's countrymen should not realize that whole work must be done by the whole man. In walking through the school at South Kensington recently I met a young lady who had passed several years in the schools at Philadelphia and the Cooper Institute, but had never found what she required for her training until she came here. The picture on her easel proved her to be an accomplished artist, and her experience appears to me worth mentioning. The school at Philadelphia, she said, was the best she had known any thing of in the United States, but when she was there it lacked trained teachers. The teachers were artists in all but the art of teaching. She believed, however, that the Philadelphia school, if associated with a good collection, would turn out well. But of the Cooper Institute she was not so hopeful. It was rather too philanthropic to be a good school of art. The great aim was to qualify the pupils—girls particularly—to make money. The pupils are urged on to the paying work rather than to that which is excellent. It must be understood that these criticisms are here detached from this lady's pleasant plaudits to things in America other than its schools of design, her experience of which was that one with a high standard had no means of attaining it, while the other, with more resources, had a low standard and aim. This lady's experience has been several times confirmed by American artists with whom I have walked through the South Kensington Museum. One of the most eminent of them said: "What a revolution it would cause in American art to have some such museum as this in each large city! It would in each case draw around it an art community, and send out widening waves of taste and love of beauty through the country."

If there be among the readers hereof one of those sensitive patriots who resent the idea of borrowing any ideas or methods from the Old World more modern than the Decalogue, I would submit even to him whether it be not less humiliating to import European experience than to export American brains. It is no dishonor for

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America to claim her inheritance from the past; it is no degradation to recognize what has been done as done, and not needing to be done over again; but it may well be pondered by the patriotic whether the Coming Artist will go abroad, or whether he shall find in his own country the resources essential to his culture and his finest fruit.

NOTE.—From a valuable paper on local archæological museums, contributed to the *Building News*, June 11, 1875, I gather some of the following facts relating to the origin of the chief English museums. In the middle of the seventeenth century there was formed at Lambeth, in London, the first place that could be described as a museum. It was called "Tradescant's Ark." It consisted of objects of natural history collected in Barbary and other states by Tradescant, sometime gardener to Queen Elizabeth. This valuable collection was bequeathed in 1662 by the younger Tradescant to Elias Ashmole, who gave it to Oxford in 1667, and it was the basis of the now excellent Ashmolean Museum of that place. Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, after graduation in 1585, associated with the antiquaries of his day, Josceln, Lambard, Camden, and Noel, and collected rare books and antiquities, which became the nucleus of the British Museum. Sir Hans Sloane died 120 years ago, and by will offered his collection of MSS. and artistic and natural curiosities (for which he had paid £50,000) to the nation for £20,000. In 1753 the Harleian collection was purchased. When a place to deposit these treasures in was sought, Buckingham House (now Buckingham Palace) was offered for £30,000; but an offer by Lord Halifax of Montague House (built by Hooke, the mathematician) for £10,000 was accepted, and so the museum stands at Bloomsbury. The public was first "admitted to view" (the phrase is still used at the museum) the collections in 1759. George II. presented the old Royal Library, founded by Henry VII., containing monastic spoils. The Lansdowne MSS. were bought in 1807 for £4925; the Burney collection, eleven years later, for £13,500; and in 1820 Sir J. Banks bequeathed his library of natural history. At the time of the foundation of the British Archæological Association in 1844 there were outside of London but three museums, namely, at Oxford, York, and Salisbury. Now nearly every large town has its museum in which to treasure the monumental relics and natural curiosities of its neighborhood. York has the sarcophagi, tessellated pavements, and altars of *Eboracum*, Salisbury the spoils of *Uriconium*, Colchester the remains of *Camulodunum*, Bath those of *Aquæ Solis*, and Cirencester those of *Corinium*. The Brown Museum at Liverpool is rich in Anglo-Saxon remains, and the important collection described by Wylie in his *Fairford Graves* is in the Ashmolean at Oxford. The Brown Museum derives its name from Sir W. Brown, who not only added to it a large building, but his collection (which cost him £50,000) of consular diptychs, Etruscan jewelry, Limoges enamels, Wedgwood pottery, and important Roman and Saxon antiquities. The Scarborough Museum has interesting British relics, among them a tree coffin of great rarity. The Exeter Museum has a good set of Celtic pottery and bronze implements found in Devon. Wisbech possesses superb examples of mediæval art and important Egyptian antiquities. In the Torquay Museum may be found the vast collection of flint implements found in the famous Kent's Cavern through the industry of Mr. Pengelly, the geologist, along with remains of extinct animals discovered beside them. The Halifax Museum, in which Professor Tyndall passed his early scientific apprenticeship, is rich in the curiosities of the coal measures, and has important Egyptian as well as Roman remains. There are many other museums in the country—indeed, hardly any important town is without one; but I must not fail to mention a very interesting one at Canterbury. It contains Roman tessellated pavements; a large number of ancient terra cotta forms presented by the late Viscount Strangford, who brought them from the Greek isles, Egypt, and Asia Minor; two extremely interesting Runic stones found near Sandwich; and many such interesting antiquities as the "Curfew Bell" and "Couvre Feu;" and some very odd ones—for instance, the severed hand of Sir John Heydon, who was killed by Sir Robert Mansfield in a duel, anno 1600.

M. D. C.

THE ORIGIN OF MAIZE.

In the days when the grand old woods untamed
  Stood erect in the sunsets red,
Or besprinkled the rushing floods unnamed
  With the bloom of their summers dead,
Lived a maid in a hunter's lodge, as fair
  As a flower o' the forest rude,
And as free as the free, untroubled air
  Of its infinite solitude.

But a spirit, whose haunt was the river-shore,
  Oft caressing her slender feet,
Stole a glance at the gentle face bent o'er
  The unrest of his winding sheet;
And so limpid the depth of those dark eyes
  Whence her innocent soul outshone
That the god of the stream desired, with sighs,
  That the maiden might be his own.

Then he twined o'er his brow the dripping weed
  And the mariner lily fair,
And in desperate mood for love's mad need
  Up arose from his watery lair.
Like a startled gazelle the maid leaped back
  'Neath the fluttering forest's wing;
With the flight of a fawn, when fierce hounds track,
  She escaped from the flood's bold king.

But the sons of the gods are fleeter far
  Than the daughters of mortal kind:
With the rush of a meteoric star
  He pursues, and she flies like wind.
Now a bend of the stream her eyes deplore—
  In her path is the watery death;
Close behind is the god. O fatal shore!
  On her face is a chill, damp breath.

With a panting of prayer, "Great Manitou,
  Hasten now to deliver!" she pleads;
Then, with sudden-born impulse, swift she flew
  To a bower of river reeds;
And their tremulous stems about her bound,
  As if swept in a whirlwind storm;
And behold! in their light embraces wound,
  She is changed to another form.

She is rooted in earth, her rare round arms
  Into tapering leaves are grown,
And a proud plumèd stalk, her heart yet warms,
  Like a princess the reeds enthrone.
Fine and silken, her hair sheaves round the pearls
  Flashèd out from her smile of scorn,
Now the kernels of snow, the milk-set whorls,
  Of a beautiful ear of corn.

Thus arrested, the god his chaplet flings
  On the waves of his subject stream—
How, to mockery broken, its current sings
  Of his broken, delusive dream!
Then the passionate spirit, foiled, betrayed,
  Is dissolved into dew-fine sprays,
To adorn with a crown of tears the maid
  Metamorphosed to graceful maize.

* * * * * * *

And as long as the rivers scorn the chain
  Of a future of Yengeese kings,
And as long as the pale moons wax and wane
  O'er the wild of the "shadowing wings,"
When the moccasined foot of the red man strays
  Where his bannerèd fields unfurl,
Will he liken the rustling leaves of maize
  To the flight of a timid girl.

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GLIMPSES OF DIXIE.

THE BROKEN AXLE AND THE SMOKING CAR.

TRAVELING through Tennessee late in autumn, an accident happened to the cars when we were within twenty miles of Knoxville which caused a delay of several hours. To while away the time I sauntered through the train until I reached the "smoking car," where I found a knot of hilarious fellow-passengers gathered around a comfortable wood stove, blowing clouds from all imaginable kinds of pipes—pipes of clay, of corn-cob, of brier-wood, and of meerschaum—and enjoying themselves as if (to use their own expressive phraseology) they "didn't care whether school kept or no." Neither they nor the other passengers on the train betrayed any of the restlessness, vexation, impatience, and curiosity which are shown under like circumstances by travelers on the trains that pass to and fro between our Northern towns and cities. While their demeanor was at the farthest possible remove from apathy or stolidity, they possessed their souls in patience, unruffled by the delay, and undisturbed by the fret and worry of suffering or postponed business, which, like "hope deferred," so commonly makes "the heart sick" in commercial centres. Whether they were "on time" or "behind time" seemed to give them no concern, and they practically acted on the fatalistic proverb that it would be "all the same in a thousand years." None of them gathered around the broken axle which had arrested our progress, speculating as to the "why," the "wherefore," or the "what might have been;" they volunteered no advice, indulged in no querulous fault-finding, pestered the conductor with no troublesome questions, and received no short and freezing replies.

Attracted by frequent bursts of merriment that proceeded from this group of travelers in the smoking car, and also by their manifest comradeship, I was impelled to make one of their number; and relying upon the subtle freemasonry of "the weed," which I had never known to fail me even under the most adverse circumstances, I approached them, empty pipe in hand, and asked for some tobacco. Instantly half a dozen hands went into as many different pockets; "Lone Jack," "Durham," and "Killikinick" enough were proffered me to last for a twelvemonth, and I was invited to take a seat near the stove. Scarcely had I loaded and lighted my pipe when one of the party, a fine-looking, bronze-faced man of forty or thereabouts, with a wilderness of dark hair mantling a broad white forehead, a pair of merry eyes that gleamed keenly out of a tangle of beard and whiskers, and a capacious and many-dented soft hat flung carelessly on his head, looked at me inquiringly though not inquisitively, and said,

"From New York, Sir, I reckon?"

"No," I replied; "I am a Jerseyman."

"Well," said he, "the d——dest"—and then he added, apologetically, as he saw a shadow of disapproval pass over my face, "I beg your pardon, stranger; maybe you don't swear. But, howsoever, the darnedest tight place that I ever was in in my life was when one of your Jersey regiments made a charge on my regiment at Gaines's Mill. I've seen some pretty tall fighting in my time, but I'm da—arned if ever I saw any thing like that charge of your Jersey Blues!"

Thanking him for his compliment to my State, I begged him and his companions not to let me break off the conversation which I had interrupted, promising to be a good listener and to laugh as loudly as the best of them wherever the laugh should come in. Taking me at my word with careless good nature, he turned to one of his companions, and said,

"Now, general, tell us how the deuce you managed to get away from me at Jonesville when you were up there to see your folks."

The gentleman whom he addressed was a stalwart, prepossessing man of about his own age, who, as I learned afterward, had been a brigadier-general in the Union army.

"First tell me, colonel," said the general, "how you learned I was there."

"That was as easy as winking, general. You see, about midnight some of our scouts captured two of your men and brought them into camp to our division commander, and, upon his questioning them pretty sharply, they let out that you had left your headquarters that day. As quick as a flash it came into my mind that as your head-quarters were only twenty miles from home, you were bound to see the wife and children, if it was only for a few minutes. I did not let on what I thought, and determined that you might see them, if you could get a chance, without any hinderance from me. But the general was as smart as I, and turning round to me, said, 'Colonel, he has gone to Jonesville, and as you know that country thoroughly, I want you to trap him.'

"I was tremendously taken aback at this, and replied, a little saucily, 'General, you don't want me to take my whole regiment to capture one man, do you?' 'Yes, Sir,' he blazed out; 'take your whole regiment if it is necessary.' Then softening a little, and understanding how the land lay with me, he went on: 'Colonel, I trust you to manage this thing as you think best. It is of great importance to us to get General

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Slaughter. Take as many men as are necessary, but I particularly desire you to lead them in person, and that you start in the morning as soon after sunrise as you can dispatch your breakfast.'

"Of course there was nothing to be said, and I concluded that if the thing must be done, it had better be done by an old friend like myself than by one of my captains, who were all pretty rough fellows, and didn't know you from Adam. It glimmered on my mind at the same time that the general thought so too. So early next morning I started off with twenty men, bound to take you if I could. I reached your plantation (which was about a mile from Jonesville, stranger) about eight o'clock in the morning, and placed my men so as to command a full view of the house on every side, with orders to let no one leave it. Not a soul was to be seen outside, and we had moved so silently that I felt confident we should bag our game. Without standing on ceremony, I entered the house alone, and proceeded to the dining-room, where I found the family around the breakfast table, but betraying evident signs of anxiety, notwithstanding their efforts to seem at ease. There was one vacant seat, which revealed that you had been there, general, though the crockery had been removed from before it. Apologizing to your wife, I told her of my errand, and giving her a hint to say nothing that would put me on your track, said that as I knew the house thoroughly, I would search it myself. Going into the kitchen, the first things that met my eyes were a tell-tale half-emptied coffee-cup and an unwashed plate and knife and fork, which I surmised had been yours. Confirmed by these tokens in the impression that you were in the house, I rummaged it from garret to cellar, and had just returned, after a fruitless search, to the dining-room, where your wife and children still remained, when Big Jake, your family nigger, came in from the outside. 'Sarvant, Massa George,' says he; 'been lookin' for de gin'ral? Guess he ain't here. I jis come in from Jonesville way, and as I pass by de ole school-house I seed his roan horse a-standin' tied to a saplin' outside. Guess he must be in dat school-house.'

"YOU INFERNAL NIGGER, TAKE THAT!"

"Your wife looked thunderstruck at Jake's treachery in putting me on your tracks, and I fairly boiled over. 'You infernal nigger,' says I, 'take *that!*' and I gave him a kick that lifted him about a foot from the floor. Leaving the house, I dashed down toward the school-house, bidding my men to follow. When I got there, sure enough, there stood your roan ready saddled, and I misgave that you could not be far away. In a minute we were in the school-house, but could find neither hide nor hair of you. One of my men pointed to a rear window which was hoisted,

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and on looking out of it we discovered traces of foot-prints on the ground beneath. This convinced us that you had clambered out of the window, and had made for the belt of woods that lay behind the school-house. So, leaving five men to keep watch over the horse and the approaches to the school-house in front, I took the rest of the squad and hunted the woods for two mortal hours. There wasn't a tree in it that we didn't examine, and when we got through I felt that the game was up. At the school-house nothing had transpired in the mean time, and after making successive circuits of one, two, three, and four miles around the vicinity for several more hours, we rode back to camp as empty as we came, and with stomachs a confounded sight emptier. Now, general, the conundrum I have to propose is, How the deuce did you manage to get away? That's what's always puzzled me."

The colonel had hardly ceased his recital when we were saluted by a peal of laughter from the hinder end of the car, proceeding from a negro, whom I had noticed when I entered, leaning back in the corner of the seat with his head against the car window, pillowed on an old felt hat of prodigious size, and apparently slumbering. He was a stout, burly fellow, with hair cropped dangerously close to the scalp, and a head as round and nearly as small as a cocoa-nut, set on the shoulders of a Hercules. His face, which was guileless of any vestige of hair except his eyebrows, bubbled over with merriment, and was lighted up by the smallest and sunniest eyes and the largest and whitest teeth I ever saw.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared this ebony Hercules. "Dis yere nigger 'member dat kick welly well, Massa George—feel him now," rubbing his fleshy part. "Guy! 'twas jis like a hoss kicked me."

"Why, Jake, you infernal nigger, is that you?" said the colonel.

"Sartain," replied Jake, quite complimented by the colonel's rather strong epithet—"sartain, Massa Colonel, I's dat nigger. But I say, Massa George, for sure how you kin kick! I swan dis nigger was nebber so 'stonished in all his born days as he was airly dat mornin'."

Here General Slaughter interposed, "Colonel, let Jake tell you the story; he knows all about it.—Come, Jake, tell Colonel Hampton how you threw sand in his eyes that morning."

Another seat was soon found for Jake among the party, and he began: "You see, Massa George, de gin'ral had been to home nearly all de day afore, and he spected to stay dere all dat day. But in de mornin' welly airly, as I was out a-feedin' de hosses, anodder nigger comes runnin' in to me all out of bref, and says he, 'Jake, dey're arter de gin'ral. Dat infernal secesh, Colonel Hampton, 's a-comin' hot foot to s'round him; so you jis git him out de way's quick as God A'mighty'll let you.' And den, Massa George, dat nigger wat called you a infernal secesh scooted away as if de ole boy hisself was arter him. I know'd he told de gospel trufe all de time, and dat de gin'ral had got to git up an' git mighty suddent. So I went to de house, and dere was de gin'ral eatin' his breakfas', wid his little three-year-old daughter on his lap, and one hand a-playin' wid her long curls, and de boys a-leanin' on de back of his chair, and Mrs. Gin'ral lookin' welly bright and happy. I was drefful sot back, 'cause dat pictur couldn't last no longer; but I know'd all de same dere was no time for foolin', and I tole de gin'ral sof'ly, so's not to frighten de missus and de chillum, dat he'd got to leave quicker'n lightnin'. But, de Lord bress you, Massa George, white folks ain't a bit like niggers. If my ole woman knew de secesh was arter me she and all de chillum would set up a howl and raise Judas gin'rally. Dat's why I tole de gin'ral all by hisself, you see. But 'twasn't of no use, for he ups and tells 'em all about it, and dey neber blubbered a bit or made de least mite of a row, though Mrs. Gin'ral's eyes looked welly hot and dry, as if tears would do 'em good, when de gin'ral kissed her and de chillum good-by. Well, Massa George, when we got out o' dat de gin'ral tole me to fetch de hoss down to de school-house, 'cause he had to stop a minit on de way to leave some money wid de wife of one of his men, an' he could do dat while I was gittin out de hoss. But, by Judas! when I rode de hoss down dere he was dat lame he could only go on his three legs. So *dat* wouldn't work. In a minit de gin'ral came along, and in less dan de half a shake of a lamb's tail he see how de lan' lay, and says, as quiet's if ebery thing was lovely, 'Jake, you take the roan back, and I'll get under cover of de timber.' Jis den dis yere chile 'member something. It come in my head like a flash dat dere was a loose board in de ceilin' of de school-house, and I tole de gin'ral he'd better git up dere and lay low on de rafters under de peak of de roof while de secesh was around. I guess de gin'ral thought so too, for he got up dere welly spry, and moved de board back in its place, and I knowed he was all right, 'cause, you see, Massa Colonel, I've bin dere myself. Well, den I histed one of de back windows a kind o' permiscus and jumped out of it and made tracks toward de timber for a rod or two where de ground was soft, and den made a straight streak for de house again. Me and de gin'ral hadn't been gone more'n half an hour before I was back dere, in time for you to give me dat ar rousin' kick. Guy! Massa Colonel, you *kin* kick, dat's a fac!"

Here Jake's merriment became quite ob-

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streperous again, and he rubbed a nameless part of his garments with the same expressive pantomime as before, glancing askance at the colonel all the while with a look which was an indescribable mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of the serio-comic, the impudent, and the respectful, the whole qualified by the pretense of an apprehension that the colonel might be tempted to essay once more his kicking capabilities.

Meanwhile the colonel was evidently becoming restive, which Jake was not slow to perceive, and suddenly checking his mirthfulness, he resumed:

"De fac is, colonel, dat ar kick was jis wot dis nigger was a-prayin' for. You tot I kick, I know'd it was all right, and dat you tot I was a dam mean nigger. And den, when you rushed out of de house, and pitched into de school-house, and swarmed all fru de wood wid dose secesh of yourn a-huntin' high and low and not findin' nuffin, I know'd I'd got you off de scent, and 'cluded to make myself sca'ce till you and your soldiers had skedaddled, for fear you'd ax me somethin' I mightn't want to tell. Den, jis about sunset I went to where de gin'ral was stowed away among de rafters, and tole him de coast was clear, and we went back to de house, and de missus she laugh and cry bofe togedder, and he gits on his hoss and gits for sure. And dat's de way, Massa George, you didn't git de gin'ral dat time."

"BUT, MASSA GEORGE, A NIGGER'S MIGHTY CUNNIN'."

was a-peachin' on de gin'ral, and dat was zackly what I wanted; 'cause I know'd ef I could only make you believe *dat*, you wouldn't 'spect me of hidin' him away. Besides, dat ar hoss standin' down dere had been givin' me a sight of trouble for fear somebody else would get ahead of me and tell you he was dere, and den you'd go a-scootin' round to find out how he got dere. So I 'cluded dat I'd be de fust to tell you he was dere, if de Lord 'd let me. I tell you what, Massa Colonel, you white folks is mighty smart about some things, and think you're a blame sight smarter than you is. But, Massa George, a nigger's mighty cunnin'. And when you give me dat almighty

It was very interesting to watch the play of the colonel's frank and open countenance as Jake told his story in his roundabout fashion. Cloud and sunshine chased each other over his face. Puzzlement faded into vexation, vexation into amusement, amusement into supreme satisfaction, till, when Jake had ended his recital, he clapped him cordially on the shoulder and vowed he was a regular trump, in terms more emphatic than devout.

The close of this reminiscence of the war was a signal for other narratives of "hair-breadth 'scapes" relating to the same eventful period, for nearly all the party had been engaged in the contest on the one side or

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the other, and each had some stirring incident to relate that we need not now repeat. It was very interesting, however, to note the absence of any symptom of bitterness or remnant of animosity, and the entire cordiality which marked the intercourse of these men. They were from widely different classes; some were educated and refined, others rude and unpolished. They had been arrayed on opposite sides, and at times, as their narratives revealed, had been in fierce antagonism. While the war had lasted they had been alert and unsparing foes, often pushed to dire extremities by each other. But now that the war was over they seemed to have totally forgotten their old hostility; and just as quondam school-boys revive old recollections of hard knocks given and received, or rejoice over the memory of pranks played, feuds waged, rivalries kindled, triumphs won, and defeats suffered, they dwelt upon their mutual conflicts and escapes on a sterner theatre. Not a trace of vindictiveness was visible, and their comradeship seemed as perfect as if it had been uninterrupted. It was difficult to realize that they had ever been hard pressed by each other, and on more than one occasion had been engaged in deadly grapples; and I was amazed at the good humor with which they gossiped over events so full of passion at the time, and on the turn of which hung captivity, or, mayhap, life or death. Instances of this nature were recalled by one and another of the party, and the attendant circumstances were related as though they were capital jokes; and each was as merry over the reminiscence of some "tight place" in which he had been put by some other as though it had been nothing more than a harmless frolic undertaken for mutual pastime.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Twelfth Paper.]

THE EXPERIMENT OF THE UNION, WITH ITS PREPARATIONS.

THERE are some states and forms of government which have been slowly building themselves up for ages, while others are the artificial results of political theory. The first find support in historical causes and in past political habits. Having grown with a people, and being expressions of their national life, they are in little danger of overthrow from within, and present so great a resistance to aggression from without that nothing but a very superior force can destroy them. The states which are constructed on theory or after an approved model, without being rooted in old habits, are much less sure of continuance. If enacted constitutions do not meet the wants of the nation, they have little self-preserving power, they awaken no enthusiasm, they point back to no history on which a people's pride loves to dwell. Especially is the life-power of institutional nations great. Those ancient institutions which are connected with the habits and affections of a people, and those local ones which carry the spirit of self-government into the smallest territorial divisions, and which are at the opposite pole from centralization—these possess a tenacity of life to which no constitutions founded on the rights of man and on the almost mechanical working of functions of government can possibly attain. If in the course of time it should be found necessary to make changes in the form of government, such institutional nations can make them without changing their political habits. The state puts on another dress, and seems to have passed through a revolution, but the revolution is confined to form; the essential spirit of the polity remains as before.

Yet even a nation wonted to self-government and to political reflection can not hope to escape changes of a different kind from those that generally give birth to revolutions in free communities. The changes to which we refer do not proceed from political causes in the first instance, although such causes may help them in their growth; but they are to be ascribed to moral and social changes affecting large masses in the society. They resemble, on the great scale, those silent alterations in individual character when a man finds his old ways of thinking not so satisfactory to himself as they once were, or when he acquires the means of pleasure or of show of which in his youth he was destitute, or when he forms relations and enters into intimacies with men of a class or of habits to which he was a stranger before. By-and-by he finds his old principles giving way; he was not aware of the direction in which he was drifting until, perhaps, the work on his character or his faith is nearly done. In the same way the influences of changes in the relations of property when there is immense capital in the hands of a few by the side of a great proletarian class, or of a transition from simplicity of life and habits to showiness and expensiveness, or of changes of religious faith and moral principles undermined by social or philosophical causes, and giving way to skepticism or profligacy on the part of many—these influences may go on without being noticed or feared for a long time, but are really more to be dreaded than po-

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litical revolutions. Changes from causes like these are hard to be estimated, not only because they are slow and silent, but also because the people themselves are the subject of the change, and the new generations have no exact standard within their reach by which they can compare the present with the past. Their effects, again, on political institutions as well as on social life can not be prevented. You might as well try to keep a stream from running downward as to prevent these consequences altogether. Take an example: the feudal system could keep its sway over a nation as long as the feudal lords held all the land, and there was no, or next to no, personal property; but as soon as the towns became great centres of manufacturing and commerce, as soon as large merchants could lend money to kings and so turn the fortune of war against the nobles, so soon a new estate was in its germ, which, in the nature of the case, would demand a place in the political system, and could not long be kept out. Such an instance is a plain one, because the external side of life is visible to all, and is easily measured by the historian. But what shall we say of a general loss of religious faith in a nation, of the decay of simplicity, of integrity in public and private affairs, of honor, of respect for the institutions or habits of forefathers? Shall we not say that these changes in a people's moral principles must have an effect upon their capacity to endure political restraints, to bear political freedom, to deal soberly with obstacles in the way of prosperity, to respect the relations of private life, to be orderly and contented amidst the inequalities of fortune?

In forecasting the dangers to which national union or liberty is exposed, in estimating the probabilities for the future of good or evil growing out of causes already active or now beginning to act, in endeavoring to form a judgment on the continuity of political habits, in discussing the question whether a community has a self-reforming power when evil is already admitted into its system—we must look at moral and historical influences both. These may be coeval and concurrent at their origin, while afterward a new set of causes may come in and act either together or on opposite sides. If they are found in decided conflict—the historical, for instance, being conservative, and those of a moral nature destructive—the tendency will be toward national weakness and decay, unless there is life enough left to reform the body-politic. Or they may come into existence at different epochs; and in general it is true that new moral influences, themselves the results, in part, of changes in society, appear after states are fully organized, and amidst great public as well as private prosperity.

Bearing these remarks in mind, let us look at the development of our institutions from the time of the first English colonies onward. For one of the most hopeful things to be said of these United States is that we are what we are not chiefly by any forecast of our own, still less by any intention to form a great English-speaking nation on this side of the water, but because historical causes which could not be foreseen shaped and moulded us into a tolerably homogeneous and compact people. This is the only nation of civilized men of which it can be said that we passed through all the stages of our life, from birth onward, through revolution to self-government and political greatness, in a natural progress, so that what some call historical accidents stand out, in our case most especially, to a man who sees a God in the world, as His guidance and purpose to make something good out of us: which purpose we can thwart, but one is filled with hope by believing that it is real.

Among the advantages which the English colonies had at their commencement deserve to be mentioned the nationality of the first colonists, the time at which they emigrated, and their general character.

We are not disposed, on the score of race, to claim a superiority for the Anglo-Saxons over the inhabitants of other parts of Europe; nor can we believe that if there had been no Norman conquest, no check on the kings by the nobles, no parliaments, no opposition to papal interference by statutes of *præmunire* and against provisors, no Protestant Reformation, the English race would have of course developed itself by its inherent energies into something great and good. It was, in fact, owing to national decline that William of Normandy succeeded in his conquest of Saxon England. But we rejoice that the first colonies were composed chiefly of Englishmen, because they brought with them the habits and traditions of a land

> "Where freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent."

It was not in England, as on the Continent, that the towns needed to conspire with the kings against an oppressive nobility, or that the nobility gained privileges exclusively for their own order, leaving the others to take care of themselves, but the Magna Charta and all the securities of freedom that followed it were for the benefit of all. There the Parliament at an early day separated into two Houses, and by its power of granting or withholding taxes, which was derived from feudalism, came to have a material part in making the laws. It was there that the town privileges and habits of local self-government maintained themselves with more permanence than on the Continent. There arose a numerous yeomanry, holders of small portions of land in their own rights—a class

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which since the emigrations has almost disappeared in the old country. There, too, the freemen were called to act on juries, and felt that they were part of the power of the country. Thus the colonists brought with them habits of self-government and the spirit of free Englishmen, which were not likely to fade out of their characters in the new wilderness life where they were forced, in great measure, to model their own institutions.

The time of the emigrations was the best possible for the formation of new self-governing communities. If they had begun in the century before the Reformation, when the civil wars of England had destroyed a large part of the upper classes and barbarized the people, the star of empire setting its way westward would have shed a baleful light. Little intelligence, no learning, small acquaintance with the arts, no religious thoughtfulness, and an ill-defined feeling of political rights would have presided over the birth of the new settlements. If they had begun in the middle of the eighteenth century, when England had fallen to its lowest degree of moral and religious degeneracy, and when the old yeomanry were beginning to disappear, these States would have been founded by a less hardy class, with purposes in changing their homes that were less noble, and with less of the vigorous manhood required in the conquest of nature. It is a remark of the political economists that the best prospects for successful colonization belong to an age anterior to division of labor on a great scale. Men whose lives are spent in one process of manufacture are not well fitted for all the various employments of a settlement in the wilderness, where every one must know a little of the numerous arts of life, or succumb in the conflict with unsubdued nature. The time which determined the character of the American colonies was prior to the great modern triumphs of mechanical invention.

We have also great reason to be thankful for the average character of the early colonists. M. Guizot, in speaking of the English and French revolutions, contrasts them in this respect: that the English occurred in a religious age among a religious people, while the French broke out in an age when the human mind doubted, or denied with extreme boldness, every thing that had been settled before. The first colonies belonged to that religious age, and though it would not be true to say that religious liberty was the only motive of even the Puritan colonists, yet it was a very strong motive, and it furnished the best conditions for the rise of a God-fearing and liberty-loving nation. For they who planted first of all the church, and the school by its side, who within a few years founded a college, as a pattern for all that should afterward arise, might indeed be narrow in some of their views and practices, but they were the best possible pioneers of a coming host of freemen. So, also, the Quaker settlements were dictated by the desire to enjoy their religion in peace, away from the oppressive laws of England and of its colonies; their leaders were among the best men of the mother country. The Catholics of Maryland founded their colony for the sake of religious freedom. The Dutch of New Netherlands did not, indeed, emigrate for this purpose; but they belonged to a noble race, in whose memories the times of William the Silent were still fresh, and their settlements at the end of his son Maurice's life were favored by the more liberal of the two political parties. The more southern colonies did not, it is true, have motives in their emigrations much beyond the ordinary ones that lead people away from their homes. Some, moreover, who joined them at an early time added any thing but character and strength; yet the chivalrous spirit and the attachment to English institutions which animated the best of the settlers in that quarter were to become valuable elements in the formation of the national character.

Besides the classes of colonists just mentioned, two others deserve to be spoken of, although, on account of their small number and the later date of their emigration, they contributed comparatively little to the qualities which mark the American people. One of these were the Huguenots, who came in the greatest numbers soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who, making small settlements in New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, and South Carolina, have given to the country a number of honorable and important families. Larger and more compact settlements were made by the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Ulster in New Hampshire, Western Pennsylvania, and North Carolina—a class of inhabitants of whom their descendants have a right to be proud.

Another most fortunate circumstance in the early history of the country was the substantial equality of the early settlers. They nearly all belonged to that industrious middle class which is the strength of a nation. A few servants came with the more opulent of the colonists, and a few younger branches or near connections of noble families established themselves both in the Northern and the Southern settlements, but not enough to have any sensible influence either on the spirit or the destinies of the land. It was fixed well-nigh a century before the Revolution that if such an event should happen, and the colonies become self-governing, there could be no strife of orders to add complexity to the struggle with the mother country.

Still, again, it deserves notice that the

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slowness with which population and wealth increased during a century and a half contributed to the steadiness, the simplicity of manners, and sobriety of judgment of the people. The colonies went into the war of independence with a population of less than three millions. There were no towns containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants at the peace in 1783. There were no centres of business in the last century such as now exist. Merchants in some of the smaller villages of the Eastern States imported their goods directly from England; as, indeed, it was the custom in parts of the South for the planters of a district to receive their annual supplies from the old countries and send back their tobacco and other commodities in the same vessel. In regard to social distinctions it may be said that they were more marked than now. Certain families here and there had a pre-eminence conceded to them, which rather grew out of old ancestral respectability than out of wealth, which was acknowledged willingly and accepted without pride. In a few large places a style prevailed which wanted the show and expense of our times, but approached nearer to the style of true gentlemanly living. This was a tradition from the usages of the upper middle class in England, which was as natural, as much expected from persons of a certain standing, as plain living was from the mass of the people. In those families, however, who set the mode, thrift, domestic economy, a training of the daughters for housekeeping, are believed to have prevailed which are now passing away. As there was slow growth, with no perceptible change, steady habits grew up in political as well as in social life. Take the colony of Connecticut for an example. Three Wyllyses of the same family were Secretaries of State in succession all the time from 1712 to 1810, and the middle one of the three for sixty-one years. One member of what is now called the House of Representatives was elected by his town to seventy-two Legislatures in succession, that is—since there were two annual elections—through a period of thirty-six years. It was comparatively rare for a minister to leave his parish until death called him away. Capital accumulated so slowly, and families were in general so large, that strict economy, the parent of many civic virtues, was almost a necessity. Men were free, and felt themselves to be equal, but marks of respect were voluntarily rendered to persons in public stations. When on Sunday the service was over, the minister and his family went out of church first, the congregation all rising, and in some places bowing until they had passed through the aisle. The display in dress was very small, but if the thick brocades which are now shown here and there as having belonged to a grandmother or a great-grandmother afford a criterion for judgment, materials were chosen which would last almost a lifetime, while the ordinary household garb was very simple. If habits such as particulars like these show to have existed did indeed prevail, they mark a character contented with the present, averse to innovation, neither anxious nor speculative—the best possible character for hardening and toughening a people in preparation for future struggles. And here, again, our good fortune in having had no aristocratic class in the proper sense of the term may be referred to as another cause of simplicity of manners. For if there had been but a moderate number of noble families with large incomes and domains distributed through the colonies, their mode of living and dressing would have been the ideal, and would have made many dissatisfied with their moderate means. It might have been as it has since been in the new settlements of some of the Western States, where a very small percentage—say, five or eight per cent.—of slaves was diffused through the district. This small ratio was enough to bring white labor into disrepute. So, in the case supposed, a sprinkling of persons belonging to a noble class might have been enough to affect injuriously those solid and homely virtues which are the strength of a country.

And here we are reminded of the one bitter drug poured into our cup—the institution of slavery and the importation of blacks from Africa. The bringing over of indentured apprentices, of convict laborers, and of "redemptioners" was a small evil, for in fifty years they were lost in the population. But when, in 1620, a Dutch vessel brought twenty negroes for sale into James River, a new element of race and population was introduced, which has had, and may yet have, a vast and disastrous influence on our history. This is not the place to pursue this gloomy subject to a great length. We simply remark that the separation in interests and traits of character between the Northern and Southern States was intensified by slavery far beyond the bounds of a healthy difference; that the uniformity of interests produced by it in States where it existed gave them the power of combination, made them the political masters of the country, and opened the way for burning jealousies; that the wearing out of the soil by the agriculture of slavery demanded new lands for its spread; that it tended to degrade the lower class of whites where it was predominant; and that it was destined to come inevitably into conflict with ideas of personal rights and with those religious feelings which demanded security for the sacredness of family ties in the negro race as well as for their mental and moral elevation. The conflict came, and was indeed awful.

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Had there been less blindness and more trust in the final triumph of justice, it would have been earlier and less severe.

But that which more than all things else determined the future of this country was the number of colonies, together with their general similarity and their important differences. If there could have been one vast colony, under one government, extending along the whole line of coast from the French possessions to the Spanish settlements in Florida, it might have been strong and prosperous possibly, but the present United States would not have grown up on such a foundation. There was a necessity of just such a series of colonies as were actually planted, all animated by a common English feeling, and speaking the common English tongue, yet settled for different reasons, and, in a course of many years of self-government, developed into different entities, as well as having distinctive characteristics. The Northern and Southern groups of these colonies, alike among themselves, yet differing each from the other in their climates, industries, institutions, and religious peculiarities, might have formed the nucleus of two nations if English feeling, influences from the mother country, trade, and many common interests had not brought them together more than the causes of an opposite nature tended to keep them apart. The colonies lying between these extremes had no common likeness; indeed, before the cession of New Netherlands to the English they had no common bond of union, and afterward, although best situated for purposes of commerce, were more fitted for some time to follow than to lead. We will make the supposition that when the Southern colonies admitted slavery, New England had thought it a sin and a shame; even such an opinion could easily have prevented the two extremes from meeting. As it was, slavery existed every where, and not being regarded as a wrong or an evil until the Quakers began to teach a higher morality, no such cause of separation existed. We will make another supposition, that the colony of New Netherlands, lying like a wedge on the coast, with the best sea-port within its borders, settled originally by colonists not understanding the English tongue and not educated under English political institutions, could have retained its nationality until no power could have conquered it. In this case a most serious problem would have offered itself in the course of time—either the Eastern and Southern English colonies would have pursued their destinies apart, or, if they could have acted in conjunction with the Dutch colony, difficulties from language and institutions might have prevented a perfect union. Thus we see that the colonies were pointed toward confederation by their history, and were almost prevented from establishing any other kind of government throughout the course of centuries. One cluster of confederates, or more than one, seems to have been the only possible political alternative if they were ever to separate from the mother country. Two or more clusters, so far as we can interpret the probabilities of things, would have been most disastrous, as containing the seeds of strife, and sowing them for all the future.

Another point connected with our colonial history deserves notice. We were not only prepared by the circumstances of our history for a confederation or union of States, but were educated for it by our relations to the mother country. The colonies all had law-making assemblies formed somewhat after the pattern of the Houses of Parliament, and the larger part of them chief executive officers holding their places, without any popular election, by appointment of the king. At first, indeed, several colonies chose their own chief magistrates, but on various pretenses they were divested of this power, until at last two of the colonies subsisted under what was called a proprietary government, and two of the smaller alone retained their original free choice of all public officers. The royal Governors certainly did not tend to establish friendly relations between the crown and its American subjects: witness the strifes between these magistrates and the Legislatures in Massachusetts and Virginia. The proprietary government in Pennsylvania was perhaps less acceptable, as placing it in the hands of a private man by hereditary right to fill a kind of secondary throne, with the power of vetoing the acts of the Legislature. The two chartered colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island certainly had no occasion to find fault with their independence; but they were brought up by their very privileges to be on their guard against any invasion of them, and could see little use in their distant connection with the crown.

The exigencies of self-defense often called for common counsels on the part of neighboring colonies, so that the minds of the people were accustomed to congresses gathered for objects in which all shared alike. The great contest between England and France for supremacy in North America excited the liveliest interest through the colonies; they looked on the French not only with the eyes of Englishmen as hereditary foes, but as allies also of the red men, and as willing to incite them to any treacherous act against the frontier English settlements. The prelude to the seven years' war was marked by the unfortunate expeditions of the Virginians and of Braddock, in which Washington was schooled for his future post. The critical years 1757–1758 saw regiments from the Northern colonies joining Abercrombie and Lord Howe in their expedi-

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tion against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, while large quotas were sent from New England to aid General Amherst in his attack on Louisbourg. There were thus scattered through the colonies numbers of officers and soldiers who had seen service. When the critical blow was struck, and Quebec became English—when, finally, by the peace of 1763, all the French territory in the North changed hands, and in the West the Mississippi nearly to its mouth became the boundary between the two nationalities, we may easily believe that the colonies felt an increase of security, and would be the more ready to resist aggressions from the mother country because they stood in no fear of the power of France.

Thus far we have seen historical causes preparing the colonies for self-government, on a certain plan, if ever the connection with the mother country should be broken. The declaration of independence and the war of the Revolution, after this preparation, were owing to faults and blunders of the mother country, and to the political doctrines of the eighteenth century. Of this breach we will forbear to speak. To say little of it would be to do injustice to events so supremely important in our history; to say much of it would turn us aside from our main subject. The colonists had as much loyalty to the mother country as could justly be expected from men who had chiefly protected themselves, who had been denied their privileges as Englishmen, and had been used rather as sources of commercial benefit for Great Britain than helped in their progress toward becoming self-sustaining parts of the empire. The war was undertaken soberly, regretfully, with no side issues in view, and with no rancor toward England in the hearts of the people. This want of rancor is shown by the fact that many of the best officers, Washington himself, Hamilton, Knox, and a host of others, remained English in their feelings, and were attached to the traditions of the mother country; and that the leading civilians who had urged on rebellion, and had been the counselors of the country in the war, were afterward charged with undue partialities toward England. Probably no revolution did its work with more conscientiousness, and fuller persuasion of its rightfulness on the part of the people, with less of a spirit of blood, with fewer bitter remembrances of the enemy, than this. It deserves to be noticed, as showing the sober temper of the war, that a regiment formed from volunteers in one part of a county took one of the parish ministers with them as their chaplain, as if it had been a church meeting adjourned to another place.

It was a blessing for which we can never be too thankful that an experiment at constitution-making was set on foot in the war, and was tried long enough to show its defects, and point the way toward something better. It was nothing but a league of States, with no Executive, with one House in Congress, without a Supreme Court, without the power of regulating commerce with foreign countries or between the States. This last defect especially it was that demanded a new instrument. This new instrument was made to remove difficulties which were felt; and, as Mr. Edward A. Freeman, in his history of confederations, justly remarks, was made in no conscious imitation of any other constitution. This learned and able historian of federal governments, writing in 1863, when he looked on the Union as permanently dissolved, says of it: "The American Union has actually secured for what is really a long period of time a greater amount of combined peace and freedom than was ever before enjoyed by so large a portion of the earth's surface. There have been and still are vaster despotic empires, but never before has so large an inhabited territory remained for more than seventy years in the enjoyment at once of internal freedom and of exemption from the scourge of war. Now this is the direct result of the federal system." If we have succeeded in making it clear that our present Constitution was almost an inevitable result of historical causes—that is, of Divine Providence—we shall be led to value it more than if we were to look on it as a product of successive workings of human wisdom.

It is impossible that any constitution should at all times be equal in its bearing upon all interests and all parts of a country, and equally impossible that it should not admit in some points two interpretations. The parts of the country which were more devoted to trade wanted a strong government; the parts where the people lived within themselves, in the pursuits of agriculture, felt in general less zeal for some improvement on the old Confederation. There grew up naturally a jealousy of powers conferred on the common government as restricting and opposing the powers of the separate States; with this the principle of strict construction of the Constitution of the United States was united; and thus two parties coeval with our present government arose—the Federal, and the Republican or Democratic. The former had a certain leaning toward England, and dreaded the principles of the French revolutionists; the other admired France and distrusted England. After twelve years of control over public affairs, during the Presidencies of Washington and the elder Adams, the very upright party of the Federalists was driven out of power, partly in consequence of blunders and dissensions within itself, partly be-

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cause it did not fully understand the temper of the people, while a still greater blunder on the part of leading members of it in the Eastern States led to its final extinction.

The Democratic party, under Southern leaders, held the government from the beginning of the century for sixty years, not without internal differences and divisions, arising from sectional interests and other causes. As it often happens, the name rather than the essence of the original party was preserved; new issues had driven out the old ones from the field of politics. Tariffs were altered from time to time, the Southern States being almost unanimous for free trade, and the North preponderating toward protection. Through all the changes the country flourished by emigration, by the rise of manufactures, in its marine, in its wealth. The great West, growing vaster in its dimensions, from the time of the purchase of Louisiana until it reached the Pacific coast, began to give signs of grasping at the hegemony and controlling the policy of the country. But meanwhile a spiritual cause, without power at first—a cloud no bigger than a man's hand—arose above the horizon. Slavery had been preached against by a few, protested against by the noblest of the Quakers from the days of John Woodman, acknowledged by all to be unrighteous in itself, and yet was endured in the hope that emancipation at length would quietly dissolve a structure which ages had built up, and which could not fall without a reconstruction of society. The cotton-gin and the ample lands of the Gulf States, including the latest acquisition, Texas, offered it a boundless field to spread over, and opened the prospect, whenever a new State should be formed in which there was an appreciable infusion of the slave element, of new strength added to the Southern supremacy. In the extreme South this was a smooth path toward supremacy, but was not so easy on the borders, where slave and white labor came together. As early as 1820 the problems of the future developed themselves, at which time a dividing line was drawn by the Missouri Compromise between the two interests. Next appeared the doctrine of nullification, and the attempt of the leading Southern State, South Carolina, to establish a practical check on the action of the general government by that of one of the States. It was maintained at first that there resided a power in each State of the confederation to judge whether a law of the United States was constitutional, and to resist within its own territory the operation of such laws as were judged to be otherwise. In 1832 an ordinance was passed declaring the tariff law "null, void, and no law," and forbidding duties on imports to be paid within its jurisdiction after a certain day in the near future. It so happened that the President at this time was a Southern man of great popularity and of singular energy, who not only felt that such a doctrine of nullification, if carried out, would be a death-blow to any union, and was entirely unconstitutional, but had personal reasons for doing his utmost to oppose it. In his opposition he carried for the time the greater part of the South with him; it was understood that he was ready to use all the forces at his disposal in executing the law; and the message on nullification which was issued in his name in 1833 was a most valuable state paper in refutation of the doctrine that a State has a right to decide for itself that the Constitution has been violated, and so deciding, to secede from the Union or to declare a law void.

The storm thus raised was blown over by the help of a tariff compromise, but the opinions already spoken of spread through the Slave States more and more, in a greater ratio of increase, perhaps, than the principles of abolition and the political party founded upon them grew at the North and West. Here a controversy began which nothing—no prudence at the North, no denunciation, no interests of traffic—could put down. Every fugitive slave reclaimed added to the force of the feeling against slavery. Formerly it had been hoped that in time slavery would give way to serfdom, and in the end to full freedom; but as the abolitionists appealed to the conscience and to our American theory of human rights, it was necessary to construct moral defenses on the other side. Instead of confessing the wrong of the institution, and asking for time to prepare for its abolition, it was supported by the authority of Scripture; it was the redemption of men from heathenism in Africa; it brought with it relations most kindly and humane between an abject race and an enlightened one; it kept out much of the vice too easily discoverable in the cities of the Free States. This was the beginning, evidently, of the last phase of the controversy between the two parts and two interests in the country; for how could there be any compromise when such diametrically opposite sides were taken? And as the foes of slavery grew bolder, the apprehension of what might come to pass at some future day grew stronger among its friends. Perhaps, too, they must have been aware, and have half confessed to themselves, that whether their pleas on behalf of their institution were tenable or not, there was an inconsistency between the apologies and those fundamental notions which the whole Union once avowed. It was too evident also that there must be a division, affecting all questions of politics, and becoming more pronounced from year to year, growing out of this question of questions, which could be neither settled nor avoided.

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We pass by transactions of great importance, such as the affairs in Kansas and the question of slavery in the Territories, and come down to the opening of the war. Why was it, when Southern men and Southern interests had controlled the country for generations, when the North and West were divided, and probably would always continue so, that the die was cast in 1860 for secession and dissolution? The Presidential election had been far from a decided expression of public will, and wise adjustments taken in time might at least have delayed a disruption. There were, as it seems to us, two leading causes. First, the progress of ideas, and the prospect of an increase in the future of the number of Free States, without any counterbalancing weights in the other scale, were sure to fix the policy of the country for the future. Secondly, the temper of the Northern States was not well understood, just as at the North the South was thought to be threatening rather than purposing. It was supposed that the North could not act as a unit nor by great majorities, and that a party against the war would paralyze the movements of the government. Even the North had some distrust of itself. This is not the first instance in which great masses of men have failed to comprehend each other or themselves, nor will it be the last. But it was found that the preservation of the Union, all over the North and West, had an importance attached to it in men's minds which had not been thought to exist. Nor was it the commercial value of the Union that seemed so precious, as if the navigation of the Mississippi, the free intercourse, as before, in every direction through the whole territory, needed to be maintained at all hazards, but it was the Union as an idea, and as involving the future peace of this land for generations. In the spring of 1862 the writer of these words was standing on the highlands above Cincinnati, and looking over toward the Kentucky side of the Ohio. Then first a deep impression was made on his mind of the terrible results likely to follow disruption, for the line of that great river would divide free soil from slavery for hundreds of miles. And when the boundary should be fixed, who would or could prevent fugitive slaves from crossing it? Who would not resist their pursuing masters? Who could prevent a thousand border difficulties which might give rise to war? Wherever the two republics met there would be desolation or chronic warfare, obstructing the prosperity of some of the fairest regions in the world; there would be bitterness and national hatred; a blight would come over vast tracts, unless, perhaps, by slow degrees, slavery should restrict its limits, and allow its antagonist to encroach on its domains. Nor were such evils in the future worse than the loss of a great Union over which one constitution reigned, where common principles of justice were supreme. Such feelings were found in multitudes of minds; but *they* could not partake of them who had clung to their State as the highest object of their pride and allegiance.

The war had its course. At its close the problems offering themselves for solution were nearly as grave as the problem with which it began, and more difficult. The Union had been saved at the cost of overthrowing society at the South, and now the question of reconstruction came before the country under conditions which demanded the highest wisdom and moderation. A new race was called into political existence: the slaves had been turned into freemen. What was to be their political status? If they should have no voice in public affairs—if they, while acquiring civil rights, should stand by and see the most ignorant of the whites voting and determining State politics and making constitutions, what would be their security for the future? If, on the other hand, political power were given to all indiscriminately, blacks and whites, the evil might be as great. What a strange state of things to bestow the franchise on immense multitudes who had not the knowledge requisite to vote intelligently for the lowest local magistrates, who could be combined into a party which black or white demagogues could mould and guide according to their will, and against whom it might be necessary for the whites to form an opposite combination in order to save themselves from ruin! Never, perhaps, since the world began was there such a dreadful alternative on so large a scale. Above all was this true in those States where the numbers of the races were nearly equal, or where the blacks were even in a majority. In the process of reconstruction it was managed that the suffrage should be granted to this race wherever States containing slaves had joined in the secession; and a new motive for conceding the suffrage was supplied by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which provides that representation in Congress shall depend on the number of active or fully qualified citizens. Thus suppose the number of male inhabitants of a State over twenty-one years of age to amount to 150,000, and one-third of them to be disfranchised by an amendment of its constitution on account of want of sufficient property—which disqualification would chiefly affect the negroes—the representative quota for Congress must be diminished by one-third. Few States would be willing to submit to this reduction of political power in the general government, and so, probably, it will never take place, if otherwise it were practicable. We regard the Fifteenth Article

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of the Amendments as most just and desirable, namely, that rights shall not be abridged on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude;" but in the constitutions of the restored States, and by the Fourteenth Amendment, universal suffrage in its worst shape, with its worst consequences, is fastened, perhaps necessarily, but unfortunately, on these restored republics.

This condition of things is now one of the worst evils that we suffer. We concede that it may have been necessary, but that does not take from the dangers which attend upon it. We will look at some of these dangers, disclaiming most solemnly all party motives or wishes in what we are to say. The greatest of them all is that the two races, through the States where slavery formerly existed, will be separated by party lines, and will look on one another with reciprocal distrust. Sectional differences are bad enough, as we have found in our past history, even when able men managed the parties; but differences of race, intensified by the jealousies and distrusts of politics, are tenfold worse. In the present case they tend to increase in intensity and bitterness, because the ignorant mass that has just been rescued from slavery must fall under the influence of fear of what will happen if the management of State affairs passes over permanently into the hands of their adversaries. They feel their weakness; they have inferior power of combination; they have small means of self-protection. They are also to a considerable extent under the influence of cunning leaders who seem to have unlimited power of acting on their fears. Brawls will unavoidably break out in many neighborhoods, which will grow into feuds and local quarrels, and will in report be magnified or extenuated, as it may happen, in their importance, so that the country will not know what to believe or disbelieve in regard to them. As for the blame to be imputed to the one or the other side, that is a small matter. We do not believe that the colored race or their leaders of like origin would be or have been the first to encroach on the rights of the white race. And we wish that one could not believe that there has been a policy or understanding on the part of many leading whites in some of the States in question to the effect that the colored people must be prevented by terrorism from enjoying the benefits granted to them in the new amendments. But the evils to which we refer lie outside of the immediate occasions of strife between the races; it will reach beyond existing parties. How can there be harmony between them under any future division of parties, when, in addition to difference of race, distrust, suspicion, past feuds and antagonisms, will continually foment disquiet? If it be said that unprincipled whites are corrupting the blacks and poisoning their minds, it may be very true, but how is the nuisance to be abated? Will not the eagles be gathered together where the carcass is? In brief, the cause of all that has taken place or is to be apprehended lies not in particular or local provocations, nor in the leaders of today, nor in the imbittering of a most mild and inoffensive race by the war, but it is one that is likely to last as long as measures, now never to be set aside, shall have run their course and borne their fruits. "The end is not yet."

Until this state of things shall end, if end it can, this unhappy part of our Union, injured in its property, with its old landholders impoverished or driven from their homes, with its institutions shattered, must lag far behind the other parts in most of the essentials of prosperity. That section is full of undeveloped resources; its exhaustless beds of iron and coal, its soil yet unbroken, or capable of vastly increased production, its mild climate, must invite capital and labor, if those timid forces could be assured of safety and protection. Perhaps the solution of the problem for the South may come from this source, from a new emigration not compromised in old strifes, and able to act in the end as a mediating and a reconciling power.

We pass on to another source of danger which the late war has opened up, or at least made more apparent—to the increased power of the general government. We have already had occasion to speak of the subject of the powers given by the present Constitution to the United States as exciting alarm in many, and as giving occasion to the birth of the old Republican or Democratic party. But, as it often happens in politics, that party, when it came into power, was not faithful to its convictions or principles. Thus, when the purchase of Louisiana was opposed by the Federalists as being a stretch of the Constitution, this was not wholly denied by the Democrats, but justified by the circumstances of the case. Thus, too, in the war of 1812, when the Federal Governors of the New England coast States, while consenting to furnish the quotas of militia called for, claimed to judge when an actual invasion of their soil had taken place, and refused to put the troops under officers of the United States, pleading their unquestioned rights under the Constitution and the law, the anti-Federal party, then having the government in their hands, denounced this action as disloyal and unconstitutional. Further, the Hartford Convention—an innocent scheme with an ugly look—was taxed with treasonable or disloyal designs, although without good reason; and yet the secession in 1861 justified itself by this unwise measure of a party which the

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States joining in the secession had for that very measure strongly denounced. But after the Peace of Ghent the parties returned to their original principles, or, rather—as one of them had nearly expired, and the other was divided within itself on questions of sectional interest—the parts of the country where they had respectively predominated went back to the old positions of a stricter and a freer interpretation of the Constitution, to the Federal and the States-rights theories. In the interval between that peace and the attack on Fort Sumter things ran commonly in the States-rights channel. The general government seemed to be weak; and foreigners, as they speculated on our government in those days, thought that the great danger was that State power weighed most in the balance. It is true that the Supreme Court put a curb on the acts of several of the States, and that General Jackson would undoubtedly have crushed nullification by armed force if necessary; but his vigorous measures only put off the operation of a theory which even then involved the power of a State to secede from the Union.

Yet even while the general government was regarded as weak in conflict with the State power, it showed an increase of strength of an indirect sort in the way of patronage and of influence on private persons. The appointments within the gift of the Executive grew in value and number, and already, if we mistake not, members of Congress had begun to regard it as their right to nominate to offices within their districts, to be the President's almoners, if we may give that name to their business. Still this accumulating power was rather political than governmental; it would not have excused the Executive of the United States from transcending the constitutional limits; it was strictly constitutional, although used for party purposes. If the framers of our instrument for uniting the country could have had a vivid impression of its vast extent, they would perhaps have put some check on the appointing power. But they built the house without dreaming how many servants the large family would require.

The appointing power is a means to an end, to the reward of partisans, and those the neediest generally and the most selfish. As such it is corrupting, and the interests involved in it are strong enough to resist all attempts at reformation. Its bad influences on party and on personal honor can not be removed without some change in the Constitution, and such change party feeling itself would resist. The ill success of civil service reform is mortifying enough, and disheartening for the future.

The strength of the government, looked at apart from its indirect influences, never appeared formidable until the war called it fully forth. Then first the Executive seemed to have a new quality, which might be compared with the dictatorial power conferred by the Senate of Rome on the consuls in the well-known formula that they do their best to prevent the republic from suffering any detriment. Then first the command of immense armies, the arrests of suspected persons, the control over vast sums of money, the arbitrary use of telegraphs, and, after the war was over, the government of the Southern States by military officers, and the reconstruction of those States, revealed an accumulation of authority which was unsuspected before, and pointed to a possible military despotism in the future. Then, too, the power that Congress authorized of suspending specie payments and issuing legal tenders showed that in emergencies financial measures could be set on foot which could involve the country in untold distress, and even in bankruptcy. Since the war, also, the disturbed condition of one of the Southern States has induced the President, on his own responsibility, to use military power in a case of very doubtful constitutionality, to say the least, and to interfere for the restoration of order in a way that can not be justified. The upright intentions of the Chief Magistrate we do not intend to question; the subject, interesting as it is, concerns us only because a very dangerous precedent may be set for the future. The question may be asked, and is asked, whether there is any danger of military despotism. And as this could not exist without consolidation, it can be asked, also, Is not consolidation, which, at the founding of the republic, one party dreaded, and would have prevented by constitutional limitations if the other had thought it more than a bare possibility—is not this to be the ultimate goal of our Union? This is what those who look at us with no sympathy for our institutions profess to regard as a future probability. Within a few days we have seen the following expression in a foreign paper commenting on affairs in Louisiana: "The President is exhibiting how easily a military despotism could be built on American institutions." Thus the same Constitution which a few years ago, as looked at through foreign spectacles, could not resist the weak power of the States, or bring back a recalcitrant Governor into his proper relations to the general government, is now allowing, it is said, the general government and the "one-man power" in it to trample on the rights of the States, and to threaten the extinction of liberty. Do these opposite charges, made at different times, refute one another, or is there a real and a new danger before us, and that, too, when the army of the United States does not contain one soldier for every thousand of the inhabitants of the country?

So great a change as that from our pres-

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ent Constitution to an imperial despotism, or, in other words, to an absolute democracy under one man, may not seem to many worthy of serious apprehension; and we share this opinion so far as to think that, in itself considered, a revolution so great, so without precedent in the English race, is entirely improbable. Before it could be effected there would need to be a strong party in favor of it diffused through all quarters of the Union. No sectional dissatisfaction would be adequate to bring it about. To attempt it would involve the probability of two or more confederacies, and of a war between them with an uncertain issue. To effect it would require taxation on a vast scale, or the borrowing of money to such an extent as would involve speedy bankruptcy. There are now no questions on which the Union could be territorially divided without the uprising of a great majority against a small minority. Capital, in its connections all over the land, is a bond of union. The mouth and course of the Mississippi, the avenues to the Pacific, the communication with Europe by Atlantic ports, must be open to all. An empire on the coast seems equally impossible with a great interior empire. The only cause of essential change that seems deserving of being taken into account is a general loss of reverence on the part of thinking men for the institutions of the country, a wide-spread conviction that we have failed in our experiment. Whenever such a humiliating day shall arrive, the same conviction might lead toward peaceable reforms and modifications; but a military despotism, after the experience of France and Rome, and with the political leanings of our race, is not likely to be one of them.

It is, however, possible, we admit, that attempts may be made to substitute laws of the Union for State laws in some very important departments of legislation, and that in case of their success the prestige and efficiency of the general government would be greatly increased, to the detriment of State power. Some of us are old enough to remember the time when the Cumberland Road was a bone of contention between strict and free constructionists; but now the talk is to put all telegraphs and all railroads under the supervision of the United States, as, with far less constitutional objection, banks of issue sustain relations to the States no longer. It might also be highly advantageous if in the department of international (or, if such a word might be allowed, interstate) private law harmony could be introduced, which could be effected only by general agreement between the States, or by an alteration of the Constitution which should invest Congress with new law-making powers. The laws concerning marriage, legitimacy, divorce, bequests, guardianship, the rights of married women, and the rights of aliens ought rationally to be uniform through the Union. This is the direction, as we understand, that the constitution of Switzerland is taking. From a loose confederation it became a strict one, a "Bundesstaat," and now still newer powers in legislation are to be or have been conferred on the central government. But what we dread is that the Union is becoming so great a tree, with such thick foliage, that the States, like shrubs, will lose their healthy growth under its shade; that instead of being protected, they will wither. If we look at government patronage, already so vast a factor in all political calculations and bargains, and add the possible enlargement of the sphere of United States law, demanded with the more reason on account of the great number of the States, and then bring into account the sway of an ambitious man at the head of the government taking advantage of some local difficulty, we shall not regard the anti-Federalist dread of consolidation as wildly unreasonable. Washington and Hamilton, with their compeers, were right in wanting a stronger government in place of the shackling old Confederation. That was the only sound statesmanship at that time. But when a measure of Mr. Jefferson's enlarged our domain, and set the precedent for an immense further enlargement, the danger took another direction. The very party which felt the apprehension set causes at work which alone made it to be reasonably apprehended. There is now possibility enough of such enormous powers being accumulated at Washington as ought to make men look narrowly at that tendency. For our part, at the present, we should rather endure some inconveniences from hasty or ill-considered laws of some State or States than seek a cure which might itself be a source of ill. We would print E PLURIBUS in as large letters as UNUM.

At this point of our progress we pause a moment to make the remark that we owe our protection against the tendency to consolidation to our historical development. The settlement of the country in the first instance by separate colonies, which were kept apart long enough to form distinct characteristics and to feel their independence each of the rest—*this* is obviously the force that resists perfect fusion and compactness. The nice balance aimed at in the Constitution may not last through all changes in society and in public interests; the scale that holds the rights of the Union and that which holds State power may alternately outweigh each other; but the true lover of his country will aim to keep them as far as possible in equipoise. Meanwhile, if uniform legislation is demanded on points where all the States ought to have one policy, let it be reached by a common under-

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standing. But surely the end of a war, when State power fell into the background, and the Union was, as it ought to have been, prominent before the eyes of all, is no time to carry the old Federal principle to an extreme which the venerated founders of the Union never contemplated.

The danger of consolidation, if there be any, is future, and must be the result of slowly moving causes, of long misgovernment, and of a demand for more energy and uniformity in our system. The dangers which many fear and have feared from the democratic cast of our institutions are, if real, more immediate, because universal suffrage is upon us, and can never be gotten rid of as long as the country shall endure. The history of the extension of the suffrage in this country since the independence is a very instructive one, if it could be set forth in detail. It is sufficient here to say that most, if not all, the older colonies had at that time in their laws a qualification for voting based on the possession of land, which continued in many of them long afterward. By degrees this became a form, that is, young men who wished to become qualified for voting received deeds of land, which were reconveyed soon after the election to the friend who had helped them. At length all native-born white males twenty-one years old could vote, on taking the freeman's oath, after a certain brief term of residence in a State or town. Then naturalized citizens received the same privilege. Meanwhile free blacks, who at one time could vote even in some of the slave-holding States, as North Carolina, were deprived of their privileges in some of those which held no slaves; such was the case in New York and Connecticut, in the latter of which States a colored man of great personal worth, the owner of a considerable property, was disfranchised by the constitution of 1817. Now at length every where, if we mistake not, colored persons are put on an equality with whites, and naturalized foreigners with persons native born. The single exception known to the writer is the limitation of suffrage in Connecticut to those who are able to read—a rule by which almost no one is excluded. So generally is it held that citizenship and the right of suffrage are co-extensive that the first now passes with the greater part of Americans as a natural right, like the right of property or of contract. There are very many who believe that the earlier state of things was far better, but very few who believe that the present state of things will ever be altered. We must carry it with us through all our national existence, and endeavor to educate all voters into the ability to judge what is best, and into the spirit of conscientious citizenship; meanwhile, accepting the situation, we may look at the evils which it brings with it. These are more apparent in large towns, while in the country a restriction of the suffrage would make little difference. They are increased by the habit of many substantial citizens of staying away from the polls, either owing to a kind of despair on account of the small influence of a single vote, or to the engrossing interests of business. And thus whatever be the bad results, the higher classes of society are in a good degree responsible for them. They are increased also by the number of foreign-born voters, who can be led in masses by their more intelligent countrymen, and who thus render possible a number of inferior demagogues ready to sell votes for offices, and able to make themselves necessary to their parties. In this way differences of nationality are perpetuated long after aliens have become naturalized; and even the divisions in their old homes across the water survive their changes of abode. It is surely a most unnatural thing that there should be in communities where rights are the same for men of every kind of nativity these political sects, depending on something renounced and abandoned. Nor could we find such parties within parties, carried down even to the second or third generation, unless the means of combination lay within the power of men who have their own ends in view. The voters themselves have no need to unite for self-protection against native-born Americans, either for relief in taxation or for securing their privileges in other respects. It is the interest of all that these foreign-born citizens should grow rich, that their children should be well educated, that all places of trust should be open to them, when they are found worthy of political or social honors.

Here, then, is one danger and source of peril, that while native Americans act politically as individuals, the naturalized citizens act in masses under demagogues as their leaders, as if they were invading armies rather than men seeking for homes and for quiet. Only in one instance have native-born citizens formed a political party, and the ignominious failure in this case showed that it was unnatural and outlandish. Of the religious factor in massing certain classes of men together we have a word to say soon; we add at present the single remark that these demagogical influences retard the assimilation of the new-comers to the old, and prevent the complete harmony of the people.

In this state of things, to which universal suffrage gives rise, one party, at any one given time, will naturally attract the demagogues more than the other; that is, one will be, or affect to be, more in sympathy with the foreigner or the poor, or with liberty and equal rights; the other, more in sympathy with the interests of property

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and civil order. Both may be intensely selfish and equally one-sided. But they can not co-exist without acting on one another. They discover each the other's arts, means of success, and projects. Naturally they try to counteract plans by similar plans of a questionable character. They make platforms on which they do not intend to stand. They propose candidates who are ignorant or pliable, instead of those who are sturdy and experienced in legislation. There must be understandings that such and such persons of service to a party are to be rewarded in due time. These and many more of the obvious evils of parties, such as the caucus system, unanimity forced by the whip, as it were, discreditable compromises, are either owing to the universality of suffrage or are greatly increased by it; and there is no present prospect of their discontinuance. We make no complaint of parties as such; they are necessary and useful in a free state; they act as watchmen and as checks upon each other; but we maintain that the more ignorant the constituencies are, the greater is the tendency on their part to misplaced confidence in designing men, to jealousy and strife of classes, to the election of inferior politicians, to the turning of politics into a trade, to misgovernment, and, in our case at least, to the banding together of emigrants into factions founded on their nationalities. Nor do we mean to charge the mass of voters in the country with political corruption, which would be a slander. They want good government; they are ready for sacrifices, as we saw only a few years since; they have no direct interest in the results which they procure; they are in great measure far less open to bribes than the political leaders themselves. The great evil is that, without intending or foreseeing it, they raise up a crop of politicians who are strikingly unlike the mass of such as elect them, and who are fast bringing the name and work of a statesman into contempt.

But if the extent of the suffrage has so much to do with the degeneracy of political men, and if this can never be abridged, what remedy is there, and what need to talk of the evils? The remedies must be applied in detail, or they must be such as will grow out of a greater general intelligence, especially on subjects of political science, or there must be an increased moral and religious purity, which will work a cure of our evils in an indirect way. Of these general remedies we don't intend to speak. We simply remark that here and there a cure can be applied to some of the most glaring evils. If our Legislatures have been exposed to temptations by special legislation, a remedy can be applied, as has been done in the amended constitutions of several large States, by taking away to a great extent from these bodies the power of granting special incorporations; if the towns, as has been done, abuse their charters, and come under the control of venal, corrupt men, their powers can be abridged or controlled; if judges, as now elected in many States, are inferior men, for this too, it is to be hoped, a cure may be provided. The whole power of burdening States and towns with debt, as well as the taxing power, ought to have limits set for them in the States by public law.

We are reminded here of another danger which is thought to be threatened by an influx of foreigners. This land, once almost exclusively Protestant, is the refuge now of five millions of Catholics, more or less. It is odd enough that some of those very people who saw in four millions of slaves a providence bringing them within the influence of Christianity, now see a frowning providence providing these Catholics a home in a land founded and nourished by Protestant principles. There may be great hopes of converting this country to the mediæval religion. That religion will, of course, grow by natural increase, and causes new in our age may aid it, although what the Pope's newly developed infallibility will have to do with it we fail to see. Of this we are sure, that if any new vigor and spread of the Catholic faith, any aggressive action, should appear in this country, it would unite all Protestants of all hues more than any thing else could do, and would probably promote among them a *catholic* spirit far more than it would promote *Catholicism* outside of them.

Other evils which usher in this second century of our national existence arise from the late war and the financial measures of the government. The war was undertaken, we are proud to say, without bitterness, in a spirit of loyalty toward the Union, and with a deep sense of the immense evils of a permanent disruption. Never was a war marked to a greater degree by compassion for the wounded or by a more merciful treatment of prisoners than this of ours. And when did a nation, of its own accord, without the force of treaty, forgive the authors of a war more generously—we might say, with more dangerous forgetfulness of injuries? All classes who are not ordinarily roused to excitement by a sense of wrong joined in supporting it. The vast body of the religious people of the North and West felt its necessity and justice. Never did prayer for the country arise to the God of nations more unceasingly and more fervently; never did men, especially at the West, risk their lives with a fuller conviction of the rightfulness of the struggle. Such a war, like all wars, might have evils attending it. Some of the officers may have entered the service to better their political chances in the future; looseness of life and

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of principle may have been learned by a few; the obligations of the citizen may have been unlearned by a few more. But it is certain, we think, that if the war had ended without leaving any other besides its own direct evils, its bearing on life and manners would have been, on the whole, good. Certainly the winning side, as it looks back on the morality of its cause and of the measures for making it victorious, has no reason for shame.

But war can not stand alone: Mars and Mercury must go together; and the contrivances of the latter to raise money are more than a counterbalance to the blunt honesty of the former. Whether the war could have been waged without a suspension of specie payments, whether there were not reasons which justified that measure, aside from the financial ones, we will not stop to ask. Our work is to look at facts and their issues. The fact is that irredeemable paper and a vast debt, beyond all power of payment for years to come, were introduced; and as the ease of carrying on the measures of government for the time banished anxiety, the ultimate difficulties were not duly weighed. At the beginning of the war there was a general settling of balances between debtor and creditor; the money so returned to its owners was lent to the government; and when the bonds of the public debt had increased in value, and the confidence of capitalists abroad in our securities was restored, these were sold at an advantage to parties across the water. Meanwhile, especially after the end of the war, new enterprises were begun, some of them immense in extent; new debts between individuals were contracted; private persons were eager to go into enterprises which promised large returns; banks were willing to lend to speculators and stock-jobbers; every body wanted to get rich without labor or capital. Had there been no suspension of specie payments, but little of all this could have taken place; had there been an honest, intelligent attempt after the return of peace to resume specie payment at some future day, with the right machinery for it, instead of the puerile measures that were actually adopted, the country might now be rejoicing that the unavoidable crisis had passed over, and might look with rational confidence toward the future. But this was too great an effort for a speculating generation, too great for political leaders. Nearly the whole of our present evils, except those which arise from the reconstruction of the Southern States and the character of political adventurers in that uncertain field, are the direct or indirect results of the condition of the currency, of the fluctuations in the value of specie as measured by the legal tender. To this we must ascribe a large part of the speculations of recent years, the necessary reactions, failures, and shrinking of values, the depression of the mercantile community in consequence of greater economy on the part of consumers, and the dread of the future. To this are owing in a measure the vast fortunes acquired since the war began, the power of great houses to depress and drive out of the field smaller ones, the immense extravagance and show, the almost contempt for the virtues of thrift, moderation, and forethought—virtues so important and efficient as even in heathen lands or under bad governments to secure a happy, unaspiring middle class. To this, again, we must refer the uneasiness and strikes of laborers, at least in part, and the general feeling pervading the producers in one section of the country that they are oppressed by transporters, and can by legislation change the laws of profits. To this, too, in large part, we must attribute that intensely excited worldliness which appears on all sides; those frequent outbreaks of crime, especially of dishonesty, which will soon be regarded as matters of course; that venality, that want of honor, which are injuring our principles as well as our reputation.

These last vices call for more extended consideration, for just now they are imputed to the legislature of the nation. Formerly if there was a member of Congress who came there with "itching palms," he could do but little in the way of gratifying his propensity. There was nothing to steal; there was no chance for corrupt bargains, and there was little suspicion of corrupt practice. Our poverty was our integrity. The new state of things is mainly owing, not to a lower set of men brought into the service of the country as legislators, not to the unwillingness of Congress itself to ferret corruption out, but to the means held in the hands of great corporations to influence votes. These means, again, are owing mainly to the financial condition of the country; and if there be increased venality—that is, if Congressmen half a century ago would have resisted similar temptations — this, again, is mainly owing to the overstimulus of the covetous spirit which the last ten or twelve years have engendered.

The suspicions felt in regard to the honesty and honor of Congress have derived strength from what has become known and what has not been discovered. At first there seemed to be an unwillingness to probe an ulcer; then the facts that came to light, while revealing crime on the part of a few, involved many in suspicion; and finally the disclosures of the last winter made it seem as if the money paid to agents at Washington for a subsidy to a line of steamboats must have passed into many hands. Here, then, we have guilt charged

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on a very few, suspicion resting on many: and this is just the worst state of things possible. If forty members of a political body were found to have taken bribes and were expelled, it would be better for the country or State than if five were detected and two hundred were under suspicion, although the suspicion might be wholly groundless; for a general distrust of men in public stations is most disheartening and demoralizing. Unjust doubt of human character in general destroys the motives to probity arising from example, if it be not already the fruit of a corrupt heart.

And here we can not refrain from saying a word on the conduct of public journals as it respects the charges against public men. Our leading journals contain men in their editorial corps who may compare advantageously with any members of Congress. But some of them, in their anxiety to give the first news, are not equally anxious to find out whether it be true or not; they trust too implicitly to the reports of correspondents; or they have, perhaps, grudges which make them unfair. To be fair would be to be moderate. It would not do to be gentlemanly, for strong words would need to be weighed. When we read the vilifications of Congress and other political bodies, one thing at least we are sure of, that the writers ought to be believers in the doctrine of total depravity, for seldom were such charges made even by stiff Calvinists against individual men as these journals, otherwise most respectable, sometimes make upon large bodies of leading politicians. It is much to be regretted that individual character should be attacked without the best reasons; for while it is of very little importance that this or that man keeps his hold on the public confidence, it is of immense importance that our representative system should be trusted in. When that is thought to be venal we lose the hope of good government, and our reverence for institutions, so much prized once, vanishes; we become ashamed of our country, make a feebler resistance to causes of disorganization, and fall into despair.

In asking ourselves what means lie within our reach that we may recover ourselves from evils partly temporary, partly arising out of our political system, we look first at the possibility that the sentiment of honor may be purified and quickened. It has been thought by De Tocqueville that for the growth of honor in a country there must be men of rank and birth, who are enabled by their position and traditions to know what is honorable, and who would sink into contempt within their own class if they fell below the standard. To the English idea of honor belong especially the virtues of courage, truth, and straightforwardness; or more generally honor consists in a nice sense of personal rights, of that which is due to others and owed by them to ourselves. Is it too much to hope that a noble and manly literature in the future may raise the standard of character through the whole people, so that a truckling, deceitful, dodging politician shall be thoroughly despised on all sides, and be obliged to renounce his political hopes on account of his meannesses? Is it too much to hope that such a principle of honor, without the pride that often goes with it, may be incorporated into our law of social morality; and that religion, which has a most intimate and inseparable connection with genuine morality, may take up this principle also, and may leaven society with it, so that a trick or a lie may be utterly abhorred by merchants, by politicians, by young men entering into life, by all who can corrupt others or be corrupted themselves? O for more men in public life with the character of him of whom the poet speaks:

> "Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
> Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
> Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
> Through either babbling world of high or low;
> Who never spoke against a foe!"

And even if this sentiment should not always put on its most spiritual and ideal form, if reputation rather than character and reality of life should be its aim, if it should occasionally resort to that barbarous, revengeful, and unmeaning practice of dueling which has now happily become almost obsolete, could this be a worse evil than that truth and honesty should not be brought into greater respect than they seem to have now?

Of course, with the feeling that there must be a higher tone of character, in case our politics are to be redeemed from their degradation, must be united the removal of those demoralizing influences growing out of the war, of which we have already spoken at length. When the time will come for this reform is still uncertain. Such is the want of uprightness at present in making pledges that we can put no full confidence, either in the party heretofore dominant or in that which expects soon to be dominant, that opinions or platforms or declarations of Congress and of law in regard to specie payments will be respected. But a time for this must come, we know, first or last. When that time comes, and when the race difficulties shall be settled, much of our ground of fear for the future will be removed. The question then remaining, which can not be settled now with entire certainty, because we can not accurately separate temporary political evils from permanent ones, is no less a one than this, Is there such a poison in the political system that there is no cure for it? Must the Union, made less than a hundred years ago, go to pieces or run into

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a degenerate form of polity within the next hundred years? The question depends upon the general good sense and uprightness of the people, whether, if evils arise that can be removed, they will remove them, or, if those evils are owing to some radical cause, they will be ready for a radical cure. All our future, then, hangs on the strength of the moral and religious causes at work or that can be used for the elevation of the American character. And in the prospect there is, aside from religious faith and hope, the consoling thought that the great mass of the people is not corrupt; so that, as a good constitution of body resists and overcomes disease, so a sound general character of the nation may contain in itself a self-reforming power. No one, we think, ought to doubt that there is a latent force that can resist political evils and preserve the system who thinks what was endured in the late war, and with what readiness the people bore their burdens. We are more afraid of the centres of wealth than we are of the scattered country population, of the temptation to be rich than of the middle and poorer class, of the half-cultivated and self-indulgent than of those whose advantages for education have been small, of morals imported from Europe than of emigrants from Europe. Dangers we have of our own, together with some of those that stand in the path of older communities, and seem to threaten the very existence of modern society. But we have hopes, too, of our own which the rest of the world does not share. God grant that these hopes may not be mere visions, and that no new darkness may cloud our future!

NEW HAVEN, CONN. T. D. WOOLSEY.

THE POPULAR IDOL.

I.

A FEW years ago a late autumn found me idly and discontentedly lounging about London. During the year I had worked with unwonted assiduity, and my labors had been rewarded with unwonted success. In that year it had arrived to me to make my "little hit." Of three pictures of mine which an overindulgent hanging committee had placed on the Royal Academy walls, one had hit the taste of the critics, and no one was more astonished than myself to discover from the admirable writings of these gentlemen what an amount of "genuine sentiment," "delicacy of touch," and "subtle analysis of human nature" my work displayed. The public, never slow to appreciate merit when it has been carefully indicated, indorsed the critical utterances, and the most cheerful result to me was that all my pictures sold well, and I had in my possession a larger sum of money than I ever had before. Months ago my companions had left town, betaking themselves to Wales, to Scotland, to Germany, to Jericho, while I, the "promising young artist" of the newspapers, remained behind, idle and disconsolate.

It was during the first month of the Academy exhibition that I had encountered the cause of my late sojourn in London. At the house of a friend I had met an Irish gentleman named Fitzgerald, at that time on a visit to the English metropolis. This Fitzgerald was a splendid specimen of his race and class. He was a tall, well-built, ruddy-cheeked man, with a quantity of white hair, an eye in a perpetual twinkle, and a mouth always ready with a joke, good, bad, or—as was generally the case—indifferent. He was accompanied by his only daughter, Kate, whom I have so often depicted on canvas that I shall not attempt an inventory of her charms on paper. I had many opportunities of paying attention to these visitors during their stay in town. Under my guidance they explored the British Museum and investigated the Tower. The scientific wonders of the Polytechnic and the historic horrors of Madame Tussaud's were thrown open to their astonished gaze. I accompanied them to the opera, and visited with them half the theatres. And, to cut a long story short, I fell desperately in love with Fitzgerald's daughter, having every reason to suppose that the amiable creature was not quite insensible to my merits. Under these circumstances it is not very surprising that I accepted with avidity the assurance of Mr. Fitzgerald that he would ask me to spend a month at his place in Ireland during the ensuing autumn. He would write to me, naming the day, and trusted that no other engagement would prevent my accepting the invitation. Just as if any possible train of circumstances *could* prevent me!

In due course the father and daughter returned to Ireland, and I sustained myself on the cheerful anticipation of hearing from them. This it was that kept me in town at a time when other artists were beginning to have thoughts of returning to it. And the non-arrival of intelligence from Ireland may account sufficiently for my dejection. I was becoming daily thinner in body and moodier in mind, and would no doubt have eventually fallen into a condition of mental and physical collapse had not a letter been placed upon my table one morning bearing the Ballymareen postmark. I tore it open and perused the expected invitation. Inclosed with the letter was half a sheet of note-paper containing road directions of a most elaborate character, written in a lady's hand. I folded the scrap. I dare say I kissed it. I know I preserved it carefully, and have it now.

Among other sources of income upon

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which I depended at that period was the *Pictorial Times*. I confess with shame that the fervor of my affection did not blind me to the sordid dictates of business. No sooner had I written to Ballymareen, announcing the day of my departure from London, than I set off for the office of the aforesaid illustrated journal, and expatiated to the manager thereof on the numerous advantages which must accrue if I were commissioned to do a series of Irish sketches for the delectation of his numerous subscribers. Would I call next day? I did call, and was commissioned. The circumstance is mentioned here because it became the fertile cause of a sad misadventure, which should be a warning to all those who nefariously attempt to unite love and business.

Ballymareen is a little town in the County Cork, close to that part of the coast which looks out to Cape Clear. Up to the present, civilization in the shape of railway communication has penetrated only as far as Dunmannock, another little town ten miles east of Ballymareen, and barbarism, in the shape of a stage-coach, performs the journey between these villages. Having survived the perils of sea and land, I arrived in high spirits at Dunmannock. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The coach, which, in accordance with the principles on which things are usually conducted in the south of Ireland, started from that extremity of the town farthest removed from the railway station, was advertised to leave Dunmannock at half past three. It wanted five minutes of that hour when my traps and myself were put down at the booking office —a small inn, dirty but picturesque. A little crowd of natives stood about the entrance to the hostelry awaiting the appearance of the coach. Entering the office, I booked my seat, and, wishing to be sure of the time of departure, inquired of the clerk at what hour the Ballymareen mail was likely to start.

"Sure, thin, as soon as the bastes is ready," was the intelligent rejoinder.

Suggesting that the answer, although no doubt true generally, was scarcely definite chronologically, I was informed that "the bastes ud be ready in ten minits, or half an hour at the fardest; but they couldn't start widout Misther Murphy."

"And who is Mr. Murphy?" I inquired.

"Is it who's Misther Murphy ye're axin'? Ye don't mane to say ye niver heerd tell av Misther Murphy? Och, begorrah, I niver heerd the likes av that—niver!" with which remark the youth walked away, shaking his head and expressing to himself, most probably, the very lowest opinion of my acquirements.

I joined the little crowd at the inn door, and in ten minutes had the satisfaction of seeing the coach drive up. To call the vehicle a coach is to be guilty of a euphemism. It was one of those long outside cars "ingenious" to the Irish soil, and was drawn by a pair of bony quadrupeds without much beauty, but evidently possessed of considerable staying power. The arrival of the vehicle, however, was not the signal for departure. Murphy had not arrived. There was nothing for it but to wait. I was about to enter into conversation with some of my fellow-passengers—for such I supposed them to be—when, on an intimation from one of their number, all eyes were directed down the street, and a volley of exclamations burst forth. "Here he is!" cried one. "God be wid him, sure he wouldn't keep us longer nor he could help," said another. "Throth it's himself is the foine man intoirely, and a rale gintleman, bedad," chorused a third. Looking in the direction generally taken, I saw proceeding toward us at a leisurely pace a big man brandishing a very ponderous stick, and swaying his head to and fro. When he came near I observed that his face was suspiciously florid, and that his eyes were blood-shot. His hair was gray. His apparel, though gentlemanly in cut and texture, was advanced in years. The sleeves of the coat were bright from long service, and one undoubted darn appeared on the left shoulder. His hat had been kept "shiny" at the expense of the nap, which had disappeared from the edges. His trowsers, although an inch too short, were strapped beneath his boots. The dark blue scarf, in which nestled a tremendous emerald, was somewhat faded. His whole appearance proclaimed the fact that his means scarcely corresponded to his desires.

"Well, boys, an' how are ye all?" he asked, waving his stick airily, and lifting his hat to the admiring crowd. Upon which there arose another chorus. "Well, thank yer honor; an' it's delighted to see yer honor we are." "Sure its twenty years younger yer honor gets every day av yer life," etc., etc. Thus hyperbolical but complimentary waxed the crowd. The gentleman then proceeded to put a series of questions to individual members of the circle, as, "Well, Paddy, ye divil, have ye got that lase yet?" or, "How's the children, Biddy darlin'?" or, "Bad luck to ye, Barney, why haven't ye brought me them chickens?" It was now four o'clock. I was becoming somewhat impatient. So I approached Mr. Murphy, and suggested that as he seemed to be the sole cause of the delay in starting, it might be well if he would condescend to mount. Mr. Murphy lifted his hat, and smiling in a deprecatory way, he bowed, and said, "Sir, in *this* country the wish of the stranger is the law of the native."

"Hear how foine he talks to the gintleman," whispered Biddy to Barney. And as

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the whisper went round, it was emphasized by winks and nods innumerable.

"Now, then, boys," exclaimed Mr. Murphy, addressing the mob, "what are ye all standin' about for like so many sheep? Mount, ye divils."

Thus apostrophized, the boys mounted, gallantly pulling the weaker vessels after them. Mr. Murphy invited me to a seat beside himself. The "boy" who acted as guard and coachman cracked his whip, and "the bastes," after one or two unsuccessful efforts, struggled forward. Proceeding through the main street, wherever our vehicle appeared Mr. Murphy was recognized and greeted with fervent exclamations. "God be wid ye, Sir!" "Long life to yer honor!" "The saints presarve ye!" resounded on all sides.

"WELL, BOYS, AN' HOW ARE YE ALL?"

My companion received these salutations with a strange mingling of geniality and dignity, as if to mark that he was pleased to acknowledge graciously what, after all, was only his due. Seeing the wonderful estimation in which Mr. Murphy was evidently held, I became not unnaturally desirous to ascertain the extent of his public services. He at once entered into conversation with me, pointing out the various objects of interest along the road, now and then interrupting the flow of his descriptive narrative to make an observation to the driver, whom he invariably invoked as "Pat, ye divil," or to one of the occupants of the car, to whom he put questions respecting domestic affairs. I am free to confess that my efforts to obtain information concerning Mr. Murphy *from* Mr. Murphy were much less successful than that gentleman's attempts to explore my private life. Occupation, destination, politics, religion, and family history were points which he attacked with persevering ingenuity. In vain did I erect outworks of reticence before each theme. They were speedily demolished, and my opponent wandered at his will among more of the historical records of a humble individual than are often thrown open to an utter stranger. Having satisfied his curiosity, he changed the subject.

"An' d'ye tell me, now, that this is yer first visit to Oirland?"

I assented, regretting the loss of time which such an admission evidenced.

"Well, now, don't ye think it's a foine counthry?" he went on, pointing to a high brick wall surmounted by the umbrageous foliage of chestnut-trees, which completely shut out the view, if view there was.

"A splendid country," I answered.

"And what d'ye think of th' inhabitants?" he inquired.

"Judging from so fine an example, my opinion might be too flattering."

He drew himself up, averted his head, and motioned me off with his hand. His actions all spoke. It was as much as to say, "Your opinion of me is just, but my native modesty does not permit me to acknowledge its justice in words."

"The people about here seem to respect you very much, Mr. Murphy?" I at last ventured.

"The Oirish pisantry always look up to their natural layders," he explained, vaguely.

"You are a natural leader then?" I inquired.

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"You flatther me, Sir. But such is the case. The counthry has rallied round me familee for upward of noine hundred years; and I may say that during that period we have never bethrayed the confidence reposed in us."

"Your influence with the people is greater than that of the large landed proprietors in the neighborhood, I suppose?"

He looked a little angry at this suggestion, and was evidently on the point of asking, "Who the divil tould ye I *wasn't* a large landed proprietor?" but glancing at his wardrobe, his resentment vanished, and drawing himself up proudly, he said:

"Sir, in *this* counthry the possessor of a long line of ancistors is always held in greater esteem than the mere owner of gold and acres. The people know that by industhry any man may acquire the latther, while all the money in the world can not buy the former. You will see this eximplified before you lave the counthry. There's Misther Fitzjurld, to whom you tell me you're goin' to pay a visit—an' a pleasant visit it 'll be, for by the same token Fitzjurld's daughter has been endowed by nature wid a person worthy of impayrial descint—well, the Fitzjurlds are rich an' prosperous, but the familee, Sir, is a growth of yesterday—mere mushrooms: they came in wid Strongbow. The people know it. Why, I've ten toimes their infloonce, though me estates are by no manes so extinsive as they were at an urlier payriod av the familee histhry."

We had now arrived at the top of a hill, down which the road wound to Ballymareen. The white houses of the village glittered in the sun, and the blue Atlantic, stretching away to a horizon that was lost in a hot mist, sparkled under its rays. Shading his eyes with one hand, and pointing with the other to the little town that lay below us, Murphy excitedly called upon me to gaze.

"Now, Sir, you behold me native town. That city was built by me forefawthers before London was thought of, an' I dare say before Romulus and Raymus founded Rome."

Without calling in question the historical accuracy of his statement, I remarked that Ballymareen had scarcely kept pace with the two rival cities, to which Murphy replied, grandly:

"Sir, commercial prosperity is niver the standard of inturnal happiness. Saysar, Sir, the Roman imperor, when passing through this very village, remarked to one of me ancistors, who happened to be prisint, 'Murphy, ye divil,' said he, 'I'd rather be chief magistrate of this village than Imperor of Rome.' I need scarcely inform ye, Sir, that at that payriod Rome was misthress of the wurld. But I may remark wid pardonable proide that what Saysar vainly wished for I possess. But here we are."

The "bastes" had descended the hill at a rattling pace, and we drew up suddenly at a little public-house, the only one in the village. A crowd of idlers, recognizing the Popular Idol, gave him a cheer as he left his seat. Mr. Fitzgerald's conveyance was in waiting for me. Expressing many hopes for the renewal of our "friendship," Murphy shook me warmly by the hand, and dived in among a crowd of his admirers. Meanwhile I entered the vehicle, and was driven off to the Hall, which was situated distant from the town about four miles. During the drive my mind became engrossed with other thoughts, and Murphy faded from it utterly. Cæsar and Romulus and Remus were as real and interesting to me as he; that is to say, I thought nothing of any of them. The blue eyes and golden hair, the bewitching figure and merry girlish laugh, which had been present with me as a day-dream for months past, I realized by anticipation now.

I omit here as irrelevant a detailed account of my reception by Fitzgerald and his daughter, of the efforts put forth to make me feel at home, of the utter innocence of their minds as to the unadvisability of having "a detrimental" ensconced in the bosom of their family. I omit the history of the first ten days of my stay at the Hall—of the picnics, the shooting parties, the yachting excursion, the croquet on the lawn, the strolls in the shrubbery, the long conferences in the conservatory. Fitzgerald understood the fine art of hospitality in all its details. He was a widower, and his domestic arrangements were presided over by a housekeeper who had under her a body of servants who had grown up in the service from boyhood and girlhood. Although every day brought a fresh batch of visitors to the house, and although on every day was planned some new scheme of amusement, my opportunities for private conversation with Kate were frequent and eagerly embraced. My greatest progress was made during one or two sketching excursions, on which occasions the interest taken in our sketches was quite secondary to the interest we took in each other.

You who have gone through this experience, or have acquired it in your capacity of subscribers to a circulating library, will require no analysis of my feelings, nor any description of my position. I was in love, but had not spoken of my love. By a hundred signs and tokens I had inferred that Kate loved me, and half dreaded the declaration which she knew to be brooding. It was so delightful, so new, so thoroughly Irish, this unconsciously offered opportunity of prosecuting a suit. To whom should I speak first—to father or daughter?

Circumstances decided for me. The tenth day after my arrival was a day of rain. A prospected croquet party had been put off,

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and there were no lady visitors at the house. I had occupied the morning in finishing a number of my sketches. After dinner we adjourned to the library, where a fire had been lighted with a view to promote cheerfulness rather than warmth. Our visitors were two in number—Father Burke, the parish priest, and Mr. M'Tavish, the only Presbyterian who had penetrated to this remote corner of heathendom. The original mission of M'Tavish to the south was a commercial one. He was a man of great wealth, and had become possessed of the idea that the south of Ireland was likely to be raised in the opinion of the world by the introduction of flax. Filled with this sentiment, he sold his mills and estates in Ulster, and purchased fresh acres and erected new mills in Munster. The southern soil was unkindly. His speculation failed. His mills were sold for the price of the bricks. He himself turned his attention to agricultural pursuits and the dissemination of Presbyterian doctrine.

Fitzgerald, although a Churchman and a Tory of the bluest dye, liked to see at his board men of all shades of political and religious opinion. He was particularly partial to the society of Father Burke, because that divine was the best hand at whist in the country, and because he never obtruded his theological predilections. M'Tavish, on the other hand, was an abominator of cards, and a stern upholder of the Presbyterian Zion in season and out of season. His estates joined those of the Hall, and his vote with the votes of his tenants went for the Tory candidate. Indeed, M'Tavish made no secret of this coercion of his tenantry, and made Conservatism a prominent condition in the granting of a lease.

The evening was falling, but there was still light enough to see the pieces on the chess-board at which Kate and I sat in a corner of the room at some distance from her father and his guests. The conversation of our seniors was borne to our ears in gusts, but was not permitted to interrupt our own discussions. It was running high on the subject of predestination.

"I tell ye, my dear Sir," insisted M'Tavish—"I tell ye it's a' foolishness and blind pervarsity tae oppose the doctrine. Ye hev nae ground or right to do so."

"If that be so," blandly interposed the priest, holding his wine to the light, "it's hardly worth arguing the point. If every thing that happens is predestined to happen, it follows that it was decreed by fate that you and I should differ on the point, and to attempt to make us agree is clearly an opposition of the will of Heaven."

"Sir, your logic is Jesu-ee-tical, and—and deevilish. Though events are predestined, opeenions may change. The book says it, Sir—the book says it."

"But events are generally the result of opinions—if, indeed, an opinion, strictly speaking, may not be termed an event. But what do our young friends say about it?" saying which Father Burke turned round to us. It was an awkward question. I never held a political or theological tenet of any kind in my life. I replied at random:

"Some events are decreed, I think—marriages, for example, are popularly supposed to be made in heaven."

A very little spark of humor served to set Fitzgerald laughing, and Father Burke responded in a neat little chuckle. The M'Tavish, however, was not to be won over by so paltry an admission.

"Sir," said he, with true theological warmth, "marriages and a' other events are made in heaven and by Heaven. The book says it, I tell ye."

"Do you mean to insist," said Fitzgerald, entering into the argument, "that every little event that happens has been pre-arranged by the Creator—the worms in my puppies, for instance, or the age of this wine?"

"Certainly, certainly," shouted M'Tavish, as if to convince one who seemed to be trembling on the outer edge of truth—"certainly: *all* events, and from *all* eternity."

"M'Tavish, lend me your snuff-box."

The Scotchman handed the silver receptacle to his adversary. Fitzgerald took a pinch from the box, and holding it daintily between his finger and thumb, asked, with an air of great seriousness, "Now, M'Tavish, do you mean to tell me that it has been decreed from all eternity that I'm to take this pinch of snuff?"

"Unquestionably," rejoined the other, falling head-foremost into the trap. "The book says it."

"Then I'll frustrate the designs of Providence," laughed Fitzgerald; and instead of lifting the powder to his nose, he sprinkled it upon the fire.

Father Burke's reverential chuckle expanded into a laugh, and M'Tavish, muttering something about "the play-actin' tricks of the ma-gee-cians in Egypt," changed the conversation to flax.

"What becomes of your marriages made in heaven *now*?" said Kate, who had observed her father's experiment.

"It appears that they may occasionally be snuffed out," I replied.

"Oh, and isn't that awful? Just think of a marriage made in heaven: two people loving each other—oh, so very much that they couldn't live without each other; and then something happens—some wretched trifle of less importance than a pinch of snuff—and the whole thing is destroyed forever."

"Don't think of that, Kate," I whispered, pretending at the same time to move a pawn.

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I had called her by her Christian name for the first time. "If people loved each other so much as all that, no trifling event could alter their affection."

"It mightn't alter their love, but it might alter their lives—it might part them forever, you know. I've heard of such things;" and she looked up quite sorrowfully into my face.

"I hope you'll never experience them," I said, with a certain solemnity of manner. "Have you ever been in love?"

"Never. Have *you?*"

"Never till now," I whispered, eagerly. The words were quickly spoken, but my whole life was in them. I stretched across the board to lift up a queen which in my agitation I had overthrown.

"Till now—till now?" she repeated, with a laugh. "Dear me! I hope it isn't catching."

"Oh, don't treat it jokingly. You guess my meaning."

"I'm the worst one in the world at a conundrum, and— Here comes Bedford with the candles. Shall I play you something?"

I followed her mechanically to the piano. She took her seat.

"Now what shall I sing you—Tennyson or Tommy Moore, Mozart or Offenbach?"

"You don't happen to have any of Moore's melodies set to Offenbach's music?"

"Don't be profane, Sir. Between Moore and Offenbach there is, as Mr. M'Tavish would say, a great gulf fixed."

"I wouldn't like to differ with so competent a musical authority as Mr. M'Tavish, but I think that the combination would express a certain phase of human nature."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; tender words of love sung in tones that breathe utter fickleness. The frivolity of sentiment, the—" I have no doubt I was a very great spooney. She looked up archly, and shook her head.

"You talk enigmas."

"And you act them."

She selected a ballad of a much older date than Moore. It was about love unspoken, and true hearts broken. The music breathed melancholy and tenderness. Kate's voice, though not of vast compass, was fine and melodious. She threw into the composition a ringing wail, which, languidly prolonged, suggested a sort of luxury in sorrow. I bent over her, enraptured. She had only got as far as the second verse when Bedford rushed into the room.

"Av ye plase, Sir," said he, addressing his master, "Sergeant Minchin av the peelers is here, an' av ye plase, Sir, the boys is at it agin, an' he wants to see ye immaydiately."

"God bless the boys," I said to myself, "and may they keep at it!" for I observed that Fitzgerald and his guests had rushed in a body from the room to hear Minchin's narrative from Minchin's own lips. The presence of Kate's father had given me courage to go farther than I would have gone in his absence. So far, indeed, that there was no drawing back now. Kate stopped playing. We were alone in the room. Her face flushed and her eyelids fell. The ability to keep me at a distance had left her. The inevitable had arrived. I put my head over her shoulder.

"Do you love me, Kate?"

In a moment she had sprung up. Her arms were round my neck, my lips pressing hers. At least I could boast of one supreme moment of existence. Past and future mattered nothing to us. But it was only a moment. Fitzgerald and his guests returned. Kate was sitting at the fire, with her hot cheeks supported on her hands, and I was listlessly turning over the leaves of the music book. How noble passions beget small vices! What miserable hypocrites love makes of us! Kate rose and went up to her father with as little reserve as if nothing of importance had transpired during his absence.

"What's the matter, papa dear?"

"Nothing, child—at least nothing particular. Murphy has been speechifying again, there's been a free fight in the village, some heads broken, and half a dozen ringleaders immured in dungeons."

I became interested. This Murphy was no doubt my friend of the coach, the Popular Idol.

"This man Murphy—who is he? what is he?" I inquired.

"The most meddlesome agitator in the south of Ireland," replied Fitzgerald, reseating himself and motioning the priest and presbyter to chairs. "He has the voice of the whole country-side in his favor, gives his advice gratis on all sorts of subjects, and lives, I believe, on the charity of his neighbors."

Father Burke bit his lip, and seemed about to say something, but didn't say it.

"And does he live well on the populace?" I asked.

"Far too well. The large house next the office of the Ballymareen *Eagle* is his. His daughter rides a blood-horse. And although he don't dress very well, I'm told he doesn't live very badly. But if I don't succeed in driving him, root and branch, out of the country, my name's not Fitzgerald."

"Why dinna ye estawblish a branch of the Orange Society here?" suggested M'Tavish.

"Like flax, M'Tavish, it wouldn't grow in our soil."

"Or like Presbyterian doctrine," interposed the priest, "the people would find nothing in it to satisfy either their reason or their feeling."

"Eh, mon, but I'm mightily surprised to hear yer reverence objectin' to secret soci-

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eties. I thocht that ye belanged to two o' them yersel'."

"Indeed, Sir! And which be they?"

"The Fenian Britherhood and the Society of Jesus."

Father Burke kept his temper admirably.

"Your informant, Mr. M'Tavish, has, I fear, been practicing on your credulity. If he were one of my own parishioners, I should certainly horsewhip him. But," he went on, turning to me, "you have asked a question about Mr. Murphy. I can gratify your curiosity to some little extent."

I listened attentively.

"His family at one period possessed considerable property in this county. It has slipped from their hands from time to time, owing to recklessness and waste. The present Murphy is a man of some education, although it is his practice to feign ignorance and to adopt a very marked brogue. He was called to the bar, but never practiced, chiefly, I believe, owing to the fact that he didn't know any law. He became editor of the *Flag of Freedom*, and in respect of his services to the rebellious in connection with that organ, he was—to put it mildly—permitted by the English government to leave the country and stay out of it as long as he liked. He *did* go out of the country. He wandered over Europe a good deal, marrying in the course of his travels a Spanish lady, who died when her child was born. On the death of his wife he returned to his native town, adopted a brogue, and devoted himself enthusiastically to the domestic and political welfare of his fellow-townsmen. These are the main points in the history of an individual who, with the sanity and system of an Englishman, would have risen to distinction, but who, being an Irishman, is content to occupy the position of general adviser to a peasant population."

"And his child?" I inquired.

"His child has grown to be a woman, and, with one exception"—here he bowed to Kate—"is the handsomest lady in Munster."

"Surely he must have private means," I hinted.

"He has exactly one hundred pounds per annum," said Fitzgerald; "but in Ballymareen—"

"A hundred pounds go a long way," said the priest.

II.

The next morning I was informed at breakfast that my host had to attend a Quarter Sessions at the principal town in the district, and that Kate had accepted an invitation to spend the day at M'Tavish's. In this invitation I was not included, and I divined the object of the omission to be the affording me an opportunity of speaking with Mr. Fitzgerald on the subject nearest to my heart. My worthy host informed me that I could either accompany him to the Quarter Sessions or amuse myself with a rod or gun about the estate. Unfortunately I adopted neither course. Thoughts of the subscribers to the *Pictorial Times* came into my head. I expressed a wish to produce a sketch of the free fight of the night before, and proposed for myself a visit to Ballymareen. All I wanted was the background; the figures I could throw in with the aid of imagination, the newspaper reports, and one or two native models obtainable in the village. My host was charmed with the idea. I could have a horse, he said. He would leave orders to have Dan O'Connell saddled and sent round at any hour. I wasn't particular about the time. So at twelve o'clock the pony phaeton drove round to the door for Kate, and Dan O'Connell was brought saddled for my own particular use.

I rode by the side of the phaeton till we reached the lawn gates. We drew up when we entered upon the road, for we were now to take opposite directions. Kate, I thought, looked sad and ill at ease. We had spoken but little that morning, and the presence of her servant Mike in the back seat of the phaeton forbade our indulging in any confidential conversation now.

"Just get down and look to her bit, Mike," said Kate.

Mike descended with commendable alacrity, and became immediately interested in the pony's mouth. I drew up to Kate's side. She looked into my face with a glance of infinite tenderness. I never felt so unworthy in all my life. Heaven had rewarded me above my deserts. She held out her disengaged hand. I clasped it in mine.

"Good-by, dearest."

"Good-by."

We didn't know it then, but those words of parting were the last we were to exchange for weary months. Mike remounted, Kate cracked her whip, and the phaeton rattled away, followed by a cloud of that thin white dust peculiar to South of Ireland roads. When the phaeton and its occupant were out of sight, I turned Dan O'Connell's head and cantered off toward Ballymareen.

The road between the Hall and Ballymareen is one of considerable beauty. It is a tortuous road, and every turn in it opens up some new beauty, so that, instead of presenting the traveler with one scene, it affords in reality a series of landscapes, all having points of difference. Now you see a ravine with a thin stream running through it, and the ferns clustering about its margin. Again, meadows stretch only far enough to meet dark plantations. Another turn of the road reveals to you a round tower standing in a barren field, or a thatched cottage, in and out of which the domestic pig rushes and disports himself, chased by rosy-faced and bare-legged children. I had ridden about

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two miles, enjoying the scene, drinking in the breeze that blew in from the yet hidden sea, and thinking of the occupant of Fitzgerald's phaeton, when something glittering on the road below me attracted my attention. I reined in, dismounted, and lifted from the ground a lady's riding-whip, the gold handle of which, sparkling in the sun, had caught my eye. Thinking that I might possibly hear of the owner in the village, or, failing that, advertise in the local paper, I retained it. I remounted, and had not proceeded far when another turn in the road discovered to me a lady on horseback and unattended. She was mounted on a very powerful, angular, and obstinate animal, that, for reasons best known to itself, was remaining stationary, against the will and in defiance of the threats of its rider, evincing at the same time a vicious inclination to back into an adjacent hedge. I touched Dan O'Connell with the spur, and was speedily on the scene.

"Won't I let you have it when I get my whip—that's all!" were the first words I heard uttered.

Ha! So this, then, was the owner of the whip. I drew up and extended the recovered trophy. As she turned to thank me, I gazed upon the finest woman I had as yet seen in Ireland. She was of that Spanish type which one meets on the western coast. A large but exquisitely modeled figure; big black eyes, and hair dark as night. Her cheeks were red with excitement. She wore a riding-habit of dark green velvet, and a hat of the same material, surmounted by a white feather. It would not have done in Rotten Row, perhaps, but was in excellent taste, nevertheless, because it was picturesque, and harmonized well with the wild Irish scenery—the round towers and the ravines. It was easy to see that although she appeared perfectly graceful and at ease, the manners of my new acquaintance

"had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

Superior to them in most things, she still partook somewhat of the nature of those daughters of Bohemia so well known to the London artist. The easy daring, the frank manner, the unabashed gaze, the freedom of motion, were all here. She presented, in short, a splendid study for a sketch, and, with no other thought in my head, I rode beside her and entered into the conversation which she seemed to invite.

"So kind of you to stop and pick this thing up!" she said, looking steadily at me, and giving her horse a cut over the head.

"Your gratitude is a reward out of proportion to the service."

Instead of receiving this compliment in the way I expected—for the thing was rather neat as an impromptu—my companion threw back her head and burst into a merry peal of laughter. I looked amazed. She saw the puzzled expression on my face, and the discovery seemed to increase her merriment.

"Oh, you English—you *do* pay your compliments so solemnly and so coldly!"

I betrayed no annoyance, though I candidly confess I felt some.

"At all events," said I, "I can be a docile pupil. Come! How do they pay compliments in Ireland?"

"Well, let me see. What were the circumstances? I drop my riding-whip; am thereby nearly coming to unutterable grief; a gentleman discovers the weapon and restores it to me; am thereby placed under a great obligation to the said gallant; I express my sense of the same by words and looks, and he says—"

"And he says—what?"

"Well, if he were an O'Brallagan or an O'Reilly, he probably replies, 'Och, me darlin', sure I'd do a thousand times more for one kiss av thim ruby lips.'"

"Is that the lesson? I think I could say that."

"Yes, but O'Brallagan would *do* it." And off she went again into a peal of laughter. She checked herself, however, and inclining toward me, said, "But you will forgive me, won't you? I'm very rude and impulsive."

"I like impulsive people."

"Do you really? How tastes differ! I like your nice, quiet, stolid Englishman—never in a hurry, never put out, never enthusiastic."

"Have you never met an Englishman without those negative virtues?"

"Oh, never!"

And again she laughed, and again I looked half puzzled and half angry. Unquestionably the girl was chaffing me. Yet I couldn't make up my mind to express resentment.

"I know what you're thinking now," she said, shaking her head as if in deprecation of my unexpressed sentiments. Where had I seen that significant shake before?

"Indeed?" I replied; "then it appears that you add magic to your other accomplishments."

"Now don't be sarcastic, or whatever they call it. If you do, I'll gallop off."

"At least you can prove your knowledge of my thoughts."

"Of course I can. Well, you were thinking, 'Shall I ride away in a rage, or shall I remain and be very wicked and satirical?'"

It was my turn to laugh now. The guess was certainly accurate.

"Well," she continued, "I want you to do neither. I'm horribly rude and ungrateful—you know I am. But I can't help it—can I, Larry?" (The inquiry was addressed to

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the huge horse.) "You *are* English, I suppose?"

"I plead guilty to the indictment."

"What do you think of us?"

"I'm enchanted with *you*."

"So am I with you. Come along and see father."

Here was a pretty state of things! We had been proceeding at a slow pace, when she suddenly put Larry at a gallop. I hadn't been given a moment to excuse myself. I couldn't go without a word of explanation. So here I was galloping like mad after a handsome girl whom I had never seen in my life before. What if Kate were to hear of it? It was impossible for me to keep up with the powerful quadruped of my fair companion. However, I made a good second, and was soon covered with the clouds of dust that flew from Larry's resounding hoofs. At this headlong speed the distance diminished speedily. At length we swung round the final turn of the road. Ballymareen and the sea burst on my view. In a few minutes we were dashing through the main street, and continued dashing till, with an appalling suddenness, the lady drew her horse up at—Oh heavens and earth!—the house next door to the office of the Ballymareen *Eagle*. The next event that I became conscious of was Murphy issuing from the door thereof and assisting his daughter (for I now guessed all) to alight. There was a short colloquy between father and child, on which Murphy came round to me.

"Ah, me dear Sir, me very dear Sir, how are ye? It's glad I am to have the opporchunity of renewing our acquaintance. Purmit me to inthrojuice ye wid due formality to me only dawther Norah, whose acquaintance ye have most honorably made."

"Doesn't father express himself nicely?" she said, laughing, and leading the way into the house.

"Here, Pat, ye divil, take these bastes round to the stable," shouted Murphy, delivering the reins of both animals to a stable-boy.

Yes, M'Tavish is undoubtedly right. In a single combat with Destiny, the mortal must inevitably come off second best.

"Now, thin, Norah darlin'," said Murphy, joining us in the hall, "go up an' change yer things, an' be down directly. This way, Sir."

My obsequious host led me into a sitting-room on the ground-floor. It was a high room, with blackened walls and ceiling. Fowling-pieces hung suspended above the fire-place, and the corners were crammed with rods, baskets, and fishing tackle. In one corner reposed a harp. One end of the room was occupied by a heavy sideboard, on which lay a confused mass of pipes, whisky bottles, decanters, cigar boxes, candlesticks, and copies of the Ballymareen *Eagle*. I blamed myself every moment for being under the roof at all. But reflecting that it is always advisable to make the best of a bad bargain, I at once explained to Murphy the object of my visit to the town, and my desire to have it accomplished with as little delay as possible.

"Oh, thin, bedad it's in luck's way ye are. Faith I'll inthrojuice to yer notice to-day a scene that 'll beggar all the free fights ye're ever likely to witness—a scene that 'll immortalize ye, if ye only do it justice."

"Indeed?" I said, forgetting all other considerations in the absorbing one of business.

"Yes, indeed an' indeed! D'ye know what day this is?"

"Yes, Thursday."

"Tut! I don't mane what day of the week. D'ye know what evint is celebrated this day in Ballymareen?"

I admitted my ignorance.

"To-day, Sir, is celebrated the relase of the marthyrs, which is an anniversary that occurs twice a year wid us, and is kept up wid great public spirit by the boys about here."

I was about to inquire into the history of the martyrs, and their connection with the town, when Norah entered the room, radiant. She was undoubtedly a splendid creature. She was dressed in beautifully made walking costume, and a rose carelessly borne on the thick masses of her black hair had a really wonderful effect. Murphy began explaining to her the nature of my profession and the object of my visit, adding that he had invited me to attend the great demonstration. She added her persuasions to those of her sire.

"Oh yes, really you must come. Our national enthusiasm is a thing of which you can have no conception unless you witness it. Picture to yourself a platform filled with the genius—that's papa—and the beauty—that's me—of Ballymareen. Fancy an excited but sentimental mob brandishing the national shillalah, adorned with the national emblems, and uttering the national war-cries. In the immediate background you will have the city of Ballymareen, and in the distance the sea, crowded with the multitudinous fleets of all nations. There's a picture for you!"

I determined to go, and asked at what hour the performance commenced.

"In two hours from the present moment. At a quarter of an hour before that time an open carriage, drawn by four horses, will arrive at this mansion to convey my revered parent (who is announced to take the chair) to the scene of action. In that carriage there are four seats; my father and I will require two of them; the other two are very much at your disposal."

"Sir," said Murphy, with great dignity,

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"I can only repeat me dawther's invitation. But I must say, Norah me darlin', that I wish ye wouldn't thrate such grave matthers wid a gay and unbecoming levity."

Norah laughed; and I—idiot that I was—accepted the offer of the seats. The time passed quickly. We had an excellent luncheon. Norah sang "Savourneen Dheelish" and "Kathleen Mavourneen" to the accompaniment of the harp. Murphy made some very creditable jokes. At last the fatal hour arrived. The carriage drew up to the door. The four white horses were ornamented with a great quantity of green ribbons. Norah having arrayed herself, we left the house and took our seats in the chariot, a little crowd of beggars cheering us the while. I felt that I was plunging deeper and deeper into an abyss, emergence from which might be difficult. As we proceeded through the town we were cordially saluted by such of the inhabitants as were prevented by circumstances from attending the demonstration. Norah had informed me that the place of meeting was a field about half a mile distant from the town. Ere we arrived at the spot we were conscious of the proximity of a national brass-band playing "Garryowen" and other proscribed melodies; and presently we dashed grandly up to the outskirts of a very considerable crowd of "the boys." When Murphy was recognized, the cheering was tremendous. We proceeded to the back of the platform—a rough but firm and capacious erection, already well filled with the better class of sympathizers. Among them I was annoyed to see Father Burke, who was at too great a distance to permit of my speaking with him. When Murphy appeared on the platform, the cheering increased, if possible, and when Norah took her seat, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. The place next her was accorded to me as being a very convenient one for my purpose. I took out my sketch-book and pencil and prepared to commence operations.

The editor of the Ballymareen *Eagle* moved the first resolution—"that Michael Murphy, Esq., do take the chair." This editor was a youthful, red-haired, and unhealthy-looking man. In the remarks with which he prefaced his motion he dwelt rather more upon his own gifts than upon the qualifications of his chief, mentioning, among other autobiographical items, that he had edited the Kinsale *Chronicle* at the early age of fifteen. His egotism was too amusing to be offensive, and his remarks were received with "every demonstration of applause"—as he himself admitted in his own paper on the very next morning. "The boys" occasionally interspersed remarks of their own during the delivery of this and the following orations, substituting for the solemn and monotonous "Hear, hear," extemporized encouragements such as "Go it, ye divil," "Thrue for ye, *ma bouchal*," "Pitch it sthrong, darlin'," etc.

Then Murphy arose amidst a perfect storm of applause, which he made apparent attempts to assuage by pompous motions of his hand. The action had not the desired effect. And indeed no wonder, for what it meant was this: "Really, gentlemen, this is *too* much. I deserve it all; but I am a modest man. Spare me!" What Murphy himself said, on the cessation of the storm, amounted in effect to this: He felt the importance of the occasion, the proud position into which he had been thrust. He plaintively appealed to the spirits of his ancestors to look down upon him, to aid him, to support him, to inspire him. He urged his fellow-countrymen to remark that Irishmen were the bravest, and Irishwomen the most beautiful, in the world. He also felt it his duty to remind them that at the present moment they were engaged in fighting a great cause, not the cause of an individual nor of a party, not even the cause of the Murphys—they were now fighting a nation's cause. For these and other reasons he would call on their new member, Mr. Jacob O'Brallagan, Q.C., to move the first resolution.

Mr. Jacob O'Brallagan, Q.C., rose amidst great enthusiasm. He was a florid, white-haired barrister of many years' standing, and had from time to time represented in Imperial Parliament a surprising number of constituencies, holding a confusing variety of political beliefs. His present belief happened to be Home Rule, to demand which favor he had been dispatched in all good faith to St. Stephen's. He was a man of some oratorical power. Gifts of mystification which he had perfected by a long practice on common juries he now exercised to mystify a general audience. He had a wonderful turn for Scriptural quotation. When the applause had subsided he commenced at once: "Fellow-countrymen, what have you assembled this day to see? The poor advocate of his country's rights appealing to the generous verdict of humanity against Saxon wrongs? No. The descendant of kings standing forth and taking his place as natural leader of the people? Not even that. You have come here this day to be the chosen witnesses of a resurrection. You have assembled in your thousands round this green sod, hallowed by the blood of martyrs, and sanctified by a history the most beautiful at once and the most terrible ever recorded, to witness the spirit of freedom descend to earth, and say to this dead and buried nation, 'Arise and walk.' You have come to see her walk forth 'redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.'"

In this strain Mr. O'Brallagan continued for nearly an hour, during which time I was

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able to produce a very fair likeness of the Hibernian Demosthenes. When he resumed his seat the antics of the mob beggared description. "The boys" yelled and danced and twirled their shillalahs round their heads, and threw their hats into the air, and seemed half frantic with delight. I set to work at once to catch, if possible, a few characteristic attitudes, and so intent did I become upon my work that I paid but scanty attention to the remarks which my friend the chairman had risen to make. I caught a few sentences about "English sympathizer," "gentleman of European celebrity," "present at this moment," "anxious to address you;" but I had no notion of connecting the remarks with my own person till I felt my arms grasped and myself led forward to the front of the platform, with one idea so prominent as to exclude all others, namely, that if I didn't say something I should most probably be torn limb from limb by an excited populace. I grasped the rail of the platform, and supporting myself thereby, gazed out stupidly on the mass of upturned faces. Deafening cheers greeted me. I could not utter a word. And to complete my confusion, Norah Murphy stepped forward and fastened a green rosette to the breast of my coat. The agony experienced by me at that moment was dreadful. Miss Murphy's act, however, aroused my resentment, and I incontinently determined that the crowd should hear who and what I was, the cause of my presence on the platform, and my utter inability to understand their politics, much less to sympathize with them. Now although I could think all this neatly and rapidly, I found that my ability to express it was by no means considerable. The position was distressing beyond endurance. Here was I, the guest of Fitzgerald, justice of the peace, and Tory of the Tories, taking my stand on a platform presided over by that gentleman's bitterest enemy, a green rosette fluttering at my breast, and every attendant circumstance conspiring to register me a Fenian or something worse.

"Gentlemen," I gasped, "I fear that I owe you some explanation. Nothing could be further from my intentions than to intrude myself upon you as a sympathizer in the cause. I am an Englishman—"

On this there arose a wild chorus of groaning, mingled with a sub-storm of hissing, and varied by the introduction of a number of national war-whoops, all of which I found extremely disconcerting. Murphy rose to quell the riot. I turned hastily round, and caught sight of his daughter laughing as if her heart would break. I was in a perfect frenzy.

"Fellow-counthrymen," roared Murphy, "lind me yer ears. Although this gintleman is an Englishman, it's through no fault of his own. And I'm sure av ye give him a quiet hearing, ye'll foind how much he sympathizes wid our cause."

"I tell you, gentlemen," I shouted, as Murphy sat down—"I tell you that I am not—"

"For God's sake, be careful, Sir," whispered Mr. O'Brallagan into my ear. "They have strange ways of expressing their opinions regarding an opponent. Sometimes they throw brickbats at him."

The confusion beneath me was sufficient to prevent any pause or hesitation on my part receiving immediate attention. Reflecting on O'Brallagan's warning, I hastily determined not to incense my audience, but, if possible, to assuage their wrath by an attempt at Jesuitical conciliation modeled on the Prime-Ministerial style. Once more I essayed.

"Gentlemen," I said, "than myself probably no one has a higher esteem for your beautiful country, or a greater faith in the destiny of your generous race. I have had many opportunities of observing nature since coming among you. And I may safely remark—for it is a statement justified by the records of the past and ratified by the experience of the present—that in no civilized country does nature exert herself to the same extent in producing works creditable to the walls of this or of any academy—I beg pardon—I mean worthy in the highest degree of that humanity of which we all more or less partake. But, gentlemen, when I leave the verdant fields of nature and enter the parched and stormy region of party politics, I feel that I shall most effectually serve the cause of liberty, of which I am as hearty an admirer and as devout a worshiper as the most enthusiastic patriot here present—" "by saying nothing on the subject," I was about to add, when I was interrupted by a burst of applause which lasted for several minutes. O'Brallagan, embracing the opportunity, pressed me back into my seat, and Murphy proceeded to put to the meeting a resolution breathing the bitterest hostility toward England and the most undying hatred toward Tory landlords. The resolution was put to the meeting as having been moved by O'Brallagan and seconded by myself. In vain did I protest. Murphy motioned me back. O'Brallagan cautioned me with great earnestness. The editor of the Ballymareen *Eagle* shook his little head and turned up his little nose at me. And Norah, looking at my woe-begone countenance, was convulsed with laughter. I do not care to dwell any further on the scene.

"You have treated me somewhat unfairly, Sir," I said to Murphy when we arrived at his house, to which I was obliged to return for my horse, "and you may have compromised me seriously."

Murphy, who had been refreshing himself during the meeting, only shook his head

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and winked his eye. Norah answered for her sire.

"Now pray don't treat it so seriously. You don't know what a silly you looked. You'll put yourself into the sketch, won't you? The English people are so fond of humor! And think of sending you all the way here for it, too!"

I answered with a considerable amount of asperity.

"I regret, madam, that I can not enter into the spirit of your joke; and that perhaps will not surprise you when I say that the events of this wretched evening may have wrecked the happiness of my life."

The effect of this disclosure, and, I presume, my solemn manner of making it, had an instantaneous effect on Norah. Seemingly she was not quite heartless, and had simply regarded my public appearance from a dramatic point of view. She glanced over toward the Popular Idol, who had succumbed to the effects of his potations and was fast asleep. She dropped her eyes, raised them again, and, searching my face, said, plaintively:

"I'm really sorry. What mischief have I done? Tell me about it."

"I regret that I can offer you no explanation."

We both relapsed into moody silence. Dan O'Connell was led round to the door. I rose to take leave of my entertainer. Norah rose at the same moment. Her great dark eyes were liquid.

"Sure I wouldn't have done it for the world if—if I had known," she said.

"Known what, Miss Murphy?" I exclaimed, pettishly. "Surely it was enough for you to know that you were placing in a false position and rendering utterly ridiculous one who— But why argue the point?"

"Oh, don't talk so cruelly. I didn't mean it. What can I do to atone—to set matters right?"

"Nothing. I have now only to thank you for your hospitality and say good-by."

"Don't leave me so," she said, catching with both her hands my extended one. She was very beautiful, and I was a fool. "Listen to me. I'm engaged to the best fellow in the world, and the most jealous. I can guess what you mean by having your happiness destroyed. You refuse to let me assist you out of a difficulty into which I thoughtlessly placed you. I'd never forgive myself if I thought I had done any thing to—to— But say you forgive me."

She held her face toward me. She looked really distressed and serious. I accorded my forgiveness, and, without disturbing the slumbers of her parent, I left the house, mounted my horse, and was soon careering over the Ballymareen road. How far I traveled or by what circuitous ways I know not. It was ten o'clock when I arrived at the Hall. Neither Fitzgerald nor his daughter had returned. Leaving Dan O'Connell with the groom, I entered the house, procured a light, and went to my bedroom. Without undressing, I threw myself upon the bed, and, owing to pain, excitement, and exhaustion, was soon fast asleep.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when I awoke; it was eleven o'clock when I entered the breakfast-room. It was empty. Bedford presently arrived with my morning meal. His face wore an aspect of portentous solemnity.

"The masther's gone to Dunmannock," he said, gravely, "and Miss Kate is confoined to her room. Masther bid me give ye *these*." He handed me a letter and a newspaper, and left me alone. I tore open the letter. It was from Fitzgerald:

"THE HALL, *Friday Morning.*

"SIR,—The coach leaves Ballymareen for Dunmannock at 12.30 to-day. I have ordered the gig to be in readiness, as you may possibly like to leave *en route* for London at that hour. I am not acquainted with the ideas which Englishmen hold on points of honor; but for a guest publicly to denounce the individual whose hospitality he has been sharing is a breach of honor which no Irishman could either forgive or forget. Your kindness to me and my daughter at one period was very great. I am hot-tempered, and fearing that in a personal interview I might overlook that kindness, I have thought it better not to see you again. Miss Fitzgerald has read of your proceedings in the newspaper. I have requested her not to see you. Even were she an undutiful child, her good sense and native pride would have suggested to her that course.

"I remain, Sir,

"Yours truly,

"GERALD FITZGERALD."

I next clutched the newspaper, and was absolutely amazed to read the romantic account of my proceedings and the ingeniously incorrect report of my speech which appeared in that broadsheet. All that the penny-a-liners of Ballymareen could do had been done to place me in a false position. Norah Murphy's name was constantly coupled with my own. I was repeatedly alluded to as "the English delegate," "the British sympathizer," and so on. My speech filled half a column, and was not only Fenian in sentiment and revolutionary in doctrine, but contained a gross personal attack on the gentleman who was my host. I felt that Fitzgerald should have known me well enough to suspect some fraud at the bottom of such a report. This reflection caused me to indulge in a foolish pride. I wrote a letter in which I did not condescend to enter into any explanation, but, thanking him for his hospitality, I called upon Time to acquit me of his accusations.

I left the letter on the library table, packed my portmanteau, waited for the gig, which came at the appointed time, and left (the most miserable mortal in Christendom) a house in which I had experienced the supreme happiness of my life. I glanced up to the windows, but there was no sign.

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The birds sang about the eaves; the dogs were barking in the kennel; the clogs of the stable-boy pattered about the adjacent yard, and his pail rattled on the stones of it. These were my "good-by." Not a word, not a sign, not a sound else. We were soon on the road and driving rapidly to the town. My driver was good-tempered and conversational. But during the journey I indulged in only one remark.

"Stop at the office of the Ballymareen *Eagle*."

When we arrived in the town we stopped at that edifice.

"Lend me your whip, Mike."

Mike handed me the weapon. I strode into the office, through it, up stairs, and right into the editor's room on the first floor. I have pleaded guilty to folly once or twice during the course of this narrative. My blood was up now, and I was particularly foolish. The red-haired, unhealthy-looking little editor sat in a large arm-chair reading proofs—I dare say of his own articles. I will do him the credit of saying that my sudden entrance did not seem to disconcert him in the least. He rose, bowed, and motioned me to a chair. I lifted a copy of the *Eagle* from the table, and asked,

"Are you responsible for reports that appear in this—this rag?"

"I'm the iditor of that *journal*, Sir—that, I suppose, is a sufficient reply."

"Will you acknowledge in your next issue that every statement made here about my share in the proceedings of yesterday is a deliberate and dastardly falsehood?"

"Oh dear, no; certainly not, Sir. I preshoom our interview is at an ind."

"Is it, by heavens!" I shrieked, and grasping the handle of the whip, I— But why should I describe a scene which I now acknowledge to have been discreditable? I laid on fiercely, and left the editor of the Ballymareen *Eagle* in a condition that must have interfered materially with the correction of his proofs.

In two days I was in London. But I found it impossible to settle down to work. I went abroad, wandered about France and Germany, stopping eventually at Munich, where I was known to some of the art students. I rushed headlong into the pleasures of their wild Bohemian circle. I smoked rank cigars and drank lager-beer in the gardens, attended the theatre regularly, made songs and sang them, got entangled in a number of reckless adventures—in a word, tried to live down recollection. But it was no use. My memory was always dwelling on the "good-by" at the gate, and on the tearful anxious face of the Irish girl. Although I was regarded by my companions as the most boisterous and jovial of their set, I cared but little for their amusements, and when alone I was moody and distressed. Four months of this life disgusted me. I returned to London in February, determining to devote myself heart and soul to my art, and find, if possible, forgetfulness in that.

Walking down Parliament Street one day shortly after my return, I was touched on the shoulder with a parasol, and turning round, saw the last person in the world that I thought of meeting, or that I cared to meet.

"Miss Murphy!" I exclaimed, in a surprised tone.

She held out her hand. I took it mechanically.

"No, I'm not Miss Murphy. Call me Norah. I'm married—but you may."

I congratulated her.

"You'd never guess to whom?"

I admitted that I never would.

"Why, to O'Brallagan. We turned Conservative at the general election, you know; and I dare say, when the present ministry goes out, we'll be made Solicitor-General or raised to the Bench—Chief Justice O'Brallagan. That sounds well, doesn't it?"

I expressed my amazement and delight.

"When did you return to town?" she asked.

"About a week ago. But how did you know I was *out* of town?"

"How did I know? Why, from the Fitzgeralds, of course."

I bit my lip and turned pale.

"You don't mean to say you haven't seen them? Why, one of Mr. Fitzgerald's objects in coming to town was to see you. Our change in politics, you know, makes us the greatest friends possible with the Hall people. I explained to them all about that stupid affair at the Ballymareen meeting, and Mr. Fitzgerald wrote to you long ago."

"I never got his letter."

"I never shall understand you Englishmen. Do you think an Irishman would have left the Hall as you did, without demanding an explanation, or if they didn't grant that, without proceeding to pull the house down about their ears?"

"How is Miss Fitzgerald?" I asked.

"Kate, do you mean? She's in love—that's how she is. You wouldn't tell me the secret, but she did. Here comes Jacob."

Mr. O'Brallagan emerged from a law stationer's shop, where he had been purchasing a copy of an act of Parliament. His change of political creed had effected no alteration in his personal appearance. He expressed himself delighted to see me, and shook me warmly by the hand.

"And now," said Norah, "we'll just get into a cab and go in a body to the Fitzgeralds. They're stopping at Maurice's Hotel, and they're dying to see *you*."

I suggested the advisability of writing first and calling afterward.

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"Oh, *so* English!—so deplorably English! You're dying to see Kate; Kate's dying to see you; her father is dying to say, 'Bless you, my children;' I'm dying to witness the reparation of a piece of mischief of my own making; O'Brallagan's dying to make a speech about it—there's a dramatic situation! And you coolly talk about conducting the play by correspondence! No, no; we must have a tableau."

"Mrs. O'Brallagan, you're the best woman in the world," I said, grasping her hand.

"English again! Why don't you call me Norah? O'Brallagan won't mind—will you, dear?"

"Certainly not, my darling," replied O'Brallagan, bobbing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who happened to pass.

"Then you'll come with us?"

"I'll go."

What a miserable wretch I felt myself to be when I met Kate! How could I have doubted for a moment the faith of one so pure and beautiful? But it was a meeting that made amends. Fitzgerald frankly apologized for having distrusted me for a moment, and deplored having credited any statement published in the *Eagle*. We parted that night the best of friends.

The following morning I called on him, and promised to try and make his daughter happy if he would give her to me for life. I left him the happiest man in the world.

My house in Kensington is not large, but is as bright and cheerful as any for miles round, and my wife is the most devoted and beautiful of her sex.

Murphy, who had so much to do with the sad hiatus in my life, has settled down in London. He lives on the bounty of his daughter, but not in her house. O'Brallagan was willing to consent to any thing but that. He has become the leading orator at a discussion forum held in a tavern near Fleet Street, where he is nightly listened to with open-mouthed attention by the lawyers' clerks and newspaper reporters frequenting that haunt. I occasionally encounter him in the vicinity of Temple Bar. He invariably celebrates such occasions by endeavoring to obtain my name to a bill, failing which he borrows half a crown, amidst many adjurations to the respectable shades of his ancestors to avert their heads and drop a tear, lest in witnessing the progress of the negotiation they should infer the decline of their house.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.*

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Nineteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—XV.

THE impulse had been given, and the extreme Hegelian Left rose naturally from the development of the new dialectic. The master had stopped half-way, as his disciples thought, and they deduced the consequences of his doctrine with an irresistible rigor. The new school rejected two principles—in philosophy the transcendental principle, in politics the monarchical. The young Hegelians were much more radical than their immortal master, much more revolutionary, and they were impatient to realize the ideas of the new science. They were to form chiefly the nucleus of the republican party, young as well in soul as in body, resolved to wake up the old Germany from its spiritualist sleep and to plunge it in the material realities of life, so that, placed in intimate contact with society and with the earth, it might feel the desire to improve them.

Two principles divide the scientific world, the transcendental and the inherent. According to the first, the fundamental ideas of our mind have their origin, their absolute reality, in God. According to the second, fundamental ideas have their sole origin and source in ourselves, their reality in life and in nature, their development in history, and their movement in dialectics. The Hegelians of the extreme Left decided for the inherent principle, believing and declaring that in every transcendental principle there is something of divine right, and in every principle of divine right there is a germ of monarchy and theocracy, and consequently reaction and slavery. The idea developing itself dialectically, without coming from the divine or going to the divine, as in the great system, but from nature to humanity, and from humanity to nature—the idea is incessant progress, because there is nothing inert, and every thing is impelled by movement in the universe, ideas as well as beings.

This neo-Hegelian tendency has close relations with that of the penultimate period of the ancient philosophy. The great speculations had entirely ended. Aristotle and Plato had closed their books, and had placed upon them the seal of their genius, transmitting them to posterity as a testimony of the Hellenic genius. Their disciples left the heights of the ideal for the reality, abstractions for practical life. They thus brought forth the most important social work of ancient times, Roman law, and

* Continued from the August number, page 428.

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the essentially practical people, the people-king.

Every great doctrine, by an irresistible force, descends to reality. That which appears most distant from the world, asceticism, changes at once into the practical and the worldly, in the organization of the monastic orders. Examine them, and you will see how they are transformed and descend to real life. What a difference there is between the ascetic monks, penitent and solitary, in the early ages of Christianity, in perpetual communication with God, in mystic separation from the world, fed by the dates of the desert, without any occupation but meditation, or any hope but the dream of death, and the providential monk, St. Benedict, who, in the middle of the sixth century, calls back the ascetics, gives them the spade and the pen to open furrows in the soil and furrows in the conscience! What an abyss separates the Franciscans, those monks who returned to primitive Christianity, from the Jesuits, filled only with the ideas of the world, of material influence, of religious and political power!

It was thus with the neo-Hegelians; their aspiration was essentially practical; they descended from the clouds. They ransacked the depths of abstract ideas to modify reality and social life, because they considered that otherwise the work of two centuries was lost, and all German science shipwrecked. Their metaphysics had a close relation with their political and social ministry. It was of no use to talk to them of Catholic theology or of Protestant theology, they have been the ruling principle of kings; nor to talk to them of religion or of metaphysics, which have materially poisoned the people. All which touches the ultramundane life wastes time, talent, vigor, and mind, which might transform the life of this world. War to tradition, war to the highest and most permanent of these traditions, that of theology. The social world must receive a new movement, and this system does with respect to society and to science as the system of Copernicus to astronomy. Providence moves atoms, stirs life, transforms the species, agitates society, impels generations, gives life and laws, engenders new arts and new sciences, reveals new rights, crystallizes unknown institutions, spreads torrents of the electricity of life and of revolutions, is the cosmogonic movement which impels without pause and without end all ideas and things.

We must confess that the blonde and dreamy Germany, lost in its historic idealism, needed a shaking up of this kind, of this violence, if it was to transform its social life in accordance with the principles of our time. It had emancipated the conscience, diffused liberty of thought, placed above the altars the oracle of reason, opened the horizons of an infinite progress, given to the world the communion of all ideas; and under the very splendor of all these sciences, this horizon charged with innumerable worlds, there lay a land filled with feudal castles, the mother of lords and slaves, divided among more than twenty petty tyrants, marked with the seal of ancient empire, home of all the old ideas which have died in the universal sentiment, and which have been rejected by peoples less cultivated as relics of the Middle Ages. It was necessary to undermine the thrones, to attack the kings, to arm the peasants with the fury of the times of the Reformation, to destroy the feudal cavaliers, to take privileges by assault, to warm the blood of the new ideas in the veins of a great democracy, and to throw under the wheels of its triumphal car the old thrones and the old altars, the Protestant theology and divine right, monarchical principles and all religions, the old empires and the old churches.

So that this new evolution was the most political of all the evolutions of German science, but it was at the same time philosophical, literary, and, above all, religious, like the former evolutions. The chief of the extreme Hegelian Left is Feuerbach, an illustrious philosopher and writer. Son of a learned lawyer belonging to the school called "rigorist," on account of its devotion to the letter of the law, he began his career studying theological science, and ended by devoting himself to the cultivation of philosophical science. An enthusiastic disciple of Hegel, thanks to the teaching of his master, Daub, he withdrew from the doctrine of the philosopher to found another with a more human, progressive sentiment. Hegelianism is the Bible, and neo-Hegelianism is the gospel of the new science. The foundation of the doctrine is this: Religion replaces the perpetual laws of nature with the arbitrary human will converted to a God. Catholicism is at bottom the renunciation of our true life, and the sacrifice of the more essential portion of our being, of reason, and, to a certain point, of nature. Protestantism, in spite of the human principle of the liberty of conscience, has become so mystic that its teachers have discovered theology in all sciences, and have written even the theology of insects. True religion consists in the recognition of our dependence upon nature and our submission to nature. It seems to him more logical to regard, like the Mexicans, the sun as God, rather than the abstract principles created and adored by modern peoples. As one of the Incas was listening to the pious sermon of a Spanish missionary, he said, "Your God is dead, but mine is the sun which never dies." Feuerbach admires this phrase, which seems to him superior to all orthodox dogmatism. Because if the world was created by a su-

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pernatural being, it is itself supernatural. Life does not descend from the absolute. It comes forward from the inorganic to the organic, from the animal to the rational, from unconsciousness to conscience. The second cause, which the theologians abandon for the first cause, explains creation in all its harmony.

God does not brandish the thunder-bolt. His breath is not the hurricane, nor his vesture the sky, nor his crown the sun. The pile of Volta, the variations of the atmosphere, the discoveries of Lavoisier, the solar spectrum, are more religious than mystic transports and legendary miracles. The creation of man by the Divine breath thrown upon a clay statue is purely legendary. Organic life is produced, wherever there are conditions favorable to organisms, by progress of matter. Man came into existence when the earth became humanized, that is to say, when it had the means of producing this superior species. It is sad that we were born from the womb and not from the head, in blood and tears, and not in torrents of uncreated light; it is sad to die and be decomposed; but he who does not wish to pass through these conditions of life should renounce living. Eternity is like vacancy; there is no life there. When a child asks its mother how its little brothers are born, she answers with some fable, saying that a fairy brought them, or that the nurse fished them out of the pond. In like manner the theologians explain the advent of species on the scene of the world.

But to whom shall we fly in our troubles, if heaven is empty, if we are all orphans? To this question Feuerbach resolutely answers, "To no one." Nature takes little care of individuals. It fulfills its laws with mathematical exactitude, and produces life with complete spontaneity. Little does it matter if some fall into misfortune and others into death. Formerly nature was peopled with demons, in the more mystic times of the Middle Ages. The aroma of the rose, the song of the nightingale, the first ray of the sun refracted in the tremulous dew-drop, were temptations of the devil. Now nature is made divine; every thing in it is of God; but neither before nor since has there been any such superior agency in its breast. Nature is natural. It is neither demoniac nor divine. Religion is being converted purely into morality, and in proportion as it is converted into morality it is destroyed, because the essence of religions is not morality, but dogma.

When Homer invoked the muse, he did it because he considered her outside of himself, when, in fact, this muse was his inner fancy. The human race calls upon God, thinking Him outside of us, and He is within us. God is humanity. The unity of God is the unity of the human conscience. Created beings do not explain the Creator, because nature produces through necessity, and not through any superior and arbitrary will outside of itself or superior to its essence.

The modern world should cease to be religious. When Kant said that the essence of the Christian religion is morality, he destroyed the Christian religion, as Aristotle, when he said that the essence of the pagan gods was thought, destroyed paganism. And the modern world should cease to be religious because all religion is essentially reactionary. God, as a father, exercises His paternal authority by means of His delegates, the kings. Every worship supposes a mediator between God and man, a genuine priesthood. Every priesthood composes a caste; every caste oppresses and degrades.

Feuerbach frequently gives vent to his political ideas in the discussion of his religious ideas. Men who enslave themselves to God end by enslaving themselves to the king, in whom they discover God himself. The royal majesty dazzles them, and they permit it to dispose of life and death. Thus kings and emperors are called Majesty, something superior and supernatural; and men, subjected to superstition, come to imagine that the earth would be destroyed if we tore away from it the throne of the king or the sacred seat of the pope. You can not expect sentiments of progress where religious fatalism predominates. Man submits to misfortune and evil because he believes them the work of God, and can not look forward to reformation or social improvement. The thought of the shortness of his life discourages him from any effort to better it; and as, among the ancient peoples, wealth grew, founded upon slavery, in modern times the insolent pride of the kings has been reared above the religious humiliations of the peoples.

There is, in Feuerbach's opinion, a parallel between political and religious errors. Religion comes from mystery, as monarchy does. Religion is imposed as an article of faith on the conscience, and monarchy as a supernatural force upon the will. Religion divides objects into sacred and profane, and monarchy divides men into aristocrats and plebeians, into the privileged and the subject. Religion sacrifices the conscience to its absurd principles, and monarchy natural justice to its false laws. Religion arbitrarily points out what must be true, although it may have nothing in common with the truth, and monarchy what shall be considered just, although it has nothing in common with justice. Religion places above all moral duties our duties toward God, and the monarchy above all political duties our duties toward the prince. Religion justifies its demands by its supernatural character, and monarchy its despotism by the reason

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of state. Religion sacrifices the conscience on its altars, and when it seems necessary the monarchy sacrifices human life to its pride. Both obscure heaven and earth, oppress the state and man.

Stirner carried still further the ideas of Feuerbach. The theory of the I, whose object was to rescue the human personality from historic tyrannies, arrives at its highest exaltation, one may say its delirium, in this writer. "That which I know best in the world is my own being," he said; "that which I most love in the world is myself: consequently my liberty can and ought to have no restraint." The word God is utterly forgotten in his conception. He has substituted for it another word which he believes equally oppressive and reactionary, a species of God—humanity. There is nothing more than I. But this I, this individual, is it matter or spirit? they ask. And next Stirner declares that it is spirit. Then other Hegelians, equally exalted, accuse him of being religious and reactionary and a pietist, and they argue that there is nothing in the universe but matter, brute matter. Thought is evolved from matter, as magnetism from the magnetized body, as the aroma from the calyx of the flowers, as warmth from light. Thought is a secretion of the brain. The will is a mechanical force, which is determined by nutrition and aliment. Giving themselves up to this materialism, the Hegelians imagined that they were burying the ancient beliefs, and with them the traditional and historic kings which had been nourished and maintained by them.

The true chief of the school in the sphere of politics, the most persevering in purpose, the most elevated in ideas, a writer of great merit, is Arnold Ruge. The principal work of his life consisted in demonstrating to modern Germany that the artistic and the theoretical period was passing for her, and that she should now begin practical political life by means of free states organized in republics. And, in fact, this nation, which had resisted the yoke of the Roman Empire, which claims the glory of having cast into our life the leaven of liberty, which applied the democratic principle to the personality at the close of the ancient world and the ancient state, which emancipated the conscience in its religious revolution, matured human reason in its philosophy—this nation, devoted to song, to art, and to thought, and always tyrannized and oppressed, appears like those Græculi of Rome, learned, poetical, wise, skillful in every handiwork of wit, clever sculptors and musicians, profound philosophers and eloquent rhetoricians, but slaves without dignity of soul, with the mark of their humiliation on their flesh, and whose only world was the apartments of the slaves.

Political emancipation ought to be directed by philosophical thought, according to Ruge. Scientific ideas are mere skeletons, souls without bodies, vapors dissipated in the air, if they remain on the summits of intelligence, and are not even gradually filtered into the soil of reality. Every great philosophical movement has produced moral, political, and social movements in the various spheres of life. The thought of antiquity, the science of Greece, bequeathed to the modern world two capital works, Roman law and Christianity. German philosophy, after having sounded the depth of modern thought, after having run through all the spheres of universal life, would remain sterile and barren, far off in the void, if it were not to bring germs at least of new institutions, the matter of new laws, to practical life.

Imbued with these ideas, greatly excited by them, eager for the regeneration of Germany, Ruge came to the German Parliament, and placed himself at the head of the twenty-seven republican deputies who were there. This number proves how little advance had been made in our ideas in reality, in spite of the great movement produced in science. Among seven hundred German deputies who had come together in Frankfort, twenty-seven only professed the true doctrines of democracy, after the establishment of the republic in France, and the profound revolution which had moved the very heart of Germany. This proves that to impel a people in its course it is not enough to feed it with abstract ideas alone. It is necessary to combine thought and action, science and life, theory and reality, because otherwise the soul soars away on the wings of vague dreams toward the infinite, while the body lies inert and cold on the damp straw of dungeons.

Germany elected an Austrian archduke as vicar of the empire. Ruge, seeing there was nothing to hope for, left Frankfort, and bound himself indissolubly to Prussia, looking to her for the two works which he thought indispensable—the national work of German unity, and the human work of its democratic liberation. In the journal, *The Reform*, published in Berlin, and sustained with as much vigor as eloquence, Ruge preached these salutary ideas, and continued this work, so meritorious and so worthy of humanity and his country. But the political reaction came, and confiscated his paper and condemned him to exile. Thence he went to Frankfort, and thence to Baden, where the revolution broke out. His friends induced him to go to Paris, and come to some understanding with the Mountain in the Constituent Assembly, to organize the republican movement throughout Europe. Useless attempt. The reaction was beginning, and the democratic spirit was declining. The republic, which had come to France

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by one of those sudden revolutionary outbreaks which show all the force of a new idea, was wounded to death by the errors of its own partisans. They forgot that by uniting it with the Utopian ideal they forced it necessarily to abortion. They forgot that sudden catastrophes engendered nothing, while slow evolutions of matter and of thought engendered science and life, as slow evolutions of society found secure and great liberties. They left out of view one of the indispensable terms of all political organism, authority, stability, the historical conditions of the time, and they seemed to think that one hour of the republic was to cure, as if by miracle, the evils of twenty generations of monarchy. They thought that after three days of revolution, like those of February, there could come revolutions without number, being ignorant of the fact that there are in the spirit action and reaction, as flux and reflux in the ocean, and that after a year we find ourselves in the period of reaction. And without having learned any thing in the mournful teachings of the days of June, 1848, they set about to complete their ruin in June, 1849. They resorted anew to insurrections, and precipitated themselves into reaction, awakening from their historic errors and their political hallucinations in bitter exile. Ledru-Rollin, in the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, led the insurrection against the government for its absurd intervention in Rome—a crime of the President and the Chamber which could not be cured by a madness of the Mountain. After the mutiny he went to London, and in company with him Ruge formed a part of the Central European Committee, which was to labor industriously, though vainly, for the new revolution.

It is another error of European revolutionists to imagine that they can construct a revolution at their pleasure. These universal, creative, extraordinary acts are not in the power of any individual. They are formed like rain or electricity in the great laboratory of social life. In the year 1866, when it was least expected, a portion of their ideas found its sudden realization, a portion of their wrongs complete vengeance. Prussia rose, uniting the spirit of Luther against the Roman pontificate with the spirit of Frederick the Great against the Austrian Empire and the spirit of all the great thinkers of Germany against the division of the country; and in the battle of Sadowa it struck to the earth the giant which had formed the alliance with theocracy to corrupt and oppress the understanding, the supporter of all reactionary ideas, the enemy of all democratic ideas, the Austrian Empire. Since then Ruge has been more German than republican, either through the disillusions suffered in a long life or through that patriotism which always becomes exaggerated in exile. The truth is that having begun by demanding an alliance of Germany with the republican party of France against Bonaparte, he ended by saying, at the fall of Bonaparte, that the French republic was maintaining a war of conquest, when in fact it was maintaining a war of defense, and to approve the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, when in fact they are the germ of international war, and therefore of a vicious and terrible Cæsarism.

In spite of this error, his services to universal democracy are inestimable, and should be gratefully guarded in the memory of the world. Opposed from his earliest years to despotism; enemy of a state which gave place only to the personality of the monarch and of a Church ruled by an intolerant orthodoxy; a consistent conspirator and an ardent publicist from his childhood; a prisoner for a year in Köpenick and for five in Colberg—worthy, therefore, of that consideration which is due to suffering and to martyrdom; a great agitator in captivity, when his still free spirit communicated with all the ideas of his time; editor of the Annals of Halle, which agitated opinion and kept alive the ideas of liberty and progress in the national conscience; a constant terror of the German courts and of the kings and princes, frightened at the boldness of his polemic; opposed to the Utopia which has destroyed so many high intelligences, as is shown by his disputes with the socialists; a tribune of liberty in Frankfort, journalist of liberty in Berlin, and rationalist in Leipsic, every where defender of the new ideas, his name is indissolubly connected with the history of the republican movement in Germany and in Europe, and his numerous works, in which passion is seen united to the idea, have given great light to the rising generation, and have kept alive among them during adverse days the hope of a resurrection.

It was necessary that Germany should return to that practical sense which in the sixteenth century it had shown as few peoples have done. As soon as Luther hurled against the religious powers his fiery defiance, there resounded, like the shock of an earthquake, the revolution in the fields. The interior world was never moved and troubled without the outer world sharing in the disturbance. The time was past in which a revolution could remain isolated in the conscience, as it happened in the end of the ancient world and the beginning of our era. Every word should have for its echo a deed. When the foundations of religious faith were moved, the old structure of the political organization should fall by its own weight. Luther himself, although he principally endeavored to strike at Catholicism, to renovate the Church, to bring a free life to the conscience, several times

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diverted his attention to political matters, and wrote with a master-hand of those kings who were sent by the wrath of God to nations, and branded with the bitterest epithets especially Henry the Eighth of England. The poorest serf felt in that religious renovation something like a song of liberty. Continually rising in arms, bearing as their ensign against the shining boots of the lords the hobnailed shoes of the peasants, they had never been definitely beaten; and in that supreme hour of the Reformation they had heard of the Gospel, of the inner liberty, of Christian equality, and they wished to see if all these ideas could be united on the soil of their fields, moistened by their sweat and tears; and the feudal castles crumbled, and the shadows of tyranny vanished, and its handcuffs and pillories were destroyed, and the peasants in the fury of war demanded the abolition of corvees, of fiefs, and of titles, and all those taxes which made them not only slaves, but kept them in hunger and misery. As it always happens when there is in human society an irresistible aspiration, it was found in this case personified in one man. Muntzer was intoxicated with the revolutionary idea. He converted it into torrents of eloquence, cursing the kings who oppressed the peoples, and the reformers who closed the way of pure ideas to reality. He struck the alarm-bell which responded to the fury of the peasants. He brought together thirty or forty thousand men, excited by revolutionary passion, and they scattered all the horrors and disasters of premature revolution. He maintained his banner of equality until, persecuted, hunted like a wild beast, he fell, conquered by the artillery of kings, amidst seas of blood and heaps of corpses, for having desired to realize, with vigorous logic, though extravagant measures, the political revolution contained within the Reformation. It would seem that in that moment Germany lost the sentiment of reality. The fact is, that having given to the modern democratic movement its impulse, with the steam of the new idea, with the Reformation, it left to another more practical people—the Anglo-Saxons—to deduce in America its ultimate consequences, to found a state without hereditary hierarchies, animated and sustained solely by the ideas of liberty and equality.

Ruge complains bitterly of this, and often repeats that Germany has not this gift to carry to the sphere of practical reality the pure ideas of her conscience, and that she has left this great ministry to another people of the Germanic family in the New World. If we look for the cause, we soon see that in the Germanic movement there is much brilliance of ideal, much spirit of innovation in impulse, much revolutionary force in procedure, but there is not that good sense, that moderation, that knowledge of things, that line drawn between the ideal and the possible, which explains the success of the American Revolution and the perpetuity of its progressive institutions. In every important revolution there are great exaggerations, which perhaps serve to moderate it and convert it to reality. In the Reformation the Anabaptists appeared; in the English revolution the Levelers; in the first French revolution the Babœufists, in the second the Socialists, and in the third the Communists—as in the last Spanish revolution appeared those who, guided by a false conception of federalism, wished to destroy the mighty work of our ancestors, the national unity, and even to deliver up its scattered fragments in the guardianship of foreign nations. All nations who are not able to control this exaggeration, which is done through the mysterious union of social forces and through the action of laws as yet unknown, either succumb or go backward. Only to prudent peoples is liberty conceded. Perhaps in the republican party of Germany in 1848 there was, as among the peasants, a surplus of aspiration and a deficiency of practical knowledge, universal hopes, and scanty attention to the means by which they were to incarnate their ideas in reality.

Ruge was not contented with preaching practical politics. He took part in the philosophical and religious movement, like a good German. His doctrine was an offshoot of ancient rationalism. The philosophy of the eighteenth century denied superstition, and the philosophy of this century fights it. When the mind is freed from superstition it is necessary to bring in the conception of right, which springs from philosophy. For this purpose no effort, however great, is enough in view of the resistance of reality. The Hegelians pretended that the idea made itself real through its own virtue in its perpetual movement. Every moment of history is, in their opinion, good, because it is born of the preceding moment, and gives birth to the succeeding ones, with inevitable logic, the real and necessary law of things. These points of view, these respites given to the impatience of progress, have a great attraction to many dreamers, who are addicted to thinking that it is enough to formulate the pure conception of right, the true organism of the state, to have them promptly incarnated in reality. Ruge thought this tendency as fatal as reaction, because it condemned Germany to contemplation, when her only salvation was through action.

And he believed, like all the young Hegelian school, that the only means of opposing the somnolence of the German character was in combating its vague religious spiritualism. If you make nature fanciful, he said, if you place in its breast good and evil geniuses mingled, you will have the origin of

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religions. Ignoring the laws of the universe, they substituted an arbitrary will, which at its caprice grants or denies life to bodies and pardon to souls. Christianity putting forward the doctrine of sacrifice is a renewal of Buddhism. The poetical conception of the universe has given life to the Christian religion. The birth of Christ, His death, His resurrection, His passion, His principal feasts, are, like those of the Greeks, only so many symbols of nature and of its immortal poetry. Christ would have succeeded in what the ancients attempted, converting religion into a pure humanism, if there had not been mingled with His ideas the mythological falsehoods of the supernatural and the marvelous. Science destroys the supernatural, and declares that the incarnation of God can only take place in history. The supreme being is thought and action. The supreme good is the free democratic state. For man to feel the virtue of new ideas and the necessity of arriving at this state, he must undo the conception of the primal fall, of original sin, which enfeebles the will, obscures the understanding, impedes the development of humanity, and converts into a punishment the first of all merits, that of labor. And when in place of this false theological conception is substituted the true scientific conception of his nature, the hour of social transformation will have come, and with it the advent of these three existences necessary to the modern world, liberty, democracy, and the republic.

A PAIR OF SCALES.

IT was nearly noon, the sun at its zenith, but the solid row of brown-stone fronts on Blank Street remained impervious to the heat and glare of the warm spring day. The heavy cornices at the roof took a warmer tinge, and a few oblique rays made the marble vestibule hot to the buskined feet of the butler at No. 7, but did not penetrate through the first layer of leather in the cowhide boots of John Dobson. He stumped up the broad steps, clattering his umbrella, and pulled the silver knob with a force that made the gong resound through the high halls of the interior. That boom had something portentous about it. Never before had the gong been stretched to its fullest capacity for sound, and the butler opened the door with a frown. Upon seeing the round rubicund face of Mr. Dobson, with its long cunning eyes, its protruding lips, and firm solid chin, the frown upon the face of the butler deepened into a grimace of disgust; he did not unfasten the chain, but simply shook his head.

"Nobody at home," he said, with laconic severity.

"Oh, I guess there is," said Mr. Dobson. "I rather think you can find some one, young man, if you look pretty hard. Just tell your young lady that Mr. Dobson's here, and wants to see her mother if she can make it convenient; and in the mean time be kind enough to undo that contrivance there and let me in, for the sun's pretty hot outside here."

The butler undid the chain without a word, and Mr. Dobson entered. There was something in the grocer's manner that told the shrewd servant further resistance was useless.

"The game's played," said the butler to himself, as he found Mr. Dobson passing the chairs in the hall, and making his way into the sacred precincts of the drawing-room. "It's all up," he repeated, for the butler knew pretty well, as did all the other dependents in the household, that for many a month they had been hanging upon the edge of Mr. Dobson's leniency.

When he put his ear to the keyhole a little later, his worst suspicions were confirmed.

"Oh, your mother can't see me, hey?" said Mr. Dobson; "she's not very well, you say? She never is when I'm around. One would think there was something about me that sickened her delicate taste. Well, I don't know as it makes much difference. Just tell her for me, will you, that there'll be a red flag at the door on Wednesday morning, and every thing 'll go without reserve."

The grocer got upon his feet and took his hat from the floor; he looked with one comprehensive glance about him, and took a step to the door. That look gave a desperate courage to Miss Livingstone, for it spoke of ownership, and said plainly enough that from that moment he was the master there.

"Stay, Mr. Dobson," cried poor Kate, with a gesture of entreaty. "There is one favor—a very great favor—I must ask of you."

Mr. Dobson looked upon the young girl with a cautious yet curious reserve. He distrusted and yet was gratified by this concession on the part of a Livingstone.

"It ain't any more delays, is it? No flummery of that kind?"

"No, no," said Kate. "Heaven knows I am glad to be done with this agony of suspense."

Mr. Dobson's face softened more and more.

"If it's any of these gimcracks about," he blurted out, generously; "any of these figgers or picturs—hang it, you can have the pianny there, if you want it; there's plenty more for Mary Jane where that came from."

"No, no, Mr. Dobson, nothing for myself; but oh, Mr. Dobson, my mother! She is no longer young; she is not strong; she must not know the depth of our reverses. Give me, I beg of you, the furniture in my mother's room!"

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"Yah!" snarled Mr. Dobson, and Kate was silent.

From the moment she had mentioned her mother's name his face had grown crimson, the veins in his forehead swollen to bursting.

"You want me to help you in this little farce to save her feelings; and when has she ever saved mine? She's despiged me and mine for many a year—despiged us," he repeated, taking a singular comfort in pronouncing the word with a g. "She's rode by in her chariot—"

"Oh, Sir," interposed Kate, "it was only a hired hack, and she dismissed it long ago."

"In her chariot," pursued Mr. Dobson, "and splashed the mud from her wheels in our faces, and she'd 'a rode over our necks if she could; but it's my turn now, Miss Livingstone; by heavens, it's *my* turn now!"

He put his hat upon his head, and only paused at the door to say that his son would be there in an hour or so to take the inventory; then he went out without the assistance of the butler, who had long scorned the multifarious duties assigned to him, and from that time took no trouble to usher people in and out of the doomed doorway.

Kate watched the unwieldly form of the grocer disappear, then put her slim hands about her head with a movement of agony. The luxury about her was oppressive; the heavy embroidered curtains seemed to shut out the air; the monogram upon the shades a cabalistic sign of ruin. What in the world was to be done with her mother? Kate had grown used to the picture of Sydney, Claudia, the children, and herself huddled together in one of the grim square rooms in the old brick house, the floor dingy and uncarpeted, the walls bare, a few chairs and tables about; but she had never been able to make her mother one of the group. She could far better fancy her safe, unscathed, free from the contamination of want and poverty, cold and haughty still, in the one ghastly but luxurious article of furniture. There and there alone, it seemed to the daughter, she could still be the implacable gentlewoman. Kate almost wished for her the unspeakable rest and security of death, and when the bell rang again, and the eldest son of the Dobson family was admitted into her presence, he started. Kate's desperate thoughts had given their ghastly hue to her face; her lips were livid and trembling when she bade him a civil good-morning.

"Is there any thing I can do for you, Miss Livingstone?" said John Dobson, Jun.

"*You?*" said Kate, with an indefinable accent of courteous contempt.

"Yes, I," he replied. "You must not scorn to take advantage of even the poor aid that I can offer you. God himself chooses sometimes the meanest of human creatures to further His designs."

"He has used your father to some purpose in our case," said Kate, insolently. "What your father has denied me, I suppose it is not in your power to grant. I begged him for the furniture in my mother's apartment. We thought it possible, Sydney and I, to keep her free from the wretchedness that awaits us. You see, she would not leave her chamber." Kate paused; she had forgotten that it was to a hated Dobson she was detailing all this misery of supplication. Despite the inevitable red hair and freckles of the Dobson family, there was something about this young man, as he stood there with hat in hand and head bowed—an air about him of one who was in the presence of fallen royalty—that had induced her to again give speech to the wish that yearned in her heart.

"But, of course, this is nothing to you," said Kate.

"On the contrary," said John Dobson, Jun., "I pledge you my word that every article in your mother's chamber shall be yours. I will see that they are carefully removed down town. Is there any thing else I can do for you, Miss Livingstone?"

"Why, no," said Kate, believing in this promise despite herself, and opening wide her brown eyes upon this young grocer.

"If you can think of any way in which I can assist you," said John, "you'll appeal to me, won't you? I have been in rough contact with the side of the world to which you are about to be introduced ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. It seems a burly animal when it turns its rough side, but if you stroke it the right way, it's as gentle as a kitten. You'll let me know if I can be of any further service to you, won't you?"

"Why, yes," said Kate, gazing after the young man in a species of petrifaction.

"I tell you what it is, Claude," said Sydney Livingstone to his younger sister, the night after the sale, "that fellow Dobson isn't such a very mean beggar as you would suppose. He's going to get me a position in a bank. I shouldn't wonder if his ancient buffalo of a father owns half the concern. But Dobson junior isn't so bad. He copies the grand air so well it 'll be taken for the original one of these days. I said some sharp, cutting things to-day in his hearing, but he never moved an eyelid, and after that confounded business was over, he came to me and compelled me to talk to him. I pretended not to see the hand he offered me, and held my chin pretty high, but he managed to take all the starch out of my sails. Confound the cheese-monger, I admire him!"

"And I hate him!" said Claudia, her nose, which was always rather *retroussé*, perched high in the air with disdain. "I hate them all! Just fancy Mary Jane Dobson's rough red hands sprawled over the keys of Kate's

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piano, and John's ugly face reflected in your dressing-glass!"

"Mary Jane's hands are whiter than yours, Claude," said Sydney. "I don't believe one of the strings of Kate's instrument will indignantly break beneath their pressure, nor will my mirror scorn to reflect the rugged head of John junior. The fact is, my dear, the old folks up yonder will be like cats in a strange garret, but the second generation will develop a wonderful faculty for assimilation."

In the mean time this faculty became very much in demand for themselves. This old brick tenement, which would have gone long ago with the rest had it not been protected by a long lease, was in a queer locality to the Livingstones. The neighborhood had once been a fine one, but was now of rather a squally character, composed mostly of foreign elements that had the same antipathy to mixing which is attributed to oil and water. Drinking halls and shops abounded, and, very much to their disgust, our friends found the whole lower front of their house converted to the uses of commerce. One of the windows was turned into a shop casement, and the other into a door. Shelves and drawers adorned the walls, and an indescribable greasy and musty smell permeated the premises.

"We'd better shut up this concern altogether," said Sydney, one morning, "and live up stairs, unless we conclude to go into trade with the rest;" and turning to Kate he found that a sudden glow had leaped into her pale face.

"Oh, Sydney," she said, "if we only could!"

"Could what?" said Sydney.

"Go into trade, dear; open a shop or something. Don't stare—don't be shocked, dear. Sydney, my darling, what are we to do? We haven't a penny in the world. If you could only know what I have suffered with the thought of what absolute destitution means to creatures like us, above all to you, my noble, handsome boy, my brilliant—"

"Stop there, Kate," said the poor lad. "If we could convert those charms of which you speak into good hard cash, I'd be willing, Heaven knows, to be sold as a slave! I'd pledge half my life to dig in the bowels of the earth, or work at any drudgery. This pittance at the bank hardly serves me for decent shoes."

"Claudia and the boys must be kept at school," pursued Kate; "and mamma must not know. You see, darling, something must be done: we haven't a penny in the world."

"Did it ever occur to you, Kate," said Sydney, "that people who have no pennies are shut out from trade as they are from other luxuries? The commodities that are usually found in a store originally come from some other establishment, and an equivalent in cash is required."

"We could begin with a little. Mr. Dobson told me once he had scarcely any thing when he began."

"When he began," murmured Sydney, "he'd no meat in the pan, but from little to big, he's become a great man. But we can't all be Dobsons, Kate; he had a genius for huckstering, no doubt. I must go and bid mamma good-by."

Sydney went slowly up the old staircase, his boyish face already lined with care.

The room that Sydney entered a few moments later was exactly the counterpart of the second story front chamber in Blank Street, and the moment he crossed the threshold, Sydney fell into the bearing and fastidious drawl of a young gentleman of leisure. The fine finicky dame who lay back among pillows adorned with point lace, and gathered nervously in her hand a silken coverlet, looked upon her son with a wistful pride that had something pitiable about it.

A morsel of golden brown toast and a cup of chocolate rested untouched upon a silver salver by the side of the couch; Sydney's feet sank in the rich Persian carpet; his weary eyes rested upon the luxurious appointments of the room with a vague sense of ease; the curiously twisted legs of the elaborately carved chairs caught his fancy; the various inlaid woods at the top of the bedstead, and the crimson silken canopy they surrounded, were familiar to him. Cupid and Psyche over there in the niche were old friends of his; and Hercules, poor old fellow, had supported that marble slab for as long as Sydney could remember.

The rich curtains hung in heavy folds to the floor, mellowing with a faint crimson the garish light of the morning sun: it was all an episode of the old glad graceful days.

"I am not well," said his mother, as he kissed the slender white hand that lay listlessly in his own. "I shall never leave this room again, Sydney, never!"

"Oh, mamma, I hope you will—that is, one of these days," he added, qualifying this wish, for he suddenly remembered the dingy squalor just beyond this luxurious threshold, the battered staircase, the long gloomy halls, the mildewed paper hanging in tattered shreds from the great empty rooms only one partition away. Below, on the first floor, Kate had contrived to give at least an air of cleanliness to the few living rooms they occupied; but the top of this grim barrack was as yet almost unexplored; so this bit of luxury, hemmed in with dilapidation and decay, seemed like an oasis in the desert to poor Sydney.

He went down the rickety old stairs with his eyes shut, so that he might take with

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him the luxury that was so familiar and dear.

Kate divined all that he felt and suffered. Sydney's was an artistic soul, and craved the frescoed walls, the Turkish carpets, the gilt and sculptured beams, the malachite and jeweled adornments, of their old *salon*. As for her, the very remembrance of those luxuries, held by so ignominious and desperate a tenure, sickened the heart within her; the very air in that upper room seemed to her to be always half fainting to escape, as indeed was poor Kate herself; so that she always will declare that Providence sent to their door Count Drowski, in search of paper collars.

The little shop was then a thing accomplished, thanks to the (to Kate) inexplicable and unbounded generosity of John Dobson, Jun.; and one morning as she was watching warily the counter through the glass door of the back-room where breakfast was being dispatched after the commercially precipitous American fashion, Sydney suddenly called out,

"There is Count Drowski!"

And Kate beheld that queer little man gazing about her shop through his cracked tortoise-rimmed spectacles.

"Have you, madame," he said—and Kate wondered if he had determined thus deliberately to cut his old friends—"any collars of paper?"

It was not till she opened the box and told him the price of the article that the dear little man started back in astonishment.

"Why, in truth," he began, "am I dreaming? or is this—" He extended his hand. "My faith, you honor these people, then, by condescending to wait at their counter? May I ask after your mamma?"

"These people are my people, my dear count," said Kate; "this counter belongs to me; and when we have decided about the collars, if you will allow me, I will present you to mamma."

"With all my heart," he said, and paying for the collars with a solitary little stamp that he brought from the depths of his dingy vest, the count followed Kate to the back-room, where he was received by the younger portion of the Livingstone family with enthusiasm. He was persuaded to partake of their muffins, and drank two great mugs of coffee with the ardor of one fresh from fasting, and the zest of a connoisseur. An hour or two later he was still sipping the fragrant Mocha from a tiny Sèvres china cup, talking volubly the while to the poor delighted lady, who had always been partial to the impecunious nobleman.

Thereafter at least twice a week the count honored them with his company at breakfast; and up stairs his presence was like a tonic to the proud, foolish gentlewoman, who took heart and brightened, and made her toilet as carefully for this one shabby count as she did long ago for the *haut ton* of the metropolis. Kate, in her gratitude, when she found that one side of the collars was exhausted, and he had already begun to turn them upon the other, would fain have given him a new box from her plentiful stock, but refrained from motives of delicacy. There were three sturdy lives between the count and the felicity of wealth, and as he had never been able to murder his cousins, even in his heart, he had resigned all hopes of the barony across the sea; but there remained to him a pride of birth and a vague possibility of this reversion of title which would have rendered impossible to him the acceptance of a box of paper collars at the hands of Miss Livingstone.

So the little business prospered apace; the small shop had developed into a big one, and had not only swallowed up the back-room, but encroached upon the yard, and even the cellar paid tribute to this commercial emporium.

Claudia was eighteen; the boys at school began to scorn jackets, and one of them had commenced an epic poem, fragments of which appeared in his letters. Sydney's twenty years were worn with such grace and dignity that the small urchins in the neighborhood doffed their ragged hats to him, and inquired affectionately after every new article of clothing that appeared to their dazzled eyes.

He was the idol of all these feminine hearts that looked to him, each in its own way, to redeem the tarnished lustre of the family. Many were the groans and complaints in that luxurious chamber up stairs of the wasted life of this handsome scion of their race. Claudia and her mother bemoaned by the hour his absence from the fashionable haunts of the season, and his inability to appear where his presence would lend such a lustre to the scene of festivity, not forgetting the squandering in this dingy obscurity of Claudia's own brilliant and beautiful zenith. For every blush that flitted across the mobile face of her daughter the poor mother heaved a sigh of bitterness and envy: blushes were so rare in the American market, and here they were running all to waste. The long blonde curls of the fair girl were watered by tears of frustration.

"Oh, my poor child," cried the unhappy matron, "what a wretched destiny is yours!"

"Come, come, mamma, who knows?" replied Claudia, in that vocabulary of society in which *Quien sabe?* means much.

In fact, Claudia had determined with commendable zeal to improve every opportunity that offered itself for the bettering of their fallen fortunes, and abated visibly her old scorn of John Dobson, Jun. Dur-

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ing the business interviews of her sister with the successful grocer, Claudia flitted gracefully to and fro, her glowing eyes and blonde tresses, the sweep of her drapery near him, and a musical mocking note in his ear, causing Dobson junior to pause with pencil in hand, and follow this beautiful vision till it vanished out of his sight. Once she even invited him to breakfast—a hospitality that Kate would have ventured upon years before, but was deterred by the high nose of her young sister, and the freezing *hauteur* of the dingy count, who, it must be said, still held the young tradesman in disapprobation, and scowled through his spectacles upon the footing he had gained in the household.

"The insolence of this *bourgeois*," he said to Mrs. Livingstone, "makes my blood to boil." That lady shook her head and sighed, but asked no questions of what was going on below.

As for Kate, she was already an old maid, as befitted the business woman of the establishment. Gray hairs had crept in among the brown, and increased rapidly day by day. Her gentle eyes wore a strained and frightened look; she was absent-minded, and started when spoken to; she lived in a reverie that had something portentous and terrible about it. The little business had been hers alone. She had held it in the hollow of her hand; in it she had thrown her youth, her beauty, and "the tender grace of a day that was dead." And now a demon of doubt had entered there.

Where was the intangible flaw? Every penny that went out and came in passed through her hands or those of Sydney, her brother. His was the only help she had had, his the only heart she could rest upon; his ready hands, his quick eye, his lightning-like capacity, had been given over to her whenever he had a moment of leisure.

But the money went from the safe; at first in small sums, then larger, increasing appallingly. Kate became terrified; her eyes burned and blazed as they rested upon Sydney. The boy was growing handsomer every day; faultlessly attired, of irreproachable manner, he had quite the air of a grand seigneur. One morning he had lingered over the ledger longer than usual, and taking his fine watch out to see the time, a bank-note fell from his pocket upon the desk before them. He put it back again hastily. Kate's eyes fastened themselves upon his hurried fingers; she grew suddenly pale, as if she had seen a spectre.

Sydney sped away to the bank, and Kate's head fell upon her hands with a groan. Later on the count found her quite insensible, but at the sound of his voice she revived.

"What hast thou, my child?" he cried; "the *migraine* has seized thee in this miserable shop."

"No, no," she said; "do not speak of it, count. I enjoin it upon your honor. I am better; I am well. Oh, count, in the name of Heaven, go, go!"

"I go," said the count; "but when I return, if the great God will permit, I shall change all this," and disappeared in the hot murky street.

Kate looked after him in bewilderment. "The world is gone mad," she said, bitterly; then took up the pen Sydney had dropped, climbed to the seat he had filled, and mechanically began to add up a line.

But a grim black phantom sat upon her shoulder; a shadow fell before her eyes, shut out the paper, dimmed the figures. She remained mute and terrified, hour after hour, a cold hand upon her heart.

When Sydney came in at night, it was she that feared to meet his eyes. His step was light and elastic; his eyes sought her own with their old glad humor and vivacity.

"I'll put in a night at the books for you, Kate," he said, noting her pale and wasted cheek, her quivering smile. "This beastly tread-mill is wearing you out. You'd better leave it to me for a while."

"Yes, yes," she said, putting her slim hand upon his shoulder and looking into his eyes, her own filling with hot, torturing tears. "It is all your own, Sydney, isn't it, dear?"

"What is my own, Kate?"

"The—the business here—the money—*every thing!* You know it is all yours, Sydney, don't you?"

"What do you mean, Kate? Of course not. God forbid! My only ambition is to sink this concern, dear, in oblivion. Just as soon as I can stagger under the responsibility that has been yours for so many years, you can retire, dear, on your fortune—only don't be miserly, Kate. When I get in a corner, you'll help me out, won't you?"

Kate burst into a passion of tears.

"Only ask me, Sydney," she sobbed. "All I have is yours. Only tell me, I beg of you."

"See here, Kate," said Sydney, taking her in his arms, "you're not well; you're overstrung; you're hysterical. Hang it, Kate, be a man—no, be a woman—no, be your own priceless, good, sensible self. It frets me to the soul to see you in this way. We'll have to get a doctor or something."

All the next day Sydney could not get his sister's pale stricken face from his memory; so at night he was nervous and out of spirits. Kate crept out of his way, but watched him furtively.

The days went on, each one heavier than the last—a week, a month, went by. The missing amounts began to decrease. But it was over now. What mattered it? Beggary and ruin were nothing compared to what she had passed through in the struggle to believe in the old immunity from dishonor. She was callous, hardened to all

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now. All day she suffered, and when night came, her sleep was murdered by frightful dreams.

She fancied that a white shape stood by her bedside, a skeleton hand bent over her, two mild eyes looked down through her closed lids, a panting breath touched her cheek; then the presence vanished, only to come again, always in the dead of night, always in white, noiseless, without substance or solidity. It came and went like a disembodied ghost. It was a frightful fantasy.

Kate was compelled to put off one of her last payments to John Dobson, Jun.

"One of these days," she said to him, bitterly, "you will have to take another inventory: a red flag will be at the door again."

John looked at her anxiously. Her eyes were lurid; a crimson spot burned on her cheek; her hand trembled as it touched his own.

"What is it? What has gone amiss? Can't you trust me, Miss Livingstone? Can't you confide in me?" John again took her shaking hand. But she drew it away with a harsh grating laugh.

"It is a thing with which trust and confidence have nothing to do," she said.

Suddenly the thefts stopped. The money remained in the safe untouched. Kate saw with bewilderment that she was becoming rich again. Every morning she expected it to be gone, but found it there, solid and safe, to at least save her from debt and ruin. But all these things were as nothing now.

At the end of a few months John Dobson, Jun., was sent for, and received his last payment. But it tortured him to see the old eager light gone from Kate's eyes. She had been wont, like a miser, to gloat over every gold piece that fell into his hard broad palm, and shiver with ecstasy over the rustling of the bank-notes.

"I shall be so glad to be rid of you, John Dobson," she would say. And then her voice would soften, and she would add, gently, "But the debt of gratitude I can never pay; let that be a bond between us till I am cold in death."

John hated to miss all this. It was bitter to him. The cold listlessness of her manner, the mechanical tone of her voice, grated on his innermost soul.

It seemed to him that she had only lived to pay him this wretched money, and now that the debt was canceled, the pulse had gone out of her life, taking all the warmth and gladness from his own.

"And now that is all," Kate had said, with a sigh of relief, when she had counted out the last dime of her indebtedness. She had placed one upon another the clean crisp bills upon John's hard hand as of old; but then she had not looked up in his face with her tender womanly smile, and added that little formula about the bond of gratitude—"and now that is all," she said, and there was that in her words that cut John Dobson to the core.

"*Is* it all, Miss Livingstone?" said John, all his impetuous soul in his eyes. "Is it really all? Is there nothing more?"

"Isn't it right?" she said, looking up with a shiver of affright. "Have I counted the money wrong?"

"Hang the money!" said John, and tearing the pile of bills in half, he strewed the fragments on the floor; then grinding his heel into this hard-won treasure, he uttered a sort of groan, and walked away.

Kate looked after him in a wonder that began soon to blend with a vague mysterious joy. Two burning tears fell out of her eyes, her whole frame trembled, so wrenching was the birth of gladness to that troubled soul.

Claudia came in, and finding those two tears upon Kate's cheeks, the torn bills upon the floor, her worldly wit divined all.

"Has he made you an offer?" she said, lifting tenderly the maltreated money to her bosom; "and were you goose enough to refuse him? I wish he'd ask me! How fine it must have been to thus fling away these pretty treasures of art! But, my dear, they can be pasted together again. A delightful task! I'll do it myself."

Suddenly a black shadow loomed in the doorway.

"Why," said Claudia, "it's the count! *À la bonne heure!*"

He was dressed in black from his head to his feet, and there was an indefinable tone about his costume. His voice shook a little as he begged Kate to go with him above to her mamma. The air of the room as they entered made her cling to the count's arm for support. The faint dead perfume there brought back to her the phantom that stood by her bedside months ago.

"What is it?" cried the poor gentlewoman, stretching out her arms to the nobleman. "Are you the baron?"

"I am the baron," he repeated, bowing very low, "and yours, madame, till death. Your excellent mamma," he said, turning to Kate, "has been kind enough to make me the little loan which was necessary for my expenses abroad. She it was who discovered the melancholy drowning of my poor cousins. She has also given me to hope for the honor of an alliance with her family. Behold, my dear Mees Catherine, at your feet my hand and fortune!"

The baron's head almost touched the hem of Kate's cambric gown. She looked at the sparsely covered cranium before her as if it were a remarkable study in anatomy.

"My daughter accepts the honor," began Mrs. Livingstone; but Kate made a gesture of denial. "You have earned the right to

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your happiness," pursued her mother; "it was your money that gained the baron his estates. I took the liberty of using your money, Kate, my child; I hope it was not too great a liberty." Here Mrs. Livingstone began to whimper and flutter her hands, for Kate's eyes rested upon her with something solemn in their depths. "I thought that what was my daughter's was mine—"

"Was it *you*, mamma?" said Kate—"oh, was it you?" She escaped from the mute obeisance of the count, and went over to the bedside. "Did you take the money from the safe, mamma?" she whispered.

"Yes, yes; of course I did. Where else could I get it? I thought you knew it, for you opened wide your eyes and looked at me many a time when I took the key. I thought you understood better my pride and delicacy; but I suppose it would have suited you to have me go down on my knees and beg you for the money to make you a baroness."

"Oh, mamma, mamma," cried Kate, "you have lifted a deadly weight from my heart. My life is yours, dear mamma."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried poor Mrs. Livingstone. "I don't want your life! Give it to the baron there, who has been all this time with his head so low that I'm afraid he'll have a rush of blood.—My daughter accepts the honor—" began poor Mrs. Livingstone again, and again her obstinate daughter intervened.

"Oh no," said Kate, looking upon the little man with a sort of terror, "not for the world, mamma!"

"Am I to understand, madame," said the baron, with considerable dignity for so very little a man, "that the honor of an alliance with your family is denied me?"

"Do you, then, refuse the distinction the baron is willing to confer upon us?" cried the wretched woman to her daughter, with an accent of entreaty blended with despair.

"Oh, decidedly!" said Kate, with American simplicity. Mrs. Livingstone fell back among her pillows with a groan; cold drops of agony stood out upon her forehead. The baron retreated one step toward the door.

Suddenly was heard a flutter of drapery.

"Ahem," said a soft girlish voice, and there appeared between the curtains of the bed a charming head crowned with an aureole of blonde curling hair. The baron glued his eyes to this beautiful apparition. He suddenly stammered out,

"Perhaps Miss Claudia—" Something in those brilliant eyes had drawn him thus far, but here he paused, dazzled and confused.

Claudia glided gracefully to his side; she was toying with a torn bundle of bank-bills as a kitten would with a ball of white yarn.

"Claudia!" murmured Kate, warningly; but her mother gazed upon her with phrenzied eagerness.

"Oh, Claudia, my child, *will* you?" she gasped.

"Yes, dear mamma," said that dutiful girl; and shortly after the baron went down the stairs two at a time, his eyes glistening under his spectacles.

"My faith! it is miraculous," he said.

But it wasn't at all; it was perfectly natural. Even Sydney was radiant over it.

"It's all right, Kate," he said; "a fair equivalent. What a stir Claude 'll make on the other side! I take a national pride in these things, and like to see American beauty well represented. Claude has it all—the magnetic vivacity, tempered with a delicate languor: there's nothing over there to compare with it."

Kate had been reveling again in the joy of her brother's presence, lifting the thick curls on his high forehead, and pressing thereon her warm glad lips, murmuring words of delight, of love, of unspeakable relief and joy.

"Why, Kate, you're glad of it too," said Sydney. "You are like your dear old self again; we're all pitched a note or two higher, somehow.—God bless you, old fellow!" he said to the baron, "you've made us the happiest family in the world."

Tears sprang to the little nobleman's eyes at this warm outburst; he began to believe he had made a love-match, and was, in truth, never awakened from this illusion. Claudia was exceedingly fond of him as the representative of so much power and pleasure, and always held her lot to be an exceptionally bright and happy one.

Imagine the chagrin and dismay of John Dobson, Sen., when his daughter read aloud one morning the intelligence of the approaching marriage of Miss Claudia Livingstone to the Baron Drowski, and the probability that the distinguished mother of the bride elect would accompany the happy couple to the baron's magnificent estate in Saxony.

"She'll lead him a nice dance," snarled the retired grocer.

"She'll ride in her chariot now, if she never did before," said Mary Jane; "the peasantry will take the horses out, and themselves drag the bridal party, and children will strew flowers in their path."

"Faugh!" sneered Mr. Dobson, who held in great disgust his daughter's proficiency in this kind of literature.

The last thing Claudia did before her wedding journey was to send the mended notes to John junior with a bit of her dainty chirography.

He went over the next day to the old brick house, and found every thing in great disorder there. A placard was on the door announcing the early sale of the valuables within, among which he found Kate, looking disconsolate and lonely.

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John's eager eyes devoured the weary bent form and sad tender face.

"Your sister told me to come to you," he began; "she said that you wanted to see me, Miss Livingstone. Kate—"

When that name burst from his lips, it took with it all further power of articulation.

"There is—is—some mistake," stammered Kate.

"Mistake!" said John, sniffing a practical joke from the baroness, and turned sharply on his heel. In this forlorn hope frustrated, John recognized the bitterest moment of his life. His breath almost seemed to leave his body, and he turned with a gasp when he heard the faint echo of his name.

"John," faltered Kate, holding out to him her hands—"oh, John!"

"Ah!" said John, and reached her feet in a moment.

A little while after he managed to gasp out, "God forever bless the Baroness Drowski!" and that was absolutely all the poor fellow could utter. Sydney found them there when he came home, speechless with happiness.

"Why, those Livingstones," said Mrs. Grundy, "are at the top of the heap again! One of 'em's got a nobleman with landed estates, and the other's married that rich grocer fellow, Dobson. It beats all—first up, then down, then up again, like a pair of scales!"

THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

UNITED.

"Whence cometh the sunshine that crowns thee, O maiden?
Whence cometh the sapphire that brims thy deep eyes?
No tresses more golden float earthward from Aidenn;
No glance of such azure looks out from the skies.
Whence hast thou thy beauty?"
"I found it in thee;
The heart that adoreth lends fairness to me."

"Was mine the rich magic, O queen of earth's daughters?
Then grant me a guerdon: place hand in my hand;
Leave friend, kin, and lover; pass o'er the strange waters;
Be mine, mine forever, within the strange land.
Wilt enter my pinnace?"
"I would not, but must:
O madness of loving! I doubt, yet I trust."

"Land ho in the sunset! All hail, Happy Islands!
We sail through their shadows; we scent their perfume.
O beaches of amber! O emerald highlands!
O valleys immortal of fruitage and bloom!
Dost hear their birds warble?"
"I hear them, I hear;
My heart sang that music when first thou wert near."

PARTED.

They rode from her kinsmen and clansmen;
They paused by the broad foaming river;
Below them the cataract bellowed;
Behind clattered scabbard and quiver.

The rose of her cheek became marble,
But neither with terror nor fainting;
It hardened with wondrous devotion;
It blanched with love's passionate painting.

"Embark!" she commanded. "Launch quickly!
We lived, we can die, for each other.
Better death, swift death, with my darling
Than cycles of life with another!"

They launched. The fierce torrent exulted;
The cataract ravened and thundered;
It slew, but first it tormented;
Before it devoured them it sundered.

And just in the midst of the horror,
Where the tigerish waves leaped over,
Rose lonely the shriek of a maiden,
With dying breath calling her lover.

J. W. De Forest.

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LEGISLATIVE HUMORS.

By the Hon. S. S. COX.

E voi ridete? Certo ridiamo.—
Così fan tutti.

IN a previous article the word Humor was defined. Its derived sense was traced down to its present meaning. My present title is in the same vein, although the plural number, "Humors," is rather ambiguous. A humor is not always the quality of the mind we call humor. A humor may be a particular mannerism; a humor may not be funny, but humor is. In the old days, when our language was plastic and while it was being moulded, any incongruity, caprice, or singularity was called a humor.

"Legislative Humors" are meant to comprehend not alone the collective idiosyncrasy of the legislative body, but the peculiar fancies, fun, wit, and manners which obtain with the individual members of the body.

Moreover, certain legislatures have had peculiar humors and characteristics. One is intellectual, one industrious, one stupid, one jolly, one lazy, one fond of this or that recreation, and on different days and at different hours such collective bodies, like our human bodies, show peculiar sensibilities. We have known Speakers, chairmen of committees, the whole House itself, to be so cross one day that it could not deliberate, and so jocund on another that it would not work. The Speaker may be dyspeptic one day and the House good-natured, or *vice versa*. All will agree, however, that legislatures have an individuality. We call them good, or bad, or average, according to their work, mood, and ability. The best of these bodies, however, are good-tempered, even when not so able. In the time of Henry IV. one parliament was styled *Parliamentum Indoctorum;* or the lack-learning parliament. It was this parliament that went in a body to the king to ask that the clergy be obliged to pay a part of the taxes out of their estates. The Archbishop of Canterbury, being present, said, "To strip the clergy thus would put a stop to their prayers." Upon this, Mr. Speaker Esturmy, the founder of the Somersets, smiling, said, "The prayers of the Church, I fear, are a slender supply." We are not told how his Grace took the allusion, but his Majesty (Prince Hal) evidently smiled; for are we not told that the Speaker was chief butler to the king? He who furnished the wit furnished the wine. If this parliament, presided over by this lover of wine and maker of wit, was the illiterate parliament, we need more such parliaments, for its members voted against making themselves collectors of subsidies, and made the interests of their constituents their own! "At the same time," says Walsingham, "they took care that no useless grants or pensions should be made from the crown to impoverish the revenue." And we may add that they had a Speaker who scorned political danger when ruin and death encompassed him.

Some editorial friend has raised a personal question, which may be pardonably noticed. Leigh Hunt once said that he was perplexed whether to speak of himself in the singular or plural number, whether to subject himself to the impatience of people vainer by saying "I," or to hamper himself with saying "we were," "we would," and "we once." But resolutely, under Montaigne's advice, he concluded that he had plenty of imperfections to set off his self-love; so that he courageously wrote of himself, regardless of any imputed egoism.

In these papers it is impossible not to recall the writer's experience, and to impress somewhat of his personality upon the analysis. "We" beg, however, to disavow any intention or expectation of making this subtle essence called humor. The only object is, by collation and generalization, to show the humor of classes and individuals. Should we be forbidden to do this because now and then the writer has himself been suspected, though never fairly convicted, even by a stupid jury, of a joke? Especially in the delineation and demonstration of legislative humors, in recalling those diversions of staid Solons in whose midst many years have been passed, can there be entire impersonality?

There is an account of a dramatic Mæcenas who took a steady boy from his parents, and, ignorant of any humorous or other propensity, solemnly dedicated him to the Comic Muse. The boy, however, did ripen into a capital comedian. Perhaps this was an exceptional case; for there is no special chrism whose anointing will induce the jolly genius; but a little discipline and some research may enable a serious soul to group and illustrate the humor of others.

In considering the humor of a deliberative body, often engaged in friendly contest, and liable at a moment to be whirled out of eddies of good temper into the turbulent and yellow currents of partisan spite and personal antagonisms, great allowances are to be made in deciding upon the flavor or genuineness of the brand of humor. It is no test that the spoken word is a momentary hit, or that the hit hurts, or that the victim winces. The wit may give a temporary delight and exaltation, and the humor may be enjoyed by the victor. A better test to be applied to the parentheses of "laughter" as well as "cheers" is that of time. The best test is translatability into a foreign tongue. The "laughter of hate and the hisses of scorn" which burden our Congressional literature are not the highest evidences of the best humor or of genuine wit. It was not always that

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Randolph's sarcasm, Tristam Burgess's invective, John P. Hale's waggery, Thaddeus Stevens's irony, old Ben Hardin's fun, or Corwin's drollery produced unanimous good spirit. Such results are generally won upon themes outside of party polemics. They are attained only when the object of the humor agrees with both sides and with the orator.

Sometimes the loudest laughter is provoked by the emptiest conceit. When examined, the conceit is found to be an empty anticipation of victory; and this, owing to the vicissitudes of politics, is a ticklish theme for vaticination.

When a gifted member of Congress, before the terrible thrashing of his party in 1840, brought down the House by representing a Democrat as one whom he met going out to hew wooden razors with a broad-axe to shave dead Whigs with in the fall, one fails to discern either the congruity of the metaphors or the brilliancy of the wit, though the fun that followed fast followed still faster when it was said that their hard cider would turn into sour milk, which was a little acidulous then, and would be very sour when the elections ended! Alas for the prophetic humor of the sanguine and impulsive hustings, and of the temporary "spanking" majority!

There are similar illustrations showing the senseless laughter of the moment.

There is a humor which, even when genuine, makes one melancholy. Swift's wit made Thackeray sad. In an assembly representing the whole people one must not expect the superfine, or always the fine, or even middling brands. In such an assembly all classes of minds meet. Legislative bodies are not exempt, collectively and individually, from Shakspeare's description:

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And others, of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in the way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

In a body as grave as Congress, the fun is not always and at once apparent. The gravity of such a body precludes levity. A child's toy may ripple the pond, but Neptune only arouses a tumult on the sea. It requires an effort to overcome ponderosity. To *raise* a laugh is to lift the weight of dignity—nay, to lift the weight off dignity. Humor always starts handicapped in large assemblies. Upon their proceedings hang, not trifles, but momentous things. But may not the very froth and sparkle of the wave indicate its strength and depth? He only is a philosopher who, looking at the sea, not only dives into its imperturbable profundity, but observes its eccentric currents and superficial buoyancy. No one should underrate the dignity and influence of a Congress like ours, representing as it does to-day nearly a half hundred millions, with a history nearly centennial, and speaking for a territory having such varied interests, because evidences of humor were not apparent in its earliest period. Is it a vain ceremony to open the deliberations of such a body with prayer to the Supreme Being? Even when the nation numbered but three or four millions, and but a third of the present number of States, it was laying the foundation of empires. There was a solemnity and solicitude about its first and early assemblages which would seem inconsistent with the whimsical fitfulness and reckless dash of humor.

The first Congress met in the spring of 1789. Nearly a month elapsed before it had a quorum. Its first act was no jocular matter—that of counting the votes of the electors, which proclaimed "George Washington, Esq.," President of the young republic. It was in no playful mood that Congress declared him our *first President*. A few days afterward Federal Hall, at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, New York city, was tendered to this grave body. Soon thereafter the rules for its conduct were adopted. Were there no smiling genii, such as are conversant with our recent Congresses, to squint a roguish eye from a reporters' gallery at that solemn primary rule "that no member should speak to another or read any printed paper when any member is speaking?"

There were great anxieties in that opening Congress. In very deed, the "eyes of the world" were directed to it. The effervescence of the festive writers of our day would have been strangely out of place there. Under most interesting associations, and into that octagonal hall, whose damask hangings gave richness and tone to the scene, and attended to the gallery in front of the Senate-chamber by John Adams, the Vice-President, and Senators, and by Mr. Speaker Muhlenberg and the Representatives, there is ushered the august form of Washington. The oath is administered by the Chancellor of New York. Proclamation is made: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The solemn consecrations then begin for the American Congress. The weighty and untried duties, the dangers of disunited counsels, the invocation to the Divine Parent of social order and of the human race—these give added concern, fear, and piety to the momentous ceremony of this crucial period and the deliberations of our first Congress.

Was there nothing to relieve the serious dignity of these solemn proceedings? Was the triumphal progress of Washington from Mount Vernon to New York only a solemn and sacred pilgrimage? Where was Hopkinson? Was his comic muse mute? The

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truth is that there was something like a sporadic laugh here and there, and even indecorously, as we now think, at *Pater Patriæ* himself. The aristocratic pretensions of some of the fussy actors, and their efforts to ape royalty in preparing for the inauguration, with its pomp and show, brought out many a jest. Federal Hall was a sort of Athenian στοά. There the gossip and wit of New York met. There, as even now, at the corner of Wall and Nassau, speculators most did congregate. It was their Rialto. How these plebeians ridiculed the anxious patricians, bent on decorations, titles, and places of honor! In a letter from John Armstrong to General Gates this is more than hinted. Even Roger Sherman endeavored to devise some style of address more novel and dignified than "Excellency." We are told that a caricature appeared called "The Entry," and that it was full of "profane allusions." It represented Washington mounted on an ass, and in the arms of his man Billy, Humphreys leading the jack, and chanting hosannas.

This humor had some foundation for its fun. It gathered in the lobbies of Federal Hall, crept crinkling into Congress, and had its amusing influence on legislation. Dr. Griswold, in his *Republican Court*, tells a Congressional anecdote at the expense of Washington himself, in relation to his title:

"General Muhlenberg states that Washington himself was in favor of the style of 'High Mightiness' used by the Stadtholder of Holland, and that while the subject was under discussion in Congress he dined with the President, and, by a jest about it, for a time lost his friendship. Among the guests was Mr. Wynkoop, of Pennsylvania, who was noticeable for his large and commanding figure. The resolutions before the two Houses being referred to, the President, in his usual dignified manner, said, 'Well, General Muhlenberg, what do you think of the title of High Mightiness?' Muhlenberg answered, laughing, 'Why, general, if we were certain that the office would always be held by men as large as yourself or my friend Wynkoop, it would be appropriate enough; but if by chance a President as small as my opposite neighbor should be elected, it would become ridiculous.' This evasive reply excited some merriment about the table; but the chief looked grave, and his evident displeasure was increased soon after by Muhlenberg's vote in the House of Representatives against conferring any title whatever upon the President."

M. Brissot, a traveling French gentleman of that day, wrote that the presence of Congress in New York contributed much to extend the ravages of luxury, including the habit of smoking, which had not disappeared with other Dutch customs; "for they use cigars," he said, "without the use of an instrument, as it accustoms to meditation and prevents loquacity." Happy, hilarious habit! No previous question, only a smoke to second the demand against loquacity.

Certainly our early Congressmen did not lack humor. We may lack many of the *evidences* of this humor, for the debates which followed for many years after this first inauguration, either because the stenographers were not abroad, or because of the brevity and meagreness of the records, show little or none of the pyrotechnics with which the press of to-day scintillates, and none of the boisterous brackets which indicate the mirthful provocation. Even our best Revolutionary humorist, Franklin, clothed his fun in allegory and story. Indeed, the Senate sat with closed doors for five years after its organization. It was a secret body for all business, executive and legislative. The record which transpired is all too brief of those years. It does not indicate whether the fathers held high carnival in their seclusion, or if they did, how they held it. We are left to conjecture. Were they always pompous and sedate? May not the builders of our government, like those of other governments, have had their rejoicings? Out of their exuberant spirits, may not Momus have had his heyday? Thebes is fabled to have been built by the music of Amphion. The myth is full of meaning. No labor ever was done, no city or government ever built, without joy to make melody in the heart of the builder. If the thews and sinews of our workmen become more pliant with more pleasure, if the very boatmen on our ships sing their roundelays as they pile in the coal to make the steam come and the steamer go, why may not our political architects and workmen have had their jubilation as they wrought plinth, architrave, column, and dome of the political temple?

If we are to believe that fun belongs only to our time, and that its *esprit* and extravagance are limited to one country, then the rollicking effrontery of Aristophanes and the easy pleasantries of Plautus are not laughable. Or, not to go too far back, let us reject the comic delineations of Florentine life by Ginguené, and the humorous extravagances of Peter Aretin, even though Hallam crystallizes them as shining specimens of humor.

We can not believe our early statesmen insensible to humor. We would not thus detract from their fame. Our recent Senates have been called fog banks. This appellation is less invidious when applied to the sessions of the early Senates, as they were enveloped in secrecy. But when we reflect that our Senate is dull at times, because a foggy speech is being read to empty chairs, and when its giants are in committee-rooms and libraries fabricating their armor, is it less

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reasonable to believe that our early representative men had their merry moods within the adytum—all the merrier, if we may believe in reports, for the secrecy? Nor will we believe in the dullness of our earlier debates because the evidences are not as abundant as they are now of humor in deliberation.

Are we to infer that Cicero never smiled, because his orations are funless? It is reasonably certain that Cicero was a wit. Certainly he was a punster. Cæsar collected his puns. We have no account of his repartees in debate; but the Roman Senate must now and then have smiled at the sharp pricking which he gave a senator who was the son of a tailor: "*Rem acu tetigisti.*" In spite of his verbose writing, and what Montaigne calls his tedious languish, he could "take off" the paper cap of a cook by a play on the word "quoque," or on the word "jure," which means juice or soup! "*Ego quoque tibi jure favebo.*"

Because the reported orations of the bema or the forum show no humor, does it follow that they evoked no laughter, and that the faculty of fun was wanting in the ancients? Why may we not fancy Cicero rolling out an *ad absurdum* on his antagonist, or Æschines, fresh from the theatre, making a pithy point against Demosthenes? In those climes where the bright azure sky produces a race permeable to fun, a race overfond of grimace and demonstration, ready with mimicry and quick to see the ludicrous, can it be that no odd quirk, apt anecdote, or telling *ad hominem* gave vivacity to debate?

There are—there must be—lost arts in the domain of senatorial humor. We have lost arts in poetry, painting, sculpture, and mechanics. Even Toledo to-day, with all the appliances of modern chemistry, can not produce the famous blade of Saladin, which cut his gauzy scarf in the air. If this art be lost, may there not have once been—and have been lost too, or at least hidden from us—the elegant art of repartee, more exquisite than the Oriental cimeter? May not the thunders of the Agora have had electric flashes of wit? Were there no "arsenals" to be shaken by fulminations of fun? Wendell Phillips has said that the best part of our wit is ancient, and that we only reproduce what is gone. Perhaps the parliamentary pleasantry which insists that it can not furnish brains to the stupid opponent, or the ruling of the Speaker who sees the pungency, but not the personality, in the questionable remark of an honorable gentleman, may, for aught we know, be stereotyped on the crockery tablets of an Assyrian council, or written in the hieroglyphs of some Egyptian record. Perhaps some Champollion or Smith may yet educe from the dead past Assyrian bulls more amusing than those of Sir Boyle Roche, and burlesque more exaggerative than that of Proctor Knott. If so, *a fortiori*, may we not believe that our earlier Congressmen had their weapons keenly tempered by ridicule; and that neither in their cups and committees nor in open discussion were they wanting in the fine sense of the humorous?

Humor is perennial and immortal. It will reproduce itself. It was only the other day that Mr. Archer, of Maryland, whose name on the roll came after that of Oakes Ames, having voted by mistake when Mr. Ames's name was called, voted again when his own name was called. He was saluted by the poetic apostrophe, "Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?" And yet, knowing that remark to be original, what was my surprise to find in an old newspaper of 1825 the same remark from John Randolph to Mr. Archer's uncle, then a Virginian member, who had asked a *second* day to continue his debate on the Bankrupt Bill. Humor is as repetitious as reason. It knows no age, clime, or assembly. Laughter is as immortal as the gods.

No one, except the most jaundiced, but will confess that the talent for wit or humor is one of the most potential in influencing men, and especially bodies of men. If administration or legislation consists in understanding how to thread the avenues to the heart, if to please is to rule, who will account such a gift useless in human society? Those who most depreciate the talent are those who are void of it. Lord Froth, in the *Double Dealer*, says, "There is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh; 'tis vulgar. Every body can laugh. Then, especially, to laugh at the jest of an inferior person! Now when I laugh, I always laugh alone." False logic about humor is as silly as the foppish Froth, and as old as Hobbes. Hobbes held that laughter was a demoniac pride. It came out of the arrogance of men. He thought that men laughed because they felt that they were better, smarter, or more powerful than others. They either saw further into matters, or else the inferiority and infirmity of others were a proof of their own superiority and grace. He confesses that mirth and laughter are proper, but proper only to comedy and satire. He plainly indicates that great persons that have their minds employed on great designs have not leisure enough to laugh, or are too much absorbed with the contemplation of their own power and virtues. "Such eminent worthies," he holds, "do not need the infirmities and vices of other men to recommend themselves to their own favor by comparison, as all men do when they laugh." We wonder whether "Tom Corwin," the orator and statesman, an accomplished advocate and an able Secretary of the Treasury, could have read Hobbes, and then have dared to joke a

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scoundrel out of office or a political vice out of existence! Before he died he told a friend that he would only be remembered after death as a clown. Perhaps this was one of his own pleasantries; for he is best remembered, as is Webster, by those graces which flowed from his genial heart. The writer is not unaware that however much one may cipher and work in dry, statistical, and syllogistic debate, no one regards him for the laborious days and studious nights because on some odd occasion he may have killed a bill by a playful allusion. The utility of the humor is rarely considered and appreciated.

If Madame De Staël could see little in Shakspeare but puerility, bombast, absurdity, and *grossièretés*, if she overshadowed his sublime and pathetic passages by what she considered his buffooneries, the shade of Corwin should rest content under the willows of Lebanon. Will common or æsthetic sense never see the necessity of lights as well as shades? Will it persist in calling that a blot which is a shadow, and that an extravagance of levity which is a luminous beauty? "No great men are jocose," intimates the surly Hobbes. Let the roll of parliamentary worthies be called. Who will then say that this gift of humor is inconsistent with studious labor and far-reaching statesmanship? Call the roll! Sir Thomas More, Selwyn, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Grattan, O'Connell, Palmerston, and Disraeli. Even Madame De Staël in her day found more logical sarcasm in Parliament than rhetorical flourish. She really began to like the eloquence which detected sophistry and enforced truth. Who denies to Sir Thomas More, either as Speaker of the Commons or Chancellor, as polemic or man, inherent greatness? Yet his jocundity was used constantly as a mask for a wise purpose. He was censured for his gravity of demeanor; but every one who looked on his face could detect the constitutional disposition to be merry. When committed for treason, to the executioner he exclaimed, "Ah, if you chop my head off, save my beard! That at least is innocent of crime." Yet much of his humor dropped from his tongue when he seemed most grave. He said that he loved to tell his mind more merrily than more solemnly to preach. Jests to him were but sauce; and it were but an absurd banquet in which there were few dishes of meat and much variety of sauces. It was to him, however, an unpleasant feast where there was no sauce at all. Yet this rare scholar, honest officer, poor gentleman, busy Chancellor, and racy Speaker of the Commons, was accounted worthy of martyrdom for the sense which lay beneath his quips and cranks.

To my mind, there never was so good a practical joke, so "saucy" an expedient, as that which Mr. Speaker More prepared at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey. More was a friend of liberty. He believed in the privileges of the Commons. He opposed, when a beardless burgess, a royal budget. Once the Commons over which he dominated irritated Wolsey. The cardinal came down in person to the House with all the pomp and blazonry of his office. In he comes, with his seven silver pillars, his maces, his pole-axes, his crosses, his hat, and his great seal. He makes a solemn oration to the House. The House receives him, by preconcert, in dead silence. All are mute. The word "parliament" means to parley, to talk; yet this body was humbly, jocosely, curiously dumb. The cardinal turned to More. He remembers that the Speaker is the mouthpiece, by the English Constitution, of the Commons. More explains that such a presence and such insignia strike them into the eternal silences! Tacita is queen, and yet free speech rules! When Wolsey left, there must have been a jolly roar.

In Harry the Fourth's time one of the Speakers was named Tiploft. He obtained a grant of "harness for peace and war, as well as for great horses called coursers, and saddles for tilts and tournaments." Was this grant a joke? Imagine Mr. Speaker tilting down through the corridors of the Capitol or down the aisles of the House, with lance or battle-axe, to enforce the previous question!

It is not true that the humorist is necessarily a frivolous person. He commands by the potency of his wit. It may be true that the *mere* humorist is frivolous. You can not carve a great man out of him any more than a colossus out of a pebble. The mere wit is very near a fool. Nor does it follow that because the mere wit is foolish and light, the real wit is not the concomitant of wisdom and greatness. All great wits are not great men, but all great men are witty. On this thesis we pit Sydney Smith against Hobbes. That divine intimates that it is seldom that wit is the eminent quality of any man. It is commonly accompanied by many other talents, and ought to be considered as evidence of a superior understanding. He instances almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times—Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon; Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has been distinguished in the House of Commons. Had he lived later, he could offer a longer list. A friend of mine challenged the idea that great wit to greatness was always nearly allied. He named George Washington as lacking this sense of humor. Washington was aristocratic, but not too starched for humor. How lordly he unbent

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when he did unbend! Irving, in his *Life of Washington*, says that he found but few sportive allusions in Washington's correspondence. He gives one only in his third volume. It is an invitation to some lady friends to dine with him at his quarters on the Highlands. The fun is in an elaborate picture of the scanty meal, in which the dishes and meats, in meagre array, like a small force of untrained militia, are scattered over the board!

Let us return to our legislative examples. Silas Wright is called the "Cato of America;" but was there ever a man more readily risible? Judge Douglas I knew intimately. His mind was as fully stored with anecdote and as radiant with mirth as that of his great competitor, Lincoln. Crittenden, of Kentucky, with whom I served on committee, had the same subtle quality. Many a time during the war, at the table of Governor Seward, have I listened to their mutual wanton wiles and infinite jests.

The recorded humor of these giants is, however, sparse. But there are others still more elevated in our past legislatures whose record amply proves my thesis.

If called upon to name our three great public men who shone most in public debate, Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, the triumvirate of the Senate, trip to the tongue. Were these men too serious for jest? Was their stately *aplomb* and unassuming pomp in the forum ever relieved by the fantasies of humor? To deny them this quality is to render their hold on public opinion a mystery, if not a mistake. Each of them had this quality, not in that eminent degree which overshadows the solid parts of the understanding, but ever ready to flash out when that weapon was the proper one for forensic success. It was my fortune to hear but one of this triumvirate, Webster, and then in his most solemn vein. But if he transmitted one tithe of the humor which belonged to his son Fletcher, the father had a richer treasury of this ringing currency than he had of some other more advantageous resources. Did he reserve his great fund of humor for his hours of ease and conviviality? How much soever of this interesting quality he possessed, he often used it in public. Mr. Curtis, in his preface to the life of Webster, says that his great intellectual endowments and conspicuous civil functions were united with a character of equally marked peculiarities. Among these peculiarities, to which Mr. Curtis does not give sufficient emphasis, was his sensibility to the humorous. Why do our biographers so depreciate that which we most desire to remember? "Peculiarity" is almost a definition of humor; and if Webster be most vividly and fondly remembered for any thing, it is for these peculiarities. Doubtless first among the loving traits of all great men is a quick appreciation of the absurd and angular phases of life. As my theme does not take me into private life, it will suffice if there be discovered in the public debater this element. Where do I find it? Go to the matchless masterpiece of modern eloquence, Webster's reply to Hayne. His biographer properly characterizes this memorable oration. He compares it, not unjustly, with that of Demosthenes on the crown. It was not only great as a protest against the "oppugnation" of South Carolina, and as an explanation of the Constitution, but both for plainness of speech and splendor of imagery it is unrivaled in the annals of oratory. It was spoken from notes, and not without forethought. Would that it had been fully reported! Did he disdain on this great occasion to harness his humorous faculty? Even the notes of this speech, to say nothing of the traditions of its delivery, indicate that he rallied his opponent wittily, turning the Banquo ghost allusion against him, and then made a grotesque and laughable picture of the militia of South Carolina marching upon the custom-house and overthrowing the United States! Mr. Curtis calls this only a lighter tone of illustration, running out the practical application of the South Carolina doctrine into the inconvenient consequences of treason. Whatever it was, it was effective, for it was fun in the traces of ratiocination.

But we have proofs in plenty of Webster's love of the humorous. When his ambition had been disappointed, and infirmity fell upon him at Marshfield in 1852, we catch now and then little gleams of sportiveness even in his last petulant talks. "I care," said he to his biographer, "no more about politics than the jackdaw that sits on the top of St. Paul's;" and then he repeated some of Cowper's lines on that interesting bird:

> "He sees that this great roundabout,
> The world, with all its motley rout,
> Church, army, physic, law,
> Its customs and its businesses,
> Is no concern at all of his,
> And says—what says he?—Caw!"

Almost in his dying moments, finding his nurse still up at his side, he exclaimed, "That *everlasting* Sarah is still there!"

Mr. Webster was in President Harrison's cabinet. Harrison never forgot his Plutarch. This his inaugural showed. It was full of classic allusions. A friend met Webster the day of the Message, and said,

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Webster? You seem agitated."

"Agitated, Sir! And who would not feel agitated that had committed a murder?"

"A murder, Mr. Webster?"

"Ay, Sir," said the godlike, "murder, with malice aforethought, of I know not how many Greeks and Romans!"

Upon the Sub-Treasury debate Mr. Web-

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ster had the advantage of Mr. Calhoun in every thing except condensed logic. Mr. Calhoun rarely indulged in the luxury of a laugh. While Webster's wit was bitterless, he used it unsparingly. It was tart and pungent. But who could complain of his friendly, refined ridicule? Once, when describing the abrupt transfer of Calhoun into another party, he referred to a sentimental German play: "Two strangers meet at an inn. One cries out, 'A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear eternal friendship.'" Well versed in the English classics, as he looked at his opponent he must have understood the full philosophy of Drayton's poetry:

> "Let your jests fly at large, yet therewithal
> See they be salt, but yet not mixed with gall,
> That they with tickling pleasure may provoke
> Laughter in him on whom the jest is broke."

It is said that Calhoun himself joined in the general laughter which tumbled on his head from gallery and Senate as Webster recited this mockery of sentimentality.

Mr. March, in his reminiscences of Congress, attributes much of the effect of Webster's oratory to his manner, and even to his dress. His dark hair, massive sombre brow, and dark and deep-set eye were aided by the blue coat, buff vest, and white neckerchief. He affected the Revolutionary colors.

There was now and then in his highest reaches of eloquence a good-natured irony, not nettling or satirical, which made his acting alternate between genteel well-dressed comedy and tragedy, which the biographer is as much at a loss to appreciate and explain as for his sublime flights he seems unable to find finite expression. Webster, in his Hayne encounter, is pictured now as a Moses emerging from the clouds of Sinai, now as a figure which only a Salvator Rosa should paint. His voice is the far-resounding sea; he is satanic, he is godlike. But it is no less true that Webster had the finer quality of wit and humor ingrained in his massive mind, and that the various elements were so combined in him as to make up our grandest orator and man.

Of Mr. Calhoun, little can be said of his public use of humor. He did not use it much as a means of debate. Only one instance do I recall, and that has rather the unpleasant bitterness of sarcasm. It was in reply to Mr. Clay, who had left his fame on various topics to posterity. Mr. Calhoun, in reference to the famous coalition known as that of the Puritan and blackleg, by which John Quincy Adams was elected President, said, "This the honorable Senator has not left to posterity. It is already decided!"

Mr. Clay, however, like the Kentuckian orators who have copied him, was blooded full with this essential attribute of oratory. He was at times as playful as a colt with his fancies, but he always had them under curb. In debating the executive patronage in 1835, when such men as Wright, Buchanan, and Marcy were his compeers, and in vindicating the character of public offices as trusts and not as spoils, he dropped now and then into pleasant interpellations. His mirth constantly restored and preserved the good temper of the Senate. Mr. Buchanan was an especial target for his stingless fun. The ex-President was somewhat cross-eyed, and had no more specific levity than a Conestoga team. Mr. Clay was referring to the Democratic leaders, at the same time looking at Silas Wright, between whom and himself sat Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan rose and said "he was sorry the Senator from Kentucky was so often disposed to pay his respects to him."

"But," said Mr. Clay, "I had no allusion to you when I spoke of the *leaders*, but to another Senator," pointing to Silas Wright.

MR. BUCHANAN. "The Senator looked at me when he spoke."

MR. CLAY. "No, Mr. President, I did not look at him." And then, holding up and crossing his two forefingers with the mischievous air of a Puck, and his eye all twinkling with fun, he said, "It was the way *he* looked at *me!*" The laugh went round heartily.

Once charging upon Mr. Calhoun for leaving some partisan alliance as to the Sub-Treasury question, Mr. Clay humorously said that he (Calhoun) took up his musket, knapsack, and shot pouch, and joined the other party; he went horse, foot, and dragoons, and he himself composed the whole corps! Again said Clay, "The Senator was once gayly mounted on his hobby [internal improvements]. We rode double, he before and I behind. But *he* quietly slipped off, leaving me to hold the bridle."

On another occasion Mr. Buchanan was defending himself against the charge of disloyalty during the war of 1812. To prove his loyalty he stated that he entered a company of volunteers at the time of the battle of North Point, and marched to Baltimore. "True," he said, "he was not in any engagement, as the British had retreated before he got there."

MR. CLAY. "You marched to Baltimore, though?"

MR. BUCHANAN. "Yes, Sir."

MR. CLAY. "Armed and equipped?"

MR. BUCHANAN. "Yes, armed and equipped."

MR. CLAY. "But the British had retreated when you arrived?"

MR. BUCHANAN. "Yes."

MR. CLAY. "Will you be good enough to inform us whether the British retreated in consequence of your valiantly marching to the relief of Baltimore, or whether you marched to the relief of Baltimore in con-

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sequence of the British having already retreated?"

This colloquy has fun unalloyed with baser metal.

In the South and Southwest there was a company of men who, like Henry Clay, impressed their character on the country from the beginning of the government. Starting in Georgia with James Jackson, Crawford, the Clarkes, Forsyth, Early, Troupe, Cobb, Upson, Campbell, Shorter, Colquitt, Lumpkin, Dooley, Clayton, Harris, Charlton, Talbot, Tatnall, Cuthbert, Gilmer, the Lamars, M'Intosh, Wayne, Telfair, Dawson, Berrien, Cumming, Wild, Toombs, Stephens, Holt, Hill, Campbell, and a host of other brilliant men, who were compeers of Macon, Loundes, Randolph, Barbour, M'Duffie, Clay, Lomax, Grundy, Preston, Otis, Tompkins, Doddridge, General Jackson, Van Buren, Adams, Webster, Benton, Allen, Wright, and others—these men gave tone and spirit to the first half of our centennial life. They led public sentiment by their mobile Anglo-Norman and pertinacious Scotch-Irish blood—by strength of will, purity of purpose, chivalric devotion to woman, love of adventure, attachment to politics, and their readiness in natural humor and eloquence. Impatient, impassioned, and impetuous, yet in and around all their experiences they reveled in a stupendous sense of humor. These heroes of debate and their descendants, many of whom appeared in the Confederacy in arms (and are re-appearing above the surface of Southern society since the war), form a class of men unique and droll, cultured and gentle, peculiar and grand. They remind us of the Bruces and Wallaces of another history. Nor was their sense of humor, so happily reproduced in Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes*, altogether restrained by the religious emotion, though this element was a large leaven through the bucolic and camp-meeting life of the South. Its pious impulses had been stirred by the fervid eloquence of Wesley and Whitefield, which Summerfield, Bascom, Maffit and others had reproduced with increased zealotry. But in spite of this tendency to the seriousness of existence, their political and legislative life illustrates the humorous abandon of their nature. But why do not more of their facetiæ appear in Congress? Was it because we had then no short-hand writers? Did the militia muster and the county court-house monopolize their humor? Has no one preserved it, and with its full flavor? Some traditions of it at least survive. Here is one instance. No more comical device appears in the narrative of the Irish duello than the attempt of Dooley of Georgia to incase his leg in a hollow gum-tree, so as to make him the equal of his wooden-legged antagonist. It is said of these men in the graphic pages of Sparks's *Fifty Years* that they always played "high game," never "low jack."

Take as a specimen the Congressman and preacher, Colquitt. "Ah!" said an elderly sister, "talk of your great men! None of 'em's equal to Brother Colquitt. Why, in our county he tried a man for his life, sentenced him to be hung, preached a sermon, mustered all the men in the county, married two couple, and held a prayer-meeting all in one day. Now, wa'n't that great?" Out of this stock came the rare men who made Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and the Southwest, with its Jacksons, Grundys, Polks, Poindexters, Houstons, and Bells. Out of the conflict of their ambitions came often as victors such Northern men as Robert J. Walker of Pennsylvania, Sergeant S. Prentiss of Maine, and others, who captured their hospitable constituents and overcame their hot competitors by sheer bravery of will and muscle, elegance of aim and manners, superb dashes of humor, and dazzling splendors of rhetoric.

There was a class of members of the last generation, of which Howell Cobb, Toombs, Stanley, Hunter, Peyton, and Wise are samples. A little later still, say 1838, were such brilliant and able men as Prentiss, Fillmore, Wise, Polk, Bell, Evans, Lincoln, Cushing, Hoffman, Legaré, Vinton, Dawson, and Sargeant, of the House. From this group we select Prentiss, although his splendid rhetorical efforts give no adequate idea of his humor. There is a dash of it here and there in his stump speeches. No man, South or North, ever left a reputation for purer eloquence. Pitted in his early day against Claiborne, of Mississippi, and against a candidate for Governor who alone of all the Democracy had the courage to meet him in public debate, he took captive the Southern mind. Not alone by his sublimated eloquence or ready wit did he capture it, but by his ready sympathy and honest bravery. We have often heard Judge Sharkey speak of his victories at the bar, and the volumes which record Congressional successes speak of the great ovation which the demi-gods of Senate and House paid him on his debate upon the contest for his seat. All were inthralled by his witchery. He became national at a bound. His simple letters to his New England home describing his trials and victories give no idea of his romantic life. They vainly endeavor to tell of the success of his elocution, and the temptations of his wild and glorious life. His paramount genius was oratory. His humor was the servant of this genius, not its lord. Once, when in joint discussion Governor M'Nutt deplored his habits, which were rendering his learning and eloquence useless, he retorted on the Governor with *riant* effect. He first described in classic style the utilities and inspirations of wine and whisky. Before

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making the *ad hominem* upon the Governor, he pictured the glug-glug-glug of the jug, as the politician tilts it and pours from its reluctant mouth the corn juice so loved of his soul. There is no music dearer to his ear, unless it be the same glug-glug-glug as it disappears down his capacious throat. Then turning to his opponent, his face all shining with fun, he said: "Now, fellow-citizens, during this ardent campaign, which has been so fatiguing, I have only been drunk once. Over in Simpson County I was compelled to sleep in the same bed with this distinguished nominee, this delight of his party, this wonderful exponent of the principles and practices of the unwashed Democracy, and in the morning I found myself drunk on corn whisky. I had lain too close to this soaked mass of Democracy, and I was drunk from absorption!"

Another galaxy of legislative brilliance, just preceding and during the war, was composed of men like Stephens of Georgia, Winter Davis of Maryland, Campbell of Ohio, Gilmer and Vance of North Carolina, Nelson and Etheridge of Tennessee, and Faulkner and Boteler of Virginia.

Of all these whom I have named it is difficult to say who were most eloquent; but for humor Wise wielded the most trenchant blade, Etheridge had the most original flow, and Vance had the greatest abundance of anecdote and good nature. But none of them came up to the repute of that veteran who was called the "sarcastic, crazy Randolph," unless it be Henry A. Wise, with his copious invective and abundant illustration. Mr. Wise had a peculiarity in his speech of leaping from the severest denunciation to the broadest humor. In his famous fight against the Know-Nothings he used this versatility with great effect. Once, in a philippic against the "Northern conscience," he exclaimed: "O gods! Northern conscience! Take a shark-skin and let it dry to shagreen; skin the rhinoceros; go then and get the silver-steel and grind it; and when you have ground it, take the hone and whet it till it would split a hair, and with it prick the shagreen or the rhinoceros-skin, and then go and try it on Northern conscience!" This looks artificial, but Mr. Wise was ever ready for the "occasion sudden," as his elaborate debates in Congress show. He comes nearer to the manner, wit, and style of Randolph than any other man in our legislative annals.

Much has been said unjustly of Randolph. It is not in the line of these articles to vindicate, only to analyze. But no one in any parliamentary body ever figured so quaintly, so honestly, so intellectually, and so tenderly as this incarnation of legislative wit. He is properly placed in an article like this at the climax of these rare Southern statesmen.

The following description of John Randolph's personal appearance we quote from Sparks's admirable *Memoirs:* "His person was as unique as his manner. He was tall and extremely slender. His habit was to wear an overcoat extending to the floor, with an upright standing collar, which concealed his entire person except his head, which seemed to be set by the ears upon the collar of his coat. In early morning it was his habit to ride on horseback. This ride was frequently extended to the hour of the meeting of Congress. When this was the case he always rode to the Capitol, surrendered his horse to his groom—the ever-faithful Juba, who always accompanied him in these rides—and, with his ornamental riding-whip in his hand, a small cloth or leathern cap perched upon the top of his head (which peeped out, wan and meagre, from between the openings of his coat collar), booted and gloved, he would walk to his seat in the House, then in session, lay down upon his desk his cap and whip, and then slowly remove his gloves. If the matter before the House interested him, and he desired to be heard, he would fix his large, round, lustrous black eyes upon the Speaker, and in a voice shrill and piercing as the cry of a peacock exclaim, 'Mr. Speaker!' then for a moment or two remain looking down upon his desk, as if to collect his thoughts; then lifting his eyes to the Speaker, he would commence. His style of speaking was peculiar; his wit was bitter and biting; his sarcasm more pungent and withering than had ever been heard on the floor of Congress; his figure was *outré;* his voice fine as the treble of a violin; his face wan, wrinkled, and without beard; his limbs long and unsightly, especially his arms and fingers; the skin seemed to grow to the attenuated bone, and the large, ill-formed joints were extremely ugly. But those fingers, and especially the right forefinger, gave point and *vim* to his wit and invective."

There is a story often told of how he rid himself and the House of a pestering antagonist. While debating the Missouri question, a member from Ohio became impatient with Randolph's tirade. In the long pauses made by Randolph, the member would rise to move the previous question, in order to cut off debate. The Speaker ruled these interruptions out of order. At the third effort, Randolph, looking up from his notes, said: "Mr. Speaker, in the Netherlands a man of small capacity, with bits of wood and leather, will in a few moments construct a toy that, with the pressure of the finger and thumb, will cry 'Cuckoo! cuckoo!' With less of ingenuity, and with inferior materials, the people of Ohio have made a toy that will, without much pressure, cry, 'Previous question, Mr. Speaker! previous question, Mr. Speaker!'" at the

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same time pointing at his victim with his skeleton finger. The House was convulsed.

Mr. Sargent, in his *Public Men and Events*, makes the victim of this humor a Mr. Cushman, of Maine. This is more likely.

Whoever was struck by the Roanoke statesman seldom survived. One man, however, was almost his match—Tristam Burgess, of Rhode Island. In 1845, when a student at Brown University, I called on this genius of elocution, and talked with him of his public services and memories. He was old then, and lived in Massachusetts. He had had a feud with the little State, and moved over the Pawtucket to show it his contempt. His eye shone with a youthful lustre. His pet name was "Eagle Eye." His aquiline nose was emblematic of his character.

When Burgess went to Congress it was soon understood that he would encounter that spook of a member, the piping, thin-legged Virginian. Mr. Burgess was an ex-professor of belles-lettres, and had the graces of oratory at command. He went into the tourney with little genial humor, but an infernal sarcasm. So keen and antithetic were his shafts that they have the appearance of study. What the custom of Mr. Burgess was I do not know; but others as witty have been accused of memorizing their wit.

Tom Moore intimates that Sheridan's witticisms were all made *à loisir*, and kept by him till the effective occasion. This is incredible; for in his last moments he joked, and joked his best. He once said that a joke in Lord Lauderdale's mouth was no laughing matter. So even in his last illness it was no laughing matter to Randolph; but even then he joked with his servants about having his hair cut—as a surgical operation! He could not have memorized his parliamentary pungency any more than Burgess.

The observation of the writer is that the best humor is that which springs out of the surroundings. No jest depending merely on memory strikes kindly, strikes home, or strikes hard. Besides, studied invective implies malice aforethought, and no malicious man was ever great either in wit or humor. Malice corrodes the steel of the polished poniard. It unfits it for its work. Hence it will be found that men of spirit like Burgess, Randolph, Clay, and others, before they closed their career, illustrated by many amenities either to friends or antagonists, to servants or family, that genuine goodness upon which true wit and humor alone depend.

In my talk with Mr. Burgess he spoke kindly of all his early competitors; and Randolph, when dying, was called on by his old antagonist, Clay. It was the grasped hand, the knightly honor, and the tender tear—these show the springs of sensibility, the secret of rhetorical power.

In his letters to his friend Francis S. Key Mr. Randolph showed that his heart was touched with gentlest and purest thoughts of another world. Toward the end of his legislative career, in a tariff debate with Louis M'Lane, of Delaware, he gave signs that it had genial culture. In spite of his own remark, that he would have gone to the distaff or the needle but for a spice of the devil in his nature, he was as gentle as a woman; and on this occasion he begged his opponent, Mr. M'Lane, in the kindest way to point out his (Randolph's) fallacies even by ridicule. "It is as fair a weapon," he said, "as any in the whole parliamentary armory." But he denounced the poisoned arrow and the scalping-knife, and in this debate he illustrated, by his reply, that he could, but would not, retort in kind. He rather praised the head and heart of M'Lane, who had praised Randolph's head at the expense of his heart. This delicacy of feeling was a part of the elemental life of the Roanoke wit. No one in the American Congress was fully his equal as a personal antagonist. He often made the infirmities of others a target. Nor does it detract from his wisdom as a statesman. The man who did so much for the Louisiana purchase, who foresaw our grand national future, who so detested and denounced the corruption which even then existed in land grabs from Erie to Mobile, who was ever rocking on the vicissitudes of our wildest politics, had a heart illumined by the warmest friendships, and the most faithful constituents and servants. While his mind was instinct with the finest humor, it was alive to the largest humanity, as his will of manumission shows. His spirit has not altogether departed from the Congressional body. At least we have two of his connections in the present Congress, Bland of Missouri and Tucker of Virginia.

Randolph is a sample of that class of public men who, having no special avocation, gave to their country and their neighbors the benefit of a large roundabout sense. Are not such men rare? Are they not the best of our statesmen?

The present House of Commons, like our House of Congress since the war, likes good solid sense, but it takes it best when seasoned. Condiments with meats suit better than the Philippian order of elocution. We agree that men in all legislative bodies are listened to on their specialties—Laird on shipping, Lennox as an *arbiter elegantiarum* in art, and so on. No one challenges their ability or information in their peculiar spheres. But all qualities combine to equip a Sir Robert Peel for command, as all qualities combine to make a Randolph, a Webster, or a Clay. To make a good Speaker,

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like Banks, or an influential Senator, like Schurz, something more than business qualities is necessary.

We take issue at once with the assertion, so common in England, and becoming so general here, that the practical talent for business is that required for legislation. The mere business men in Congress are not the most successful as legislators. They seldom give their attention to general thoughts. Even a great lawyer or scientist, a manufacturer of paper or the editor of a journal—notably such men have seldom impressed themselves directly on debates and legislation.

It is complained that the greatest men in America are ostracized from public life, and that our second-rate men fill third-rate places. The complaint *is* untrue. Horace Mann on a school board was great; in Congress he was as much a babe in the woods as Horace Greeley off his tripod. Vanderbilt or Beecher would be lost in Congress. All *ex parte* men, preachers especially, are unfitted for the forum of open debate. It is the full rounded development of all the faculties, including that of humor, which is the secret spring to political success and the test of our greatest men.

Had Horace Mann, Horace Greeley, and Henry J. Raymond used half the fun-power which they possessed, as General Schenck, General Nye, or John P. Hale did theirs, their legislative career would not be overshadowed by their renown in other spheres. Francis Jeffrey was a great reviewer, Macaulay a great historian, and Bulwer a splendid genius, but their parliamentary fame is as dust in the balance against their literary glories. It is not mere abstract knowledge of human society or of political economy that makes Senatorial fame. Pistol hit the mark on Falstaff. The latter was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Said the fat knight, arguing for his budget,

"My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about."

"Two yards or more," shrieked Pistol.

"No quips now, Pistol. I am about thrift."

But he shook his sides with Pistol on the fun, and went to work on the budget—or the highway. This was statesmanship.

General Schenck, after two months' debate in 1870–71, when his tariff bill had been torn to shreds by close contests, item by item, turned his missiles of sarcasm upon all his contestants. He passed his own bill as a substitute, and received all the credit for the reform. How did he make the turn?

"My bill, Mr. Speaker, has been nibbled to death by pismires and kicked to death by grasshoppers."

In the next paper I shall consider the collective humor of legislatures, as distinguished from the individual humor of members.

BERTHA'S EXPERIMENT.

BERTHA MACALISTER sat by the window, looking out into the garden. She had laid down the long white seam in her lap, and was watching the vagrant butterflies outside, and the humming-bird glancing here and there and making love to the flowers. She had lived many years in this great old house, and had passed many a summer afternoon looking into the old-fashioned garden where the roses were, and the blue-eyed larkspurs and the heavy-scented syringas. Bertha was twenty-eight, and she had never been in love. Now she had reached that age at which old school-mates, happily married long ago, had begun to tell her how young she looked. That is always the first sign of coming age; so it goes to a woman's heart with a queer little pang when kind-hearted friends begin to say, "Why, time stands still with you, my dear. You haven't grown old at all."

It was very curious, when you think of it, that Bertha had never loved. She had had two or three offers soon after she left school, but none of the suitors had touched her heart, and so she had sent them away, and then for five or six years past no lovers had knocked at her door. But now, at last, one had come, and she was thinking of him as she sat and watched the sun-suffused vagrants of the summer outside the window. She lived in the house of her older brother, for they were orphans, he and she, and had always clung to each other. His wife was a not unkindly woman, but she did not understand Bertha, and sometimes the girl realized, with a sort of pathetic self-pity, how weary are the feet that climb the stairs of others.

Now, as she sat by the window, her brother's wife—this good, practical, but unsympathetic Maria—was talking with an aunt who was there on a visit. Miss MacAlister had paid scant heed to the drift of their drowsy discourse, but suddenly a sentence caught her attention. Maria was saying,

"I think she married him just for a home."

Aunt Sarah's voice took on a certain touch almost of solemnity as she answered, "Marrying for a home is always a dangerous experiment, and almost always a fatal one."

At this sentence Bertha MacAlister turned round quickly. They had touched the very subject about which she had been thinking so intently—a subject concerning which she would have asked her mother's counsel, had she had a mother, but, having none, was trying to think out for herself. She joined in the conversation almost eagerly: "So you think marrying for a home is always wrong, Aunt Sarah?"

"I did not say that, child: I think it is always dangerous. And yet I can easily

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imagine circumstances under which a middle-aged woman might see that she could make her life a fountain of blessing by marrying for a home, and then dispensing from that home a generous hospitality, making it a centre of warmth and good cheer and brightness. And it seems to me that a man who would help her to do and be all this she would in time learn to love."

"You said a middle-aged woman, Aunt Sarah: so you don't think a girl could do this thing?"

"There'd be something unnatural in her doing it, it seems to me. Cool calculation hardly belongs to the period of youth; and of course no honest woman would marry for such motives without making them very clear to the man she married."

Bertha went back into her stronghold of silence, and thought steadily. Last night George Archibald had asked her to be his wife, and to-night he was coming for his answer. What answer should she give him? Certainly she did not love him. She had an ideal of her own as to what love was—a very exalted ideal. She had learned her lesson from the poets and romancers, no doubt; but she had her own thoughts too. Surely, if she loved a man, it must be that she would prefer him to all the world—she would rather have him, poor, than any other man, rich, and she would be quite willing to toil and struggle for him. She was sure that she felt none of this for George Archibald. Her brother Harry was infinitely dearer to her. If Archibald were poor, she knew, or thought she knew, that she would not care for him at all. She was pitilessly honest with herself. She put all the facts of the case before herself very plainly.

Her sister-in-law, Maria, was a good person, but tiresome. She would certainly like to get away from Maria. She was conscious of a love for authority; she would like to be lady paramount in her own home. When it came to George Archibald, she respected him, certainly; but she respected twenty other men as much. He was a man of no mean attainments, and he was rich. He was ten years older than herself, and rather fine-looking than otherwise, but not a girl's hero by any means. She had been in his home often when his mother—who had now been dead a year—had shared it with him. She knew how comfortable and well appointed it was. What should hinder her from being its mistress? What, indeed, but the single fact that she did not love George Archibald, and that, without the home, she would never think of being his wife? The whole thing puzzled her. She thought and thought until the long June afternoon wore away. Tea was over at last, and it was almost time for Mr. Archibald to come. Bertha went up stairs and put some last touches to her toilet. She had plenty of that dainty but innocent vanity without which a woman forgets how to charm. She was no beauty, but she had a good figure, a clear, fine skin, rather pale than otherwise, and dark blue-gray eyes, shaded by lashes a shade darker than her dark brown hair. She was dressed in white, as suited the June day. She fastened a crimson rose in her hair, and a knot of them upon her breast. Then she waited until she heard the bell ring, and went down tranquilly.

Mr. Archibald persuaded her out into the old garden, and there he asked her over again his question of the night before.

"I have thought all day," she said, "and at the end I am no nearer knowing what I ought to do. Now you must decide for me. If I loved you, that would make it very simple."

She was too much absorbed in what she was saying—in her honest desire to set the truth and the whole truth faithfully before him—to notice his sudden gesture and the look of pain that came over his face as she said those words. He did not speak till his voice was thoroughly under his control, and then he said, with just an accent of inquiry,

"So you do not love me at all?"

"I do not think I do. If I loved you, it would mean, wouldn't it, that I preferred poverty with you to prosperity with any one else—that I would like to share your lot, whatever it might be? I've asked myself if I felt like that, and I don't. If I married you, I know part of the reason would be that I might have a home of my own, that I might be mistress instead of a sister-in-law—borne with very kindly, but borne with all the same; and love must surely be quite a different matter from this mood of calm reason."

"Love must be madness, you think. At least, tell me, do you love any one else better than me?"

The clear, honest eyes met his fearlessly.

"No," she said, "I love no one else at all, and I never have. It is queer, isn't it? for I have wanted to love all my life. Doesn't Emerson say that we shall have whatever we want, if we wait patiently—that if we sat on a rock in the midst of the sea, it would come floating by us at length? But love has never floated my way, and I think it never will now: I am twenty-eight, you know."

Archibald was silent. It seemed that she was putting her fate into his hands. Should he take her or leave her? The truth was that he loved her desperately, as a man does love sometimes in the Indian summer of his life. But he had no heart now to tell her so. How could he intrude his ardors upon this woman, meeting him, as she said herself, in a mood of calm reason, and lifting to his face her honest eyes full of anxiety to

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do the thing that would be best for herself and for him? His first thought was that he would not take a stone for bread; he would leave her, then and there, forever. But, as I said, he loved her, and this great love constrained him. Surely she too would feel it at last, and her coldness would melt in its warmth. But he must not shock her with these wild hopes and longings of his now. He answered her as quietly as she herself had spoken; he almost jested with her.

"So, if you took me, it would be a choice of evils, a preference of George to Maria?"

His tone set her at her ease, and she laughed merrily.

"Not quite so bad as that: I do like you, and we must both have outgrown the days of romance. Don't you think so?"

He did not answer, and she went on:

"It's all for you to say. I'm not afraid, really, but *I* should be happy enough, and if you want me, knowing just how I feel, I could be a good wife to you, I think; but if you want something that I can't give, why, I shall never blame you for saying so, and going away."

"Yes, I want something that you can not give," he said, hoarsely; "but the trouble is that no one else can give it either. I have no choice, Bertha. If you are willing to be my wife, you shall be."

She wondered that he did not kiss her—she had always thought that was the next thing after such an understanding as theirs—and she wondered, too, that he went away so soon. But she settled it in her own mind that his feeling was as cool as was hers, that he was done with romance, and had simply thought of her as a suitable and sensible person to be the mistress of his home, now that his mother had gone out of it. Well, please Heaven, she would make him a good wife, and make that home happy. And she, surely, was near enough to middle age to be happy herself and at rest in the life that awaited her. This should not be one of Aunt Sarah's dangerous experiments.

That night she told her brother of her engagement. Perhaps there had been something wanting in his life, despite all Maria's qualities of good housekeeper and careful manager. He loved Bertha dearly; and there came some wayward tears into her eyes as he took her hands in his and said,

"Archibald's a good fellow, sis; but be sure you love him before you marry him. *You* have no need to marry for a home, you know, for all I have is as much yours as mine."

And Bertha kissed him—her handsome Harry, whom she had been so proud of all her life—and wondered secretly what he had found in Maria Sage to make him sure he loved her and wanted to pass all the days of his life with her. But the next morning Maria showed her most genial side. Of course she had heard the news from her husband overnight, and she could well afford to be her best and most generous self to the sister-in-law who was so soon to be her rich neighbor, and quite independent of her good offices.

Mr. Archibald came over and talked with Mr. MacAlister. The wedding-day was fixed for the 1st of September. But there was a curious constraint between the bridegroom and his promised bride. They seemed to get on best in the presence of others. None of those shy, delicious confidences, for which most betrothed lovers find the hours they can snatch from the rest of the world all too short, seemed to be exchanged between them. They talked over all their plans very openly. Such and such rooms were to be refurnished; this servant to be retained, that one sent away. Mrs. Archibald should have a pony-carriage, and she must choose between black horses and gray. Suitable gifts came to her. A diamond solitaire, white and bright as a drop of dew, sparkled on her finger. All Mr. Archibald's kith and kin sent presents—solid, substantial, respectable presents that would all be useful.

Bertha really enjoyed the excitement of her shopping, the pleasant little bustle of preparation. She was too busy and too satisfied really to miss any thing; but sometimes she wondered a little that her betrothed so seldom sought to be alone with her, and that he never said a single word of love to her. It was his quiet, middle-aged way, she supposed, and very sensible, certainly; but wasn't it just a trifle unlike other people? Her brother noticed it, with an almost angry surprise. In his eyes Bertha was fairest and dearest always; and he had no mind that any man should receive the gift of her unthankfully. Only a week before the wedding he called her to him, and smoothing her pretty soft hair, in a tender fashion he had, he said,

"Bertha, are you sure you are marrying for love? Somehow the way things go on doesn't half satisfy me. What should you want that fellow for if you don't love him?"

"And what should he want me for if he doesn't love me?" Bertha answered, lightly. "Take it for granted, Harry, that we both know what we are about."

And so the wedding-day came; and Bertha wore bridal white, and behaved exceptionally well. She did not shed a single tear; but Maria, who thought that without tears a wedding would be sadly incomplete, wept profusely, though she had seldom been more delighted in her life. The wedding breakfast was perfection; the wedding journey was a pleasure, since both Archibald and his bride were good travelers; and on the 1st of October Mistress Bertha Archibald entered into her kingdom, and commenced her

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kindly but despotic rule over a home of her own.

Aunt Sarah had said something about making a home the centre of kindly hospitalities. She would do just that. So she invited one old friend after another to stay with her. She gave charming little dinners and pleasant evenings, and proved herself an almost perfect hostess. Mr. Archibald seconded all her invitations; was courtesy itself to all her friends; but after a while a curiously tired look began to grow into his face. As time went on Bertha more and more filled the house with people and the hours with entertainment. She missed something, perhaps, out of her life—something she had never had, but which she had expected without knowing it. She never acknowledged any lack, however, even in the sessions of her silent thought. They were such a sensible couple, she used to say, she and Mr. Archibald, just as if they had been married for years. No doubt it was because neither of them was young; and then she remembered how sweet youth was, with its dreams and its follies, and she was half sorry that she had not known George Archibald in the old time, when, no doubt, she *should* have loved him.

Did he love her? It was not till several months had passed that she began to ask this question of herself. At first she had not particularly cared; but a vague wonder, born half of sadness, stole into her heart after a while. It seemed to her that she was losing something that other women had; and she grew almost vexed with her lot, though her home was the perfect home she had planned it, and she was more absolutely mistress of it than women often are.

As for Archibald, he felt somehow as if he were turning to stone. He had loved her so much in the beginning that he had feared to shock her with a feeling that she could not return; and now coldness and self-control seemed to have become second nature to him, and he never dreamed any more of departing from them. Moreover, he was a very proud man, and this alone would have withheld him from showing a fondness which might possibly be unwelcome. If ever now he were to be her lover as well as her husband, it must be of her seeking.

The first summer of their married life came, and, oddly enough, Bertha missed the old home, even with Maria in it. She longed to sit again at the east window and look into the old garden where the roses were, and the blue-eyed larkspurs and the heavy-scented syringas, and dream her old dreams again—a free woman in a free world. She was beginning to learn the lesson that only one thing can make fetters better than freedom, and that thing is love.

One day Archibald came in with the air of one who was about to confer a pleasure. "Bertha!" he called from the foot of the stairs, and Bertha came down to him. She had put on a white dress, and some of the old crimson roses, which she had brought back from a call on Maria that morning, were in her hair and on her bosom. She looked to him just like the woman he had wooed last year. In just this guise had she come down to him then in the soft June twilight, and he had hurried her out into the garden with beating heart, never guessing that he was to hear there no tender confession of love, but a puzzled woman's conundrum as to whether she were justified in marrying without it. For one moment his heart beat with the old sweet tumult. He was on the point of going up to her and taking her in his arms, but he remembered the words of that other June night, the words that awoke him then from his lover's dream, with too keen a bitterness. He spoke to her very quietly.

"My cousins, the Merediths, are going to Newport. They have taken a house there for three months to come, and they have invited you to go with them. I think it will be an excellent opportunity for you, and you were wishing for a breath of sea-air the other day."

"Oh yes," Bertha cried, delightedly, "it will be charming. And you—you will come too?"

The look of care, the weary look that had been settling on his face for months past, seemed to deepen under her question; but he answered, quietly,

"I will come when I can. Business is unusually engrossing this summer, and I can not get away often."

So Bertha went off with the Merediths, and Mr. Archibald remained behind in the pleasant home a few miles from New York. He grew more and more busy, and many nights he did not go out from the city at all, but staid late at his desk, and then snatched a few hours of sleep at some down-town hotel. It was the summer of 1873, and there were portents in the sky. Archibald had been a careful and honorable business man always, but these were times when no single man's carefulness or honor availed much to stem the great black wave of ruin that was rising steadily.

Once or twice he went to Newport, and Bertha and he watched each other with a curious interest. Seeing him in the midst of other people, she began to admire him as she had never done before. He was altogether a man, and she grew proud of him, with a shy, half tender pride that had a new sweetness and a new trouble in it. But he told her none of his anxieties. She should keep the ease and prosperity for which she had married him as long as he could give them to her, he thought, bitterly. It was for women who *loved* their husbands to help

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bear their burdens. The first week in September he ran down hurriedly. There was a longing in his heart to see her just once more at her best, in the midst of all the good things with which he had surrounded her. What might chance before the next time they met, who knew? She seemed to him to have grown young, almost like a girl, he thought. She drove him up and down the beaches and along the avenue in her pretty little wagonette, and the groom in the rumble thought "'Ere for once was 'appiness in 'igh life."

After that visit Mr. Archibald did not write. The great black wave was sweeping down on him fast, fast. He was struggling gallantly, but the tide was strong. One night a strange unrest took possession of Bertha. She wondered what had kept him silent. She had sent her weekly letter, full of pretty little sentences, carefully written, as one writes who is anxious to please, but no word had come. The sea seemed sadder than usual. It broke upon the beach with a long lament. Through the pale fog the light-house lamps shone weirdly and fitfully. It seemed to Bertha that there was trouble in the air, and she trembled for him, her husband. She had begun lately to think of him so differently from what she used. She went to bed, but all night long she heard the waves complain, and her heart kept time to the trouble that was on the sea.

The next morning she went down attired for traveling. Mrs. Meredith deprecated so sudden a departure, and every body was politely anxious that she should remain. But no; she was going home. There was a little choking in her throat as she said the words. She had only now begun to realize how dear home was to her.

All day she traveled, and it was after dark when she entered her own house. She asked for Mr. Archibald, and was told that he had not been home for three days. Something must be wrong, she was sure. She went into his study; it was dusty and desolate. Her last letter lay unopened upon his desk. She had a little fire made in the grate, and she herself dusted the books and writing materials. If he came home, he should find a more cheerful place than this had been. She ate a little supper, and then she went up stairs to rest, charging the servants, if Mr. Archibald came, to say nothing of her presence in the house.

She threw herself down upon her bed, and began to think. What was this that she felt for George Archibald? Was not this love at last, sweet though late? Now, indeed, she knew that he was more to her than all the world besides, that she would rather have him, poor, than any one else, rich —rather share his sorrows, whatever they might be, than rejoice with another.

"My husband!" she whispered over and over to herself; and then she added, half afraid of the too sweet words, "My love! my love!"

Thinking of him, she fell asleep at last, and slept for a while very soundly. Meantime the evening wore late, and the servants shut up the house and went to bed. It was almost midnight when George Archibald let himself in with his latch-key, and went into his study. He did not notice the fire or the neatness, though perhaps a vague sense of comfort may have penetrated to his benumbed senses. He took up Bertha's letter, which lay there still, and then laid it down again, shaking as one who looks on death.

"Poor girl!" he said. "It was this *home* she loved and married, not me; and now all is lost, and I can never make it up to her again—never."

And then he bowed his head on his folded arms, and the great black wave of ruin, which had reached him at last, surged over him.

It was just then that something awoke Bertha from her deep sleep. She was superstitious—as at heart most women are—and it seemed to her that something stood beside her in the darkness and whispered to her to come.

Noiselessly she descended the stairs and entered the study. She saw the figure there, with the head bent in that awful, passionate stillness of grief. At first she trembled, and thought she could not intrude upon that terrible stillness—she who had been his housemate, but never his other self. Then the something that had led her down there seemed to lead her on. It was an influence outside herself, she always felt. A courage came to her, born of her love, his need—who knew what? She went up to him, and put her hand on his prostrate head.

"Mr. Archibald!" she said, and then, a moment after, "George! my husband!"

He started to his feet, and saw her there before him in her white dressing-gown, with her long soft hair falling, a dusky veil, about her shoulders. He thought he had never known before that she was so beautiful, and the sight gave him a keen and sudden pain. He took her hands and made her sit down.

"You here, Bertha?" he said, and his voice was hoarse with the effort he made to keep it steady. "I thought you were in Newport. How came you here just now?"

"I had a strange, restless night last night," she answered, humbly—for it seemed to her that he was blaming her—"and I could not stay away any longer. I felt that something was the matter at home."

"Ah, it is well you came, perhaps. You must have known the worst soon; and

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there may be arrangements you will wish to make before this house is closed."

"Closed! George, are you going away? Is it all a failure, our experiment?" she cried, with a curious glitter in her eyes, and a flush which burned like fever on her cheek.

"Yes, it's all a failure," he answered, hardly knowing how sharply he spoke in his bitter pain. "*I* have failed. You do not know, I suppose, for you are a woman, that New York has been shaken for the last three days with panic. It has rocked like a ship in a gale of wind. Scores have gone down to ruin. *I* am ruined too. I do not care for myself; but how shall I make it up to you? You married me for this home, these things around you, and now they are all swept away. I have nothing with which to console you. What shall I give you in exchange for these things for which you gave yourself?"

Bertha sank down at his feet, and laid her humble head upon his knee.

"You can not give me any thing," she said, "unless you love me. If only you loved me, I should not mind, for I have learned what love means now."

He caught her wrists, and held them so hard that he hurt her.

"Be careful, Bertha Archibald," he said, "that you mean what you say. There are some deceits no man could bear. Do you mean that you love me—*love* me?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember that June night when you said to me—ah, how fair and cold in the white moonlight you looked when you said it!—that *if* you loved me it would mean that you preferred poverty with me to prosperity with any one else; that you would like to share my life, whatever it might be? You said you did *not* feel for me like that then: do you mean that you feel so now?"

"Yes, yes, yes," she whispered; and he smothered the last "yes" on her lips with such a kiss as he had never given her in his life before.

"Bertha," he said, when he raised his head, "I am a ruined man."

"No man is ruined," she answered, "who has honor and honesty and good repute and strong hands and—love."

"This home must be given up."

"I should hate it if we kept it. It would forever reproach me with the thought that for it I married you; though indeed, George, I do not think I quite knew myself, even then. I can go back and stay with Harry and Maria till you establish yourself again."

"Not if I know it, Mrs. Archibald. You have just said that you would like to share my life, whatever it might be; and that is what I propose that you shall do. We can pay every thing if we give up this house, and have a small surplus left. And then together we will begin again. Do you think I fear any thing now, when for the first time I have truly won my wife?"

Early in November the Archibalds were settled in their new home—a little apartment of three rooms, made pretty with the prettiest adornments of their old residence. Here a bird sang in the window, above a fernery, which no doubt he thought would prove to be the land of his nativity, if only he could get down to its bright verdure. Here pictures hung upon the walls, and books filled the many book-cases, and dainty china attested the dainty tastes of Mistress Bertha. Here she gave her husband his morning eggs and coffee, which her own hands prepared. Here she read, or sewed, or dreamed like a happy girl the day through, and then waited, eager with welcome, for him to come home at night and take her out to dine. And what gay, bright little dinners they had, trying different restaurants, and going to one place when they felt rich, and another when they felt poor! They were like two happy children together.

Perhaps the love which lightened Archibald's toils made hard tasks easy for him; and then energy and probity have always their own market value. At any rate, he succeeded beyond his best expectations, and a few weeks ago he told Bertha he could make a home again for her now, not one so elegant as of old, but a cheery and pleasant abode, where again she could be hospitable hostess and kindly mistress. But Bertha clings to the little apartment, where for a year and a half they have been so happy. Does she think that to enter society again would be to lose her new-found paradise? I do not know; but she insists on waiting till they begin to grow really old before they enervate themselves with luxury. I think the truth is that she is happy enough to dread any change.

Happy enough to be mischievous she certainly is; for when Maria was calling on her the other day, and chanced to say—for the Marias of this world have, year in and year out, some fresh gossip that repeats the old, as the seasons repeat themselves on successive years—"Jane Nasmyth is certainly going to marry for a home; isn't it dreadful?" Bertha answered, roguishly, "Why, you can hardly expect *me* to blame her; you know I did the same thing myself."

SO WAGS THE WORLD.

Memory can not linger long;
Joy must die the death;
Hope's like a little silver song
Fading in a breath.
So wags the weary world away
Forever and a day.

But Love, that sweetest madness,
Leaps and grows in toil and sadness,
Makes unseeing eyes to see,
And heapeth wealth in penury.
So wags the good old world away
Forever and a day.

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GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER VII.

DISCOVERY.

MEANWHILE Garth was preparing for his college examination, still under the tuition of his father. He generally mastered his tasks, but at the expense of a good deal of unnecessary labor. Nothing would fix itself in his head by rote; he could not profit by the assistance of rules and formulas unless he had deduced them for himself. He seemed better at classics than mathematics, but there was not much to be said for him on either score. He would sigh and stretch over his books, and twist his hair into a matted tangle, and anon apply himself afresh with stern immitigable brow; but a sudden burst of sunshine, or a bird song, or a humming-bird probing the tiger-lilies before the window, would sorely try his resolution.

Nevertheless, it was rather the method of books than their intrinsic contents that gave him trouble. His mind did not lack capacity, but it would not flow in the mould of other men's. His free, childish habits, and a way his father had of getting him to answer his own questions, and of seldom settling his boyish paradoxes *ex cathedrâ*, had tended to give him independence, but at the same time hindered facility. He would climb the tree of knowledge as he had climbed the chestnut; but ladders only annoyed him.

He had plenty to do, yet managed to keep the evening and earliest morning to his own uses. The former hours he devoted to society, comprehending in that term his parents, his grandpapa, and Madge. The relations between his father and himself had entered upon a new phase of late. Lapse of childhood had put a natural end to spontaneous childish confidences, and for a time there had been little intimate communion between the two; the boy, sensible of inward changes whose nature and purport he knew not, had spun himself an instinctive cocoon of reserve, and the elder had religiously respected it. But now, perceiving that, with allowance for certain modifications and developments, he would probably remain essentially the same fellow, Garth began to yearn for a wiser intimacy. Perhaps, in view of the great and sudden increase in his perceptions and requirements, he partly doubted whether his father could still serve his turn. Persons at his time of life are apt to suppose that their besetting problems would puzzle any body. Nevertheless, his senior still contrived at least intelligently to discuss these things with his son; and then the latter would secretly wonder at the possible height and depth of human experience!

Madge often accompanied the old minister to Urmhurst, and made herself charming there. Her invalid mother was now almost confined to the house, and could hardly be expected to afford much resource to a young girl so full of life and mirthfulness. Her father, a clever man of an inventive turn of mind, who had sunk a good part of his own ready money and some of his friends' in the attempt to make his inventions work, had gradually yielded to a taste for Bourbon whisky; and though he was fortunately good-natured in his drunkenness, his company at such times must needs be undesirable for a fresh and inexperienced maiden like his daughter. She had ere this graduated with distinction at the village school; but many of the village people were unreasonably prejudiced against her, and had it not been for the affectionate countenance of the Urmsons and Mr. Graeme, the girl would have had a dull time of it. Her household duties did not occupy her long, the brunt of the work being done by a char-woman, and the rest of the day she was left to her own devices.

"Most girls," the minister would rumble out—"most girls, in her shoes, would mope or get into some silly mischief or other. But look how cheerful she is! And as to mischief!—ay, there's gossips in town; no doubt about that; and if they were in their pews as regularly as she is, I guess they'd learn the error of their ways."

"She is of a happy temperament, indeed," Mr. Urmson would reply. "There are girls, moreover, disinclined both to moping and mischief, who would have dismissed the char-woman as an unnecessary expense, and done all the dirty work of cooking and cleaning themselves, thus coarsening their hands and perceptions, and exposing their tempers to the constant wear and tear of an ailing mother and an intemperate father. Miss Margaret has too much self-respect and good sense for that."

"Well, one could hardly blame a girl for doing house-work either. But," the patriarch would continue, scratching his white head, "some folks, son-in-law, seem made on purpose to—well, just to make other folks happy by looking so pretty and happy themselves. Now common drudgery would take

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all that out of them. They can do more good, I say, by letting work alone."

"You are a younger man than I am," would be Cuthbert's rejoinder. "I wish I had been born pretty and happy; I would have beatified mankind."

Seriously, however, Cuthbert was perhaps as much captivated by Madge's bewitchments as old Mr. Graeme. His habit of irony was simply intellectual—often, no doubt, mechanical. His heart must not seldom have protested against the saturnine inferences of his brain.

Besides, the Danvers were not too poor to afford a servant. Of late years one of Mr. Danver's old half-forgotten patents had apparently got new life; from time to time an opportune little sum of money would come in—a fact of which Cuthbert could not have been ignorant, since the investments and returns of the Danver "estate," as it must in courtesy be termed, had for some time past been intrusted to his management. This gravely humorous, pleasant-voiced, gray-eyed Mr. Urmson, who was a puzzle to many, and whose half-satirical urbanity had gained him the ill opinion of some, was generally credited with an excellent talent for finance. How he acquired this reputation might be a question; but he was believed to have profited by it in his own case. Without precisely defining the amount either of his capital or income, popular judgment pronounced him exceedingly wealthy, and brought forward plausible premises and inferences in support of its opinion.

Furthermore, on the ground that the household expenditure at Urmhurst was undisguisedly very small, his more hostile critics esteemed its owner little better than miserly. Why had he not sent his son to school? why got along with the least possible number of servants? why even encouraged poor Garth to do the work of a cook and house-maid for nearly a year? why did he keep his wife continually knitting and darning? He might have lived in luxury, had he so chosen, given his boy the most expensive masters, taken his wife to Paris. Heaven knew what he meant to do with his money at last; but he must have laid up immense sums. In common parlance, too, he was ever on the make—managed his farm shrewdly, and was believed to amass a great deal of money by writing for reviews and other periodicals. Why didn't he build a new school-house, or endow a library, or do some such public-spirited thing? Public-spirited he was not, not even to the extent of going to meeting. It did not look well, especially since the minister was his own father-in-law. Mr. Urmson might be very learned and clever, and nobody denied that he was as honorable as he was clear-sighted; but he had no call to put himself above religion. Nevertheless, one might do worse than advise with him on business matters. As to the Danvers, it was acutely observed that Mr. Urmson, in view of the ties which seemed likely to be established between that family and his own, had taken up the matter of poor Adolphe's patents. Very likely a fortune could be made out of them, and if so, not Adolphe alone would reap the benefit.

Let us return to Garth, whose morning hours were usually spent in solitude, partly, no doubt, because few people were up early enough to keep him company. Be that as it may, he looked upon the day as lost in which he overslept himself. How he was occupied at these times, or whether he did any thing besides enjoy the luxury of doing nothing, nobody could tell. When the sun shone, he generally took his pleasure out-of-doors; but on inclement mornings he was wont to vanish into the garret. This region, though having an area equal to that of the house, was partitioned off into two or three compartments. In one of these Nikomis had her abode, and Garth had made himself a den on the opposite side, under the northeast corner of the roof. He kept it as strictly private as did Nikomis hers; not even Madge could get its secret out of him. He would enter it by stealth, locking the door, and emerge flushed with an emotion apparently half-way between shame and exaltation, and for a while would shun speech and sight of any one.

What was he about there? Madge's devices to fathom the mystery, though discovering no small ingenuity in herself, were otherwise fruitless. Being a mystery, she conceived it must be something wrong: good things never lacked notoriety. But although the conviction that Garth was practicing some hidden wickedness invested him with a romantic interest in her eyes, she could not, from what was manifest of his character, make even a plausible guess at the nature of his unlawful work. She sounded Mr. and Mrs. Urmson on the subject, but it was evident that they took it too lightly. Mr. Urmson said it was a suspicious case, but that his own authority did not extend above the first floor. Mrs. Urmson listened to the little Frenchwoman's piquant speculations for a long time in placid irresponsiveness, and finally observed that it would be too cold for him there in winter.

There can be little doubt that had the secret been worth finding out, it would not have remained a secret long; for Garth's nature was by no means prone to concealments. Probably he was cultivating some fond weakness or other, which, though he might deem it unworthy of him, had so insinuated its foolish roots into his affection that he could hardly pull it out. This kind of mystery is self-hiding, and can be induced

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to reveal itself only by persuading it that it hides not weakness, but power. A more subtle person than Garth would have veiled even the fact that he had any thing to veil; but he was frank in the midst of his reticence. So long as he did his honest, distasteful work every day, he may have thought a few hours' indulgence in something less solid not unfairly earned. Such conceptions of duty betray a temper somewhat less than practical, yet which a diet of years generally modifies or corrects. Perhaps Garth had prophetic inklings of some such consummation. As the summer passed, and his last ante-collegiate winter set in, his solitary hours seemed to enhance in value; and he would watch the orange sunrise and the pink sunset with a pensive air, as though there were to be no such things in college. All his childish love of the beautiful forms and colors of the world blossomed in him now with a kind of forlorn ardor; and he appeared to take much to heart his grandfather's sage dictum, that boys never learned any thing by doing what they liked.

"I like to look at your face," he said to Madge on one occasion; "and that teaches me things worth learning."

"It does not teach you how to pay compliments gracefully," retorted she, looking not displeased, however. "But tell me what you do learn from it, Mr. Garth?"

"Oh," said he, vaguely, and drove his heel into the huge log that glowed on the broad hearth. It was his habit to answer searching questions with that monosyllable, and experience had taught his brisk-witted little mistress the futility of trying to force fuller explanations.

"It will not be able to teach you much longer: you must learn all before you go to college," she resumed, unwilling, perchance, to let so pretty a subject drop.

Garth sighed, and musingly clutched his hair.

"Perhaps I might have my picture painted for you," suggested she, presently.

"No, no," he returned, with energy, and coloring; and after a moment added, in a lower tone, "Who could paint you? God made you: what man could imitate your beauty?"

"Well, you are in a mood of compliments to-day, Sir!" exclaimed Madge, fairly blushing herself from pleasure.

"It is no compliment to say that God made you, Madge," said Garth, rather gravely. "But I'm afraid painting is—irreverent!"

"Good heavens! you strange boy! Why, Roman Catholics have pictures of the Virgin Mary and Jesus and angels; my papa says so; and I would like to have my picture made a hundred times. Would not you paint it for me if you knew how?"

Garth kicked the log into a blaze, though he seemed to be already uncomfortably hot, and made two or three abortive efforts to say something.

"For my part, I think it would be lovely," she remarked, reflectively, spurning the brand with her own pretty heel, and referring probably as much to the portrait itself as to the possibility of Garth's painting it.

He moved his shoulders impulsively, but after a few moments said, in a subdued tone, "Perhaps it wasn't wrong for Catholics, but I am a Puritan."

"Then I think Catholics have the best time, and if I ever have the chance to be painted, I shall become a good Catholic—just while I'm being done." She laughed, and added, "But tell me, Garth, have you never done what was a little wrong, because it was also very agreeable?"

"Yes."

"Dear me! you needn't look so ashamed. For my part, I think things are more delightful for being a little—" She finished the sentence with an arch movement of the head and hand, amply suggestive.

"Have you felt that too?" ejaculated Garth, in half-incredulous dismay.

"Yes, you dear Garth, and so did Adam and Eve, I dare say, and I'm sure I don't pretend to be better than they. But you are so droll!"

The discussion was not pursued, for Garth had lapsed into a deaf brown-study. But it was observed that from that time forward he abstained from his attic diversions. He went to bed later than heretofore, and got up only in time for breakfast. In other words, he gave more time to society and less to solitude. Nikomis was left sole tenant of the upper regions, and though Garth carried the key of his den about with him in his pocket, he was never known to use it. This change in his habits was evidently a trial to him, though he never admitted a confidant on the subject. If he studied with more rigor, his spirits were less buoyant. His manner became moody and indifferent, and, in short, if he had expected to find its promised reward in virtue, he was experiencing the usual disappointment.

But at length the spring was over, and the interest of his near departure was at least a temporary antidote to his disaffections. It was not often that Urmsworth sent a student to the university, and for two or three weeks Garth was the most prominent personage in the village, and Madge Danver loved him the better therefor. A few days before the last he sustained a rigorous examination at the hands of his father and old Mr. Graeme, assisted by a dozen old examination papers of former years. He acquitted himself well, insomuch that his grandfather, on parting for the day, gave him a sort of preparatory blessing—a

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foretaste of the grand final one which he was to take with him to Bowdoin. That same evening, after Garth had gone up to his bedroom, and was slowly pacing hither and thither about the floor, his father knocked and entered.

"Well, beloved Hottentot," was that gentleman's greeting, "are you sleepy?"

"Not a bit."

"Nor I; but I thought a little talk with an expectant Freshman would probably make me so. Shall I sit down? Well, are you as glad to leave us as we are to be rid of you—your mother and Miss Danver especially? For my own part, of course I am indifferent."

Garth's only response was a rather sorry smile.

"I suppose you intend to pass your examinations well, out of compliment to your instructor; and, I can tell you, you are better fitted than I was thirty or forty years ago. But to your subsequent course I shall have nothing to say, my credit not being involved in it. What do you propose? Shall you stand among the first ten? or do you mean to lay a broader basis to your education than mere books can give you, find out how much liquor will fuddle you, become a connoisseur in oaths, keep an assortment of door-knockers, exchange bloody noses for black eyes, project missiles through your tutors' windows, or wake them up in the small hours with uncomplimentary serenades? *Quid rides?* Perhaps you do not know that all these things, and more which I shall leave you to find out for yourself, are called Life, and that a good many of the pleasantest fellows you will meet will tell you that your college course would be but a good-for-nothing corpse without it."

Garth thumped his foot against the trunk upon which he was sitting, and stoutly intimated that such arcana of science were not to his taste. "But I don't feel as if I should do much, either good or bad," was his dejected conclusion.

"You can set the college on fire, either actually or metaphorically, if you choose: I shall constrain you in one matter only—but that, I regret to say, is an important one. You won't have money enough!"

"Enough for term bills?"

"They will always be settled; but we are speaking of pocket-money. You will need more than I can send you, though I shall give you what there is."

"We are poor, then?"

"I believe the village thinks otherwise. It is true, there is a large income; but it can not exactly be said to belong to us—all of it."

"Whose is it?"

Mr. Urmson picked up a window stick, and taking out his keen penknife, began to whittle with smooth slow strokes, as if the stick were an emblem of the topic he was about to unfold.

"You know, Captain Urmson, your grandfather, married twice. I was the only child of his first marriage. His second wedding came twenty years after his first; Eve and Golightley were born in the two following years, and Mrs. Urmson, never recovering from her second confinement, died within the year after Golightley's birth. The captain idolized Eve, as you have often heard; but he and Golightley could never hit it off together. Golightley was always as filial as pie; but he was rather a sickly youth, and not very robust in character. As he grew older he became rather a sentimentalist, and was apt to wax eloquent about æsthetic culture, and the True, the Beautiful, and the Good: the captain called it all d——d nonsense."

"What did you call it, father?" demanded Garth.

"I only heard of it afterward: I was in Europe then—went the same year Eve was lost, and only came back ten years afterward. I think your grandfather was harsh and unjust; but he had never been used to hide his opinions or pick his words. Well, when I was in London, shortly before my return home, I happened to win the very good will of a banker there, a ridiculously wealthy fellow; he offered to take me into his office and put me in the way of making a fortune. I preferred to see old Urmhurst again; but I told him about my half-brother, and was allowed to accept the position in his behalf. When I got home and told him of it, he was delighted; as he expressed it, he had 'thirsted for Europe all his life.' So then your grandfather— Are you interested?"

Garth clumped an affirmative heel against his trunk, and Mr. Urmson, curling off a dextrous shaving, continued:

"The captain made no objections; but he remarked that, since he would probably never see us both together again, he would read us his will. I expected to get the house and land, and supposed Golightley would have the ready money and securities. The value of the estate—the whole property—amounted to about one hundred thousand dollars. Of this the captain had bequeathed to Golightley ten thousand dollars, and the remaining nine-tenths, including Urmhurst, he had given wholly to me."

"Hullo! You didn't like that, did you?" said Garth, sympathetically.

"How do you know I didn't, Sir? At all events, the captain would hear of no alteration then. He read a codicil to the will, however, providing for the chance of Eve's ever being found, or any descendants of hers in the first generation. In that case, Urmhurst and fifty thousand dollars were to be given up to them.

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"When the reading was over, Golightley said, in the most amiable way, that he was perfectly satisfied, and that the will was just as he would have drawn it up himself; for that he cared not for money, but for poetry and art and beauty; that the idea of money—more than was needful for the support of life—was distasteful to him; besides, he said, his soul was too transcendent to be tied down, even in thought, to one particular spot of earth; and that had Urmhurst fallen to his share, he would have given it away again immediately. I have no doubt," observed Mr. Urmson, slightly arching one eyebrow, "that your uncle was in earnest. I give you his words, so that you may judge of him yourself. Probably he did not reflect, at the moment, how much poetry, art, and beauty cost nowadays; but he was sincere, I think, in preferring them to dollars and cents; and if the world had been properly arranged, I dare say he would never have soiled his fingers with such dross.

"He went to England," continued Mr. Urmson, whittling the window stick to a point, "with his two thousand pounds, and I married your mother. He wrote to me twice within the first six months; had been well received by my banker; declared himself depressed by the prospect of vast wealth which loomed inevitably before him; envied me the philosophic temper that could put up with riches, and looked forward with a sigh of relief to disburdening himself of the bulk of his own in my favor."

"He was generous!" muttered Garth, with a glow.

"I think he has always loved the beauty of noble behavior; but inexperienced young fellows, such as he was then, are in danger of being offended by the practical difficulties which impede enjoyment of lofty virtues. His second letter spoke of ill health, which hardly admitted of his doing the duties of his position; and he already spoke of taking a vacation in Greece or Italy. The third letter, which followed in about four months, was addressed not to me but to Captain Urmson. I never saw the contents, but they produced a very violent effect upon your grandfather.

"He shut himself up in his room after reading it, and refused to unlock his door for twenty hours. Most of that time he appeared to spend in tramping up and down the floor, and talking to himself or to some imaginary companion. Once in a while he seemed to give way to terrible passion, stamping on the floor till the house shook, and roaring out oaths which I presume had done duty aboard his privateer during the Revolution. The end of it was that he came out, haggard and grim, with blood-shot eyes, and with a sealed letter in his hand, directed to your uncle Golightley."

"Why did I never hear all this before?" demanded Garth, as his father paused a moment to sharpen his stick.

"Now that you are become a man on your own account, you must hear of whatever concerns the family; and you will have to use your own ingenuity in explaining some things that have happened—at least I can not help you. Your grandfather did not show me his letter, but I afterward had reason to believe that it contained an order for a large sum of money. Nothing was said about it at the time, and two months afterward, as you know, your grandfather died. But the night before his death—he seemed as well or better than usual—he came to my room, the same we are in now, and told me a good many strange things; but he talked mostly about his second marriage. His wife, you know, was a Golightley; and it appears that he had met her in Virginia during the war, as long ago as 1781. He said he had landed from an unsuccessful cruise at Jamestown, about the time when Arnold and Cornwallis were ravaging the country. He organized a band of guerrillas, one of whom was Rupert Golightley, Maud's brother. The head-quarters of the band were at the Golightley mansion.

"Your grandfather had landed under an assumed name—John Dane—and for certain reasons he kept his incognito strictly. He and Rupert became great friends. Maud, he soon found, was betrothed to a cousin, also bearing the name of Golightley; but she seems to have fallen in love with him, nevertheless; and I fancy the captain was a splendid-looking fellow in those days: he was about twenty-three. I don't know exactly what happened after this, but at all events there was suddenly a quarrel between Rupert and your grandfather—I suppose the Southerner had fancied some dishonor to his sister—and Rupert insisted upon a duel. They went out—it was after dusk—to a plantation of trees near the house. Your grandfather says he shut his eyes when he fired, but that didn't prevent him from shooting Rupert dead with that pistol hanging there over the mantel-piece."

Here Mr. Urmson pointed with his window stick, and Garth stared in awe at the dusty, ungainly weapon which had rusted in that spot ever since he could remember. It had killed a man!

"When he had got so far in his story," resumed Mr. Urmson, "the captain paused so long that I thought I should hear no more. But at length he went on to say that the report of his pistol, while carrying death to his friend, had called into life a hundred enemies. In truth, they had fought their duel in the midst of an ambuscade of the English, planned to sack the house. The concealed troops had witnessed the duel, and now rushed forward to secure the survivor. But he so desperately laid about

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him with his clubbed pistol that the redcoats were fain to shoot at him: a musket-ball grazed his temple and knocked him senseless, and as he fell, a soldier stabbed him in the leg with his bayonet. They left him for dead; but hours afterward he and Rupert were found lying side by side, and were supposed to have fallen like brothers in arms fighting against a common enemy. Your grandfather was with difficulty revived by the old slave who found him, and told that the house had been sacked, and that Maud Golightley had been shot, whether accidentally by the enemy or by her own hand to escape violence was not known. Your grandfather dragged himself, in agony of mind and body, to the house, and searched it from top to bottom. There were some relics of Maud in her chamber, but of her not a vestige. They had left him not even her body. He told me that in the midst of his agony he yelled for joy to think she would never know he had slain her brother. How now, beloved Hottentot!"

Mr. Urmson had a marvelous voice, absolutely controlled by a highly sensitive and delicate mental organization; humor, pathos, or appeal came in a manner transfigured from his lips. But to-night, gradually kindled by his story to a mood he seldom suffered himself to attain, the flexible melody of his low-spoken words had filled the scope of else ineffable emotion. It had been too much for Garth's youthful imagination, apart from his being a descendant of the chief actor in the event. His heart was melted within him, picturing forth afresh the anguish which had passed long ago.

"I suppose you think," remarked his father, after a pause, recurring to his ordinary tone, "that all this is a subterfuge of mine from letting you know why you won't have enough pocket-money in college. It is a roundabout explanation, I admit; but still it consists, as I will show you." He resumed his knife, which had dropped idle during the last few minutes, and, applying it to the other end of his stick, continued: "Your grandfather made his way to Jamestown, and re-embarked there, leaving behind him (as he afterward discovered) not only a living and uninjured Maud, but a circumstantial account, which reached her ears, of his own death. She married her cousin a year or two afterward, and they had a daughter, who, if she be living, must be about my own age. I suppose she yielded to this marriage in the indifference of despair; besides, her husband was wealthy, and could afford her any kind of diversion. This, at all events, was your grandfather's subsequent understanding of the matter, though he did not so account for his own marriage with my mother, which took place about the same time. Mrs. Golightley's husband did not live long, and the widow and her daughter remained together until the daughter was married, at the age of seventeen. It must have been about this time that Mrs. Golightley happened to hear that your grandfather was still living, and conceived the rather incautious purpose—though it seems to have been quite in keeping with her general character—to disappear from her own place and friends, and hunt him up."

"Did she go without their knowing?" demanded the absorbed hearer.

"So it appears. She had already settled the bulk of the fortune left by her husband on her married daughter, and she came North alone and secretly—so secretly, indeed, that her friends believed she had been the victim of foul play. Luckily for her, she found your grandfather a widower, and disposed to marry her, even after nearly twenty years. I must confess, however, that the story has always seemed to me incomplete, and I think there must have been circumstances which have never come out. With all allowance for my step-mother's romantic flightiness, I can not understand her abandoning the home of a lifetime merely on the chance that a man whom she had known but for two or three months in her girlhood, and had not heard of since, would be in a condition or a mind to become her husband. However, so it turned out."

"Did she know then that his name was Brian Urmson, not John Dane?"

"Yes, he had confided that secret to her. And, by-the-way, that episode brings to light a curious historical coincidence. Our old English ancestor, Neil Urmson, whose steel head-piece you used to wear, was in his boyhood on terms of friendship with a certain Reginald Golightley, son of the Golightleys of Hertfordshire. When the civil war broke out, they took opposite sides, still, however, remaining personal friends. But they quarreled about a woman, and after that they used the great war as a means to glut their private hatred. At last they met in the battle of Naseby, and our ancestor vanquished his enemy, and made him prisoner. He forced him to accompany him to the English Urmhurst, and there witness his marriage to this woman—who was no other than the Eleanor who afterward came with her husband to New England. Well, in the midst of the marriage service, Reginald, breaking loose in his fury from the men who held him, snatched a battle-axe from one of them, and aimed a blow at Neil's head. Neil had just time to interpose his pistol, which broke the force of the stroke, and saved his life; nevertheless, the blade reached his chin, and almost cleft it asunder. Then Neil, with the blood streaming over his breast, leveled his pistol and fired through Reginald's heart. Was not that an unceremonious manner of treating his groomsman? The scar of Regi-

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nald's blow Neil carried to his grave; not only that, but his son was born with it, and it has appeared occasionally in the family ever since. Yes, that is the history of the cleft in your chin."

Impelled by a sudden interest, such as he had never before felt, in his own countenance, Garth walked across the room and examined his reflection in the mirror with a kind of respectful curiosity, while his father, a half-smile curling one corner of his mouth, went on with his whittling.

"But are these Virginia Golightleys of the same family as Reginald?" inquired the youth, on returning to his trunk.

"They are descendants of Reginald's younger brother, who emigrated to Jamestown in 1648 or thereabouts; and the pistol, of course, is the same old pistol all through. Now when your grandfather landed in Jamestown a hundred and thirty years afterward, and met Rupert Golightley and his beautiful sister, he probably thought he could not do better than keep his incognito; he had enough of a lover's cunning to see that it would be more than likely to prejudice Maud against him. However, when he was sure of her love, he avowed himself to her; but poor Rupert died in ignorance that the man who slew him was his hereditary enemy.

"Now we get back more to our own times. There can be no doubt that your grandfather was extravagantly fond of his second wife; and one cause of his harshness to Golightley was that the boy had been the death of his mother, as the captain put it. Understanding all this as I did—and the captain made no concealment of it—I was puzzled by his final words to me, in this room, on that night before his death. He began abruptly to speak of Golightley, and of the letter he had lately received from him, and which, he said, he had destroyed. I asked him whether he would tell me its contents; he answered, between his teeth, 'No! not if I'm d——d for it!' which was only his way of saying no. 'But I didn't manage right about the will,' he said; 'if Maud had been alive, she'd have had it different, no doubt. After all, he's her son, if he did kill her. I'm no friend of his, Cuthbert—you know it; but I should have made the will different. You can't bury the devil; he'll crop up somewhere! We must give him more money if he wants it—do you hear me?—we must give him more money. I didn't do right; I didn't—d—— me!'

"I said, 'I shall be glad to have the will altered; but from what Golightley wrote to me, I thought he needed nothing less.'

"'I won't alter the will!' he shouted out, stamping on the floor; 'I say I won't alter it! He may die before I do—who knows? sickly young dog! Ah, if Eve would come back, that would settle him! Need money? You'll see he needs it! and we must give it him—do you hear me?—and if I die first, you must send him what he asks for, send it without a word. No, I won't alter the will; I won't—d—— me!'

"'But in that case,' said I, 'I won't let Golightley or any one else bully me into giving up what is mine. You shall give me some reason, Sir.'

"At that the old soldier burst into tears. I was very much moved, Garth. I had not supposed he felt so much. I had seen him weep only twice before—once when Maud died, and again when Eve was lost. His sobs shook him terribly—my dear old father! He said: 'Don't cross me, boy—don't cross an old wretch like me. I love you, Cuthbert—I loved Maud; I ask you to give her son whatever he may ask of you. He may die soon—d—— him, I hope he will—but don't cross me, boy! Don't ask me for reasons; I have none, Sir; I have none. Ask your father for reasons! Promise me, Cuthbert—promise me, boy, that if he needs money, you'll send it without a word!'

"Said I, 'I promise it shall be as you say.' I saw that for some reason he was too much worked up for any argument or question that night, and I gave him the promise, expecting to discuss the matter afresh next morning, and come to a better understanding of it. But your grandfather was dead the next morning, and who can tell what was his secret?"

"But does my uncle take advantage of such a promise—is he dishonorable?" demanded Garth, with an indignant flush.

"I fear," answered Mr. Urmson, quietly, "that wrong has been done whereby both he and we are sufferers. I consider him a sensitive, enthusiastic, beauty-loving gentleman, full of noble aspirations which his impulsive and unpractical character can seldom realize. He can not, I am sure, be a happy man. He has not the self-knowledge to correct his short-comings, which are nevertheless a constant pain to him. He is always wanting to make his friends impossibly happy, yet destiny seems resolved to keep him their beneficiary."

Garth began to twist his hair reflectively. "He must be unhappy! And is he too ill to work for his own living?"

"He seems to have the malady of ill success. He conceives vast schemes, and works at them enthusiastically for a while: they need money, but they haven't made any yet. The truth is, Garth—you are old enough to hear it now, and it is known to no one else—that your uncle has spent the greater part of our income for over fifteen years. Sometimes I have been hard put to it to make the ends meet. It is easy to consider this a hardship, and no doubt I have sacrificed a great resource in not doing so. But really, though it has probably benefited both sides, it has been much better for us than

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for your uncle. We have been vastly more easy than he. Your mother has had her heart's fill of knitting and darning, which wealth would have lost her. For my part, I have become quite a valued contributor to the English and American reviews, not to mention the diligence with which I have prosecuted my history. As for you, you have learned how to sweep and cook and clean your own boots, and to plow, and to cut and pile timber, none of which things your uncle has had opportunity to learn, though affording it to you. So, under guise of being helped by us, he has been secretly doing us the greatest good."

"Ah, but he doesn't know it," said Garth, with a commiserating sigh. "If he did, he would be happier. Father, what do you think was in that letter he wrote to Captain Urmson?"

"I don't know, Garth, and I don't want to. As things are, I can love both your uncle and your grandfather. It is never wise to look too hard at our fellow-mortals. Few are entirely beautiful."

Garth immediately thought of Madge as a notable exception; but on deeper consideration he fancied his father might have intended something less obvious, and in this doubt he kept silence.

"So now," observed Mr. Urmson, whittling the last chip off his stick, "you know what has become of your pocket-money. Are you sleepy yet?"

"Father, are there any Golightleys living now?"

"Unless Maud Golightley's first daughter be alive, none that I know of. I believe she had another brother besides Rupert, but he must have died long ago. If he left descendants, I never heard of them."

"I hope he did; for our ancestors were always in the wrong, and if the Golightleys are dead, how can it ever be righted?"

"It might in that case be considered, at all events, settled," returned Mr. Urmson, with a smile. "But even supposing a scion of that house alive, I don't see how he could pay off his debt of vengeance except by killing you and me with the old pistol, and eloping with Mrs. Urmson afterward. To be sure, if the descendant happened to be a daughter instead of a son, you might compound matters by— But no, on second thoughts. Well, good-night, beloved Hottentot, and good-by. I sha'n't bid you good-by again before you go; I shall leave you entirely to Miss Margaret. Think often of your mother while you are away; never deserve her favor less than when she bound it on your helmet seven years ago. She will never forget you—and even I may remember you once in a while. Good-by."

They shook hands, constrained by a whimsical reserve characteristic of Yankees and Englishmen. But the next moment Garth, with a glowing impulse peculiar to the hot-hearted Urmsons, who could never be tamed to the temper of their surroundings, took his father in his stout young arms and hugged him hard. Many noble and pure pledges were given and taken in that silent embrace; and after it was over the two felt that they should sleep sound and peacefully.

THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

THE future of music is so much more comprehensive than the Music of the Future that, in this paper at least, we can well afford to leave the latter as a side issue to its partisans and its opponents, sure that the controversy, though bitter as well as brilliant, will serve art, if in no other way, by rousing dormant faculties, and keeping alive a keen insight, an alert watchfulness, which will challenge all new pretenders to try them whether they be true artists or no.

Music originally was a very broad term, including astronomy and all the arts and sciences over which the Muses were supposed to preside. Later, among the Greeks, it signified that which we call music, with dancing and lyric poetry, usually recited to an accompanying lyre or harp, and constituting an essential part of their sacred and national games and festivals. Musical contests entered largely into the four solemn games of the Greeks, the Olympic, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean, the rewards and honors being ardently desired and eagerly contested.

Including as it did all that was calculated to develop and improve the mind, music ranked in educational importance with gymnastics, the Greeks more, perhaps, than any other nation appreciating practically the value of the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

But for the antiquity of music and its universality we are not limited to Greek tradition. As there is no authenticated account of any nation absolutely destitute of religious ideas, however erroneous, so there is no race or people without a notion of music, however crude. In every instance among the most barbarous tribes music has been used to assist in expressing something emotional, or, at all events, something beyond the material, however vaguely and unsatisfactorily. For this reason it is usually found associated with religious rites, or as a symbol of mourning and lamentation, or of triumph and exultation, even among savage nations.

Music is a language, the ideal of speech: we can imagine its existence before articulate speech was known. Birds sang in the garden of Eden before Adam gave them a name. A singing-bird was the first music-master; the wind breathing through water-reeds, sighing through the forest, hissing

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through tall grasses, the rhythmic beat of the crested waves, the monotonous bass of the water-fall, made harmony and melody before Pythagoras dreamed of the music of the spheres, or Hermes declared music to be the knowledge of the order of all things. We call it a pretty conceit of the old philosopher who believed the order of the stars to be a written scroll of music, two stars (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he designated) only wanting to complete the celestial harmony.

There is an extremely poetic belief among the Highlanders that the sense of hearing becomes so exquisitely keen at the approach of death that nature's divine symphony can be heard with all its ravishing sweetness, dulling the sense of pain and reconciling the soul to its departure. From this superstition, if we will, comes their custom, as the last moment approaches, of bearing the dying from the close sheeling to the open air, where undisturbed he can listen, in the words of Humboldt, to "the thousand voices of nature speaking to the thoughtful and pious soul of man."

A sufficiently accurate definition of music for our purpose is that it is "an agreeable succession of pleasing and harmonious sounds." Three essential elements enter into its composition — rhythm or accent, power, and tone; or measure, quantity, and quality. The first two seem to satisfy the untutored savage, whose tom-tom and Indian drum possess no other musical quality than a harsh sonorousness, whose monotony is only varied by the stronger or feebler beat given by the performer. As we rise in the scale of being from the New Zealander to the man of culture and refinement, a Beethoven becomes not only a possibility, but a necessity; it is no greater stride from the barbaric death chant to the Seventh Symphony than from the infant stumbling over the alphabet to a Demosthenes or a Shakspeare.

The influence of music in past ages and among by-gone peoples it is difficult now to estimate; but it has gone hand in hand with intellectual and æsthetic culture, and has ever been reckoned a divine art, an acknowledged force in moulding character and governing men.

Radan relates a curious Hindoo legend celebrating the power of music. Men and animals move in harmony with the musician's wand, while all inanimate nature obeys the influence of music composed by the god Mahédo and his wife Parlutea.

In the reign of Akbar a famous singer sang a "ragà" consecrated to the night in open day. Immediately the sun was eclipsed, and darkness spread as far as the voice was heard. There was another ragà which burned him who dared to sing it. Akbar, desiring to make trial of it, ordered a musician to sing this song while plunged up to the neck in the sacred river Jumna. In vain: the unfortunate singer became a prey to the flames.

If these ancient legends convey no other lesson, they indicate a profound and widespread conviction of the power of music.

Leaving an atmosphere that savors of fable, it is a matter of record that Alexander the Great was roused to fury by the Phrygian and calmed by the Lydian melodies of Timotheus. It is also related that an insurrection in Sparta was quelled by Terpander, who sung skillfully to the accompaniment of his harp. Our amusing Radan questions the wisdom, however, of arming the police of to-day with flutes and guitars as a means of preserving the peace.

We know what miracles have been wrought by the proscribed volcanic "Marseillaise." Nor was the French general far wrong when he reported: "I have won the victory. The 'Marseillaise' commanded with me." Who shall say that Arndt's song, "What is the German Father-land?" had not as much to do with the unification of his country as Bismarck's blood and iron? In our own land, in this day and generation, a Roman Catholic priest, asked to explain the reason of the rapid and extraordinary spread of his religion, answered, with more frankness than reverence for dogma, "It is the blessing of God on good music."

Plato, in his Republic, desires at least two harmonies—the one warlike, which will sound the word or note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing and he is going to wounds or death, or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance; and another, which may be used by him in times of peace, when there is no pressure of necessity, expressive of entreaty or persuasion, of prayer to God or instruction to man; which represents him when he has accomplished his aim, not carried away by success, but acting moderately and wisely, and acquiescing in the event: the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, of the fortunate and the unfortunate, of courage and temperance; adding, in another connection, "We can never become truly musical until we know the essential forms of temperance, courage, liberality, and magnificence." Surely we can to-day raise no loftier standard than this.

Through the Dark Ages music was kept alive less by the written word than by tradition. In the churches its religious element preserved it, while the minne-singers and the troubadours, singing of knightly deeds, made it an essential accomplishment for those who sought welcome in royal courts and kings' palaces. Yet to the meister-

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singers rather than the minne-singers do we owe that which was best worth preserving, the popular element in music, since a language, an art, a religion, to live, must have its abiding-place, its shrine, among the homes and in the hearts of the people.

The guilds of the meister-singers were established in the chief cities of Germany, Nuremberg the chief, and chiefest in Nuremberg was Hans Sachs, the shoe-maker, whose name is famous the world over, even without Herr Wagner's opera of *Die Meistersinger*. Those who have seen Kaulbach's cartoon of the "Era of the Reformation" will recall with pleasure the strong, earnest face of the musical cobbler, with whom Luther himself must share some of his glory.

The resistless weight and influence of these guilds came from their genuine democracy. Numbering neither knights nor nobles in their ranks, but recruited from the burghers, tradesmen, craftsmen, and plain citizens, they brought common-sense in close contact with learning; they sang at the workshop and the forge, at the cobbler's bench and at the loom. Not alone in church, but at home and abroad, music was a bond of union, interwoven with their religious aspirations; it was also their recreation, with a good share of hard, earnest work and careful training, in obedience to strict rules and regulations, under skillful leaders, to make their music possible.

It was these meister-singers which made Germany a musical people, ready for Luther's hymns, to which, indeed, music gave wings, doing more than even the great reformer's preaching for the spread of Gospel truth: so simple and effective are some of the great agents of God.

Music had at last become the people's possession; not alone a source of enjoyment and gratification to the refined and cultivated, but a mighty means for a mighty end, for the civilization and improvement of all classes—a leaven wherewith to leaven and lift the whole world. From the hour that music ceased to be the exclusive possession of musicians, like religion when it passed from the hands of monks and priests, its power became infinite.

Much that was worldly and meretricious gathered around the shrine of music, till many were blinded, and mistook the fogs and mists, the pestilent miasmas that hid the sun, for eternal darkness itself, as though the very source of light were blackness and sin. "Away with it all," said the Puritan, "the monkish mockeries and the monkish music; it is all evil. We will have straight lines. Curves are crooked lines, and lead to the devil, whether they be called curves of beauty or curves of sound. Music and dancing are sin; we will none of them." Yet spite of the stern, straight-laced old Puritans, beauty and harmony came over in the *Mayflower* with youth and love and life. For were there not human hearts beneath those sombre vestments?—truth, earnestness, and zeal, and the harmony of a common purpose? Music might be stifled, hidden for a time, but the birds still sang, the waves still beat, winds murmured through the forests, rivulets rippled and danced over pebbles, the whole world was full of music; consciously or unconsciously the hearts of those that listened to nature's matin and vesper hymn grew purer, braver, more aspiring.

A reaction was natural, and it was as speedy as could have been expected. Scarcely two centuries have passed, and the growth of the country politically and numerically is not more astounding than the change in the inner life, in the hunger and thirst for the once-forbidden fruit in the land of the Puritans. The more prosaic and sordid a man's daily life and occupation, the more he needs outlooks and leadings to a higher life. The more he dwells among things, the greater his need of contact with a spirit greater than mere things; the material life must touch the immaterial; the body must have an indwelling soul with aspirations and affinities, with a life above and beyond the daily needs of this world. After the instinct of self-preservation, the strongest motives spring from the emotional nature; all that is best and most inspiring claims kinship with it. To the purest element in that emotional nature music appeals, always soothing if it can not solace, rousing always the higher, never the lower, nature; it is a subtle potent influence, moulding not only individual but national character.

As a nation we are not yet a musical people in the sense in which Germany and Italy are musical, but there is a decided movement among the people which is a sign of promise. One of the best and most encouraging indications is that music is no longer regarded as simply an accomplishment. The wheel is turning, and in the eternal cycles once more we, in this new republic of the West, stand on a parallel plane to that of the ancient republic of the East—a parallel plane, but a higher one. Like the Greeks, we are realizing the necessity of æsthetic culture if we would have our young men and young women developed into well-rounded, harmonious characters.

Far more than in those older lands do we need the universal art, which, while it crowns all others, may yet precede all others. In this new land there are, there can be, no wonders of architecture sacred with age and hallowed memories. Here are no galleries of sculpture and painting. They are the growth of an older civilization, of a repose and patience as far as possible opposed to our restless, unceasing activity of brain and body. De Staël calls architecture

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"frozen music." As truly may we call music "living, breathing architecture." Governed by as perfect laws of harmony and proportion, it has, besides, a principle of life which even architecture, painting, or sculpture can not have. A perfect completed poem that lacks no touch from the master-hand that created it, a wonder of harmony and melody so perfect in form and beauty that a note added or withdrawn would mar its loveliness, may live anew and be anew created by the genius of the interpreter. It is infinite in its meaning, infinite in its suggestions, infinite in its glimpses of heavenly truth and beauty.

How is this great power of music to be controlled and brought to bear most directly, most efficiently, on our people? That nation is the best educated in which knowledge is most diffused, in which the results of learning are within the grasp of the greatest number. Only so far as any art or science becomes a part of popular education can that art or science become a power, an influence, in a land. Of the growing desire among our people for a higher musical education we have many signs in the frequency of festivals and choral unions and the number of musical associations. We Americans are a conglomerate race, made up of the best of every people under the sun, so transfused that the origin of even a single family can scarcely be traced without an element of Celtic or Teutonic race discovering itself. Perhaps this is the source of the musical taste so widely spread among us as a people. We say taste, not culture; we are not yet a cultivated people in any true sense. As a national characteristic, to be song and music lovers belongs to the Irish and German races rather than to the Saxon. It is rare to find a German or an Irish girl without an ear for music. In our Western States and centres of population the Germans instinctively gather, in remembrance of the father-land, into Sangvereins, preserving the songs and musical traditions of the old land, while they welcome gladly any thing fresh and worthy from the new. The marvelous achievements of the school festivals in the Music-Hall in Boston are largely due to the fine voices, the quick perception, of the Irish, either by birth or descent, who constitute a majority of the pupils in our public schools.

No one thing has done more for music in the past twenty years than its introduction as an integral part of our common-school education. In the large cities and suburban towns little seems left to desire in that direction. From the time children at the age of five enter the primary school till at the age of sixteen or eighteen they graduate from the high or normal school, music is as much a part of their training as the multiplication table and spelling-book. The next generation will see what we foresee, and reap the harvest this generation is so wisely sowing.

If, as we contend, music is in itself purifying and elevating, if it can displace and crowd out baser pleasures by giving innocent recreation and excitement to a people that must be amused, a people who must be busy for good or for evil, we can not have too much of it. It can not enter too largely or too deeply into the system of common-school education.

In curious juxtaposition in an English paper a short time since was a statement that Dean Stanley had no appreciation of music, and was averse to its introduction into state systems of education; in another column was a report of one of Dean Stanley's addresses on the condition of the working classes, lamenting with an evident surprise that while so much had been done within the last twenty years to lessen intemperance among the gentry, so little comparatively had been effected among the laboring class. The inference is natural and not far-fetched which assumes a need among that very working class which had remained unheeded, unsupplied. The gentleman has his elegant home, his intellectual entertainments; an atmosphere of grace and beauty surrounds him, or is easily attainable; his craving for excitement, for a life apart from his labor, is gratified with scarcely an effort on his part. The man less fortunately situated needs recreation and stimulus even more than the other. Warmth, light, companionship, he must have. The gin-palace offers them, ruining body and soul, while it affects to comfort both. Tear down the rum-shop, turn the trades-union into a choral society, bring good music with attractive surroundings before him, educate his children to take part in grand old folk-songs, glees, and madrigals, and in a generation a strange revolution would be wrought.

The introduction of music into the public schools is a step in the right direction. If in every town and village in the Union the plan was as faithfully and earnestly executed as in Boston and its vicinity, already the great work would be almost accomplished. We need fresh impetus in every country town, in every village nestled among the hills or stretching out on the wide prairies. There is surely in every such place some earnest disciple who could gather a band of ten or a dozen who should be a nucleus for a musical association. This is far easier to plan and accomplish since the Jubilee days, which, if they served no other end, felt the pulse of the public, and sent an answering thrill from Maine to Oregon, from Michigan to Florida. The influence of musical culture which would result from such an association would make itself felt through the village church as well as in social relations;

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Sunday services would be better, and the best part of Sunday service would get into the week-days. It will not do to make the gathering merely a psalm-singing school; that has its use, and has had its day of separate influence. Sacred music, so called, should form a part of the practiced programme; but a little care and research, a correspondence with some musical authority in our large cities, would insure a judicious selection of attractive music within the compass of choirs and choruses of even very moderate ability. The modifying influence in a country town of a musical association conducted on broad, liberal principles for even a single decade is incalculable. Polybius was a wise man in remarking that in Arcadia, a dull, cold country, music was essential to soften the manners of the inhabitants, and that in Cynetus, where music was not cultivated, vice prevailed to an alarming extent. Music will not hold its true place till, through the length and breadth of the land, all music is recognized as elevating in its character, capable of perversion and misuse, as God's own word may be in the hands of the blasphemer, but a power still infinite in truth and beauty, and a source of strength, encouragement, and inspiration to waiting thousands.

The feeblest attempt in the smallest, most obscure Western village to advance true art has weight and influence, and is not lost though it seems too insignificant to be noted. If all were generals, we should have no army. The smallest drummer-boy at the farthest outpost of our civilization is an essential part of the whole, helping and advancing the good cause by his earnestness and fidelity, inspiring some faint, feeble heart to one more effort, passing on the good word of obedience, in the faith that ten times one is ten, till the tens are hundreds, the hundreds thousands, the thousands a multitude that no man can number.

If even a feeble effort is of value, how much more valuable is a well-directed, intelligent effort of one who has been systematically trained, who sees the end from the beginning, and sure of his ground, strengthened by sympathy and that sense of communion which is the very life of the soul, works intelligently for a definite end! For this a thorough, careful training is needed — a training which, in its elementary condition, should precede any question of talent or special ability. We do not ask children if they have a predilection for the alphabet or the multiplication table; it is their right; they are to have it whether they specially desire it or not. All will not become Newtons or Shakspeares; but without the preliminary training they have no possibility of appreciating either the one or the other. The receivers must outnumber the givers in any one direction; there must be audience as well as orator; the better trained the audience, the better oratory will they demand and receive. As simple, as unquestioning, should be the first part of a child's musical education, till, unconsciously, the page of music is as expressive and intelligible to him as a page of printing, remembering always that to vocalize a scale is much easier than to learn the different sounds in the alphabet, a far simpler task to master in childhood than in maturer years. Vocal music, which at first is largely imitative, is the easiest method for very young children, who, experience proves, will learn good music much more readily than bad, and are swayed and influenced beyond computation by the sentiment of the hymns and songs learned at school and sung in unison, or by the sort of musical atmosphere in which they find themselves at home. Many a turbulent outbreak among little folks has been quelled by starting a bright, merry chorus, whose joyous rhythm proved a safe outlet for that restlessness which, rather than depravity, is the cause of nine-tenths of childhood's misdemeanors. Nor are we children of a larger growth less amenable to the power of united song in bringing harmony out of discord, and rest and refreshment to wearied body and disheartened soul. "When the battle of Leuthen had been fought, and the victors, fatigued almost to death, were sinking down in the chilling rain among the slain that lay scattered on the bloody field, then, in the darkness of the night, a single voice broke forth with the old choral, 'Nun danket alle Gott!' Soon a second voice joined, then a third, and so more and more, until the whole army took up the hymn; and thus the simple song, in which the feeling of patriotism and military glory united with the consciousness of having accomplished the great deed and pious gratitude toward the mighty Ruler of Battles, inspired the hearts of these men with new life, and strengthened them to follow up the victory they had so nobly won."

Granting the need of more general musical culture, if we as a nation would not only become capable of appreciating the highest expression of art, but would cherish the hope of one day giving birth to the true artist, child of his times and his people, how shall we best secure that training and that broad general culture characteristic of the universal art above all others? In primary and grammar schools this is begun; in the high and normal schools in the large cities this training progresses as far and as rapidly as could be reasonably expected. It embraces to a limited extent the theory of music, the rudiments of harmony, and more or less proficiency in sight singing and training as chorus or part singers, rarely as soloists. With instrumental music no acquaintance is attempted as yet,

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but the fields are ready for sowing. Under judicious leadership, such as our large cities are able to command, thousands of boys and girls are familiarized with good music, and have taken part in the grand choruses which "sing straight up to heaven." Mendelssohn, Mozart, Handel, and Haydn have become as household words. The best of the light modern music, adapted for their use, is given for their profit and enjoyment, making possible such programmes as those afforded by our annual school festivals, when twelve or fifteen hundred fresh, pure voices make such music as we dream of when we think of "the voice of harpers harping with their harps, and they sung as it were a new song before the throne."

With many, because of other interests and occupations, special musical instruction ends here, but not the far-reaching result. The glees and four-part songs, so skillfully and thoroughly learned at school, are as sweet within the walls of the humblest home, in the woodland ramble, when the rare holiday comes, or in the workshop. The purest and simplest form of musical enjoyment is thus made possible, with all harmonious requirements, where even four are found with one heart and mind, with music in their souls, though not a single musical instrument should offer its sustaining accompaniment. When the genius of song crowns the gospel of work, there will be fewer strikes, the grimy faces will be less haggard; under the unconscious influence of beauty, harmony, and rhythm, labor will be more cheerfully, more faithfully performed.

Returning to those whose leisure, talent, or determination makes further musical progress possible or essential, the question of greatest importance that presents itself is, How and where shall each individual most judiciously expend time and money to attain the object in view?

Primarily the need is the best instruction from the best masters. Poor teaching is dear at any rate. There are two distinct methods of obtaining this instruction. With a full purse and some little influence (for these musical kings are royal potentates, and must be approached discreetly and diplomatically even to insure an audience) it is a simple matter to secure instruction from a master of acknowledged ability in his special department at a rate varying from three to five dollars for three-quarters of, or even half, an hour's instruction. This instruction is presumably of the best, and to it we owe many of our most accomplished musicians both in vocal and instrumental music, who, in their turn, serve art by imparting to others. The benefits of this method, like that of a private tutor, need no discussion or setting forth; the custom is time-honored, and will always, and very properly, have its advocates in general and its special fitness for individual cases. This training, however, is not possible for the masses, who, indeed, were there even a state fund to insure it, could not be accommodated with individual lessons from first-rate masters. The alternative is class instruction, the principle upon which all graded schools—indeed, all schools, public or private—are conducted. The advantages are obvious in scientific matters as well as in common branches; the lecture on chemistry or philosophy, the lesson in arithmetic or geography, is more profitable as well as more enjoyable in a class than delivered to a single individual; the evil crops out when the class is so large that only general attention can be given without any individualization. All the benefits and evils accruing from class instruction in any other branch are likely to result from class training in music.

Class teaching, or conservatory teaching, is no new experiment; it has been the outgrowth of necessity. In Europe, not alone in Germany, but in Italy, France, Russia, and Great Britain, large music-schools or conservatories have been in existence for generations, in Germany and Italy for centuries, embracing in their corps of instructors artists of world-wide fame, who have trained and given to the world other artists who in turn prove dangerous rivals. Instancing, for example, the Paris Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation: this institution is sustained by government, and had its progenitors in L'Académie Royale de Musique, founded in 1671, the school established by Lully in 1672, with several others of more or less note; in its present form it has existed nearly one hundred years. Saved, it may be, in the anarchy of the first republic by Chénier's eloquent appeal, it has given to the world such artists as De Beriot, Berlioz, Cherubini, Duvernoy, Garcia, Halévy, Le Couppey, Rachel, Talma, and hundreds whose fame, less wide-spread than these, has yet given vigor and tone to the musical and art culture of the nineteenth century. Such an institution, admitting only Frenchmen and Frenchwomen to its advantages, sustained by government under strict discipline and surveillance, would be impossible in this country. We may look to it for many suggestions, many models, but the conservatory system of America must be the outgrowth of our individual needs: eclectic, it will gather from the wisdom and experience of Paris, Dresden, Berlin, Stuttgart, or St. Petersburg, from English prejudices and English victories in the field of music; it will call to its aid the best talent from the North, the South, the East, the West; it will open its doors freely to all, of whatever color or nationality, who may present themselves; it will be the people's conservatory, demanded and sustained by the people at

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the smallest possible expense consistent with right management and the employment of first-rate talent.

In this conservatory every facility will be offered for musical instruction in every form, instrumental and vocal, with carefully graded classes, to secure fitness in the uniform lesson which should be given to each class. This answers an objection often and ignorantly made, that six pupils in an hour get only ten minutes each—too short a time for any possible progress. On the contrary, each pupil has the whole hour, with the added benefit of profiting by the mistakes of his fellow-pupils and the careful correction of the judicious teacher. In singing especially the advantages of this system over individual training are obvious.

In instrumental music, even more than in singing, much depends on the fidelity and earnestness of the pupil. It is true that if the lesson be very long and intricate, it is not possible for each pupil to play it in its entirety with close criticism; but individual performance is not the most important part of teaching; we are all more or less imitative, and learn by example and precept, by the mistakes and successes of others. Number six on Monday should be number one on Thursday, and in turn become a model or a beacon. The stimulus of associate pupils is too important to be overlooked. Apart from that instinct in human nature manifested in a desire to excel and surpass others in any contest, the habit of playing and singing in the presence of others tends to banish shyness; and that wretched *mauvais honte* which many of us know to our cost keeps silent many a music lover who, it may be, is no mean performer, but, unused to displaying his or her talent before others than the teacher, is overwhelmed with fright when asked to confer pleasure, getting only a partial and individual enjoyment out of a great expenditure of time and money.

In the conservatory there will not only be classes for instruction in special technique, but among the artists gathered in such a musical centre will be many who have the gift of expressing themselves attractively as well as intelligently on subjects directly and indirectly connected with art.

These gentlemen from time to time will give lectures on special points as well as general musical instruction; there will be organ and piano recitals, with careful analyses of works of the best masters by competent persons, who in turn are ready and eager to give added information by answering questions. The pupils themselves, as they become sufficiently advanced, take part in pupils' concerts, open to their friends. Once in each term exhibition concerts will be given, always well attended, with programmes that shall challenge admiration from the other side of the Atlantic. There will be harmony classes and classes in sight singing, all free to the pupils, the terms for whose instruction are to be placed at the lowest possible point.

The utmost order and regularity must prevail, classes come and go as quietly as files form for recitation in a grammar school: earnestness will pervade the school, a high standard be demanded and preserved, an *esprit de corps* established which is in itself a safeguard. There will also be a liberal and well-chosen musical library, and a disposition on the part of teachers and professors to facilitate in every way the progress of the pupils by answering and inciting questions, and clearing up all doubtful subjects. The best teachers, the best methods, the greatest facility, at the smallest expense to the greatest number—this is the true democratic system of education, which underlies all broad, far-reaching educational systems the world over. All colleges, all universities (if we except individual instances where a false principle may have intruded), are founded upon this basis; the members of these institutions become citizens of an intellectual and æsthetic commonwealth, enjoying its immunities and privileges in the same broad sense that a citizen of the political commonwealth enjoys the facilities and safeguards of a great city, its sanitary regulations, libraries, public parks, etc., only possible in the aggregation of humanity which constitutes a city.

The absolute necessity of colleges of music was early discovered by the greatest musical peoples of the world—the Germans and the Italians; and in the former especially we find to-day the most flourishing and extensive institutions of a musical educational character to be found in Europe. Mendelssohn, the founder of the Leipsic Conservatory, in reference to the class system of teaching, says: "An institution such as the conservatory has this advantage over the private instruction of the individual, that, by the participation of several in the same lessons at the same time, a true musical feeling is awakened and kept fresh among the people; it produces industry and spurs on to emulation; it is a preservative against one-sidedness of education and taste, a tendency against which every artist, even in the student years, should be upon his guard."

No higher musical authority seems possible. When we add to it the results of that class system which every year brings before us in the accomplished graduates from those famous schools, it seems as if all carping criticism should be hushed.

In the remarks about the model conservatory a general statement only was made, applicable to any of a hundred in Europe and to some in this country, where almost

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every large city boasts of its music-school. But it will not be out of place to sketch briefly our American conservatory system, with some slight allusion to the earnest musician, young still in years, but old in wisdom and experience, to whom, indeed, we owe it that we have a conservatory system, rivaling in many respects those time-honored institutions which we do not desire servilely to copy, but rather to parallel, with the peculiar distinctive individuality which should of right pertain to all American institutions as the outgrowth of our individual and national need.

Twenty-five years ago there was nothing in this country deserving the name, if it aped the title, of a music-school. Eben Tourjée, then scarcely more than a lad, seeking vainly for instruction and advantages that to-day are within reach of the humblest, resolved, with that one-idea persistency which from time immemorial characterizes great reformers, that one day there should exist in this land a school of music where art should be placed on the same footing as other studies in our higher institutions of learning, where it should not be viewed merely as an accomplishment, but rather as an integral part of a well-rounded, complete education, to be pursued not spasmodically, but with systematic thoroughness. In 1851 young Tourjée unfolded his plans for a music-school to one whose specialty lay in the direction of commercial training. He proposed, oddly enough, a joint commercial and musical college—a union which strikes one like the proposition of a would-be Yankee Meyerbeer to set the Constitution to a symphony! Fortunately for the true progress of music, this idea was never developed; but in 1853 we find Mr. Tourjée endeavoring to interest prominent musical and educational professors in Boston in his project for a musical conservatory to embrace the best elements of the foreign schools. All professed interest, but condemned the scheme as visionary. The capital could never be raised; there would not be pupils enough to form classes or warrant the employment of suitable teachers; in short, if it ever was to be done, Mr. Tourjée must do it himself, raise a fund, start a college, and get himself elected president—a mocking prophecy which ere long brought its own fulfillment. Nothing daunted, through 1853–54 Mr. Tourjée continued his classes in piano, voice, and flute, and never losing sight of his central thought, he found time to issue and conduct an able little paper, called the *Key-Note*, in which he endeavored to encourage the study of music on a higher basis than that usually pursued, indicating with prophetic utterance the future of music in this country. In 1859, in connection with the principal of the seminary in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, an opportunity offered for Mr. Tourjée to experiment on a larger scale. The success of the undertaking in many respects was very marked.

Mr. Tourjée went to Europe to investigate personally the famous conservatories and schools in Germany, France, and Italy, their methods and text-books. Returning with fresh zeal and earnestness, in 1864 he started a chartered school in Providence, known as the Providence Conservatory. This also was an encouraging success; but Mr. Tourjée never relinquished his cherished plan for a conservatory in Boston, knowing full well that the best results in musical training are only possible in large centres, where talent gravitates, and where only it is possible to hear good music constantly, which is quite as essential as individual practice and study for broad culture. Bringing with him strong letters of recommendation from Presidents Wayland and Sears and other distinguished gentlemen, Mr. Tourjée came to Boston, and had pleasant interviews with Dr. J. B. Upham and others, which greatly encouraged him. All assured him that Boston was the great centre for such an undertaking. The State Legislature granted a charter. A careful examination of the Boston Music-Hall building convinced him that it could be made to answer the purposes of the conservatory. A corps of teachers unsurpassed in their specialties, and of assured reputation and responsibility, was engaged, while associated with Mr. Tourjée as director was a well-known composer and pianist, Robert Goldbeck. It was nearly two years before the final arrangements were satisfactorily completed, enabling the New England Conservatory of Music to open its rooms and classes on the 18th of February, 1867. In honor of its inauguration, on the 2d of March a grand orchestral and vocal concert, under the leadership of Carl Zerrahn, was given with distinguished success. From the opening day to this the success of the New England Conservatory has been a thing assured. It has been the parent of many other music-schools of more or less pretension scattered over the country. More than 11,000 pupils have received instruction in the eight years since its initiation. All, indeed, have not attained great excellence; often a single term was the limit of their musical teaching; but it was always a step in the right direction. No one but came out from those walls more enthusiastic than he entered, more earnest to serve the art of which Richter says, in his *Titan*, "Music has something holy; unlike the other arts, it can not paint any thing but what is good." A complete and exhaustive history of those eight years would be of value and interest, especially if it were permitted to pass in review the concerts both by artists and pupils, already counting nearly four hundred, to say nothing of the schol-

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arly and instructive lectures delivered weekly in Conservatory Hall. With the needs of the growing school new rooms in an adjoining building have been annexed (literally, with an iron bridge), the corps of teachers doubled. Many of the most distinguished associated with the brilliant inauguration are still connected with the school. Zerrahn, Lang, Parker, Paine, O'Neil, Osgood, and a score more famous names are a surety that the standard in the conservatory will be maintained.

It is not our purpose in this place to give a detailed account of the advantages of any individual conservatory, or to seem to praise one at the expense of another; all are worthy of commendation so far as they are earnest, truthful efforts to bring light and life to a people who have sat in darkness, their material prosperity well cared for while their inner life was in danger of death from inanition and spiritual starvation. We have instanced the New England Conservatory not only because its founder has sown so much good seed elsewhere, and deserves the credit of establishing and making possible this system, but because it is the largest in this country, and, with one exception, we believe, in the world, with a roll of a thousand names and more on the bulletin at the opening of each term, with an enviable reputation across the water. Dr. Tourjée is widely known also in connection with the Jubilee, which would scarcely have been possible without the previous training in classes and choruses suggested by and imitated from the conservatory classes. Among still another set the genial director is known as Praise-meeting Tourjée—an epithet of endearment that does not in the least annoy its object, arising as it does from his well-known earnestness in the religious life, and his unaffected desire to give the best that dwells in music to God's service, and to bring God into daily life through the instrumentality of music.

In the summer vacation a Normal Musical Institute is held for five weeks in the buildings of Greenwich Academy, Rhode Island, for the special benefit of teachers desirous to prepare themselves for the more successful prosecution of their profession, also for pupils in various stages of proficiency. To successfully carry out this noble plan, to aid in spreading as widely as possible the knowledge and influence of good music, some of the best teachers from the New England Conservatory devote themselves unreservedly to this vacation labor. Its success has been remarkable, and deservedly so.

That nothing may be wanting to supplement the admirable preparatory course of the conservatory, Eben Tourjée, Mus. Doc., is dean of the College of Music in Boston University, the only university in this country where music has its professorships on the same basis as other intellectual and æsthetic studies.

So admirable and comprehensive is the plan of this College of Music, open to both sexes, so well fitted is each professor for his specialty, that it is no longer necessary for an ambitious student of music to go abroad in order to obtain a thorough musical education of a high standard. The faculty embraces some of the most eminent artists, composers, and instructors in the country.

The attempt to establish a chair of music in connection with Harvard University is not yet *un fait accompli;* there is no fund, no endowment. About a dozen years ago Mr. John K. Paine, one of our ablest organists as well as composers, was given the somewhat vague title of Musical Instructor, with a very small salary, to do what he could for Harvard students; the growth has been slow from that up to the post of Assistant Professor of Music, with regular classes in the theory of music. "The very idea of a university is incomplete if it do not include music in its full circle of the elements of culture, and count it as one of the humanities. For music is a *science* and music is a *language*, and on these grounds at least it claims a place among the branches of literature and science." When it is so recognized it will no longer be considered an unmanly, unintellectual, or in any way questionable pursuit.

THE FIRST BREATH OF AUTUMN.

I HEARD a voice of Autumn in the trees
Calling to me, who in far summer lands
Dwelt and made merry. In the fragrant ease
Of the unpeopled uplands, on the sands
Of Proteus' home, I had cast off the bands
Which bound me to my fellows and their cares,
Living, as 'twere, in Eden unawares,
Entranced by music of the salty strands;
The morning birds there cheated morning air
To linger, till the silent breast of noon
Laid her rich warmth upon the dear earth's heart,
And lingered there in turn, till sunset, soon
Grown angry, called her swiftly to depart;
Thus loitering, heard I Autumn cry, "Prepare."

A. F.

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NEW WORLD—NEW LOVE.

A PREFACE: A.D. 1900.

I.

Not by the power of yearning, burning eye,
Nor by vibrating speech
Born of a hungering heart's long smouldering cry—
Not thus I seek to reach,
Not thus to touch, the fibres of thy soul;
Not thus to teach
The things divine that make our sick lives whole.
Not face to face
I speak, in this ineffable first hour,
When Love's great light smites with creative power
The wild and wasted place
Where the starved life hath known nor fruit nor flower.
Not by the language of the laboring breast
And quivering hand, and all the signs of flesh—
Not thus I put thy fate and mine to test;
Nor shall salt tears baptize afresh,
Ere they descend to Time's unhonored grave,
The unconsecrated years which mighty Love may save.

II.

Not on the wounded wing of spoken word
Shall my soul's message go;
But as some sound by dreaming pulses heard
When night's hours ebb and flow;
Or as long traveling light from stars unknown,
Whose purer beams shall glow
When this infructuous age hath ceased its moan.
Not by grief's ancient name,
Or needs of anguish-laden solitude,
Or hunger of the breaking heart for food,
My life to thine makes claim;
Nor by Desire's old spells shalt thou be wooed.
Nor shall my vast of love vain shapes invoke
From buried ages and from broken shrines;
Or speak dead words which paler spirits spoke;
Or in exhausted mines
Of ancient thought delve for the gems and gold
For that great crown which shall thy noble brow infold.

III.

For from all symbols and all memories
Of the world's earlier day
The soul departeth and the meaning dies,
And the life ebbs away.
The fire is quenched upon the ancient hearth
Where household gods held sway,
And priesthood summons now no wonders forth.
Our wandering feet,
Unguided, bleed on rocks and burning sand,
Shipwrecked upon inhospitable strand,
Where no sweet counsels greet,
Where none extend love's tender, fostering hand.
We seek, with blind and ineffectual prayer,
Kneeling in fanes whose oracles are dead,
Some medicine for our souls' corroding care,
Some words of power to still our dread,
Some passionate prophet-hands whose strength and grace
May tear away the veil from Heaven's averted face.

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IV.

Therefore, in these unsacramental hours,
Dare I plead, as of yore
Love pleaded, when, bright-eyed and crowned with flowers,
His eloquent lips would pour
Ecstatic words whereon the winged heart
Would rise and soar
To utmost heaven, where light and darkness part?
Now, when world's veins are chilled,
When hands profane have blurred the face of Truth,
When minds are cold and hearts forget their ruth,
May our love's cup be filled
With that rich wine that fired world's blood in youth?
Can we build eyrie in a groveling time
Wherefrom our mated souls may cleave the skies
With eagle flight, unflagging and sublime,
Beyond these nether miseries,
To where deep draughts of life from springs of day
Our souls' unmeasured thirst and fever may allay?

V.

"How then! Dost deem my mighty arm grown weak?"
Saith Love's reproachful cry.
"Hath faithful love aught else than love to seek?
Doth other ministry
Than mine, do other hands than mine, commend
And carry forth thy sigh
Home to the breast where all thy life-thoughts tend?
In other name than mine
Wouldst thou build up the fabric of thy fate?
Or deemest thou deep counsel hath more weight
In Love's broad realm divine
Than song in spring of nesting bird to mate?
Shall primal Passion with his luminous eyes
Grope amid darkened lore of brain distraught?
Shall Love be chained and droop, grow gray and wise,
He who with skill supreme, untaught,
While gods of lesser light resist in vain,
O'er life and death hath reigned, and shall forever reign?"

VI.

Not unto him shall my response be given,
But only unto thee;
Only by thy sweet chrism can I be shriven;
Only thine eye can see,
Only thy sovereign heart can recognize,
Why I reject and flee
From Love's sweet ancient insufficiencies.
Therefore incline thine ear,
And let thy vision pierce dividing space,
While I Love's vast new sphere in outline trace,
Ere to thy feet I draw more near,
To read world's fate and my fate in thy face.
Then, if the age-long ripening hour be nigh,
Whose whiter light shall pierce the gathered glooms
Wherein the souls in prison vainly sigh,
Waiting salvation or the final dooms,
Hold to my lips for sign that grief is dead
Thy consecrated cup, and break the new life's bread.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is singular that the proposition to erect a statue or a memorial in honor of Lord Byron should have excited so much difference of opinion in England. When he died, half a century ago, on the 19th of April, 1824, having just completed his thirty-sixth year, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster refused to allow him to be laid in the Abbey, and would not permit Thorwaldsen's statue of him to be placed there. As he was the most celebrated Englishman of his time, and one of the great English poets, this was an insult which his family have never forgotten. A year ago a memorial committee was formed, which proposed to place a slab by national subscription over Byron's grave in Hucknall-Torkard church, and his granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt, the child of Ada Byron and Lord Lovelace, has written a letter to Mr. Disraeli, the president of the committee, indignantly declining the proposed tribute. She says that the family are satisfied with the tablet erected to his memory by his sister, Mrs. Leigh, and his friend, Sir John Hobhouse, and that it is not for the public which denied a worthier grave to take now from his family, after fifty years, and unasked, the guardianship of their dead.

But surely there may be an appeal from a narrow ecclesiastical body to the people of England. Westminster Abbey does not belong to a few English clergymen at any period, but to the England of all time. And if that England, when half a century has cooled passions and cured prejudices, asks by the lips of the Prime Minister, the chosen head—for such he really is—of the English people in Parliament, to do honor to the memory of an Englishman of whom England is proud, it does not become his family to insist that it ought to have asked before, and that England shall not pay its tribute now, because a knot of clerical Englishmen refused to recognize a great Englishman fifty years ago. If, indeed, his family decline to permit his dust to be removed, their feeling must be respected. But they can not forbid a memorial of the national admiration, as they can not prevent the admiration itself. A meeting of distinguished gentlemen was lately held in London to consider the subject, and Mr. Disraeli, whom a correspondent of one of the English papers calls "the most considerable Englishman since Byron's time," presided and made a speech. He said that the "strange and dark neglect" in honoring Byron had sometimes been attributed to his private character; and Mr. Disraeli's reply to the charge was most amusing. "But of his private character it may be said that it was ambiguous, and that of it little is clearly known: and there is no man in this room—ay, I would say even in this country—that upon that subject can presume to give a definite and precise opinion." Then there were loud cheers. The truth is that Byron's private character is as well known as that of any man can be, and it was not respectable. But it is his genius, not his goodness, that is proposed to be commemorated. Byron, like Bacon and Nelson, is to be honored by England for what he was, and not for what he was not. It is Nelson's signal, unselfish, heroic, efficient service to his country, not his relations with Lady Hamilton, which England remembers. It is the philosopher, not the judge, whom England honors in Bacon. And it is the great English poet that she would commemorate in Byron.

The poet's son-in-law, Lord Lovelace, the father of Lady Anne Blunt, warmly seconded Mr. Disraeli, and Lord Stanhope did the same. Disraeli's preference is a statue of the poet in some public place, so "that the English people when they pass shall recognize one of the greatest masters of the English language." But Mr. Alfred Austin writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that he does not think the present moment a particularly propitious one for an act of reparation to Byron's memory, "for a large and influential section of the literary world is running after strange gods, and in its vertiginous mania for a quaint romanticism, affects to decry his masculine and classic vein." But this, as the chief of living English poets says, is only because "the old order changeth, giving place to new." Fashions alter, but not manhood. Taste in literary form changes, but not the appreciation of literary genius. It is only when a man makes himself conspicuous by a literary trick of some kind that he presently sinks out of sight. No change of taste in form affects Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, or even Dryden or George Herbert. They shine on like stars when the bonfires are exhausted and the candles are blown out. The exclusive attention and admiration which a great poet excites in his own time in the susceptible mind of youth give him a disproportioned prominence, such as Tennyson holds in many minds to-day, and such as Byron held with the men of sixty years ago. His tone is so fitted to the feeling and experience of his time that the generation which receives him can hardly tolerate any subsequent strain. The men and women who grew up with Byron, who wooed with him, who traveled with him, who were filled with him, are almost jealous of another tone. Think of the first strain of Tennyson in his poem, "Where Claribel low lieth," falling upon the minds and hearts that had melted with Byron's "Dream," or exulted with Scott's "Marmion," or were strung into rapture by Campbell's "Mariners of England!" Fondness for the Tennysonian poetry could seem to them only a vertiginous mania. But this is a prospective, not a retrospective, effect. The devotee of Byron, who could not like Wordsworth or Tennyson, did not renounce the earlier poets, and was still loyal to Pope and Dryden, to Milton, Shakespeare, and Chaucer. The contemporary judgment of England which approves Tennyson and Browning does not, for that reason, as Mr. Austin intimates, reject Byron or the earlier bards.

There has been some droll suggestion that a statue is not necessary to the fame of Byron. True.

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones?"

But whose portrait is it that we instinctively desire? That of those whom we know and love and revere, or of those of whom we never heard? Is it the famous or the obscure of whom we carve statues? And why do we erect them? Not surely to remind us of them, to save their

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memory from perishing, but to show our gratitude and veneration. It is not the picture on the wall, it is the book upon the shelf, which perpetuates Shakespeare. But it is because of the book upon the shelf that we hang the picture on the wall. A statue is not to be erected to Byron to preserve his fame, but because his fame is imperishable. Some other paper or critic says that in a few years a statue will be so discolored by the smoke of London that it will not be recognizable. But that is a trouble very easily remedied. If such a result is certain, let the statue be placed out of the smoke of London. Such a result, however, should not be lightly assumed, and the subscribers would probably willingly take the risk.

If it be decided to erect a statue, we hope that the design will not be thrown open to general competition, as has been done with the Sumner statue in Boston. It was, perhaps, unavoidable in that case; but the best way to secure a good statue is evidently to employ a good statuary: and the excellence of a sculptor is determined rather by his general fame, founded upon many works, than by the result of a single competition. The genius of art, whether in poetry or color or marble, is shy. If the Concord committee on the 19th of April had invited proposals for a poem, Mr. Lowell would hardly have entered the lists, and our literature would have lost one of its noblest strains. Painters and sculptors of an assured position are naturally wary of exposing themselves to ordeals which they can not precisely measure. They can not know that their judges are not ignorant or venal. They can not be sure of the impartiality of the influences that are to decide. They do not care to take the risk of having a very inferior work preferred with public acclamation to their superior one. And as the condition of the competition is that names shall be unknown, the uninstructed member of the committee has not so much as the reputation of the artists to guide him. If it be said that he may trust to the judgment of his associates, whose special taste and knowledge of art he knows, it may be answered that then the whole matter should be referred to such persons at first, and they would employ the artist whose capacity they know. If the selection is not to be left to the judgment of the confessedly intelligent in such subjects, how would it do to submit the choice of a design to universal suffrage? And might it not be wise to appoint professors of Greek and of astronomy in the same manner?

It would have greatly pleased Hans Christian Andersen to know how sincerely he was loved by the children of many lands. He was himself always a child, and the peculiar charm of his writings is a kind of artless consciousness—a consciousness that is saved from being unpleasant by its genuine childlikeness. His extreme simplicity of character, his evident and absorbing delight in himself, sometimes conceal the real quality of his talent. Many years ago, returning from a pilgrimage to see the Great Carbuncle of the Crystal Hills, which, as the Easy Chair is told, still flashes "far down the valley of the Saco," the Chair read the *Improvisatore*, which had been lately published in this country. And long afterward, when it came to Rome and was established in the *Quattro Fontane*, one of its first visits was to the Triton, in the Piazza Barberini near by, whose intimate acquaintance it had made in the story. The talent of Andersen is shown in that tale by its sympathetic perception and delicate power of description. It is one of the books which are full of Italy, so that as you read it in the Valley of the Connecticut, or wherever you may be, you are transported to that far country, and feel and see the very Italy of which in the land itself you are only sometimes conscious. This is the charm of a few books only. Beckford's little sketch has it, and so have parts of Goethe's Italian journey, and Stendhal. And Andersen's *Improvisatore* has it, with Byron's *Childe Harold*.

Andersen said that his life was like a beautiful fairy tale, and he was undoubtedly as happy a man as has lived. His success was so great and so precisely adapted to his desires and temperament that he tasted it all the way down, as his world-wide diocese of young folks would have said. His father was a kind and tender soul, who had such strong poetic susceptibilities himself that he filled his boy's mind and life with gentle fancies, and preferred to tell him fairy tales, and take him when he could to the theatre—a delight to which his slender purse was seldom equal—rather than to insist upon tasks and studies. The child is father of the man, and in this instance the man, also, in the same sense, was father of the child. The father was a shoe-maker, and his son says that he was not happy in his trade, as the son certainly would not have been. The glimpse that we get of the intercourse and relation of the parent and child is very pleasing, and is just what the poet would have thought the proper relation. And since Heaven sends such children as it will, and not such as parents might choose, it is easy to imagine the intense delight of the elder Andersen in finding that his own secret dreams and shy fancies were shared by the younger, and that when he had done stitching and stretching and hammering in the shop, he could stroll boundlessly in fairy-land with his child. How strangely the picture of the boy Andersen and his father contrasts with that of John Stuart Mill and his father! All that either had was left out of the childhood of the other; and the impression of Andersen's whole life is as sunny and smiling and happy as that of Mill's is sober and almost sad.

The boy Andersen lost his companion early, for when he was nine years old his father died, and his mother went out to wash. The theatre had made a profound impression upon him, and he constructed one of his own, turning his dolls into actors, and bits of pasteboard into scenery, and shreds of calico into dresses. He sang little songs of his own in the dramas that he remembered or invented; and the son of the washerwoman lived in an unreal world, which consoled him, doubtless, for the actual Odense around him, until at fourteen he marched away into the world with his little bundle and a letter to Mademoiselle Schall, a dancer at the theatre in Copenhagen. She was a cruel dancer, not a fairy queen at all, thought the boy crazy, and showed him the door in alarm. But he had heard of an Italian musical director, and to him he went, and there met those who befriended him; and heaven seemed to open as he became a member

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of the ballet and chorus, and studied Latin and the humanities, and wrote a drama, and received a little pension from the king. There were times, however, of pinching poverty, which he bore manfully. But we can fancy his sweet, kind nature melting adversities until, like thawing ice, they disappeared, and all turned out well, and he became a student in the Royal College at Copenhagen, and at last wrote a book, *A Foot Journey to Amak*, which nobody would publish. As nothing seemed more desperate than such a step, he naturally published it himself, and his courage was like the kiss of the prince upon the lips of the fairy princess. His good fortune instantly awoke. The edition was sold at once; another was demanded. The book was reprinted in Sweden, and the youth was famous at twenty-three.

Then he graduated with applause, the theatres played his dramas, he published a volume of poems, and fell in love. His love was unfortunate, and with a royal stipend which his friends procured for him he set off upon his travels. He saw France and Germany, and crossing the Alps, he came to Italy, and in 1833 he wrote the *Improvisatore*, which was published the next year. From this time he was an author and a traveler. But whatever his larger works, the delightful fairy tales, so familiar in every land, constantly appeared, like violets on a sunny bank in springtime. These are the true flowers of his genius. He was always a child fed on fairy lore, and such tales were his natural expressions. What a pity that the father who loved him so dearly and who so fostered his talent should have been the only one dear to him who never read them! They are the simplest and most unelaborate of stories, and they are purely fairy. They are not disguised sermons, and do not leave a moral, like a pretty flower which a child gathers, and in the act out flies a busy bee and stings. They are in themselves moral, of course, as every good thing is; and Andersen's humor and perception were too true and fine not to see and to enjoy the kind of moral which there is in his story of the "Ugly Duckling"—the moral of truth which Lady Flora, in Tennyson's poem, would have found by looking in "any glass." But he is the extreme opposite of Mr. Barlow in *Sandford and Merton*, who was the victim of some of Dickens's latest and most rollicking fun. To be loved by children, to be a classic of the nursery, to do to all tender-souled and fairy-minded younglings all the world over what his father did to him—to make them happy after their own kind—this is the rare fortune of Andersen, his pure fame. He was blind at last, but the youth of his heart never saddened or grew old. When he came back, famous, to Odense, his old native town was illuminated. And for how many a year will countless homes and hearths be lit up with joy at his coming in the eyes of children brighter than the windows of Odense!

THE Easy Chair is grieved to learn that a late letter of its correspondent, Mr. Tibbins, has given pain to some most worthy friends of hens and poultry in general. It seems that in an unguarded moment the excellent Mr. Tibbins—for the Easy Chair begs to assure the friends of poultry that Mr. Tibbins is only truly described by that adjective—the excellent Mr. Tibbins, in an unguarded moment, permitted himself to say that hens were the most stupid and uninteresting of brute pets. Upon reflection, the Easy Chair has no doubt that its correspondent will admit that this is strong language—language calculated to strike a pang to hearts that cherish Dorkings, Leghorns, Shanghais, and the many other famous families of this domestic fowl. Is it not, moreover, of the nature of an unprovoked aggression? This is the question that has been urged with gravity and warmth. "What," inquires an anxious correspondent who signs her own full name—"what injury or insult has Mr. Tibbins ever received from individual hens or poultry in general that he should include the whole race in so withering a generalization? Surely he is too magnanimous to revenge upon the aggregate barn-door community the misfortune of an occasional imperfect omelet or the domestic tragedy of an overripe egg. What if he has at times encountered an egg incautiously left to boil for four minutes, or has sometimes closed with chicken flesh less tender than blancmange: is it possible that he should so far have lost command of his nobler nature as to traduce the innocent, green new-comers who have just chipped the shell because of some hardness of an old gallinaceous sinner, or, what is quite as probable, the shameful ignorance and unskillfulness of a human cook?

"Ah, Mr. Easy Chair, could Mr. Tibbins have seen what I have seen of this interesting class of our fellow-creatures, he could not have written the harsh words that I have transcribed. Why, Sir—if you are a Sir, or madame, if you are not—last winter, on one of the sternest of the zero days, my friend and neighbor Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle sent me word that her favorite hen was as well as could be expected after a fortunate hatching of a brood, which, appearing soon after New-Year's Day, may, I think, truly be called the very earliest spring chickens. The interesting event had occurred in the cellar, and Mrs. Margery made immense and affectionate provision of raw cotton to promote the warmth and comfort of the new treasures which Providence had intrusted to her care, but at so rigorous a season. I grieve to say that some of the downy offspring of the careful mother were too delicate for so cold a world as this proved to be last January, and succumbed at an early period. But two stalwart scions of the favorite stock survived, and were very soon transferred to the fostering warmth of the kitchen. In that comfortable nursery it was touching to see those tender fowl disporting themselves upon the floor, and curiously contemplating—oh, their prophetic souls!—the roaster before the fire. One day, alas! one of the fuzzy, green strangers suddenly staggered upon a chair, to the seat of which, as the sympathetic cook remarked, it had 'only jess clum.' It fell, the unhappy bird, and was a cripple from that moment. Whether the malady which was the proximate cause of the catastrophe was pip or blind staggers has not even yet been satisfactorily determined. But the better opinion leans toward blind staggers, from the very interesting and remarkable fact that since its misfortune the innocent sufferer, condemned to dot and go one through life (as the sympathetic cook remarked), shows an utter inability to proceed in direct lines toward its object, but moves in zigzags—in truth,

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tacking about the kitchen and the yard like a ship in a head-wind at sea.

"But it is the fondness of these twin gallinaceous blossoms of hoary winter for Mrs. Margery that would fill the heart of Mr. Tibbins with remorse that he could ever have so thoughtlessly maligned their kind. Why, Sir—or madame—when Mrs. Margery went into the kitchen in the early days of their infancy, those blessed treasures would come and feed from her hand, and presently they followed her. She has only to seat herself and snap her fingers, and they come hastening to her lap. One of them, through kind fortune, has developed into a noble rooster. I wish, indeed, that you could see what a proud spectacle it is, how stimulating to all the finer feelings of our common nature, when Mrs. Margery raises him in her hands and fondles him. She scratches his head, and caresses his comb and his wattles, as you would stroke a kitten or a dog, and the complacent bird moves his head and gazes about with those expressive eyes which are the beauty of his kind; and beholding that high and responsive intelligence, I should like to know if Mr. Tibbins would repeat his most unfortunate description of the 'most stupid and uninteresting of brute pets.'

"The theme is endless. My subject expands as I advance. Had I but the pen of a Tibbins (sometimes, I own, misdirected in its epithets), I should hope to do some feeble justice to hens. Their time has been maligned, as you know. I have heard the ignorant and unfeeling remark that 'hens' time ain't worth nothin'.' I nail it as a slander and I defy the defamer. Sir, when I think of the innumerable hens that are this moment laying—not lazily lying, like so many of their human fellow-beings who might be named—laying with energy and success, in known and unknown places; when I reflect upon the triumphant result of all that laying, and follow in imagination those myriad grosses of eggs through all the changes rich and rare which they undergo, the culinary transformation, or the more marvelous incubation; when I meditate the countless throngs whom the meat of the egg nourishes; when my fancy riots and revels in visions of infinite cake and pudding and sauce and nog which delight the human race, or hears the sonorous crow and cluck of all the endless unborn generations of fowl that shall issue from the eggs this moment laid—then, indeed, I lose my breath and almost my wits. The whole world of the future, human and gallinaceous, seems to me to be, as it were, laying at this instant. Good heavens! Is the time of the benevolent birds that lay the whole world and produce coming ages worth nothin'? My mind wavers. It sinks. I know not how to indict a nation—that is, how to depict the inconceivable.

"I pause. Let me recover. I will make but one further remark, and conclude. In my younger days I knew a grave and thoughtful woman of large experience, and addicted to poultry. She passed much of her time in the elevating companionship of hens, and I have often heard her conversing and even laughing when in their society, as if exchanging repartees and sallies of wit. 'Did you ever observe,' she said to me one day, 'the remarkable resemblance of fowls to people?' And when I replied that I had not, she continued: 'They are so very like that I have all my friends in my poultry-yard; and indeed I have discontinued all other society. They are all there, and they are much more interesting than in the old sphere. From some of them out of whom I could never get any thing as people, I can get an egg every day as hens. Then I think that their conversation as poultry is preferable to that in which they indulge as men and women. Hens cluck and roosters crow to some purpose. But I could never find any point to the clucking and crowing of society. Besides, in society you must keep hands off. You can't punish offenders as they deserve. If old Mrs. Dagon chatters and proses and backbites every body, you must listen and grin. Now there is Mrs. Dagon yonder, scratching under the apple-tree. She is more like her than she is herself. Well, now, I want a good dinner to-morrow, and think what a satisfied sense of justice there is in saying to Bellamy, my man, "Bellamy, take off Mrs. Dagon's head this evening." You've no idea how consoling it is. Or if Miss Pincher calls and exasperates me with her querulous whine of aches and pains, I have to sit and assent, for I can't decently throw her out of the window. But the moment she is gone I have only to ring the bell and tell the girl to say to the cook that I want Miss Pincher broiled for breakfast. My people know the poultry by these names, and it's an immense convenience. Indeed, my dear, I know no more beneficent provision of Providence than the resemblance of hens to people. I execute that divine justice in my hen-yard which prejudice forbids me in society. We all know the people who ought to be roasted, fried, and boiled, but we can not accomplish it. We can achieve adequate justice only in the hen-yard.'

"My worthy friend is long since gone where I hope she is cooked to her own taste and according to her fine sense of desert. But can that world of animated nature, the poultry of our earliest association, be called most stupid and uninteresting when it thus tricks and fills itself with various and suggestive life? Surely so ingenuous a gentleman as Mr. Tibbins plainly is will reconsider. He can not mean to insist upon injustice, nor will he persevere in paining innocent hearts. He little knows how many such hearts, how many—if the expression may be allowed—how many Cochin China hearts he has broken unawares. Let him repair the injury. Let him, as it were, glue the pieces together again with penitential words soft and viscous as the white of a hen's egg. I am your true friend, dear Easy Chair—and Mr. Tibbins's too, did he but know it—

"HENRIETTA PULLET."

IN ancient Gaul, as Sir Henry Sumner Maine reminds us in his *Early History of Institutions*, when a husband died under suspicious circumstances his wives were treated with the same cruelty as a body of household slaves at Rome whose master had been killed by an unknown hand. This is a glimpse of the position of women in an older society, when the sound conservative doctrine that the woman should be subject to the man was in full force. The notion that a woman is entitled as a human being to the same freedom of will and opportunity of

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development as a man is modern, and, of course, must be counted among the melancholy signs of the decadence of society. But society shall not lapse into anarchy and the chaos of natural laws and Divine intentions if Mr. Bouverie, Sir Henry James, Mr. Childers, and other British Curtii can, by leaping into the gulf, save their race—and sex. These worthy Britons have formed a society to protect men from women. They are resolved that female encroachments shall cease, that the ballot-box shall be kept sacred from the touch of woman, and that she shall be taught forcibly her proper place. Hence, virago, to the nursery! Such is the battle-cry of Bouverie and his braves.

Fortunately they can at once form an efficient alliance. The condition of women in all Eastern countries is always gratifying to the man of just views. The mad folly of "rights" as connected with them is unknown, and the spectacle of a society in which the woman, according to right reason and the Divine decrees, is wholly subject to man, shows the justice of Dr. Bushnell's declaration that the agitation of a radical change of that relation is an attempted reform against nature. Mr. Bouverie and his friends of man will find Japan their ally. The publicists of that country have already discovered the necessity of the British movement to assist nature by repressing the advances of women. "If we observe the practices of Europeans," says a Japanese Bouverie, "it would appear that the power of the wife is greater than that of the husband, and that this error has been brought about by the want of a correct view of the dictates of nature." This shrewd analyst proceeds to prove his assertions. In going through a door, he says, the wife passes first and the husband follows her. She takes the best seat, and he the next best. In visiting friends the wife is first saluted. Besides, in conversation with ladies men must be particular in what they say; while if the men wish to smoke, they must actually ask permission of the women or leave the room. Here the Japanese philosopher approaches the ground of our own ingenious opponents of the enfranchisement of women, who assert that if women insist upon having a voice in the public disposition of their property, they must expect to be treated without respectful courtesy. If they persist in voting, they must not expect to go through the door first. It is a powerful argument. It seems to show conclusively that in expressing an opinion as to the use of their property they are arraying themselves against nature.

The Japanese agrees with Mr. Bouverie that no time is to be lost. There is much discussion, he says, in Japan about the relation of the sexes, and he exhorts the learned men to stir themselves and reflect continually, for otherwise the power of the other sex will expand gradually, and at last become so overwhelming that it will be impossible to control it. Mr. Bouverie and his associates will see that they have not begun a moment too soon. If women do not like tobacco smoke, as the Japanese statesman declares, let them leave the room. And so if they do not like other things that men do, let them, in one word, quit, or "git up and git." And if among those things that men choose to do there should chance to be included the taking of women's property, and they will not part with it quietly, let them be taught their duty, as Miss Abby Smith and her sister have been taught at Glastonbury, in Connecticut. If Miss Abby Smith and other women who own farms insist that they shall be treated like the neighboring men who own farms, why, as Dr. Bushnell pointedly remarks, they are reforming against nature; and the "dictates of nature," as the Japanese sage suggests, must be vindicated. And how is it to be done in the case of the contumacious Miss Smith, except by selling her farm over her head or sending her to jail? Her unwomanly insistence is one of the most flagrant instances of what Mr. Bouverie calls the encroachment of women that history offers. To find its parallel we must go beyond the annals of her own sex, and contemplate the similar encroachments of the American colonists upon the British Parliament a hundred years ago.

The British Association for the Protection of the Franchise against the Encroachment of Women has its origin in the conviction that we remember to have heard stated with a great deal of unction, that the duties of a woman are those of the wife and mother. This assertion has at least the fortification of one great truth, which is that nobody but a woman can be a wife and mother. That is a cardinal fact, upon which Mr. Bouverie is immovably planted. From that position he can not be driven by argument nor seduced by blandishment. And what, then, is his next step? Simply that a woman ought to be a wife and mother, and nothing else. What could be more logical? See how clear it is by applying the same logic elsewhere. The truth that woman only can be wife and mother is no more evident or incontrovertible than that man alone can be husband and father. Consequently men ought to be husbands and fathers, and nothing else. It is their Heaven-appointed sphere, as is beautifully remarked in the case of women. When Miss Smith says that she owns property, and ought to be consulted in its public disposition, the reply of the British Association for the P. of the F. against the E. of W. is that her true sphere is not politics, but that of wife and mother. And how if the shameless woman should say in the town-meeting which frowns sorrowfully at her encroachments and struggles against nature, that the meeting was composed of men, and that their true sphere was not politics, but that of husband and father?

It must be inferred from the diligent exhortations which the Mr. Bouveries of every village and social circle address to women upon their sphere and duty that they are peculiarly unmindful of them. Indeed, it is a truly pathetic spectacle, that of the innocent and docile male sex, so sedulously and exclusively devoted to its duties of husband and father, suddenly invaded and thrown into peril of permanent derangement by the belligerent and tyrannical female, which every where deserts its wifely and motherly duties for predatory incursions upon man. Ho! Bouverie to the rescue! The lamentable disregard of their duties by women, and the faithful discharge of theirs by men, are so obvious that it is a subject of general congratulation that Bouverie and his friends propose to recall women to their sphere. With the wise Japanese, they would return to the "dictates of nature," which teach that Miss Smith, of Glastonbury, ought to be Mrs. Somebody, and that

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if she owns property, her neighbors who are not women ought to take as much of it as they choose for their own purposes, and without consulting her. To ask her, as Dr. Bushnell conclusively asserts, is to outrage nature.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, one of the most valuable and welcome contributors to this Magazine, who has lived long in England without losing his faith or his interest in America, is coming home this winter, and proposes to lecture. His studies have been in local English life, in the religious literature of all countries, and in general science; and his subjects are, "London," "Oriental Religion," "The Devil," "St. George and the Dragon," and "Fossil Man." He is very sure to say something upon all these topics which will be new and very entertaining, and to say it in a most lively and attractive way. Mr. Conway has been used to public speaking all his life, and his constant correspondence with the Cincinnati *Commercial*, as well as his papers in this Magazine, has led him to keep his sense of the public requirements of a lecturer fresh and sharp, so that he will not labor under the disadvantage upon the lyceum platform of being a recluse scholar coming from a library. He has lived in the world and learned to know it, and the knowledge that he has acquired he can turn to good account. If there has been some disappointment in the speakers who have come from England, and consequent distrust of them, the lyceum will remember that Mr. Conway is an American who has not ceased to be such. In speaking of London, therefore, he will tell what an American instinctively wishes to know, but with the familiar knowledge of an Englishman, and he will judge English life and prospects from our own point of view. The lecture upon the devil will deal with demons in all times and lands—with Ahriman and Eblis, the Satan of Milton, the Mephistopheles of Goethe; while St. George and the Dragon will naturally take us through a wide and fascinating range of fairy lore. Washington Irving used to say that the *Arabian Nights* was a most promising subject for a lecture. But Mr. Conway has chosen a tale of enchantment which includes Wantley as well as Bagdad. We hope that lyceum committees will remember Mr. Conway in making their arrangements, as we have no doubt that the audiences will after hearing him.

Editor's Literary Record.

SINCE the days when boars were roasted whole, and hospitality was measured less by the quality of the wine than the bigness of the drinking goblet, the world has made some progress in the arts both of cooking and of eating. He who measures his food only by the palate, and she who accounts the kitchen only a place of drudgery, are behind the age. To eat wisely is a science; to cook æsthetically is an art; and both the science and the art manifest their existence in three or four recent volumes. *In the Kitchen* (Lee and Shepard) illustrates the æsthetic qualities of the culinary art by its external appearance. It is beautifully bound and printed, and is externally fit for the parlor table. The mistress will hardly consent that it descend to the kitchen at all, except where she is herself both mistress and servant, and even then she will be likely to save her handsome volume from the accidents of grease and flour by copying out the recipe she intends to use. In truth, however, such books as these are chiefly, though not exclusively, useful for that happily increasing class of housekeepers who know how to manage the kitchen without living in it. The power of direction and control, the skill that imparts itself to other minds less cultured, and uses other hands less skillful, common enough in its exercise among men, enabling the captain to act through his mates, and the mill-owner through his foreman, and the merchant through his clerks, are not the exclusive prerogative of the male sex. The wife who at once knows how to prepare a well-ordered meal, and how to impart her knowledge to a servant not absorbed by other and higher cares, is a better housekeeper than she who is her own drudge. And the object of such a book as *In the Kitchen* is to tell the educated but unpracticed mistress how to direct without doing the work of the cook. It is simply a book of recipes. The plan of giving at the commencement of the recipe a list of the ingredients, introduced, we believe, by Marian Harland, is adopted, to the great advantage of the housekeeper. The book shows great improvement over the old-fashioned recipes in the plainness and clearness of its directions. We find in it no such perspicuous counsels as, Take a little flour and a sufficient quantity of milk, and sweeten to the taste. There are some suggestions for picnics at the end. The idea is good, but the execution of this chapter is inadequate and unsatisfactory. The insertion of blank pages for new recipes is an excellent feature.

Those of our readers who have used Marian Harland's *Common-Sense in the Household* will need no other recommendation of the sequel, *Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). It is prepared in much the same vein, and is interspersed, like the companion volume, with occasional essays on themes connected with home life, but lying a little above the level of the table. The little story entitled "Luncheon" will be, as the advertisements say, "worth the price of the book" as a hint to young housekeepers, who may be sure that they will some time be overtaken by an equally unhappy failure of the commissariat. The volume will hardly take the place of a regular cook book; it may possibly inveigle some mistresses who are fond of experimenting into occasionally expensive luxuries; but, on the other hand, the cynic who declared that a wife's way to her husband's heart lay through his stomach was not wholly wrong, and the wife who knows how to vary the hygienic monotony of roast beef and boiled potatoes with some of the pleasant surprises which this book makes not only possible but eminently practicable will serve a higher purpose by her acquired skill than perhaps she imagines. For

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the meal which is the drudgery of the wife is often rest for the husband; and if he does not appreciate her toil, nor understand the true cause of her listless toying with her knife and fork, neither does she comprehend how thorough a break it often makes in his perhaps monotonous day to have simply set before him a new and at the same time an appetizing dish.

Eating for Strength (Wood and Holbrook) is to be heartily commended for giving its hygienic information in a form so concise and so intelligible. It will be much more readily understood by the average housekeeper than most books of a hygienic character. Whatever the higher education may in the future accomplish for women, at present, equipped with such domestics as America ordinarily furnishes them, they are not prepared to carry on the kitchen upon general scientific principles. If they learned at school what food supplied brain, and what muscle, and what adipose tissues, the knowledge has been sent to keep company with the names of all the capitals, the length of all the great rivers, the height of all the great mountains, and other equally useful information. The book that tells in five lines when oysters are unhealthy and why, that describes in a paragraph the use and abuse of oranges and grapes, that indicates in a sentence the effect on the system of rye bread, and that, with equal brevity, suggests the hygienic consequences of all ordinary diet, will be of constant utility, and in time will give scientific knowledge by imparting, little by little, a knowledge of the facts out of which scientific principles are evolved. Its three pages on fruit beverages not only furnish a suggestion for saving in the ice-cream and soda-water bill, but also serve a useful temperance as well as hygienic purpose. The woman who wants a general cook book will find *In the Kitchen* one of the best, clearest, and most succinct, as it is the most attractive externally, of its class; she whose household requires the constant study of health will find *Eating for Strength* a practical and, we are inclined to think, an invaluable friend; she who has already a sufficient store of knowledge for ordinary culinary purposes will, by the aid of *Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea*, be able to make her table more attractive by frequent surprises to her husband, her children, and her guests.

The first volume of an illustrated *Commentary on the New Testament* (A. S. Barnes and Co.), comprising the first two gospels, by the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, is a valuable addition to the helps to Bible study. It traverses ground that has frequently been trodden before, but does it in such a way as to amply justify the author in his attempt, and we predict for it a longer and more useful life than falls to the lot of most commentaries. It gives evidence not only of careful study, thorough investigation, and extensive reading, but of an independence of thought which imparts singular freshness and interest. The author has accepted the conclusions of those who have preceded him in the field only when they seemed to him to express the true spirit of the text. He has evaded no hard passage, has turned away from no difficulty, has endeavored conscientiously to help Bible students and Christian workers at the points where they most need help, as well as to make the comparatively plain passages plainer, and in both directions has succeeded admirably. In an introduction of forty-four pages the nature, origin, and authority of the New Testament are concisely related, and the evidences and limits of inspiration, the New Testament canon, the text, and our English version are briefly considered. A tabular Harmony of the Gospels, and a convenient Gazetteer giving a short account of the principal places in Palestine, are also added. At the beginning of most of the chapters or sections a concise analysis of the passage is given, in some cases a paraphrase. The maps and illustrations are good, the latter being evidently designed to serve a useful rather than an ornamental purpose, while at the same time they add to the attractiveness of the volume. Notes, preliminary or supplemental, on topics of special interest or difficulty constitute also a feature of the work. There are thirty of these in this volume, and they add greatly to its value.

In respect both to the themes chosen and their treatment, preachers of sermons in church might learn something from a perusal, and perhaps a study, of *Sermons out of Church* (Harper and Brothers), by Miss MULOCK. It is no new thing for the author of *John Halifax* to preach. All her stories are parables; but a volume of didactic essays from her pen is something new. Not every story-teller is a good sermonizer or essayist; Miss Mulock succeeds in the one department of literature no less than in the other. Her essays have the practical common-sense of Timothy Titcomb, and are fresher and more vigorous in their method; they have the vitality and almost the vivacity of Gail Hamilton, and are much more sober in thought and simple and natural in structure and in style.

There is a peculiar fascination about France, and especially about Paris, which makes every American who has ever been there desire to go there again, and every reader who has acquired some familiarity through literature with that country welcome the opportunity to revisit it with new literary companions. Mr. ALBERT RHODES has lived abroad for such length of time as not only to have become thoroughly familiar with French life, but also to have caught something of the French character. His little book, *The French at Home* (Dodd and Mead), is light and sketchy, not profound, and gives less of insight into French character or real knowledge of French institutions than graphic pen-and-ink pictures of the external aspects of French society. It is a more entertaining but less satisfactory book than *French Home Life*, republished from the English two years ago.

Norway and Denmark are—it would be difficult to say for what reason—out of the ordinary course of European travel. There is no more romantic route than the sail up the Norwegian coast, with its rocky fiords and its thousands of islands of "every size, from a single point of rock rising above the water to many miles in extent," with its Maelstrom and its midnight sun, with its quaint and weird legends, adding to its wild scenery the interest of its equally wild mythology, and last, but not least, with its curious people and curious ways—some of the latter maintained almost from the days of Harold. Along this comparatively untraveled route Judge CATON takes his readers in *A Summer in Norway* (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.). Descriptions of

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its natural scenery, notes on the peculiar habits and customs of its people, stories gathered from its legendary lore, and more prosaic accounts of its climate, topography, and productions are intermingled in what constitutes an exceptionally interesting book of European travel, and one which ought to deflect many American tourists from the well-worn routes of travel to this comparatively unvisited land.—*A Summer in Norway* gives a traveler's glimpse at the Norwegian coast; *My Danish Days* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger) affords the reader in some measure a resident's familiarity with one of the principal art capitals of Europe. The Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen is declared by the author to be unrivaled in Northern Europe, and the Thorwaldsen Museum he aptly entitles the Mecca of sculpture. The author, Mr. GRIFFIN, was for several years United States consul at Copenhagen; the most interesting and the most considerable portion of his book is occupied with its life and its museums and art collections, of which Mr. Griffin appears to have been an enthusiastic student. In addition, however, his chapter on Hans Christian Andersen will be read with special interest at the present time; and his chapters on Professor George Stephens and the literature of Denmark contain an interesting survey of Danish language and letters, the chief fault of which is that it is too brief.

From *The Last Letters from Egypt* (Macmillan and Co.), by Lady DUFF GORDON, the reader gets some graphic pictures of Egypt and Egyptian life, and, what is both more important and rare, a sympathetic insight into the character and true life of the people; but better than either is the personal acquaintance which it affords with Lady Duff Gordon herself. Her letters, without the least tinge of egotism, open to us her heart; and to know a heart so full of love, of pity, and of courage, of patient endurance of personal suffering, and of chivalric sympathy with the troubles of others, is worth more than all which she tells about Egypt and the Egyptians.

Four Years in Ashantee and *Twelve Months in Madagascar* (Robert Carter and Brothers) are not unimportant additions to the large and valuable library of history, geography, and ethnology which Christian missionaries have created. The former contains an account of the experiences of two German missionaries as captives in the heart of the Ashantee territory; the second volume, by Dr. JOSEPH MULLENS, necessarily less valuable, because describing a country and people better known, contains the record of a visit to the island of Madagascar, and is of interest both as a book of travels and as an account of an important phase of missionary work.

Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S novels are not only "among the enjoyments of life," they are also among its instructors; for no modern novelist, and perhaps no novelist of any time, has depicted with such scrupulous fidelity to the truth the actual facts of society, the phases of our national and social life which almost inevitably escape the historian, and which are rarely caught even by the tourist or the essayist. There is nothing false about *The Way We Live Now* (Harper and Brothers) but the title. There is a flavor of cynicism about that which is quite unlike Mr. Trollope. That Mr. Melmotte represents the ordinary type of enterprising capital or moneyed aristocracy, or Lady Carbury the average literary woman, or her worthless son the young man of the present age, or Miss Melmotte or the Longestaffe girls the best or even the average product of modern society, no one, we think, will be inclined to allow; and that Mr. Booker, Mr. Alf, or Mr. Broune fairly answers to the modern literary critic no reviewer could for an instant concede. It is true that the atmosphere of such a society as that which Mr. Trollope depicts is any thing but healthy. It is true that, with perhaps two exceptions, there is not a noble character in the book. But it is also true that the vices which Mr. Trollope so effectually uncovers are not only common, but, in their thin disguise, get ready admission and not infrequent respect in the society of both England and America.

We have read *Miss Angel* (Harper and Brothers) with a personal enjoyment not often permitted to the critic, and have been endeavoring to analyze the elements of its interest and power, not altogether with success. For that power it does not depend on the historical information which the book contains, though it is historical; and the reader, like the author, "can scarcely tell what is real and what is but my own imagination in it all." Nor does it depend on the characterization. This is not strikingly effective; it is not, in the ordinary sense, dramatic. Miss Thackeray conceives of character rather as a historian than as a romancer. You are never startled by the personification, or prompted to recognize that this is but a stage and these men and women only players, and to admire their acting. Nor is the secret of its fascination the wit and wisdom of which the narrative is made the vehicle. It is not in the style, which is that of pure English, generally rhythmical, sometimes rising into the realm of a true poetry, but not ornate, not rhetorical, and producing an impression of modest simplicity rather than of elegance. It is the indefinable, undescribable sense of restfulness in the book, its power of calm, its power to calm, which constitutes its characteristic. It captures the soul and carries it into another realm, where life is not so full of bustling activities and perturbing cares; and it does this, not by the life it depicts, but by the supreme calmness and quietness of mind of the author who depicts it, whose sympathies are strong, whose nature is alert, but whose depths are not perturbed by the storms.

In *St. Simon's Niece* (Harper and Brothers) Mr. BENEDICT intimates his conception of the public taste, and indicates the nature and cause of his greatest defect as a novelist. "The dear reading public prefer to hear about persons at whom they can laugh, and decide which group among their circle of acquaintance the author has meant to depict." In truth, however, "novels are sweets," and the highest and best always present ideals of character which inspire in the reader not only nobler thoughts of human nature, but nobler purposes of life. In *St. Simon's Niece* there is certainly not an ideal character, scarcely an attractive one. Roland Spencer is pure and simple-hearted, but weak and foolish; Gregory Alleyne lacks neither nobility of nature nor strength of character; but neither he nor Miss Devereux possesses the warmth of nature which

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is alone capable of enkindling enthusiasm in others. The sympathies of the reader all centre, almost despite himself, about Fanny St. Simon. And the power to conceive so self-contradictory a character, and the skill to depict a life so full of conflicting purposes, of noble aspirations, and of despicable deeds, show in the author of *My Daughter Elinor* a great advance, and, apart from other elements of power, ranks him among the first of modern novel-writers in dramatic force. All the personages that come and go—St. Simon, gambler, speculator, defrauder, a type of the modern Ishmaelite; Talbot Castlemaine, self-indulgent *roué;* Mrs. Pattaker, descendant of the Signer; even the tortoise—are all most effectively drawn, while Fanny will take her place in literature as among the more remarkable dramatic delineations of character. The author has shown very remarkable skill, and, considering the difficulty of his task, has achieved very remarkable success in exciting alternately our sympathy and our abhorrence for St. Simon's niece, and so evenly has he preserved the balance, that few readers will judge what is to be the final outcome of her character, or feel certain in themselves whether they hope for her reformation or her condign punishment. All that is lacking to put *St. Simon's Niece* in the first rank of modern novels, as it is certainly by far the best of Frank Lee Benedict's, is a nobler and better ideal of character, if not as a central object, then as a light background against which to set off the faults and the follies which the author embodies in character and incident with so much genuine power.

In the second volume of *Dr. Thomas Guthrie's Memoirs* (Robert Carter and Brothers) his sons have performed a difficult and delicate task exceedingly well. It is never easy to weave a memoir on to a fragmentary autobiography and avoid an unhappy appearance of moral and intellectual dissonance; and he who follows with his pen Dr. Guthrie's autobiography cometh after the king. Partly by exceeding simplicity of manner in their own contributions, and partly by large and well-chosen quotations from Dr. Guthrie's letters, the editors have made their second volume quite as interesting as the first, which contained the autobiography proper. Dr. Guthrie was active in the ecclesiastical and philanthropic movements of his day, and while his peculiar sphere was the platform and the pulpit, he stood thereon as the champion of both civil and ecclesiastical freedom. The story of his life gives, therefore, the romantic aspects of the disruption, the measures for endowing the Free Church with an adequate manse fund, the origin and development of the ragged schools (from which sprang our own mission schools), the temperance movement, the imperfectly successful endeavors for an adequate national educational scheme, as well as Dr. Guthrie's personal and abundant labors in the ministry, his later literary labors, and his private and social life. The book abounds with anecdote, pathetic and humorous; it opens, as only a biography can, the inner history of some important chapters in Scottish history; and it can not fail to inspire its readers, by bringing them into contact with a noble, generous, heroic Christian soul in the person of the great preacher and the great philanthropist.

The Appletons, who have contributed so largely to the popularization of science, both by their periodicals and their book publications, have commenced a new series of scientific works under the general title of "The Popular Science Library." The three volumes before us indicate the catholicity of the editor of this series. *Evolution Philosophy*, by M. E. CAZELLES, is a translation from the French of an ardent admirer and disciple of Herbert Spencer. It is the least popular, the most metaphysical, of the series, and, on the whole, the least satisfactory. *The Natural History of Man*, from the French of A. DE QUATREFAGES, presents, in opposition to the views of Darwin and the evolutionists, the old theory of the nature and origin of man, and enforces it with great vigor. The author gives the key-note to his position by emphatically denying in his opening lecture that man is an animal. He insists on the unity of the human race. He declares that science is unable to answer the question, Whence came man? but that it unmistakably negatives the hypothesis that he is a descendant of the ape. His work will be welcomed not only by controversialists in this field, but by all who desire to see in a compact and convenient form the ablest arguments against the Darwinian theory of the descent of man. More directly practical than either of these two works is the volume on *Health*, by Dr. EDWARD SMITH. It is crowded with useful information, given in a practical way and for practical purposes. It is not impaired by any of those pet theories and notions which so often mar and not infrequently destroy the usefulness of popular treatises on hygiene.—A more elaborate work on the same subject is *The Maintenance of Health* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), which the author, J. M. FOTHERGILL, M.D., describes as "a medical work for lay readers." It is a literary outrage, unpardonable, to issue such a work with neither table of contents nor index. The book, less confined in its scope than Dr. Smith's, indulges more at length in the discussion of doubtful points.—The absence of a painstaking study of life renders such a book as Mrs. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL'S *Sexes throughout Nature* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) quite ineffective in convincing the skeptical, however satisfactory it may be to the devout believer in the doctrine, that each sex has all the powers of the other, and that their avocations and industries may be identical, because there is no disparity in their natures. Her book is a criticism, not an affirmative philosophy, and is valuable rather for its analysis of the arguments of others than for any new observations of her own.

We are glad to notice that a new edition for schools of NORDHOFF'S *Politics for Young Americans* (Harper and Brothers) has been called for. It is a somewhat singular fact that political studies should be so almost entirely ignored in a country whose common-school system is founded on the idea that education is necessary to make good citizens. Mr. Nordhoff's book is admirably adapted to be a text-book, because in its grasp of principles and its clearness of style it is very unlike most text-books. A singular compliment to this work is the fact that a special edition has been printed in raised letters for the use of the blind, by the American Printing-House for the Blind, of Louisville, Kentucky. In this form it makes a bulky volume, considerably larger than Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—In our astronomical review for July we are for once unable to record the discovery of any new asteroids or comets. Among the publications in astronomy for the past month we may note the *Annales de l'Observatoire de Moscou*, volume ii., part i. (with eleven plates). The subjects of observation have been the belts of Jupiter, the meteors of August, the asteroid Juno for determination of parallax, as well as spectroscopic examination of the solar prominences and of Coggia's comet. This observatory likewise sent three expeditions to observe the transit of Venus, under the charge of Dr. Bredichin, director of the observatory, and of Céraski and Döllen respectively. Of these expeditions, Döllen's, to Egypt, was highly successful, while the other two were hindered by cloudy weather from obtaining results of importance. The volume contains a photograph and an engraving of the equatorial telescope of the observatory (eleven inches aperture), with photographs of sixteen drawings of the belts of Jupiter, and of the physical appearance of Coggia's comet. These last drawings are particularly interesting, as confirming those of other observers as to the existence of a complex system of envelopes about the head of this comet. Four lithographed plates of drawings of the solar prominences are given, as well as plates showing the paths of the August meteors.

In reference to the variable colors of stars, we note that in the *Uranometria*, composed in the middle of the tenth century by the Persian astronomer Al Sûfi, and which has been recently published by the Imperial Academy of Science at St. Petersburg, under the editorship of Schjellerup, it is stated that at the time of his observations the star Algol was reddish—an epithet applied also by him to the stars Antares, Aldebaran, and a few others. Most of these exhibit a reddish aspect in the present day. Algol, however, appears at present as a white star, without any tinge of color. This change of color is of great interest, and, indeed, highly significant, when taken in connection with the fact that the apparent brightness of Algol is subject to a periodical fluctuation of remarkable and, in fact, inexplicable character. Spectroscopic analysis has most plausibly suggested that in many cases the established variability in brightness of stars is due to such internal changes in the body of the star as bring a different class of chemicals to the surface, giving rise thereby to a variation in intensity of the light, a variation in its color, and a change in the spectrum lines and bands. The observed changes in the color of Algol, therefore, are quite in accordance with this theory. It may be added that Sûfi speaks of the great nebula in Andromeda as generally known in his day, so that Simon Marius (1612) can no longer be considered as its discoverer. Sûfi likewise records the position of the new variable star near Alpha Virginis, which has been recently discovered by Professor Schmidt, of Athens. Dr. Tempel, of Florence, calls attention to a nebula first discovered by him in 1860, which he considers without doubt to be variable. It is close to the star Merope, of the Pleiades, and can now be seen with a telescope of four inches aperture.

Only two other variable nebulæ are, we believe, known, and neither of these has had sufficient attention paid to it. This is a subject to which some of our American amateurs might well give attention.

Professor Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory, has written a letter to the New York *Tribune* upon the real needs of astronomical science in America, which deserves general attention. Professor Newcomb says, what is perhaps not generally known, that some of the legacies now so frequently left by rich and cultured men for the founding of astronomical observatories might well be diverted to the formation of schools for practical astronomy and computing, which could be done at small cost; and he calls attention to the fact that a sum of a few thousand dollars devoted to the subject of theoretical astronomy would be productive of more benefit to the science in general than twice the amount expended in costly astronomical instruments. The attempt of Professor Abbe in 1869 to establish a school of practical astronomy at Cincinnati, after the model of the famous schools of Struve at Dorpat and Pulkova, is one well worthy of imitation, and it is hoped that he may soon have an opportunity to carry out his plans.

Terrestrial Magnetism.—The first volume of the official and detailed publication of the observations on terrestrial magnetism made at Trevandrum, India, has lately been received. These observations have been in great part made and discussed under the superintendence of John Allen Broun. The first volume is confined to the subject of magnetic declination, and embraces all the observations from 1852 to 1870. After an unusually minute and laborious investigation into the errors of the instruments, Mr. Broun deduces from them a great number of interesting, and in some cases actually new, results. Some of these have already been published in the scientific journals; but the more remarkable of them are still worthy of notice. He finds that the slight diurnal influence of the moon upon the magnetic needle consists of a double maximum and minimum of easterly declinations repeated through every month. The maxima occur in December and January at the times of the moon's upper and lower transits across the meridian; but in June the minima occur near the times of these transits. The range of the lunar diurnal variation and that of the solar variation were a minimum in 1856 and a maximum in 1860. The action of the moon on the declination of the needle is greater in every month of the year during the day than during the night.

Meteorology.—In some comments upon Hildebrandsson's investigations into the upper currents of the atmosphere, Clement Ley, the author of a valuable treatise on the laws of the winds prevailing in Western Europe, states that the winds on the surface of the earth, as compared with the upper currents, show inverse relations to areas of low and high pressure; thus the upper currents blow inward upon, but the lower outward from, areas of high pressure. Consequently an area of low barometer is nec-

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essarily the focus of ascending currents, which, when they have arisen to a great height in the atmosphere, flow away from the central space of low pressure toward regions of high pressure, where they sink gradually down to the surface as descending currents, and in this manner a vertical circulation is constantly maintained between the surface of the earth and the higher regions of the atmosphere.

It is very important that the theory and systematic observations on the motions of the cirrus cloud be carefully made by observers throughout the world, and this subject has been strongly insisted on since 1871 by the United States Weather Bureau.

On the 7th of July an extraordinary series of hail and thunder storms extended from Geneva, Switzerland, northward over a large part of France. The paths of these storms will be investigated by the meteorological bureaus of the various sections of France, in hopes of adding thereby somewhat to our knowledge on the subject.

Unusual rains have also been experienced in many parts of the United States, and we are forcibly reminded of the results of Dr. Koppen's studies, according to whom the present should, on the average, be a cool and wet year throughout the north temperate zone.

Physics.—Mr. Pockington states that he has examined by polarized light some specimens of hardened glass prepared by himself according to De la Bastie's method. Having prepared a small cube in this manner, its sides were ground plane and polished, and on examination by the polariscopic apparatus it became at once evident that the contraction of the exterior of the mass must exert a powerful compressing force upon the interior. The outer surface of the glass can be made, according to his experiments, nearly twice as hard as ordinary glass. On grinding away either surface it is evident that the interior of the mass consists of ordinary glass, being little, if at all, harder than before the application of De la Bastie's process, and subject to fracture in the ordinary way. There appears to be a limit beyond which the opposite surfaces can not be unequally removed without producing such phenomena as, under the polariscope, show the existence of unsymmetrical tensions; but there is practically no limit beyond which both surfaces may not be simultaneously removed, as is shown by dissolving away the softer portions by means of hydrofluoric acid.

Mr. W. Whitehorn has communicated to the Physical Society of London some experiments on the electric conductivity of glass. He shows that, although a perfect non-conductor at ordinary temperatures, yet glass, when heated to redness, allows the electric current to pass freely. Even at the temperature of boiling water a slight amount of electricity is conveyed by it. The resistance at a temperature of 165° C. is nearly forty times that observed at a temperature of 300°. The glass used by Mr. Whitehorn contained oxides of lead, thereby making it a better insulator than other kinds of glass.

Professor Dewar, in a recent lecture, after explaining the method adopted by Professor Tait and himself for obtaining very perfect vacua by taking advantage of the power that charcoal has of condensing gases, states that these vacua are so perfect that it is impossible to force through them an electric spark between electrodes one-quarter of an inch apart, even when a powerful coil is employed. Such vacua are, therefore, eminently proper to repeat the investigation recently made by Mr. Crookes upon the action of a beam of light on a disk at the end of a delicately suspended glass fibre. Such an investigation has been made by Dewar, and he finds that the movements of the disk are due entirely to radiant heat, and not to any mysterious agency, as Mr. Crookes seems to imply. The sensitiveness of the disk increases with the perfection of the vacuum. The sides of the glass receiver must be quite thin. If the disks are covered with lamp-black, they are affected much sooner than if left white. The conductivity of the suspended body for heat, and the nature of the residuum gas within the vacuum, determine the density of the gas corresponding to the neutral point observed by Mr. Crookes. The intensity of the movements of the disk increases in proportion to the inverse square of the distance of the source of radiation. If we interpose between the light and the disk a substance opaque to heat rays, although transparent to light, the movements of the disk immediately cease. If we interpose a substance transparent to heat, but opaque to light, the deflection of the disk is large. If two disks are taken, one of rock-salt and the other of glass, it is found that the rock-salt is inactive when a beam of light is thrown on it, but the glass disk is active, the reason being that the rock-salt is not heated, whereas the glass is heated. To show the sensitiveness of the apparatus, it may be stated that an ordinary lucifer-match will, at a distance of four feet, produce instant action. Professor Dewar has not accepted the suggestion of Reynolds that the action is due to the evaporation of some of the fluid on the surface of the disk. These phenomena allow of a very perfect explanation, according to the principles of the kinetic theory of gases and the mechanical theory of heat, according to which the particles of gas are flying about in all directions with a velocity which depends upon their temperature; the length of the path of each particle is dependent principally upon the barometric pressure. Under ordinary barometric pressure of thirty inches, the length of the average path is about one-ten-thousandth of a millimeter, but when the barometric pressure is reduced to the one-millionth part of an inch, the average length of the path between two collisions is about eighteen inches. If, therefore, Mr. Crookes's disks are in such a vacuum, and heated by radiation on one side warmer than on the other, the particles of gas that impinge on that side of the disk leave it at a higher temperature, and therefore with a greater velocity, than those striking the opposite side. Hence there is a recoil of the disk as observed by him.

Mechanics.—Professor Silvester states that by the study of linkages he has been led to the conception of a new instrument by means of which a figure in the act of being magnified or reduced may at the same time be slewed around the centre of similitude. This instrument may be used, therefore, to transfer a figure from one position on a sheet of drawing-paper to any other position upon it, leaving its form and magnitude unaltered, but its position slewed around through any desired

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angle. Again, it enables us to apply the principle of angular repetition, to produce designs of complicated and captivating symmetry from any simple pattern or form, such as a flower or sprig; and still it may safely, by practice, be found to place a new and powerful implement in the hands of the engine turner, pattern designer, and the architectural decorator.

Clerk-Maxwell's lecture before the London Chemical Society upon the dynamical evidence of the molecular constitution of matter presents in an admirable way the conclusions which have been reached on this subject by mathematicians who have studied molecular physics.

Amory has published a brief note on the great facility with which the horizontal pendulum of Zöllner can be used to demonstrate Ampère's laws of the attraction and repulsion of currents.

Pfaundler confirms the unequal solubility of different faces of the same crystal, recently observed by Lecoq de Boisbaudran, and calls attention to his theoretical explanation of it, first published in 1869. He concludes that those faces of a crystal which possess favorable conditions for resisting the impact of the moving molecules are preserved and grow at the expense of the others. "Thus," he says, "the principle laid down by Darwin is applicable also in the world of molecules. Those forms and combinations which possess the most favorable conditions of existence are the ones which are preserved."

La Cour has devised a very ingenious use of the tuning-fork for transmitting signals on telegraph lines, which promises to become of great importance. It is based on the well-known fact that if a given fork be made to interrupt an electric circuit by its vibrations, and the intermittent current thus produced be passed through a series of electro-magnets, each in connection with a fork of different rate, only that fork will be thrown into vibration which is in unison with the first one. Practically the time required to do this is a small fraction of a second. The advantages of this method are numerous. Not only may many receiving instruments at one station be operated, each by its own key, through a single wire, but many different stations in the same circuit may be operated, that one alone receiving the message which has the requisite instrument. Moreover, many signals may in this way be transmitted over the same wire at the same time, and many dispatches sent simultaneously to as many stations. All this may be done, too, without affecting the line for its ordinary use, and independent of atmospheric and terrestrial currents.

Decharme has described a new form of sonorous flame. When gas under the ordinary pressure is burned from an opening three to five millimeters in diameter, a flame thirty to fifty centimeters in height is obtained. If now, by means of a similar tube held horizontally, a moderate current of air be directed against the flame, persistent and very varied sounds are produced. The experiment succeeds very well with a Bunsen burner giving a luminous flame (its air-openings being closed), the tube supplying the air being placed horizontally a little above the orifice and in contact with the flame. The phenomenon acquires special interest when viewed in a revolving mirror.

Desains has continued his researches upon solar radiation, and has determined the quantity of heat received per minute at Paris by one square centimeter of the earth's surface placed normal to the direction of the rays during an entire year. The maximum was on June 22, when the amount received was 1.29 units, and the minimum on January 30, the amount being 1.00 unit. He finds also that the proportion of the solar rays transmitted by a layer of water eight millimeters thick reached its maximum July 4, 0.71, and its minimum on April 25, 0.63.

Krüss has described a new eye-piece formed of a divergent flint lens, placed between two convergent lenses of crown, so that the faces in contact have the same radius of curvature, and consequently touch at all points. Of the four radii of curvature present the first is +5.27 lines, the second +10 lines, the third +2.9 lines, and the fourth −5.73 lines. The sign plus refers to curves having the convexity toward the eye of the observer. This eye-piece has been constructed by Steinheil, and is sensibly aplanatic and achromatic, with a field of about thirty degrees.

Wright continues his paper upon the gaseous constituents of the meteorite of February 12, and formulates the following conclusions: 1. The stony meteorites are distinguished from the iron ones by having the oxides of carbon, chiefly the dioxide, as their characteristic gases, instead of hydrogen. 2. The proportion of carbon dioxide given off is much greater at low than at high temperatures, and is sufficient to mask the hydrogen in the spectrum. 3. The amount of the gases contained in a large meteorite, or a cluster of such bodies serving as a cometary nucleus, is sufficient to form the train as ordinarily observed. 4. The spectrum of the gases is closely identical with that of several of the comets.

Capron has examined with a spectroscope especially constructed for the purpose the spectrum of the aurora, and has compared it with that of hydrogen, oxygen, oxides of carbon, coal gas, air, hydrogen phosphide, iron, and mercury under various conditions. He differs from Angström in his conclusions, first, as to the presence of moisture in the auroral regions, and second, as to the importance of the violet pole spectrum in air.

In *General Chemistry*, Pebal has examined euchlorin and hypochloric acid critically, and comes to the conclusion that the former is a mixture of the latter and free chlorine in variable proportions. He assigns to the latter the formula ClO_2.

Buchanan, chemist to the *Challenger* expedition, finds that sea-water, artificially cooled, crystallizes in hexagonal tables, the water from the melting of which yields 1.578 grams of chlorine to the liter. Iceberg ice, on the contrary, gave only 0.052 to 0.1723 grams in a liter.

Kingzett has succeeded in crystallizing a hydrate of calcium hypochlorite from a saturated solution of bleaching powder.

Reyman has detected bromoform in commercial bromine, and says it may easily be recognized by its odor, and by the fact that it lessens the solubility of the bromine in water.

Boussingault has published an elaborate research into the manufacture of steel by cementation, the analytical results of which must prove of great value.

Treve and Durassier have studied the relation

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which exists between the composition of a steel and its coercitive force. Durassier gives a note of great practical value on the choice of steels for different purposes.

Hartley has given a simple mode of assaying an iron ore when the facilities of a laboratory are wanting. The ore is balanced (on a rude pair of scales without weights) against pure iron wire, both are dissolved and made up to the same volume, and one-fiftieth of each is taken for titration.

Bibra concludes from his investigations that silver chloride when blackened by the action of light is not subchloride; the true subchloride, obtained by the action of hydrochloric acid on argentous citrate, having the formula Ag_4Cl_2.

Heumann, in a paper upon the cause of the luminosity of flames, gives experimental evidence to prove (A) that a flame may be rendered non-luminous (*a*) by cooling it, (*b*) by diluting it with an indifferent gas, the temperature of combustion not being increased thereby, and (*c*) by energetic oxidation of the luminous matter; and (B) that the luminosity may be restored (*a*) by heating the flame, (*b*) by raising the temperature of its combustion, as by heating the gases before they burn, and (*c*) by diluting the oxygen with an indifferent gas.

Bach has described some simple devices for laboratory apparatus, viz., a water-blast, a wash-bottle with constant stream, and a gas cock.

In *Physiological Chemistry*, Boehm has continued his experiments on the respiration of water plants. He finds that much less oxygen is consumed by them than by land plants, and correspondingly much less carbonic acid is evolved. Indeed, he thinks the relation between the two much the same as between gill-breathing and warm-blooded animals. When dead, these water plants undergo a fermentation, attended with the absorption of hydrogen.

Thudichum has published an extended memoir on bilirubin and its compounds, in which he maintains that the transformation claimed by Maly of this substance into urochrome has not yet been effected.

In *Technical Chemistry*, Stierlien has given a method for the detection of the artificial coloring matters used in red wines, together with the results of his examination by it. In these wines he finds logwood, Brazil-wood, red poppy, mallow, blueberry, cherry, elderberry, cochineal, litmus, aniline red, and red beet.

Fordos has published an additional paper on the action of liquids, used for food or medicinally, upon the so-called tin lining of utensils which contain lead. He shows that the deleterious results of the use of such vessels are far more general than is supposed.

Zöller and Grete propose the use of potassium xanthate to destroy the phylloxera, the pest of the grape culture.

Zoology.—The *Zoological Record* for 1873 has just been issued. It is the tenth of the series, and is an invaluable manual of reference for those who have not the advantage of recourse to large libraries. No systematic zoologist can well do without it. It is edited this year by Mr. E. C. Rye, assisted by several other gentlemen. It is stated in the preface that Count August von Marschall has published in 1873, under the auspices of the Royal Zoological-Botanical Society of Vienna, a *Nomenclator Zoologicus*, in continuation of Agassiz's work of that name. It begins with the date at which the latter ended (1846), and ends with 1868.

Attention is called by Dr. Packard, in the *American Naturalist*, to a drawing by J. Müller of a *Cercaria* with a tail along the middle of which is an axial row of cells, which remind one of the cells composing the *chorda dorsalis* of the "tail" in the larval ascidian. In the tail of another *Cercaria* (the tailed young of the fluke) Vallete St. George figures what he supposes to be a nerve. This is of interest, as showing that this vertebrate character may possibly exist in the *Cercariæ* as well as the larval ascidians, and that the ascidians are probably as truly worms as the *Distomæ*.

In the department of *Entomology*, Mr. Riley's seventh annual report abounds with valuable information regarding the Western grasshopper, the Colorado potato beetle, and the grape phylloxera, as well as other injurious insects.

Mr. S. H. Scudder announces the discovery of fossil dragon-flies in the carboniferous rocks of Cape Breton. Dragon-flies have not previously been found in rocks lower than the mesozoic lithographic stones of Solenhofen.

Entomological notes of interest continue to appear in the *Canadian Entomologist* and *Psyche*.

A most interesting addition to our knowledge of cave-animals has been made by Wiedersheim. He has found in the cave of Falkenstein, in the oolithic rocks near Urach, Würtemberg, an eyeless *Hydrobia*, a fresh-water shell, associated with a new species of *Ancylus* with well-developed eyes, and a species of *Pisidium*, found living with the eyeless *Hydrobia*.

Herr C. Jickeli has ascertained that the fresh-water shells of the Nile, even in Egypt, are truly African, whereas the land shells of Egypt belong to the Mediterranean fauna. Four species found by the author in Abyssinia are remarkable for their very wide geographical distribution, viz., *Pupa umbilicata* occurs in many parts of Europe, *Bulimus fallax* in North America, the East Indies, and Polynesia, *B. pullus* in the East Indies, and *Melania tuberculata* from the Malayan Archipelago to Morocco.

Messrs. Gréhaut and Picard have made experiments from which they infer that a peripheral excitement of the extremity of the muzzle is the cause of the respiratory movement in fishes.

Dr. Günther is publishing descriptions and illustrations of the fishes of the South Seas, made during many years by Andrew Garrett, who still acts as collector to the Godeffroy Museum.

Professor Steenstrup has ascertained that the peculiar appendages attached to the branchial fringe in the basking-shark, mentioned by Gunnerus and other authors, are to be considered as elongated and modified teeth, and that their function is to serve as a sieve, in the same manner as the well-known analogous apparatus in whalebone whales. The food of this shark must, then, be entirely confined to minute animals.

Spallanzani selected for his experiments in hybridization not species nearly related, but such as corresponded in the period of their breeding; and the result of these attempts with forms belonging to different families and even orders was, as is well known, unsuccessful. By prosecuting similar researches among different forms

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of the same genus the following results have, however, been obtained by De l'Isle: Hybridization between *Rana fusca*, *agilis*, and *viridis* in a state of nature being rendered impossible by the different periods of the year at which those species generate, tadpoles of males and females of *R. agilis* were produced *inter se* by artificial impregnation, but attempts with any two of the species failed completely. In the genus *Bufo*, however, where the species (*B. calamita* and *vulgaris*) are much more dissimilar in most respects, belonging, in fact, to different sections, the intermixture was readily effected, and produced tadpoles. These opposite results are traced to the much greater uniformity in the generative organs in toads, even of species widely removed by other characters, than in frogs (*Rana*), where these organs are a principal source of specific distinction.

The beak of the spoonbill and flamingo has been found by Herbst and Jobert to be an organ of great sensibility, owing to the presence of large nerves splitting up into minute branches, and following the osseous canals and foramina in the beak. The minute internal bony vacuities play under the slightest pressure, equilibrium is established by the elastic tissue, and the most delicate shock readily conveyed to the very sensitive nervous apparatus.

In *Botany*, we have to record the appearance of the long-expected book by Darwin on insectivorous plants. Although much has been written about such plants both in Europe and this country, the present work far surpasses any previous publication in the number and variety of the experiments and the accuracy of the results recorded. The observations are confined principally to members of the Droseraceæ and Lentibulariaceæ, the greater part of the book being devoted to an account of experiments on *Drosera rotundifolia* (common sun-dew), *Dionœa muscipula* (Venus's fly-trap), and *Utricularia neglecta*. In the first-named plant the upper surface of the somewhat concave leaf blades is covered with glandular hairs, which secrete a sticky substance at their tips, by means of which insects are caught. If an object is placed on the hairs in the centre of the leaf, an impulse is communicated to the radial hairs which causes them to bend over until their tips touch the object. If an object is placed on a hair remote from the centre, the other hairs bend over toward it. At the same time that the hairs bend, the secretion from their tips increases in quantity and becomes acid. The rapidity with which they converge over an object is found to depend on the chemical character of the object itself, nitrogenous bodies acting more powerfully than non-nitrogenous bodies. No substances affect the hairs so strongly as salts of ammonia, and the amount of phosphate of ammonia required to cause the hairs to bend is so incredibly small that, were it not for the accuracy of Darwin's record, one would be inclined to doubt the fact. By means of the secretion nitrogenous substances, as insects and pieces of meat, are softened and dissolved, whereas little or no effect is produced on non-nitrogenous substances. Although the chemical analysis of the secretion is difficult, owing to the small amount produced by any plant, judging by its power of dissolving different substances Darwin concludes that it is very closely allied to, if not identical with, the gastric juice. After dissolving digestible matter which has been caught, the hairs straighten themselves into their original position; when an indigestible body is caught, the hairs recover their position much more quickly. Whereas the hairs of Drosera are adapted for catching small insects by means of a sticky substance, the two lobes of the leaves of Dionœa are furnished with three highly sensitive hairs, which when touched cause the lobes to shut up quickly. The margins of the lobes are furnished with teeth, which interlock as the lobes come together, and imprison any insect on the leaf, unless it be very small. An acid secretion is then poured out by glands on the upper surface of the leaf, and digestion takes place as in Drosera, but the process is more difficult to observe than in the last mentioned plant, since the leaf is folded together. In both Drosera and Dionœa, although the hairs are sensitive when touched, they do not seem to be affected by falling drops of rain or by strong currents of air. The species of *Utricularia* catch their food by means of little traps on the leaves, and the insects caught slowly putrefy. Frequent reference is made throughout the book to experiments by Cauley, Mellichanho, and Mrs. Treat on American species of insectivorous plants.

The oospores of *Peronospora infestans*—potato-rot fungus—for which botanists have searched for years in vain, have at last been found in England by Mr. Worthington Smith in the leaves of the potato, where they form black spots, which at first were supposed to be caused by a species of Protomyces. This important discovery, in an agricultural point of view, settles the disputed question as to the probability of the oospores being in wheat or rye straw or in some species of clover, and the supposed liability of potatoes to rot when following a crop of grain or clover proved to be without foundation.

Under the head of *Agricultural Science*, we note some experiments by Heiden on the digestion of pease, maize, barley, and bran of rye by swine. In investigations continuing through three years, trials were made to determine the comparative effects of water and sour milk upon the amounts digested from these foods. When pease were fed with water, about the same proportions of carbohydrate were digested as when fed with milk. Of the albuminoids and fats, however, more were digested with milk than with water. In general, more of the albuminoids of all the foods were digested where they were mixed with milk than when fed with water. The rye bran was least digestible of all the foods. Heiden considers bran at best but poor food for swine.

The German agricultural journal *Der Chemische Ackersmann* gives a *résumé* of results of several extensive feeding trials with sheep in England and Germany, in which have been tested the capacities of full-blood South-Downs, full-blood merinoes, and a cross between South-Downs and merinoes for utilizing food. Reckoning the production by the increase in live weight, the South-Downs gave over twice as much return for their food as the merinoes. Representing the production from a given amount of food by the merinoes as 1, the production from the same food by the half-bloods would be 1.75, and by the South-Downs 2.17.

The necessity of loosening the soil in the cul-

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tivation of root crops is nicely illustrated by some experiments of Bretschneider on the growth of sugar-beets. It is well known that Knop, Sachs, Wolff, and others have raised large and normally developed plants, particularly of corn, oats, barley, and buckwheat, not only in artificial soils of pure quartz sand moistened with solutions containing the essential soil ingredients of plant food, but also in such solutions with no soil at all. In experiments with sugar-beets, however, Bretschneider met with no success either in the artificial soils or in the solutions. Several repetitions of the experiments, in which organic matter and clayey substance in the form of artificially prepared humus and zeolitic silicates were mixed with quartz sand, brought little better results, either in a glass house or in open air. Finally, after eight or nine annual trials, the effect of loosening the soil was tested. Beets were grown in a mixture of quartz sand and artificial zeolites moistened with the nutritive solution. The soil was stirred from time to time to make room for the enlargement and penetration of the roots, and for access of atmospheric oxygen. The result was a yield that could hardly be excelled in the most favorable field culture.

A number of very important practical lessons are to be learned from the field experiments with various fertilizers made by Professor Storer, of the Bussey Institution of Harvard University, to which reference has been made in these columns. This is particularly true in view of the fact that many of our commonly accepted theories are based upon the results of European experience and investigations, where conditions obtain quite different from our own.

For instance, the idea has come to us from the other side of the Atlantic, that the only essential ingredients of commercial fertilizers are phosphoric acid and nitrogen. Mr. Lawes, the famous English experimenter, expressly declares that this is the case, and that potash is not needed in artificial manures. This is doubtless true for Mr. Lawes's farm, and for many others in England and on the Continent. But Storer's experiments prove conclusively that what was most needed on the field of the Bussey Institution near Boston was neither phosphoric acid nor nitrogen, but potash. And the same is doubtless true of thousands of other fields in New England and elsewhere in this country.

Again, the theory is widely and stoutly maintained that lands should always be heavily manured, and that the greatest concentration in this respect will bring the highest profit. But in Storer's experiments on a light, dry soil, only moderate quantities of manure proved economical, and larger amounts failed to give corresponding returns. The soil was thin and lacked moisture, and hence had only a limited capacity to profit by the application of manure. And the case is the same with many other soils outside of Boston. And, as Professor Storer very pertinently explains, farmers in this country, where land is cheap, and the cost of labor and manuring high, will do best, except in special cases, to make the fullest use of the stores of plant food present in their soils, finding what ingredients are deficient, and supplying them, without storing up unnecessarily large quantities of others.

A great many cases of failure in the use of commercial fertilizers are ascribed to poor quality of the manures used, and the manufacturers or sellers are accused of dealing in spurious wares. That such accusations are sometimes well founded is only too true; but fertilizers of even the purest quality are often misapplied, and with unfortunate results. In some of Storer's field experiments with beans and barley, phosphates known to be of fair quality, instead of increasing, actually diminished the crops. This injurious action of phosphates Storer has noticed only on sterile soils. He is inclined to think that the young seedling, at the time when the shoot is beginning to draw nourishment from the seed, can not endure an excess of phosphate of lime, at least when the soil in which it stands is too poor to supply all the other food the plant may need. Hence the bad effect of large quantities of phosphates on sterile soils.

This suggests a new reason for the superior value of the superphosphate of lime. Being more uniformly diffused through the soil, no hurtful excess would be apt to come in contact with the roots of the plant. The soluble phosphate is therefore better than the insoluble, because safer.

In our *Engineering* summary for the month just past it is of interest to record the fact that the work of deepening the mouth of the Mississippi River is making progress. From the statements of Captain Eads, to whom the task has been intrusted, it appears that some 3600 feet of the provisional jetty have been completed already, and that his best expectations have thus far been exceeded by his experience.

Work upon the Kanawha improvement scheme, for which the last Congress appropriated $300,000, is now being inaugurated. Proposals have lately been opened at Baltimore for the construction of a lock on the Great Kanawha River just below Charlestown, West Virginia. Of the character of the projected work of improvement it is reported that it is the intention of those in charge to open up one of the four great water ways favored by the Senate committee by means of the improvement of this river and the extension of the James River and Kanawha Canal across the mountain, so as to connect the James River at Richmond with the Ohio River at the mouth of the Kanawha by canal, slack-water, and open river navigations.

Upon the Hudson River Tunnel, the inauguration of which we chronicled some months ago, work has been stopped for some time by reason of legal difficulties.

A new iron bridge over the Genesee Falls at Portage, New York, has just been completed for the Erie Railroad, and opened for traffic. The new bridge is 800 feet in length, and takes the place of the famous wooden structure lately destroyed by fire.

Another bridge between New York and Long Island has been authorized by legislative enactment, and some steps preparatory to its erection have already been taken. The new company proposes to bridge the East River from New York to the Long Island shore at the lower end of Blackwell's Island. At this point the river is comparatively narrow, and a pier can be placed on the island. The surveys and soundings for its location have lately been completed by G. E. Harding, engineer in charge. The total length of the proposed structure will be, including ap-

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proaches, about two miles. The largest spans will be 715, 600, 367, 320, and 300 feet respectively. The approach on the New York side will begin at the corner of Third Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street. It is proposed to lay railroad tracks across it, and to make connection with the New York Central and Hudson River tracks, through a tunnel under East Seventy-seventh Street, on one side, and with the Long Island, the Southern, and the Flushing and North Shore roads, at its termination at Graham Avenue and Lockwood Street, on the other side.

The New York Rapid Transit Commissioners have held frequent meetings during the past month, receiving and arranging plans, models, and suggestions, and discussing the merits of various inventions.

A telegraphic cable connecting Martha's Vineyard with the main-land was successfully laid across Vineyard Sound during the past month. The laying required about two hours, and was accomplished by a United States revenue steamer.

The Mexican Congress has granted a concession providing for the construction of a railroad of the standard gauge (four feet eight and a half inches) from the city of Leon, in the State of Jalisco, to the Rio Bravo del Norte, there to connect with the International Railway of Texas. The company is under obligations to finish the entire road within nine years from the date of the law.

The average daily progress on the two headings of the St. Gothard Tunnel for the first four months of the present year was as follows:

	Northern Entrance.	Southern Entrance.
January	9.81 feet	10.83 feet.
February	9.71 feet	11.69 feet.
March	9.77 feet	9.06 feet.
April	10.80 feet	14.12 feet.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal*, which has devoted especial care to the collection of authentic statistics of the coal production of the United States during the past year, authorizes the following statement. The totals are in tons of 2000 pounds:

	Tons.
Anthracite	24,281,471
Bituminous	25,248,684
Lignite	1,217,020
Total	50,747,175

In connection with this subject it is worthy of remark that quite lately at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a newly invented apparatus of Dr. J. R. Hayes for pressing coal dust into fuel was put in operation at the Harrisburg machine-shops. The machine is alleged to be simple, cheap, and practicable.

The *Railroad Gazette* of latest issue gives the number of miles of new railroad constructed in the United States in 1875 to be 457, against 727 miles completed during the same period of 1874, and 1578 miles in 1873.

In connection with the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the preparations for which are being pushed forward with most commendable energy, it is reported that a contract has been closed by the managers with a local passenger railway company, by which the said company is to construct, maintain, and operate within the Exhibition grounds a double-track narrow-gauge railroad, which will traverse the entire circle between the several buildings, a distance of some three and a half miles. The road will be handsomely equipped.

A series of exhaustive and valuable trial tests of the several forms of continuous train brakes is about to be made by the administration of the several English railways.

The iron steam-ship *Brashear*, the pioneer vessel of Morgan's line from New York to Brashear City, Louisiana, was lately launched at Wilmington, Delaware, from the yard of the Harlan and Hollingsworth Company.

In *Technology*, the experimental trial of the hot blast in the Bessemer process is a novelty worth recording. We learn from the *Berg- u. Hüttenmännisches Jahrbuch* that some fifty or sixty charges were lately run in the Bessemer plant at Zeltweg, Germany, with a blast heated to 700° C. (about 1300° F.). As a result it was found that the supposition to which theory gave rise, that a slightly carbonaceous iron could be used for the Bessemer process with hot blast, proved to be correct. It was also possible to throw in more rail ends than otherwise. Iron which with cold blast would bear only twelve per cent. of rail ends, took up eighteen per cent. with hot blast. Practical difficulties, however, were met with which rendered it impossible to conduct the operation continuously. An important evil was that the bottoms of the retorts were severely attacked; while usually one would serve for fifteen or sixteen charges, it was found in this case to be often useless after two charges. Again, it was found that the excessive heating of the parts of the apparatus in contact with the hot air made its handling a matter of great difficulty. These were the causes that put a stop to the use of the hot blast, notwithstanding the favorable results obtained. It is now practically proved, concludes our authority, that the Bessemer process can be advantageously conducted with the hot blast; the manipulations, however, require experience and practice.

Herr Rautert announces that salicylic acid, which has lately acquired such commercial importance, may be readily obtained in a pure state by subliming it in a current of superheated steam. Its recrystallization from hot distilled water affords the acid in beautiful snow-white crystals. One of the disadvantages attendant upon the use of this interesting disinfectant is its difficult solubility in water. This difficulty is partly obviated by the addition to the solvent of phosphate of soda, which has the effect of somewhat increasing the solubility of the acid, while it in no wise interferes with its valuable properties. A Russian chemist has lately suggested for the same purpose the sulphite of soda, a salt which itself possesses a certain antiseptic power, and which therefore increases the disinfecting power of the mixture.

Carré, of ice-machine fame, has lately invented a very ingenious household ice-machine, in which the water is frozen by its own evaporation.

Ethnology.—The third volume of Mr. Bancroft's *Native Races of the Pacific States* is devoted to "Myths and Languages." It opens, like the other volumes, in language often obscure and pompous, with a philosophical chapter in which the author attempts on purely materialistic grounds to account for the origin of language, worship, prayer, myth, beliefs, hierarchies, sacri-

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fice, and even life itself. After this he gets down to his true work, and in the present volume manifests the same untiring, painstaking, enthusiastic spirit which shines out in the other volumes, and which will make the work an American classic.

On the 22d of June Mr. Herbert Spencer read a paper before the London Anthropological Institute upon comparative psychology, drawing attention to the valuable results which the division of labor had brought about in the study of the physical character of the races of men and of culture-history. He maps out the subject in his usual lucid style, and draws attention to those psychological observations to which specialists might with profit direct their labors.

The Hon. Horace Capron, late Minister of Agriculture in Japan, has returned, and has brought for the National Museum six beautiful life-size papier-maché images of the natives of that country—to wit, a nobleman and his wife, two soldiers, a farmer and his wife—all perfect in form, and clad in their native costumes. There is also a fine collection of agricultural implements, ornamental screens, silver birds, etc.

An effort is making in Tennessee to collect at the State capital representative specimens of the antiquities of the State and descriptions of the mounds and other structures. This most laudable example ought to be followed by all the States of the Union, in order to furnish material for a correct and exhaustive summary of American archæology.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of August.—The Maryland Democratic State Convention at Baltimore, July 22, nominated John Lee Carroll for Governor, and adopted a hard-money platform. The Minnesota Republican State Convention at St. Paul, July 28, nominated John S. Pillsbury for Governor, and adopted a hard-money platform.

The State election in Kentucky, August 2, resulted in the election by a large majority of M'Creery, the Democratic candidate for Governor. The North Carolina Constitutional Convention election, August 4, resulted in a Republican majority.

The Governor of Tennessee has appointed the Hon. D. M. Key to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Andrew Johnson.

The yellow fever has done its terrible work among our soldiers stationed at Fort Barrancas. An unusually large number of soldiers were retained there, notwithstanding the almost certain fate confronted, until after the disease broke out, when those who were well were removed to Pensacola. Out of about one hundred and fifty persons, including the officers' families, over one-third were attacked by the disease. Among those who died was one commissioned officer, Lieutenant George W. Deshler—a young soldier of eminent worth and brilliant promise.

The French Assembly adjourned, August 4, after passing the bill constituting the Senate.

The projected Spanish constitution, while apparently securing religious liberty, declares the state religion to be Roman Catholic, and forbids public ceremonies or demonstrations of any other religion.

A serious insurrection against the Turkish government has broken out in Herzegovina, a province with 7000 square miles of territory and a population of 250,000. The disturbance has already involved Bosnia and Montenegro, and threatens to extend to Servia and Wallachia unless speedily suppressed. Other governments have intervened, and it is likely that important political reforms, especially in the matter of religious toleration, will be secured from the Sublime Porte.

The centennial anniversary of Daniel O'Connell's birthday was celebrated in Ireland, August 6, with great enthusiasm.

The Merchant Shipping Bill has been passed by the British Parliament. Parliament was, August 13, prorogued until October 29.

On the 16th of August the monument to Hermann, the ancient German hero, the first apostle of German unity and of opposition to imperial Rome in the first years of the Christian era, was inaugurated on the Grotenberg. The Emperor William was present, and the day was made a national festival among the Germans. The monument has been the life work of Joseph Ernst von Bandel.

DISASTERS.

August 6.—Explosion in the arsenal at Bridesburg, Pennsylvania. One person killed and nineteen wounded.

August 5.—A water-spout bursting over the town of Kirn, in Rhenish Prussia, inundated the place, and thirteen persons were drowned.

OBITUARY.

July 31.—In Carter County, Tennessee, ex-President Andrew Johnson, aged sixty-seven years.

August 2.—In New York city, General Alexander Hamilton, son of the famous Alexander Hamilton, aged ninety years.

August 4.—In Newark, New Jersey, Commander Andrew Jackson Drake.

August 11.—At Saratoga, New York, ex-Governor William A. Graham, of North Carolina, aged seventy-one years.

August 12.—In Philadelphia, Horace Binney, an eminent lawyer, in his ninety-sixth year.

August 16.—At Oberlin, Ohio, Charles G. Finney, president of Oberlin College.

July 23.—Announcement from France by cable of the death of Athanase Josué F. Coquerel, aged fifty-five years. Like his distinguished father, he was an eminent Protestant leader.—Announcement from London of the death of Isaac Merrit Singer, inventor of the sewing-machine which bears his name, aged sixty-four years.

August 4.—At Copenhagen, Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen, the well-known writer of wonder-stories for children, aged seventy years.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer was chatting a few weeks ago on the piazza of the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, with a bright German gentleman, retired from business, who related the following little anecdote:

"Going down to New York the other night on the boat," said he, "I got chatting with a German acquaintance, and asked him what he was doing.

"'Vell,' he replied, 'shoost now I am doing nodings, but I have made arrangemends to go into pizness.'

"'Glad to hear it. What are you going into?'

"'Vell, I goes into partnership mit a man.'

"'Do you put in much capital?'

"'No; I doesn't put in no gabital.'

"'Don't want to risk it, eh?'

"'No; but I puts in de experience.'

"'And he puts in the capital?'

"'Yes, dot is it. We goes into pizness for dree year; *he* puts in de gabital, *I* puts in de experience. At de *end* of de dree year *I* will have de gabital, and *he* will have de experience!'"

Experientia docet.

During the summer solstice our friend Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, who is the happy possessor of one of the most beautiful country-seats on Long Island, found it necessary to erect an additional barn, and to impart a little hilarity to the occasion invited the neighboring farmers to come to "the raising." Of course all were glad to assist a gentleman so proverbially liberal and hospitable as Mr. Barlow. While the raising was in progress, Mr. B., with characteristic thoughtfulness, went to his house and brewed a pailful of punch, with which to slake the thirst of those good neighbors. Champagne was one of its components—"extra dry." Bringing with him that delicious bucket, he placed it temporarily

Under the shadowy shade
Of an umbrageous tree,

and rejoined his friends. The raising finished, he proceeded for the punch. The pail was there, but, alas, empty! How and wherefore had that become thus? Attend. A sleek and gentle Alderney of purest breed had witnessed the movements of Mr. Barlow, and while that gentleman was thinking of the pleasure in store for those good friends, quietly wandered up to the shady place, put her smooth nose to the fluid, inhaled its aroma, tasted, drank, until every drop of that delicious brew had disappeared.

"Did it kill her?" asked a perspiring friend.

"No, she did not kick the bucket."

"Of course not," added a stocky little man; "only made her tipsy—simply *corned beef*."

President Grant has not only a nice appreciation of humor, but on occasion is apt at repartee. During his recent vacation at Long Branch he was called to Washington on public business, and while there was handed for signature several commissions of postmasters. There were also presented to him a number of petitions, among them one from citizens of Vineland, New Jersey, for the removal of Mr. Landis from the postmastership. Mr. L., it will be remembered, is the gentleman who in an informal and impromptu manner "promoted" a small globe of lead into the brain of Mr. Carruth, the editor of the Vineland paper. The President asked,

"Is there any irregularity in Mr. Landis's accounts?"

"Not any," replied the pleasant-voiced Postmaster-General.

"Is the office well conducted?"

"No complaint on that score."

"Intemperate habits?"

"Nothing of the kind charged."

"What is the objection?"

"The petitioners say he is rather obnoxious, and that a change would be satisfactory."

"Well," replied the President, with the slightest possible twinkle at the P. M. G., "he doesn't appear to have done any thing but shoot an editor, and I don't see how I can remove him on that."

The papers remain on file in the archives of the republic.

"High diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle," etc. A gentleman imbued, as it were, with the spirit of poesy attempts to solemnify that marvelous old nursery rhyme in Miltonic paraphrase, as follows:

Heard ye that mirthful melody? Remote
It rose; and straight the strain, approaching near,
Caught of the careful cat the critic ear—
Proud dame, in tortoise decked or tabby coat,
The villain vermin's vixen vanquisher.
Her frolic paw the festive fiddle smote,
Which, as high Hesper poured his glittering glance,
Inspired the not unawkward cow to dance
Above the beamy moon; all this beheld
The dog diminutive, while its strange romance
With laughter loud his simple bosom swelled:
The dish, high heaped with food of savory store,
Kissed the bright spoon, by kindred love impelled—
Such is the nursery tale of infant lore.

Some years ago, during the late "unpleasantness" with the South, at a Union Thanksgiving service held in one of the flourishing inland towns of Illinois, three ministers of as many denominations officiated. The Presbyterian clergyman opened the services in due form. The Baptist brother delivered the discourse, which proved to be more of the nature of a stump speech than of a Gospel sermon. The Methodist brother, who was somewhat conservative in his political views, was observed to sit rather uneasily during the discourse. When the time came for him to close, he rose with great solemnity and said, "Now, brethren, in order to give a *religious* turn to the exercises, let us engage in prayer."

Mr. Francis Jacox's *Scripture Proverbs, Illustrated, Annotated, and Applied*, just published in London, is filled with apposite quotations, wise and humorous, gathered from out-of-the-way sources, and strung together with a scholarly tact quite charming. Speaking of "Controversial Cobblers," he gives the following:

"An iron-monger, said Sydney Smith, is a very respectable man, so long as he is merely an iron-monger—an admirable man, if he is a religious iron-monger, but a great blockhead if he sets up for

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a bishop or a dean, and lectures upon theology. Captain Gronow devotes a section of his *Recollections* to 'Hoby, the boot-maker, of St. James's Street,' the opening sentence of which informs us that Mr. Hoby was not only the greatest and most fashionable boot-maker in London, but, in spite of the old adage, *Ne sutor*, 'he employed his spare time with considerable success as a Methodist preacher at Islington.' His eminence as a fashionable tradesman would not have saved him from the wit of the wittiest of Edinburgh Reviewers any more than it would have done a century and a half previously from that of the wittiest of English poets, whose spleen was stirred to the utmost whenever

> Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
> And fell to turn and patch the church;
> Some cried the covenant, instead
> Of puddings, pies, and gingerbread.

Nor was the *sutor* forgotten in a later canto. Witness the couplet about the indulgence shown by the then ruling powers toward

> A man that served them in a double
> Capacity—to teach and cobble.

Who can forget the doggerel dialogue in which Toplady makes Wesley speak thus of Olivers, one of his followers (and a very good follower too):

> I've Thomas Olivers, the cobbler
> (No stall in England holds a nobler),
> A wight of talents universal,
> Whereof I'll give a brief rehearsal:
> He wields beyond most other men
> His awl, his razor, and his pen;
> My beard he shaves, repairs my shoe,
> And writes my panegyric too;
> He, with one brandish of the quill,
> Can knock down Toplady and Hill;
> With equal ease, whene'er there's need,
> Can darn my stockings and my creed;
> Can drive a nail or ply the needle,
> Hem handkerchiefs, and scrape the fiddle;
> Chop logic as an ass chews thistle,
> More skillfully than you can whistle;
> And then when he philosophizes,
> No son of Crispin half so wise is.
> Of all my ragged regiment,
> This cobbler gives me most content;
> My forgeries' and faith's defender,
> My barber, champion, and shoe-mender."

Mr. Jacox closes his chapter with this quotation from one of England's Lord High Chancellors, Sir Thomas More:

> Wise men alwaye
> Affirme and saye
> That 'tis best for a man
> Diligently
> For to apply
> To the business he can,
> And in no wyse
> To enterprise
> Another facultie.
> A symple hatter
> Should not go smatter
> En philosophie;
> Nor ought a peddlar
> Become a meddlar
> En theologie.

Ashtabula County, Ohio, was for many years a stronghold of the abolitionists, and even now Democrats are not looked upon with special favor. Judge Woodbury, lately elected to preside over the Common Pleas, tried his first case a few months since, which resulted in a conviction of the prisoner for burglary. As the judge was passing sentence, Representative Rowland, who had just returned from a stormy session of the State Assembly, stepped into court. The judge said, "I sentence you to three years' imprisonment at hard labor in"—when his eye caught Rowland—"the Legislature of Ohio."

"Your honor," said the Representative, before the words were scarcely spoken, "I object to the Democratic majority being increased *in that way*."

For a moment there was a confused judge and a roaring court-room.

In Miss Mulock's *Sermons out of Church*, recently published by the Harpers, are many illustrations of an anecdotical kind that lighten up the graver portions. Speaking of self-sacrifice, she says: "Now most of your self-sacrificers take abundant pains to let you know it. When they offer themselves up, it is with a lurking hope that not only the object of so much devotion, but a select circle of sympathizing admirers, may be present at their immolation. The heroic self-control which 'dies and makes no sign' is a virtue of which very few are capable. As I once heard commented by a small but sage commentator on the poem of 'Enoch Arden;' 'Yes, it was very good of Enoch not to tell his story until he died; but, mamma, *what a pity he didn't die and say nothing at all!*'"

And thus does Miss M. "improve" on the theme of "Prevention and Cure:"

"Prevention is better than cure, and in most small ailments there can not be a safer physic than abstinence. Abstinence from overfood, overwork. How persistently we shut our eyes to the beginnings of disease, beginnings so trifling that we hardly notice them, until they end in that premature decay which seems now only too common among our best and greatest men, and those whom the world can least spare. People rush to doctors to cure them; they never think of curing themselves by putting a stop to exciting causes of ill health. As a wise old woman said to a very foolish young one, who brought her a heap of feeble manuscripts to look over and try to sell, on the pitiful plea that she must have money in order to pay for her medicine and her wine: 'My dear, stop the wine and stop the medicine, and then you will be able to stop the writing also, which will be *much* the better for both yourself and the public.'"

Speaking of certain El Dorados of benevolence, where the poor not only get their daily bread, but get it buttered on both sides, Miss Mulock says:

"An opportune death or fortunate accident would bring to the spot half a dozen clergymen with prayers and purses, half a dozen ladies following with tracts and clothes, until the sufferers, becoming quite important people, realized fully the advantage of being 'afflicted,' and continuing to be. One story I heard of a laborer's household, which, deprived suddenly of its drunken head, found itself 'assisted' so much that when it went to church next Sunday in its new clothes a shrewd neighbor declared it reminded her of Mrs. Hofland's tale, *The Clergyman's Widow and her Young Family*. And the youngest child being met afterward, 'Yes, ma'am,'

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said the mother, in a whining tone, 'I've just been taking Bobby to the doctor, and he orders him wine,' with a glance that, meeting no response, dropped immediately. But the habit of begging was too strong to be resisted. 'Do you think, ma'am,' with an additional whine of humility, 'you've got such a thing as a pot of strawberry jam for Bobby to take his physic in?'"

It is said of the Marquis of Hertford, who died recently, that "all his personal property, fifty thousand pounds a year, his Irish estates, and all his works of art are left to Mr. Wallace, a very attentive companion, to whom Lord Hertford had never said 'thank you' for any service." It was remarked at the Embassy, "Well, he has said 'thank you' *out loud* in his will."

Another story of the hour. Some French and English were discussing the retreat from Bourget. The French said they "fell back steadily," "retreated in good order," etc. An Englishman, an old soldier, whispered to me: "They did not retreat. I saw them. They only 'changed front' and advanced."

An Ithaca gentleman sends the following:

Harper has much to say nowadays about American wit and humor and reminiscences of Sherman. In keeping, here is one from the shades of Cornell, which has never seen daylight. Shortly after the close of the war the Union League Club of New York tendered a reception to General Sherman. My friend, Colonel H——, called for me at the Astor. Already seated in the carriage was an officer in a general's uniform, to whom I was introduced as General Buford, of the army. As we three filed through the narrow lane of the already crowded club rooms (which at the time fronted on Union Square), near the front windows we reached the hero of the evening. As Buford took him by the hand he said, "Ah, general, I have not met you since you left me ignominiously behind at Helena, while you made the glorious march to the sea." Sherman replied that when he left General Buford in command at Helena he did a wise thing, as it was imperatively necessary to have his rear well guarded. Just then there came up from the square in front the *vivas* of thousands who were impatient to see the general; and the committee in charge interrupted the conversation and requested Sherman to step out on the balcony. The enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds, and the square fairly shook with the applause. It was an exceedingly hot evening, and as the general was unable to make himself heard, he soon retreated into the room, while great drops of perspiration stood upon his massive forehead. As he came through the window he grasped Buford by the hand, exclaiming, "General, I'd a good deal rather be in Hel—ena than out there." A good laugh followed, and the generals were friends again.

And here is another:

Conductor B—— is always very polite to the ladies. All conductors are polite to ladies, particularly so provided they are young and handsome. Miss C—— was handed on board at the station as carefully as though she was "glass—to be handled with care." An extra seat was turned over on the shady side of the car, and the conductor took a seat by her side to do the agreeable, having met Miss C—— on the train before. Presently, as matters were going along nicely, an old man in his shirt sleeves half threw himself into the seat in front which the conductor had unlocked and turned over for the benefit of the parties more immediately concerned. Mr. B—— spoke up sharply: "Go away from here." But the old man *didn't* go. Conductor says, still more sharply, "Go away, or I'll make you." But still no go, while a vacant, provoking smile sat upon the face of the intruder. Whereupon Conductor B—— grasped the old farmer by the nape of the neck. At the same time the young lady grasped the arm of the conductor, exclaiming, "Please don't, Mr. B——. This is my father."

Ever since Conductor B—— always asks young ladies if they are traveling alone.

In Mr. Whitehurst's *Private Diary during the Siege of Paris*—a clever work, not likely to be republished in this country—are a few neat and Frenchy things worth reproducing in the Drawer. At the time when meat, game, fish, or eggs were things almost impossible to obtain at any price, a National Guard stated as a fact that living in Paris was cheaper since the siege!

"'Yes,' he said, 'it is.' I doubted, but he insisted. This was his argument: '"Lui" is obliged frequently to give a little supper to "Elle." Up to the day of the legal government he was forced to go to the Maison Dorée, order *hors-d'œuvres*, soup, cold fish, game, truffles, and Cliquot *à l'indiscrétion*. Now he writes:

"'"Dearest Jeannette,—Come to Brébant's at nine; he has promised me a horse-hoof and a bit of cheese. I place at your little feet

"'"Your Alphonse."'"

"The editor of the *Messager de Paris* went to take a walk yesterday, and contrived to get beyond Meudon and Versailles, when a bullet, looking for its inevitable billet, found its resting-place in the editorial right arm—his pen arm. *It is as bad as wounding an Irishman in his punch hand!*"

"A man asked on Friday for a Château-briand.

"'But, my dear friend,' said Baron Brisse, 'it is impossible; moreover, I do not know what it is.'

"'Not know!' thundered the other. 'Why, it is a beefsteak so good that they have made it stand godfather to a moderate writer.'"

"It is said that a servant—an old cavalry sergeant—announcing dinner last week, said, 'To horse, Sir! to horse!'"

"In the Marché de la Madeleine—the arsenal of ammunition of the mouth—which is quite a fashionable resort early in the morning, a little crowd was collected round a stall, examining a pie suggestive of the late lamented Strasburg, and while passing I heard the stall-keeper say, 'Excellent, madame; I assure you it was quite a young ass.'"

"A dull day; only heard one amusing speech:

"'How is it, Charles, that you always walk about now with Fido? You used to say you hated dogs.'

"'So I did; but I am trying to get over the prejudice, for if I don't like my dogs, how can I eat them?'"

Apropos of carrier-pigeons:

"A lady last night was offered some roast

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pigeon. 'Not any, thank you; I should think I was eating a postman.'"

"The following is the *menu* for dinner on the eightieth 'jour du siége' at Vachettes. To paraphrase a little, I should say, 'Çà n'est pas magnifique, mais c'est la guerre:'

"Parmentier soup.
Butter demi-sel.
Hors-d'œuvres: horse sausage.
Seine eels en matelote.
Saddle of young donkey en relevé, sauce chasseur.
Croquettes of rats à la duchesse.
Sorbets au rhum.
Roast loins of rabbits.
Salade de barbe de capucin.
Galantine of hashed beef.
Macaroni à la Napolitain—without cheese.
Stewed fruits.
Small cakes à la graisse.
Wines, coffee, liqueurs, etc."

"Some National Guards thought proper to laugh at an American, asking why, as he had lived so long in Paris, he was not fighting for France.

"'Join us,' they said.

"'No,' replied my Yankee, who is almost a cripple, 'I can't do that, for I can not run away, and you would all be off in a hurry, and leave me alone.'"

In the speech which Mr. Disraeli delivered in 1873, on being made Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, he quoted four lines from the *Ajax* of Sophocles, which may be roughly rendered into English verse thus:

These things and all things at all times I say,
My faith is, come straight from the gods to men;
Whoso holds other form of doctrine true,
He has his faith; let me adhere to mine.

It was in this fashion that they were parodied by Shirley Brooks, and are in his very best vein:

This thought once again into language I shape—
Belief in one's self is my faith and evangel;
If any man likes to go in for the ape,
He can; I prefer taking side with the angel.

A city correspondent says:

The following portion of a "poem" which I have never seen in print, and which may be worthy of a place in the Drawer, was composed by an English provincial on the occasion of a visit by the Lord Bishop to a country parish, and was actually sung by the choir:

Why skip ye so, ye little hills,
And wherefore do ye hop?
Is it because ye do expect
To see the Lord Bish-op?

Why hop ye so, ye little hills,
And wherefore do you skip?
Is it because you do expect
To see the Lord Bish-ip?

Why hop ye so, ye little hills,
And why do ye jump up?
Is it because ye long to see
His Grace the Lord Bish-up?

Why jump ye so, ye little hills,
And wherefore do ye leap?
Is it because ye eager are
To see the Lord Bish-eep?

A husband and wife in the higher walks of life, both of whom were somewhat self-willed and a little inclined to be quick-tempered, were celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage with many demonstrations of mutual affection, when one of the younger children said to another, "What are they making so much of to-day for?"

"Because," said the other, "they have been married now for thirty years."

"Humph!" said the other, with perhaps more of truthfulness than filial respect, "*the thirty years' war!*"

Another husband and wife were celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, and when quite a little circle was gathered about them, the husband, with not a little self-complacency, said,

"Here my wife and I have been married for twenty-five years, and in all that time neither of us has ever spoken to the other an excited or unkind word."

"Thunder," said the witty Dr. M——, "*what a stupid time you must have had of it!*"

There is a village in New Hampshire which has produced twenty-six *editors*, and alluding to it one day a good old deacon said, "Yes, there was twenty-six on 'em; but as they've all left town and cleared out, I reckon the Lord won't lay it up agin us!"

The last London *Court Journal* contains a conversation which is reported to have passed between Mr. Disraeli and the Sultan of Zanzibar. Dr. Badger, who was acting as interpreter, said, "His Highness wishes to know whether in this country the Grand Vizier exercises his office in daily fear of poison or the dagger."

"No," answered the Prime Minister; "people do not envy him his office; they simply pity him."

Dr. Badger translated the sentence. There was a pause. Suddenly the face of the Sultan was lit up by a hearty smile. "Ah," he said, "I see. You are a very clever Grand Vizier."

Speaking of giving names to one's children, the Earl of Shaftesbury told an amusing story at a recent meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund Society. He said that in his part of the country (Dorsetshire) the people had a strong predilection for giving Hebrew names to their children at baptism. Sometimes, however, they went a little too far. In the church-yard of his own parish there was a tombstone which he always showed to his friends who were interested in such matters, on which the words were engraved, "Methuselah Cony, died ——, aged twelve months."

A Cockney would-be book-maker was traveling on one of the Clyde steamers, and as it was passing the beautiful town of Largs, then little larger than a village, and unnoticed in his guide-book, he asked a Highland countryman, a fellow-passenger, its name.

"Oh, that's Largs, Sir."

"Is it incorporated?"

"Chwhat's your wull, Sir?"

"Is it incorporated?"

"Chwhat's your wull, Sir?"

"Dear me! Is it a borough? Has it magistrates?"

"Oh yess, Sir. Largs has a provost and bailies."

Anxious to have the question of incorporation

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settled, and aware that Scotch civic magistrates are invested with golden chains of office, which they usually wear round their necks, our London friend put his next question, thus, "Do the magistrates wear chains?"

The countryman, very indignantly and very patriotically, "Na, na, Sir; the provost and bailies o' Largs aye gang lowse."

In a city not many miles from New York resides a gentleman who has lately erected a large hall, which is used for balls, sociables, etc. During the last winter a rather comical incident occurred, which a correspondent thinks is too good to be kept from the readers of the Drawer. It happened in this way: A ball was taking place in the hall, and the proprietor, as usual, was looking around to see if every thing was right; and happening to look at the thermometer, he noticed that it was very high, and turned around to one of his clerks, who was standing near by, with the query,

"John, don't you think it is very warm here, and that the windows had better be lowered a little more?"

"It is not very warm," replied John; "but the people have just been dancing round dances, which makes them look warm."

This brought forth the laconic reply: "The thermometer stands at —, and that hasn't been dancing round dances."

And that settled it, for it was a knock-down argument.

Conscientious officials and lawyers will appreciate the solicitude manifested by the functionary whose name is appended to the following document, sent to us by an officer of the Northern Pacific Railway Company at New Tacoma:

It is a literal transcript from the Equity Record of the District Court at Steilacoom, page 64. No comments are required.

M. M. M'Carver and Julia A. M'Carver, plaintiffs, *v.* D. B. Hannah and Kate Hannah, defendants.

Henry G. Struve, attorney and solicitor for plaintiffs.

On this day, July 17, 1874, at the solicitation of Frank Clark, of Steilacoom (G. M. Grainger, deputy-sheriff of Pierce County, being present), I filed the above entitled bill in equity, and issued certified copies thereof and summons to the defendants therein. And if I have done this thing in error, and by so doing lay again myself liable to an action for damages in the amount of one thousand dollars damages, may Heaven in its mercy raise the moral status of lawyers, and pardon me for having confidence in their integrity.

John Saltar,
Clerk and Register.

The anecdote in a late number of the Magazine about the undertaker recalls to a Cincinnati correspondent a recent occurrence in that vicinity, wherein one of that much-abused craft was the principal actor:

The funeral of a most estimable person occurred in one of our beautiful suburban villages, and Smithers, as the leading undertaker, was called on to preside in that capacity. Now Smithers is dear to the public, not so much on account of his bills as for his tremendous and imposing presence, and his complete mastery of that most difficult of all facial expressions and *tone* which your leading undertaker *must* have.

At the close of the sermon, and after a critical inspection of his elegant coaches drawn up in front of the church, Smithers, at the supreme moment, entered the chancel, and requested the congregation to remain seated while the family and intimate friends passed out and were "loaded up."

Every place has its advantages, even the lock-up. A Scotch "gentleman," who had been guilty of some irregularity that demanded his compulsory withdrawal from polite society for sixty days, was asked after his release as to how he had "got on."

"Weel," replied he, "ye see, a body canna hae every thing in this life; and I'm no gaun to misca' the place—no me. For a' the time I was there—just twa months nate, by-the-bye—I was weel proteckit frae the wiles o' a wickit worl' ootside, while my bread was aye gi'en me, and my water sure."

In the ancient cemeteries of the suburbs of Paris are some curious epitaphs which we translate for the Drawer:

Here lies
Pierre Camuset,
who when living was a glazier.
Do not confound him with
Edouard Camuset,
dealer in casks,
No. 27 Rue des Dames, Batignolles.

Another. The full force of this joke, however, can only be appreciated by a Frenchman:

Here lies
Victor Gardinet,
who fell into the eternal slumber
25th March, 1864,
in the arms of his wife and
his mother-in-law.

It is customary among the poorer classes to paint on the head-board the different grades of relations by whom their death is mourned. This one we take from the Cemetery Montmartre:

Here lies
Auguste Vizentini,
who died August 10, 1833,
regretted by his father and mother,
two brothers, three sisters,
one aunt, two uncles,
one female cousin, two male cousins,
his grandmother on his father's side,
and numerous friends.

The next we give both in French and English. *Cordon bleu* means now a first-class cook. This name goes back to those famous hosts whose standing at court gave them the right to wear the *cordon bleu*, or blue ribbon. The reputation of their tables was such that when one spoke of a good dinner he said, "*C'est un repas de cordon bleu*," and of a good cook, "*C'est une cuisinière de cordon bleu*," and finally, by abbreviation, "*cordon bleu.*"

Sous cette croûte lapidaire
Repose une cuisinière,
Qui par un excellent pâté
Se fit une célébrité.
Mais à la table divine
Elle ne prétend pas s'asseoir
Même là-haut; tout son espoir
Est de trôner dans la cuisine,
Trop heureuse si du bon Dieu
Elle devient le cordon bleu.

Of this the following is a free translation:

Beneath this stony crust there lies
A cook once famous for good pies.
She's gone on high, but will not dine
At the great table called Divine.
Her highest hope, her brightest dream,
Is as the cook to reign supreme,
Happy if the good God so true
Selects her for his "cordon bleu."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCVI.—NOVEMBER, 1875.—Vol. LI.

LIVING GLACIERS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE SIERRA FROM MOUNT DIABLO.

THE Sierra Nevada of California may be regarded as one grand wrinkled sheet of glacial records. For the scriptures of the ancient glaciers cover every rock, mountain, and valley of the range, and are in many places so well preserved, and are written in so plain a hand, they have long been recognized even by those who were not seeking for them, while the small living glaciers, lying hidden away among the dark recesses of the loftiest and most inaccessible summits, remain almost wholly unknown.

Looking from the summit of Mount Diablo across the San Joaquin Valley, after the atmosphere has been washed with winter rains, the Sierra is beheld stretching along the plain in simple grandeur, like some immense wall, two and a half miles high, and colored almost as bright as a rainbow, in four horizontal bands—the lowest rose purple,

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the next higher dark purple, the next blue, and the topmost pearly white—all beautifully interblended, and varying in tone with the time of day and the advance of the seasons.

The rose purple band, rising out of the yellow plain, is the foot-hill region, sparsely planted with oak and pine, the color in great measure depending upon argillaceous soils exposed in extensive openings among the trees; the dark purple is the region of the yellow and sugar pines; the blue is the cool middle region of the silver-firs; and the pearly band of summits is the Sierra Alps, composed of a vast wilderness of peaks, variously grouped, and segregated by stupendous cañons and swept with torrents and avalanches. Here are the homes of all the glaciers left alive in the Sierra Nevada. During the last five years I have discovered no less than sixty-five in that portion of the range embraced between latitudes 36° 30′ and 39°. They occur scattered throughout this vast region singly or in small groups, on the north sides of the loftiest peaks, sheltered beneath broad, frosty shadows. Over two-thirds of the entire number are contained between latitudes 37° and 38°, and form the highest fountains of the San Joaquin, Tuolumne, and Owens rivers.

The first Sierra glacier was discovered in October, 1871, in a wide, shadowy amphitheatre, comprehended by the bases of Red and Black mountains, two of the dominating summits of the Merced group. This group consists of the highest portion of a long crooked spur that straggles out from the main axis of the range in the direction of Yosemite Valley. At the time of my discovery I was engaged in exploring its *névé* amphitheatres, and in tracing the channels of the ancient glaciers which they poured down into the basin of Illilouette. Beginning on the northwestern extremity of the group with Mount Clark, I examined the chief tributaries in succession, their moraines, *roches moutonnées*, and shining glacial pavements, taking them as they came in regular course without any reference to the time consumed in their study.

The monuments of the tributary that poured its ice from between Red and Black mountains I found to be far the grandest of them all; and when I beheld its magnificent moraines ascending in majestic curves to the dark, mysterious solitudes at its head, I was exhilarated with the work that lay before me, as if on the verge of some great discovery. It was one of the golden days of Indian summer, when the sun melts all the roughness from the rockiest alpine landscapes. The path of the dead glacier shone as if washed with silver, the pines stood transfigured in the living light, poplar groves were masses of orange and yellow, and solidagoes were in full bloom, adding gold to gold.

Pushing on over my glacial highway, I passed lake after lake set in solid basins of granite, and many a thicket and meadow watered by the stream; now clanking over naked rock where not a leaf tries to grow, now wading through plushy bogs knee-deep in yellow and purple sphagnum, or brushing through luxuriant garden patches among larkspurs eight feet high and lilies with thirty flowers on a single stalk. The main lateral moraines bounded the view on either side like artificial embankments, covered with a superb growth of silver-fir and pine, many specimens attaining a height of two hundred feet or more. But all this garden and forest luxuriance was speedily left behind. The trees were dwarfed. The gardens became exclusively alpine. Patches of the heathy bryanthus and cassiope began to appear, and arctic willows, pressed into flat close carpets with the weight of winter snow. The lakelets, which a few miles down the valley were so richly broidered with meadows, had here, at an elevation of about 10,000 feet above the sea, only small mats of carex, leaving bare glaciated rocks around more than half their shores. Yet amidst all this alpine suppression the sturdy brown-barked mountain pine tossed his storm-beaten branches on ledges and buttresses of Red Mountain; some specimens over a hundred feet high and twenty-four feet in circumference, seemingly as fresh and vigorous as if made wholly of sunlight and snow.

Evening came on just as I got fairly within the portal of the grand fountain amphitheatre. I found it to be about a mile wide in the middle, and a little less than two miles long. Crumbling spurs and battlements of Red Mountain inclose it on the north, the sombre, rudely sculptured precipices of Black Mountain on the south, and a hacked and splintery *col* curves around from mountain to mountain at the head, shutting it in on the east.

I chose a camping ground for the night down on the brink of a glacier lake, where a thicket of Williamson spruce sheltered me from the night wind. After making a tin-cupful of tea, I sat by my camp fire, reflecting on the grandeur and significance of the glacial records I had seen, and speculating on the developments of the morrow. As the night advanced, the mighty rocks of my mountain mansion seemed to come nearer. The starry sky stretched across from wall to wall like a ceiling, and fitted closely down into all the spiky irregularities of the summits. After a long fireside rest and a glance at my field-notes, I cut a few pine tassels for a bed, and fell into the clear death-like sleep that always comes to the tired mountaineer.

Early next morning I set out to trace the ancient ice current back to its farthest re-

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cesses, filled with that inexpressible joy experienced by every explorer in nature's untrodden wilds. The mountain voices were still as in the hush of evening; the wind scarce stirred the branches of the mountain pine; the sun was up, but it was yet too cold for the birds and marmots—only the stream, cascading from pool to pool, seemed wholly awake and doing. Yet the spirit of the opening, blooming day called to action. The sunbeams came streaming gloriously through jagged openings of the *col*, glancing on ice-burnished pavements, and lighting the mirror surface of the lake, while every sunward rock and pinnacle burned white on the edges, like melting iron in a furnace. I passed round the north shore of the lake, and then followed the guidance of the stream back into the recesses of the amphitheatre. It led me past a chain of small lakelets set on bare granite benches, and connected by cascades and falls. The scenery became more rigidly arctic. The last dwarf pine was left far below, and the stream was bordered with icicles. As the sun advanced, rocks were loosened on shattered portions of the walls, and came bounding down gullies and *coulairs* in smoky, spattering avalanches, echoing wildly from crag to crag.

THE BERGSCHRUND OF BLACK MOUNTAIN GLACIER.

The main lateral moraines, that stretch so formally from the huge jaws of the amphitheatre out into the middle of the Illilouette basin, are continued upward in straggled masses along the amphitheatre walls, while separate stones, thousands of tons in weight, are left stranded here and there out in the middle of the main channel. Here, also, I observed a series of small, well-characterized, frontal moraines, ranged in regular order along the south wall of the amphitheatre, the shape and size of each moraine corresponding with the shapes and sizes of the daily shadows cast by different portions of the walls. This correspondence between moraines and shadows afterward became plain.

Tracing the stream back to the last of its chain of lakelets, I noticed a fine gray mud covering the stones on the bottom, excepting where the force of the entering and outflowing currents prevented its settling. On examination it proved to be wholly mineral in composition, and resembled the mud worn from a fine-grit grindstone. I at once suspected its glacial origin, for the stream which carried it came gurgling out of the base of a raw, fresh-looking moraine, which seemed to be in process of formation at that very moment. Not a plant, lichen, or weather-stain was any where visible upon its rough, unsettled surface. It is from sixty to over a hundred feet in height, and comes plunging down in front at an angle of thirty-eight degrees, which is the very steepest at which this moraine material will lie. Climbing the moraine in front was, therefore, no easy undertaking. The slightest

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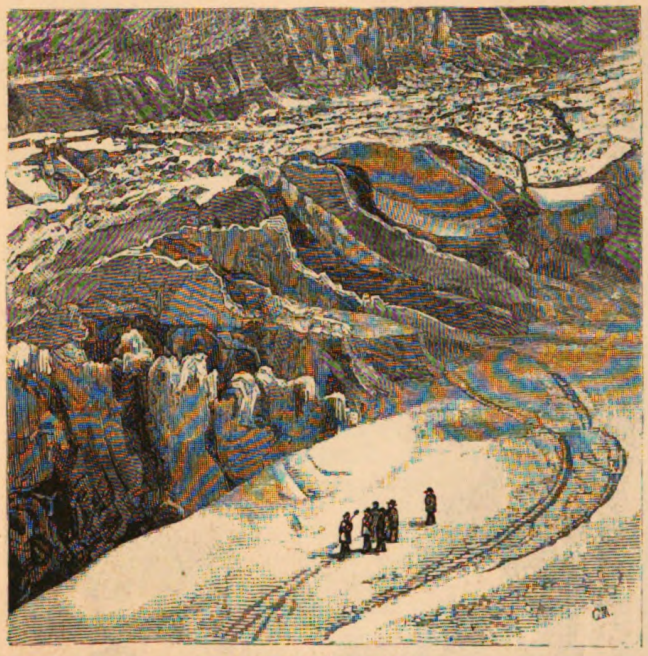


MOUNT SHASTA GLACIER.

touch loosened ponderous blocks, that went rumbling to the bottom, followed by a train of smaller stones and sand. Picking my way with the utmost caution, I at length gained the top, and beheld a small but well-characterized glacier swooping down from the sombre precipices of Black Mountain to the terminal moraine in a finely graduated curve. The solid ice appeared on all the lower portions of the glacier, though it was gray with dirt and stones imbedded in its surface. Farther up, the ice disappeared beneath coarsely granulated snow.

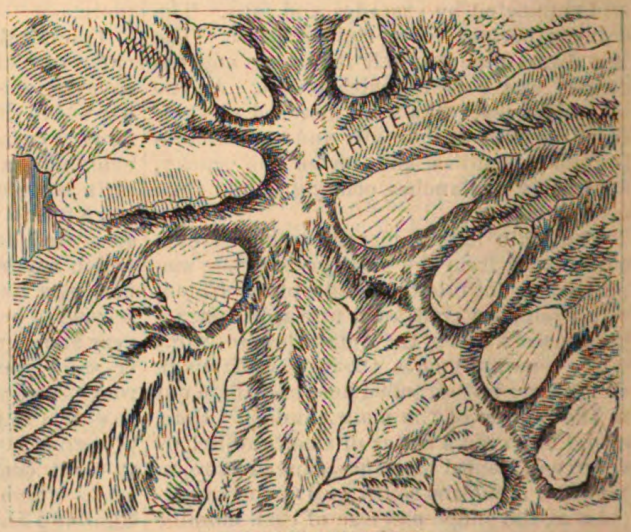
The surface of the glacier was still further characterized by dirt bands and the outcropping edges of blue veins that swept across from side to side in beautiful concentric curves, showing the laminated structure of the mass of the glacier ice. At the head of the glacier, where the *névé* joined the mountain, it was traversed by a huge yawning *Bergschrund*, in some places twelve or fourteen feet wide, and bridged at intervals by the remains of snow avalanches. Creeping along the edge of the *Schrund*, holding on with benumbed fingers, I discovered clear sections where the bedded and ribbon structure was beautifully illustrated. The surface snow, though every where sprinkled with stones shot down from the cliffs above, was in some places almost pure white, gradually becoming crystalline, and changing to porous whitish ice of different shades, and this again changing at a depth of twenty or thirty feet to bluer ice, some of the ribbon-like bands of which were nearly pure and solid, and blended with the paler bands in the most gradual and exquisite manner imaginable, reminding one of the way that color bands come together in a rainbow.

A series of rugged zigzags enabled me to make my way down into the weird ice world of the *Schrund*. Its chambered hollows were hung with a multitude of clustered icicles, amidst which thin subdued light pulsed and shimmered with indescribable loveliness. Water dripped and tinkled overhead, and from far below there came strange solemn murmurs from currents that were feeling their way among veins and fissures on the bottom.

Ice creations of this kind are perfectly enchanting, notwithstanding one feels so entirely out of place in their pure fountain beauty. I was soon uncomfortably cold in my shirt sleeves, and the leaning wall of the *Schrund* seemed ready to ingulph me. Yet it was hard to leave the delicious music of the water, and still more the intense loveliness of the light.

Coming again to the surface of the glacier, I noticed blocks of every size setting out on their downward journey to be built into the terminal moraine.

The noon sun gave birth to a multitude



GLACIER OF MOUNT RITTER.

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of sweet-voiced rills that ran gracefully down the glacier, curling and swirling in their shining channels, and cutting clear sections in which the structure of the ice was beautifully revealed.

The series of frontal moraines I had observed in the morning extending along the base of the south wall of the amphitheatre corresponds in every particular with the moraines of this active glacier; and the causes of all that is special in their forms and order of distribution with reference to shadows now plainly unfolded themselves. When those climatic changes came on that broke up the main glacier that once filled the amphitheatre from wall to wall, a series of residual glaciers was left in the cliff shadows, under whose protection they lingered until they formed the frontal moraines we are studying. But as the seasons became warmer, or the snow supply became less abundant, they died in succession, all excepting the one we have just examined, and the causes of its longer life are sufficiently apparent in the greater extent of snow basin it drains and in its more perfect shelter from the sun. How much longer this little glacier will live will, of course, depend upon climate and the changes slowly effected in the form and exposure of its basin.

END OF THE NORTH RITTER GLACIER DESCENDING INTO GLACIER LAKE.

Soon after this discovery I made excursions to the ice wombs situated on the head cañons of the Tuolumne and San Joaquin, and discovered that what at first sight and from a distance resemble extensive snow-fields are really active glaciers, still grinding the rocks over which they flow, and thus completing the sculpture of the summits so grandly blocked out by their giant predecessors.

That these residual glaciers are wearing the rocks on which they flow is shown by the fact that all the streams rushing out from beneath them are turbid with finely ground rock mud. They all present solid ice snouts creeping out from beneath their fountain snows, and all are carrying down stones that have fallen upon them, to be at length deposited in moraines.

All the specific crevasses of glaciers are also exhibited by them—marginal, transversal, and the jagged-edged *Bergschrund*. In some transversal crevasses, as, for example, near the middle of the eastern branch of the Lyell Glacier, sections of blue ice eighty to a hundred feet deep occur, while the differential motion is manifested in the curves of the dirt bands and of the blue veins and moraines, not a single glacial attribute being either wanting or obscure. But notwithstanding the plainness and completeness of the proof, some of my friends who never take much trouble to investigate for themselves continued to regard my observations and deductions with distrust. I therefore determined to fix stakes in one of the more accessible of the glaciers, and measure their displacement, with a view to making the ordinary demonstration of true glacial movement, while subserving other desirable objects at the same time. The Maclure Glacier, situated on the north side of the mountain of that name, seemed best fitted for my purposes, and, with the assistance of my friend Galen Clark, I planted five stakes in it on the 21st of August, 1872, guarding against their being melted out by sinking

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them to a depth of five feet. Four of them were extended across the glacier in a straight line, beginning on the east side about halfway between the head and foot of the glacier, and terminating near the middle of the current. Stake No. 1 was placed about twenty-five yards from the side of the glacier; No. 2, ninety-four yards; No. 3, one hundred and fifty-two yards; No. 4, two hundred and twenty-five yards. No. 5 was placed up the glacier about midway between the *Bergschrund* and No. 4. On the 6th of October, or forty-six days after being planted, I found the displacement of stake No. 1 to be eleven inches, No. 2 to be eighteen inches, No. 3 to be thirty-four inches, No. 4 to be forty-seven inches, and No. 5 to be forty-six inches. As stake No. 4 was near the middle of the current, it was probably not far from the point of maximum velocity—forty-seven inches in forty-six days, or about one inch per twenty-four hours.

On setting out from Yosemite Valley to fix stakes in the Maclure Glacier, I invited Professor Joseph Leconte to accompany me. He had already given in his adhesion to my glacial theory for the formation of Yosemite Valley, and I was anxious to direct attention to other erosive effects of the ancient glaciers in the formation of mountains, ridges, lake basins, etc., as well as to point out some of the newly discovered glaciers.

Shortly after his return to Oakland he prepared a paper "On some of the Ancient Glaciers of the Sierra," which was read before the California Academy of Sciences, and afterward published in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, in which he says, "Here, then" (on Mount Lyell), "we have *now existing not a true glacier*, perhaps, *certainly not a typical glacier* (since there is no true glacier ice *visible*, but only snow and *névé*, and certainly *no protrusion of an icy tongue* beyond the snow-field), yet nevertheless in some sense a glacier."

The above is an example of the rashness sometimes evinced by scientific observers in allowing themselves to decide upon imperfect data. Professor Leconte had never before seen a glacier of any kind, and did nothing more by way of investigation of this one than to spend a few minutes on the terminal moraine. Yet this, it seems, was deemed sufficient to enable him to decide "certainly" concerning it. Now the Lyell Glacier, which Professor Leconte approached, but did not set foot upon, was at the time of his visit (August 19) still covered with winter snow. Had his visit been delayed a few weeks he would have observed the required "icy tongue protruding from beneath the *névé*," because by this time the sun melted the covering of snow, and, according to his own chosen definition, the glacier suddenly became changed to a typical one.

GLACIER ON THE NORTHEAST SIDE OF MOUNT RITTER, SHOWING PROTRUDING ICE TONGUE AND A WEB-WORK OF CREVASSES.

As to the statement, "there is no true glacier ice visible," it is only necessary to observe that though there was none visible from the moraine where he was seated, there were many fine sections of "true glacier ice" visible in marginal and transversal crevasses, had he taken the pains to reach them.

Great vagueness prevails concerning the essential

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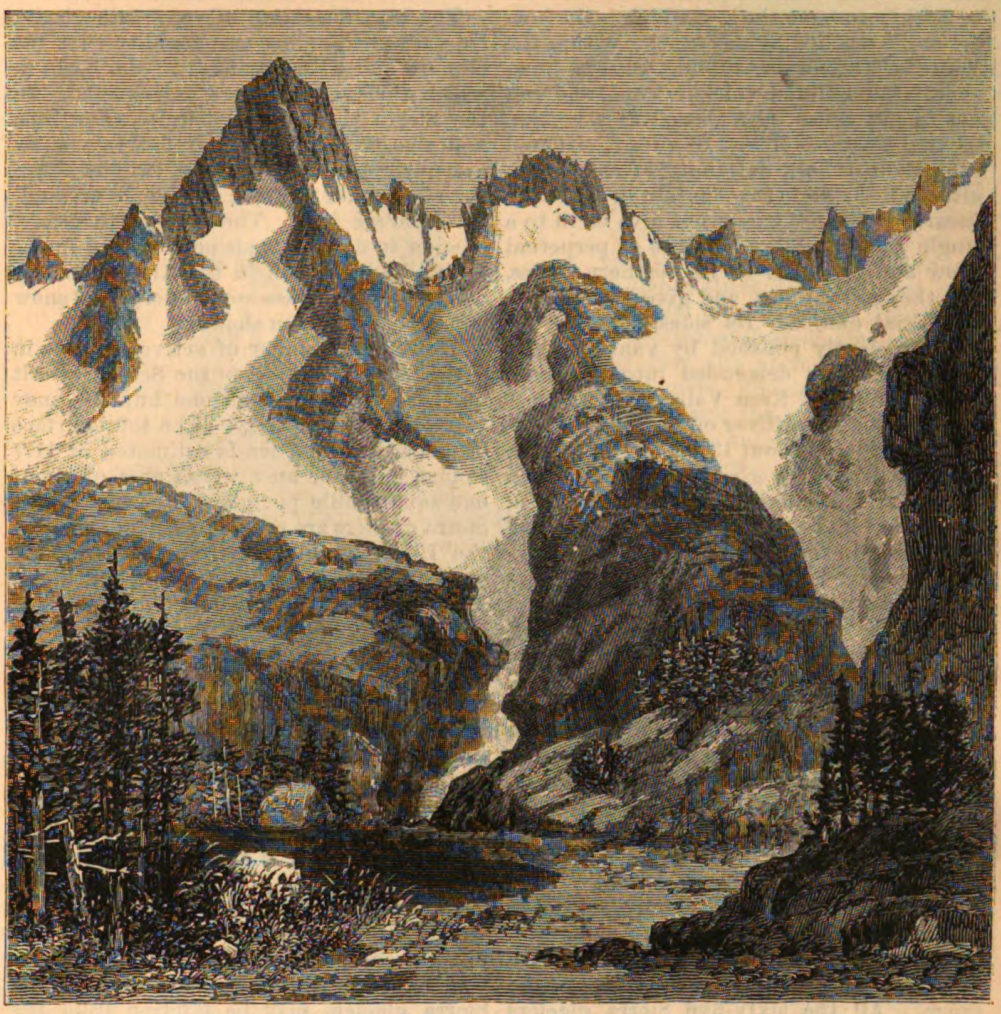

RUSH CREEK GLACIER, ON THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE SIERRA, NORTH OF MOUNT RITTER.

characteristics of glaciers. The icy snout creeping down out of the *névé* fountains is not available for all glaciers at all seasons, because in years of extraordinary snow-fall the whole surface of some slow-flowing glaciers remains covered during the whole year, and would accordingly be classified as true glaciers one season, *névé* fields another; and, as we have seen, the Lyell Glacier, though not typical in August, became typical in September.

A glacier is a current of ice derived from snow. Complete glaciers of the first order take their rise on the mountains, and descend into the sea, just as all complete rivers of the first order do. In North Greenland the snow supply and general climatic conditions are such that its glaciers pour directly into the ocean, and so undoubtedly did those of the Pacific slope during the flush times of the glacial epoch; but now the world is so warm and the snow crop so scanty, nearly all the glaciers left alive have melted to mere hints of their former selves. The Lyell Glacier is now less than a mile long; yet, setting out from the frontal moraine, we may trace its former course on grooved and polished surfaces and by immense cañons and moraines a distance of more than forty miles.

The glaciers of Switzerland are in a like decaying condition as compared with their former grandeur; so also are those of Norway, Asia, and South America. They have come to resemble the short rivers of the eastern slope of the Sierra that flow out into the hot plains and are dried up. According to the Schlagintweit brothers, the glaciers of Switzerland melt at an average elevation above the level of the sea of 7414 feet. The glacier of Grindelwald melts at less than 4000 feet; that of the Aar at about 6000. The Himalaya glacier, in which the Ganges takes its rise, does not, according to Captain Hodgson, descend below 12,914 feet. The average elevation at which the glaciers of the Sierra melt is not far from 11,000 feet above sea-level. The Whitney Glacier, discovered by Clarence King, is situated on the north side of Mount Shasta, and descends

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to 9500 feet above the sea, which is the lowest point reached by any glacier within the limits of California. Mount Shasta, however, is an isolated volcanic cone, and can not in any sense be regarded as a portion of the Sierra. Mount Whitney, situated near the southern extremity of the Sierra, although the highest mountain in the range (nearly 15,000 feet), does not give birth to a single glacier. Small patches of perpetual snow and ice occur on its northern slopes, but they are shallow, and give no evidence of glacial motion. Its sides, however, are still brilliantly polished by vanished glaciers that once descended into the main trunk glacier of Kern Valley on the west and to the Owens River on the east.

Mount Ritter, about 13,300 feet in height, still nourishes five glaciers, which, though small, are exceedingly well characterized, and differ in no particular from those of Switzerland excepting in degree. The finest of the five is on the north side, and flows at first in a northerly direction, then curves toward the west, and descends into a small blue glacier lake, whose banks around more than half its circumference are buried beneath perpetual snow. The outcropping edges of "the blue veins" are presented on the lower portion of this glacier, sweeping across the snout in fine concentric curves, scarcely marred by the rocky *débris* with which the glacier is laden. This beautiful glacier forms one of the highest sources of the North Fork of the San Joaquin.

Another of the Ritter glaciers, situated on the northeastern slopes of the mountain, is drained by a branch of Rush Creek, which flows into Mono Lake on the east side of the range. All the sixty-five Sierra glaciers that I have observed are a survival of the best fed and most favorably situated.

The Sierra granite is admirably fitted for the reception and preservation of glacial records, and from these it is plain that the Sierra ice once covered the whole range continuously as one sheet, which gradually broke up into individual glaciers, and these again into small residual glaciers arranged with reference to shadows. These last were very numerous; several thousand existed on the western flank alone, differing in no way from those that still linger in the highest and coolest fountains.

All the glaciers of California occur upon the north sides of mountains, and flow northward; or if they flow in an easterly or westerly direction, they are contained between protecting ridges trending in the same direction.

Furthermore, because the main axis of the Sierra extends in a north-northwesterly direction, the east side of the range is longer in shadow, and the greater number of the glaciers that occur along the immediate axis are on the east side.

The transformation of snow into glacier ice varies as to place and rapidity with the climate and with the form of the basin in which the fountain snow is collected. In the Sierra there is no definite snow-line, and therefore no fields of fountain snow extending to determinate elevations above the glaciers for the true glacier ice gradually to merge into. The change, therefore, of snow to flowing ice is more abrupt in the Sierra Nevada than in the Alps or in any mountain range possessed of perpetual snow not dependent upon shadows.

The whole number of active glaciers in the Alps is, according to the Schlagintweit brothers, 1100, of which one hundred may be regarded as primary. The total surface of snow, *névé*, and ice is estimated at 1177 square miles, or an average area of about one square mile per glacier. Some of the Sierra glaciers are as large; as, for example, the Lyell, North Ritter, and several that are nameless on the head of the South and Middle forks of the San Joaquin.

The main cause that has prevented the earlier discovery of Sierra Nevada glaciers is simply the want of explorations in the regions where they occur. The labors of the State Geological Survey in this connection amounted to a slight reconnaissance, while the common tourist, ascending the range only as far as Yosemite Valley, sees no portion of the true Alps containing the glaciers excepting a few peak clusters in the distance.

In the Swiss Alps carriage roads approach within a few hundred yards of some of the low-descending glaciers, while the comparative remoteness and inaccessibility of the Sierra glaciers may be inferred from the fact that, during the prosecution of my own explorations in five summers, I never met a single human being, not even an Indian or a hunter.

THE FILLET.

Love has a fillet on his eyes;
  He sees not with the eyes of men;
Whom his fine issues touch despise
  The censures of indifferent men.
There is in love an inward sight,
  That nor in wit nor wisdom lies;
He walks in everlasting light,
  Despite the fillet on his eyes.

If I love you, and you love me,
  'Tis for substantial reasons, sweet—
For something other than we see,
  That satisfies, though incomplete;
Or, if not satisfies, is yet
  Not mutable, where so much dies;
Who love, as we, do not regret
  There is a fillet on Love's eyes!

R. H. Stoddard

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"BARRY CORNWALL" AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

"BARRY CORNWALL."

I FIRST saw the poet twenty-five years ago, in his own house in London, at No. 13 Upper Harley Street, Cavendish Square. He was then declining into the vale of years, but his mind was still vigorous and young. My letter of introduction to him was written by Charles Sumner, and it proved sufficient for the beginning of a friendship which existed through a quarter of a century. My last interview with him occurred in 1869. I found him very feeble, but full of his old kindness and geniality. His speech was somewhat difficult to follow, for he had been slightly paralyzed not long before; but after listening to him for half an hour it was easy to understand nearly every word he uttered. He spoke with warm feeling of Longfellow, who had been in London during that season, and had called to see his venerable friend before proceeding to the Continent. "Wasn't it good of him," said the old man, with his tremulous voice, "to think of *me* before he had been in town twenty-four hours?" He also spoke of his dear companion, John Kenyon, at whose house we had often met in years past, and he called to mind a breakfast party there, saying, with deep feeling, "And you and I are the only ones now alive of all who came together that happy morning!"

A few months ago, at the great age of eighty-seven, Bryan Waller Procter, familiarly and honorably known in English literature for sixty years past as "Barry Cornwall," calmly "fell on sleep." The school-mate of Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel at Harrow, the friend and companion of Keats, Lamb, Shelley, Coleridge, Landor, Hunt, Talfourd, and Rogers, the man to whom Thackeray "affectionately dedicated" his *Vanity Fair*, one of the kindest souls that ever gladdened earth, has now joined the great majority of England's hallowed sons of song. No poet ever left behind him more fragrant memories, and he will always be thought of as one whom his contemporaries loved and honored. No harsh word will ever be spoken by those who have known him of the author of "Marcian Colonna," "Mirandola," "The Broken Heart," and those charming lyrics which rank the poet among the first of his class. His songs will be sung so long as music wedded to beautiful poetry is a requisition any where. His verses have gone into the Book of Fame, and such pieces as "Touch us gently, Time," "Send down thy winged angel, God," "King Death," "The Sea," and "Belshazzar is King," will long keep his memory green. Who that ever came habitually into his presence can forget the tones of his voice, the tenderness in his gray retrospective eyes, or the touch of his sympathetic hand laid on the shoulder of a friend! The elements were indeed so kindly mixed in him that no bitterness, or rancor, or jealousy had part or lot in his composition. No distinguished person was ever more ready to help forward the rising and as yet nameless literary man or woman who asked his counsel and warm-hearted suffrage. His mere presence was sunshine and courage to a new-comer into the growing world of letters and criticism. Indeed, to be *human* only entitled any one who came near him to receive the gracious bounty of his goodness and courtesy. He made it the happiness of his life never to miss, whenever opportunity occurred, the chance of conferring pleasure and gladness on those who needed kind words and substantial aid.

His equals in literature venerated and loved him. Dickens and Thackeray never ceased to regard him with the deepest feeling, and such men as Browning and Tennyson and Carlyle and Forster rallied about him to the last. He was the delight of all those interesting men and women who habitually gathered around Rogers's famous

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table in the olden time, for his manner had in it all the courtesy of genius, without any of that chance asperity so common in some literary circles. The shyness of a scholar brooded continually over him and made him reticent, but he was never silent from ill humor. His was that true modesty so excellent in ability, and so rare in celebrities petted for a long time in society. His was also that happy alchemy of mind which transmutes disagreeable things into golden and ruby colors like the dawn. His temperament was the exact reverse of Fuseli's, who complained that "*nature* put him out." A beautiful spirit has indeed passed away, and the name of "Barry Cornwall," beloved in both hemispheres, is now sanctified afresh by the seal of eternity so recently stamped upon it.

It was indeed a privilege for a young American, on his first travels abroad, to have "Barry Cornwall" for his host in London. As I recall the memorable days and nights of that long-ago period, I wonder at the good fortune which brought me into such relations with him, and I linger with profound gratitude over his many acts of unmerited kindness. One of the most intimate rambles I ever took with him was in 1851, when we started one morning from a book shop in Piccadilly, where we met accidentally. I had been in London only a couple of days, and had not yet called upon him for lack of time. Several years had elapsed since we had met, but he began to talk as if we had parted only a few hours before. At first I thought his mind was impaired by age, and that he had forgotten how long it was since we had spoken together. I imagined it possible that he mistook me for some one else; but very soon I found that his memory was not at fault, for in a few minutes he began to question me about old friends in America, and to ask for information concerning the probable sea-sick horrors of an Atlantic voyage. "I suppose," said he, "knowing your infirmity, you found it hard work to stand on your immaterial legs, as Hood used to call Lamb's quivering limbs." Sauntering out into the street, he went on in a quaintly humorous way to imagine what a rough voyage must be to a real sufferer, and thus walking gayly along, we came into Leadenhall Street. There he pointed out the office where his old friend and fellow-magazinist, "Elia," spent so many years of hard work from ten until four o'clock of every day. Being in a mood for reminiscence, he described the Wednesday evenings he used to spend with "Charles and Mary" and their friends around the old "mahogany-tree" in Russell Street. I remember he tried to give me an idea of how Lamb looked and dressed, and how he stood bending forward to welcome his guests as they arrived in his humble lodgings. Procter thought nothing unimportant that might serve in any way to illustrate character, and so he seemed to wish that I might get an exact idea of the charming person both of us prized so ardently and he had known so intimately. Speaking of Lamb's habits, he said he had never known his friend to drink immoderately except upon one occasion, and he observed that "Elia," like Dickens, was a small and delicate eater. With faltering voice he told me of Lamb's "givings away" to needy, impoverished friends whose necessities were yet greater than his own. His secret charities were constant and unfailing, and no one ever suffered hunger when he was by. He could not endure to see a fellow-creature in want if he had the means to feed him. Thinking, from a depression of spirits which Procter in his young manhood was once laboring under, that perhaps he was in want of money, Lamb looked him earnestly in the face as they were walking one day in the country together, and blurted out, in his stammering way, "My dear boy, I have a hundred-pound note in my desk that I really don't know what to do with: oblige me by taking it and getting the confounded thing out of my keeping." "I was in no need of money," said Procter, "and I declined the gift; but it was hard work to make Lamb believe that I was not in an impecunious condition."

CHARLES LAMB.

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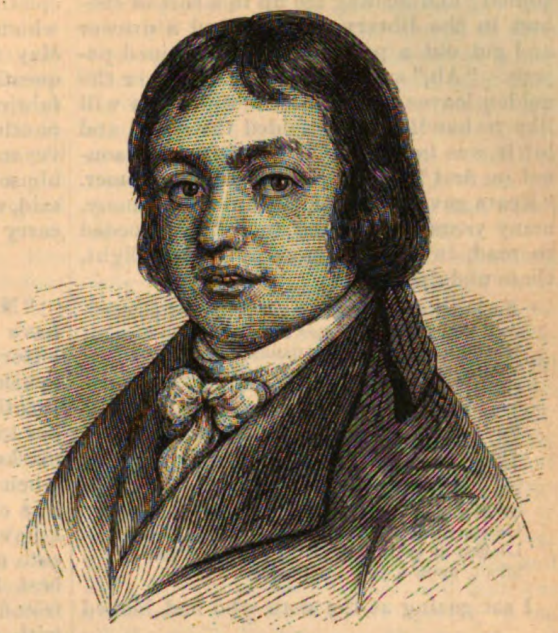
Speaking of Lamb's sister Mary, Procter quoted Hazlitt's saying, that "Mary Lamb was the most rational and wisest woman he had ever been acquainted with." As we went along some of the more retired streets in the old city, we had also, I remember, much gossip about Coleridge and his manner of reciting his poetry, especially when "Elia" happened to be among the listeners, for the philosopher put a high estimate upon Lamb's critical judgment. In this connection we had much reminiscence of such interesting persons as the Novellos, Martin Burney, Talfourd, and Crabbe Robinson, and a store of anecdotes in which Haydon, Manning, Dyer, and Godwin figured at full length. In course of conversation I asked my companion if he thought Lamb had ever been really in love, and he told me interesting things of Hester Savory, a young Quaker girl of Pentonville, who inspired the poem embalming the name of Hester forever, and of Fanny Kelly, the actress with the "divine plain face," who will always live in one of "Elia's" most exquisite essays. "He had a *reverence* for the sex," said Procter, "and there were tender spots in his heart that time could never entirely cover up or conceal."



S. T. COLERIDGE.

During our walk we stepped into Christ's Hospital, and turned to the page on its record book where together we read this entry: "October 9, 1782, Charles Lamb, aged seven years, son of John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth his wife."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

It was a lucky morning when I dropped in to bid "good-morrow" to the poet as I was passing his house one day, for it was then he took from among his treasures and gave to me an autograph letter addressed to himself by Charles Lamb in 1829. I found the dear old man alone and in his library, sitting at his books, with the windows wide open, letting in the spring odors. Quoting, as I entered, some lines of Wordsworth's embalming May mornings, he began to talk of the older poets who had worshiped nature with the ardor of lovers, and his eyes lighted up with pleasure when I happened to remember some almost forgotten stanza from England's "Helicon." It was an easy transition from the old bards to "Elia," and he soon went on in his fine enthusiastic way to relate several anecdotes of his eccentric friend. As I rose to take leave he said,

"Have I ever given you one of Lamb's letters to carry home to America?"

"No," I replied, "and you must not part with the least scrap of a note in 'Elia's' handwriting. Such things are too precious to be risked on a sea-voyage to another hemisphere."

"America ought to share with England in these things," he re-

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joined; and leading me up to a sort of cabinet in the library, he unlocked a drawer and got out a package of time-stained papers. "Ah," said he, as he turned over the golden leaves, "here is something you will like to handle." I unfolded the sheet, and lo! it was in Keats's handwriting, the sonnet on first looking into Chapman's Homer. "Keats gave it to me," said Procter, "many, many years ago." And then he proceeded to read, in tones tremulous with delight, these undying lines:

"Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many Western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

I sat gazing at the man who had looked

JOHN KEATS.

on Keats in the flush of his young genius, and wondered at my good fortune. As the living poet folded up again the faded manuscript of the illustrious dead one, and laid it reverently in its place, I felt grateful for the honor thus vouchsafed to a wandering stranger in a foreign land, and wished that other and worthier votaries of English letters might have been present to share with me the boon of such an interview. Presently my hospitable friend, still rummaging among the past, drew out a letter, which was the one, he said, he had been looking after. "Cram it into your pocket," he cried, "for I hear —— coming down stairs, and perhaps she won't let you carry it off!" The letter is addressed to B. W. Procter, Esq., 10 Lincoln's Inn, New Square. I give the entire epistle here just as it stands in the original which Procter handed me that memorable May morning. He told me that the law question raised in this epistle was a sheer fabrication of Lamb's, gotten up by him to puzzle his young correspondent, the conveyancer. The coolness referred to between himself and Robinson and Talfourd, Procter said, was also a fiction invented by Lamb to carry out his legal mystification.

"*Jany* 19, 1829.

"MY DEAR PROCTER,—I am ashamed to have not taken the drift of your pleasant letter, which I find to have been pure invention. But jokes are not suspected in Bœotian Enfield. We are plain people, and our talk is of corn, and cattle, and Waltham markets. Besides I was a little out of sorts when I received it. The fact is, I am involved in a case which has fretted me to death, and I have no reliance except on you to extricate me. I am sure you will give me your best legal advice, having no professional friend besides but Robinson and Talfourd, with neither of whom at present I am on the best terms. My brother's widow left a will, made during the life time of my brother, in which I am named sole Executor, by which she bequeaths forty acres of arable property, which it seems she held under Covert Baron, unknown to my Brother, to the heirs of the body of Elizabeth Dowden, her married daughter by a first husband, in fee simple, recoverable by fine—invested property, mind, for there is the difficulty—subject to leet and quit rent—in short, worded in the most guarded terms, to shut out the property from Isaac Dowden the husband. Intelligence has just come of the death of this person in India, where he made a will, entailing this property (which seem'd entangled enough already) to the heirs of his body, that should not be born of his wife; for it seems by the Law in India natural children can recover. They have put the cause into Exchequer Process here, removed by Certiorari from the Native Courts, and the question is whether I should as Executor, try the cause here, or again re-remove to the Supreme Sessions at Bangalore, which I understand I can, or plead a hearing before the Privy Council here. As it involves all the little property of Elizabeth Dowden, I am anxious to take the fittest steps, and what may be the least expensive. For God's sake assist me, for the case is so embarrassed that it deprives me of sleep and appetite. M. Burney thinks there is a Case like it in Chapt. 170 Sect. 5 in Fearn's *Contingent Remainders*. Pray read it over with him dispassionately, and let me have the result. The complexity lies in the questionable power of the husband to alienate in usum enfeoffments whereof he was only collaterally seized, etc.

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[On the leaf at this place there are some words in another hand.—F.]

"The above is some of M. Burney's memoranda, which he has left here, and you may cut out and give him. I had another favour to beg, which is the beggarliest of beggings. A few lines of verse for a young friend's Album (six will be enough). M. Burney will tell you who she is I want 'em for. A girl of gold. Six lines—make 'em eight—signed Barry C——. They need not be very good, as I chiefly want 'em as a foil to mine. But I shall be seriously obliged by any refuse scrap. We are in the last ages of the world, when St. Paul prophesied that women should be 'headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having Albums.' I fled hither to escape the Albumean persecution, and had not been in my new house 24 hours, when the Daughter of the next house came in with a friend's Album to beg a contribution, and the following day intimated she had one of her own. Two more have sprung up since. If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth, there will Albums be. New Holland has Albums. But the age is to be complied with. M. B. will tell you the sort of girl I request the 10 lines for. Somewhat of a pensive cast what you admire. The lines may come before the Law question, as that can not be determined before Hilary Term, and I wish your deliberate judgment on that. The other may be flimsy and superficial. And if you have not burnt your returned letter pray re-send it me as a monumental token of my stupidity. 'Twas a little unthinking of you to touch upon a sore subject. Why, by dabbling in those accursed Annuals I have become a by-word of infamy all over the kingdom. I have sicken'd decent women for asking me to write in Albums. There be 'dark jests' abroad, Master Cornwall, and some riddles may live to be clear'd up. And 'tisn't every saddle is put on the right steed. And forgeries and false Gospels are not peculiar to the age following the Apostles. And some tubs don't stand on their right bottom. Which is all I wish to say in these ticklish Times—and so your servant, CHS. LAMB."

At the age of seventy-seven Procter was invited to print his recollections of Charles Lamb, and his volume was welcomed in both hemispheres as a pleasant addition to "Eliana." During the last eighteen years of Lamb's life Procter knew him most intimately, and his chronicles of visits to the little gamboge-colored house in Enfield are charming pencilings of memory. When Lamb and his sister, tired of housekeeping, went into lodging and boarding with T—— W——, their sometime next-door neighbor —who, Lamb said, had one joke and forty pounds a year, upon which he retired in a green old age—Procter still kept up his friendly visits to his old associate. And after the brother and sister moved to their last earthly retreat in Edmonton, where Charles died in 1834, Procter still paid them regular visits of love and kindness. And after Charles's death, and Mary went to live at a house in St. John's Wood, her unfailing friend kept up his cheering calls there till she set out "for that unknown and silent shore," on the 20th of May, in 1847.

Procter's conversation was full of endless delight to his friends. His "asides" were sometimes full of exquisite touches. I remember one evening when Carlyle was present and rattling on against American institutions, half comic and half serious, Procter, who sat near me, kept up a constant under-breath of commentary, taking exactly the other side. Carlyle was full of horse-play over the character of George Washington, whom he never vouchsafed to call any thing but George. He said our first President was a good surveyor, and knew how to measure timber, and that was about all. Procter kept whispering to me all the while Carlyle was discoursing, and going over Washington's fine traits to the disparagement of every thing Carlyle was laying down as gospel. I was listening to both these distinguished men at the same time, and it was one of the most curious experiences in conversation I ever happened to enjoy.

I was once present when a loud-voiced person of quality, ignorant and supercilious, was inveighing against the want of taste commonly exhibited by artists when they chose their wives, saying they almost always selected inferior women. Procter, sitting next to me, put his hand on my shoulder, and, with a look expressive of ludicrous pity and contempt for the idiotic speaker, whispered, "And yet Vandyck married the daughter of Earl Gower, poor fellow!" The mock solemnity of Procter's manner was irresistible. It had a wink in it that really embodied the genius of fun and sarcasm.

Talking of the ocean with him one day, he revealed this curious fact: although he is the author of one of the most stirring and popular sea-songs in the language—

"The sea, the sea, the open sea!"—

he said he had rarely been upon the tossing element, having a great fear of being made ill by it. I think he told me he had never dared to cross the Channel even, and so had never seen Paris. He said, like many others, he delighted to gaze upon the waters from a safe place on land, but had a horror of living on it even for a few hours. I recalled to his recollection his own lines—

"I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;"

and he shook his head, and laughingly de-

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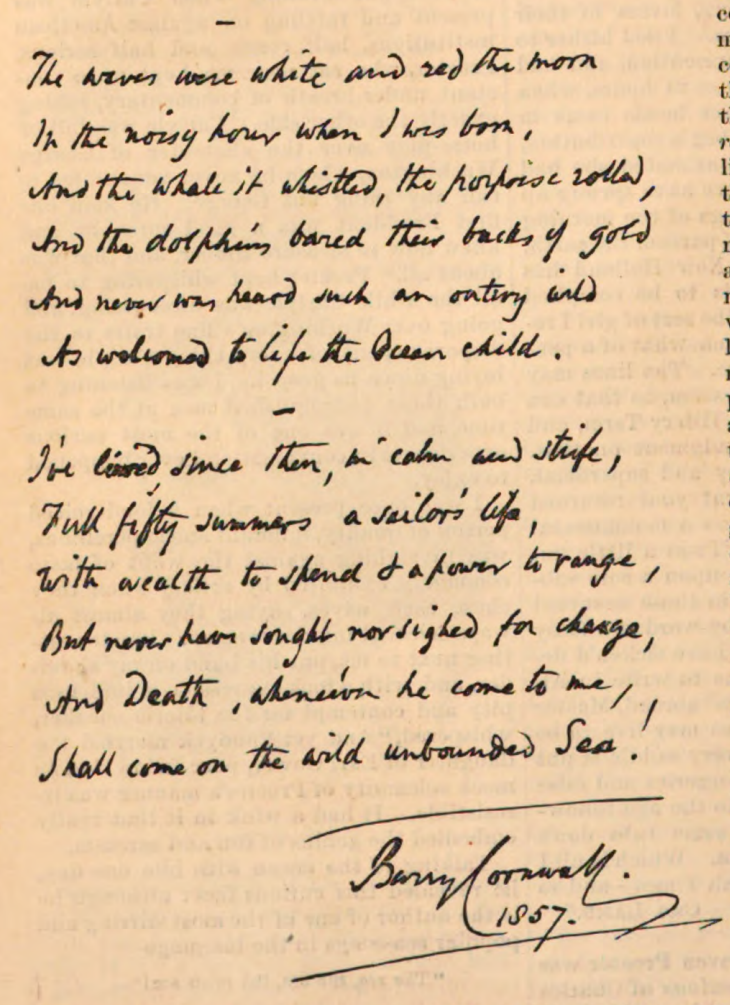
clared I must have misquoted his words, or that Dibdin had written the piece and put "Barry Cornwall's" signature to it. We had, I remember, a great deal of fun over the poetical lies, as he called them, which bards in all ages had perpetrated in their verse, and he told me some stories of English poets, over which we made merry as we sat together in pleasant Cavendish Square that summer evening.

His world-renowned song of "The Sea" he afterward gave me in his own handwriting, and two stanzas are here reproduced from his neat autograph.



It was Procter who first in my hearing, twenty-five years ago, put such an estimate on the poetry of Robert Browning that I could not delay any longer to make acquaintance with his writings. I remember to have been startled at hearing the man who in his day had known so many poets declare that Browning was the peer of any one who had written in this century, and that, on the whole, his genius had not been excelled in his (Procter's) time. "Mind what I say," insisted Procter: "Browning will make an enduring name, and give another supremely great poet to England."

Procter could sometimes be prompted into describing that brilliant set of men and women who were in the habit of congregating at Lady Blessington's, and I well recollect his description of young N. P. Willis as he first appeared in her *salon*. "The young traveler came among us," said Procter, "enthusiastic, handsome, and good-natured, and took his place beside D'Orsay, Bulwer, Disraeli, and the other dandies as naturally as if he had been for years a London man about town. He was full of fresh talk concerning his own country, and we all admired his cleverness in compassing so aptly all the little newnesses of the situation. He was *ready* on all occasions, a little too ready, some of the *habitués* of the *salon* thought, and they could not understand his cool and quite-at-home manners. He became a favorite at first trial, and laid himself out determined to please and be pleased. His ever kind and thoughtful attention to others won him troops of friends, and I never can forget his unwearied goodness to a sick child of mine, with whom, night after night, he would sit by the bedside and watch, thus relieving the worn-out family in a way that was very tender and self-sacrificing."

Of Lady Blessington's tact, kindness, and remarkable beauty Procter always spoke with ardor, and abated nothing from the popular idea of that fascinating person. He thought she had done more in her time to institute good feeling and social intercourse among men of letters than any other lady in England, and he gave her eminent credit for bringing forward the rising talent of the metropolis without waiting to be prompted by a public verdict. As the poet described her to me as she moved through her exquisite apartments, surrounded by all the luxuries that naturally connect themselves with one of her commanding position in literature and art, her radiant and exceptional beauty of person, her frank and cordial manners, the wit, wisdom, and grace of her

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speech, I thought of the fair Giovanna of Naples as painted in "Bianca Visconti:"

"Gods! what a light enveloped her!
....Her beauty
Was of that order that the universe
Seemed governed by her motion....
The pomp, the music, the bright sun in heaven,
Seemed glorious by her leave."

One of the most agreeable men in London literary society during Procter's time was the companionable and ever kind-hearted John Kenyon. He was a man compacted of all the best qualities of an incomparable good nature. His friends used to call him "the apostle of cheerfulness." He could not endure a long face under his roof, and declined to see the dark side of any

ROBERT BROWNING.

N. P. WILLIS.

thing. He wrote verses almost like a poet, but no one surpassed him in genuine admiration for whatever was excellent in others. No happiness was so great to him as the conferring of happiness on others, and I am glad to write myself his eternal debtor for much of my enjoyment in England, for he introduced me to many life-long friendships, and he inaugurated for me much of that felicity which springs from intercourse with men and women whose books are the solace of our life-long existence. How often have I seen Kenyon and Procter chirping together over an old quarto that had floated down from an early century, or rejoicing together over a well-worn letter in a family portfolio of treasures! They were a pair of veteran brothers, and there was never a flaw in their long and loving intercourse.

In a letter which Procter wrote to me in March, 1857, he thus refers to his old friend, then lately dead: "Every body seems to be dying hereabouts—one of my colleagues, one of my relations, one of my servants, three of them in one week, the last one in my own house. And now I seem fit for little else myself. My dear old friend Kenyon is dead. There never was a man, take him for all in all, with more amiable, attractive qualities. A kind friend, a good master, a generous and judicious dispenser of his

JOHN KENYON.

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WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

wealth, honorable, sweet-tempered, and serene, and genial as a summer's day. It is true that he has left me a solid mark of his friendship. I did not expect any thing; but if to like a man sincerely deserved such a mark of his regard, I deserved it. I doubt if he has left one person who really liked him more than I did. Yes, one—I think one—a woman.....I get old and weak and stupid. That pleasant journey to Niagara, that dip into your Indian summer, all such thoughts are over. I shall never see Italy; I shall never see Paris. My future is before me—a very limited landscape, with scarcely one old friend left in it. I see a smallish room, with a bow-window looking south, a book-case full of books, three or four drawings, and a library chair and table (once the property of my old friend Kenyon—I am writing on the table now), and you have the greater part of the vision before you. Is this the end of all things? I believe it is pretty much like most scenes in the fifth act, when the green (or black) curtain is about to drop and tell you that the play of *Hamlet* or of John Smith is over. But wait a little. There will be another piece, in which John Smith the younger will figure, and quite eclipse his old, stupid, wrinkled, useless, time-slaughtered parent. The king is dead—long live the king!"

Kenyon was very fond of Americans, and Professor Ticknor and George S. Hillard were especially dear to him. I remember hearing him say one day that the "best prepared" young foreigner he had ever met, who had come to see Europe, was Mr. Hillard. One day at his dinner table, in the presence of Mrs. Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Walter Savage Landor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning, and the Procters, I heard him declare that one of the best talkers on any subject that might be started at the social board was the author of *Six Months in Italy*.

It was at a breakfast in Kenyon's house that I first met Walter Savage Landor. As I entered the room with Procter, Landor was in the midst of an eloquent harangue on the high art of portraiture. Procter had been lately sitting to a daguerreotypist for a picture, and Mrs. Jameson, who was very fond of the poet, had arranged the camera for that occasion. (The likeness at the head of this article is copied directly from that daguerreotype.) Landor was holding the picture in his hand, declaring that it had never been surpassed as a specimen of that particular art. The grand-looking author of "Pericles and Aspasia" was standing in the middle of the room when we entered, and his voice sounded like an explosion of first-class artillery. Seeing Procter enter, he immediately began to address him in high-sounding Latin compliments. Poor modest Procter pretended to stop his ears that he might not listen to Landor's eulogistic phrases. Kenyon came to the rescue by declaring the breakfast had been waiting half an hour. When we arrived at the table Landor asked Procter to join him on an expedition into Spain which he was then contemplating. "No," said Procter, "for I can not even 'walk Spanish,' and having never crossed the Channel, I do not intend to begin now."

"Never crossed the Channel!" roared Landor—"never saw Napoleon Bonaparte!" He then began to tell us how the young Corsican looked when he first saw him, saying that he had the olive complexion and roundness of face of a Greek girl; that the consul's voice was deep and melodious, but untruthful in tone. While we were eating breakfast he went on to describe his Italian travels in early youth, telling us that he once saw Shelley and Byron meet in the doorway of a hotel in Pisa. Landor had lived in Italy many years, for he detested the climate of his native country, and used to say "one could only live comfortably in England who was rich enough to have a solar system of his own."

The Prince of Carpi said of Erasmus he was so thin-skinned that a fly would draw blood from him. The author of the "Imaginary Conversations" had the same infirmity. A very little thing would disturb him for hours, and his friends were never sure of his equanimity. There were three things in the world which received no quarter at his hands, and when in the slightest degree he scented *hypocrisy*, *pharisaism*, or *tyranny*, straightway he became furious, and laid about him like a mad giant.

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Procter told me that when Landor got into a passion, his rage was sometimes uncontrollable. The fiery spirit knew his weakness, but his anger quite overmastered him in spite of himself. "Keep your temper, Landor," somebody said to him one day when he was raging. "That is just what I don't wish to keep," he cried; "I wish to be rid of such an infamous, ungovernable thing. I don't wish to *keep* my temper." Whoever wishes to get a good look at Landor will not seek for it alone in John Forster's interesting life of the old man, admirable as it is, but will turn to Dickens's *Bleak House* for side-glances at the great author. In that vivid story Dickens has made his friend Landor sit for the portait of Lawrence Boythorn. The very laugh that made the whole house vibrate, the roundness and fullness of voice, the fury of superlatives, are all given in Dickens's best manner, and no one who has ever seen Landor for half an hour could possibly mistake Boythorn for any body else. Talking the matter over once with Dickens, he said, "Landor always took that presentation of himself in hearty good humor, and seemed rather proud of the picture." This is Dickens's portrait: "He was not only a very handsome old gentleman, upright and stalwart, with a massive gray head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist; but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously polite, his face was lighted by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure, whether he smilingly conversed with Ada and me, or was led by Mr. Jarndyce into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a blood-hound, and gave out that tremendous Ha! ha! ha!"

Landor's energetic gravity when he was proposing some colossal impossibility the observant novelist would naturally seize on, for Dickens was always on the look-out for exaggerations in human language and conduct.

It was at Procter's table I heard Dickens describe a scene which transpired after the publication of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. It seems that the first idea of Little Nell occurred to Dickens when he was on a birthday visit to Landor, then living in Bath. The old man was residing in lodgings in St. James Square, in that city, and ever after connected Little Nell with that particular spot. No character in prose fiction was a greater favorite with Landor, and one day, years after the story was published, he burst out with a tremendous emphasis, and declared that the mistake of his life was that he had not purchased that house in Bath, and then and there burned it to the ground, so that no meaner association should ever desecrate the birth-place of Little Nell!

It was Procter's old school-master (Dr. Drury, head-master of Harrow) who was the means of introducing Edmund Kean, the great actor, on the London stage. Procter delighted to recall the many theatrical triumphs of the eccentric tragedian, and the memoir which he printed of Kean will always be read with interest. I heard the poet one evening describe the player most graphically as he appeared in Sir Giles Overreach in 1816 at Drury Lane, when he pro-

EDMUND KEAN.

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duced such an effect on Lord Byron, who sat that night in a stage-box with Tom Moore. His lordship was so overcome by Kean's magnificent acting that he fell forward in a convulsive fit, and it was some time before he regained his wonted composure.

At Procter's house the best of England's celebrated men and women assembled, and it was a kind of enchantment to converse with the ladies one met there. It was indeed a privilege to be received by the hostess herself, for Mrs. Procter was not only sure to be the most brilliant person among her guests, but she practiced habitually that exquisite courtesy toward all which renders even a stranger, unwonted to London drawing-rooms, free from awkwardness and that constraint which is almost inseparable from a first appearance.

Among the persons I have seen at that house of urbanity in London I distinctly recall old Mrs. Montague, the mother of Mrs. Procter. She had met Robert Burns in Edinburgh when he first came up to that city to bring out his volume of poems. "I have seen many a handsome man in my time," said the old lady one day to us at dinner, "but never such a pair of eyes as young Robbie Burns kept flashing from under his beautiful brow." Mrs. Montague was much interested in Charles Sumner, and predicted for him all the eminence of his after-position. With a certain other American visitor she had no patience, and spoke of him to me as a "note of interrogation," too curious to be comfortable.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

I distinctly recall Adelaide Procter as I first saw her on one of my early visits to her father's house. She was a shy, bright girl, and the poet drew my attention to her as she sat reading in a corner of the library. Looking at the young maiden, intent on her book, I remembered that exquisite sonnet in her father's volume, bearing date November, 1825, addressed to the infant just a month after her birth:

"Child of my heart! My sweet, beloved First-born!
Thou dove who tidings bring'st of calmer hours!
Thou rainbow who dost shine when all the showers
Are past or passing! Rose which hath no thorn,
No spot, no blemish—pure and unforlorn,
Untouched, untainted! O my Flower of flowers!
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn!
Welcome, a thousand welcomes! Care, who clings
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold:
New hope springs upward; and the bright world seems
Cast back into a youth of endless springs!
Sweet mother, is it so? or grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?"

I whispered in the poet's ear my admiration of the sonnet and the beautiful subject of it as we sat looking at her absorbed in the volume on her knees. Procter, in response, murmured some words expressive of his joy at having such a gift from God to gladden his affectionate heart, and he told me afterward what a comfort Adelaide had always been to his household. He described to me a visit Wordsworth made to his house one day, and how gentle the old man's aspect was when he looked at the children. "He took the hand of my dear Adelaide in his," said Procter, "and spoke some words to her, the recollection of which helped, perhaps, with other things, to incline her to poetry." When a little child "the golden-tressed Adelaide," as the poet calls her in one of his songs, must often have heard her father read aloud his own poems as they came fresh from the fount of song, and the impression no doubt wrought upon her young imagination a spell she could not resist. On a sensitive mind like hers such a piece as the "Petition to Time" could not fail of producing its full effect, and no girl of her temperament would be unmoved by the music of words like these:

"Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three.
(One is lost, an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

"Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, *our* content,
Lie in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time!"

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ANNA JAMESON.

Adelaide Procter's name will always be sweet in the annals of English poetry. Her place was assured from the time when she made her modest advent, in 1853, in the columns of Dickens's *Household Words*, and every thing she wrote from that period onward until she died gave evidence of striking and peculiar talent. I have heard Dickens describe how she first began to proffer contributions to his columns over a feigned name, that of Miss Mary Berwick; how he came to think that his unknown correspondent must be a governess; how, as time went on, he learned to value his new contributor for her self-reliance and punctuality — qualities upon which Dickens always placed a high value; how at last, going to dine one day with his old friends the Procters, he launched enthusiastically out in praise of Mary Berwick (the writer herself, Adelaide Procter, sitting at the table); and how the delighted mother, being in the secret, revealed, with tears of joy, the real name of the young aspirant. Although Dickens has told the whole story most feelingly in an introduction to Miss Procter's *Legends and Lyrics*, issued after her death, to hear it from his own lips and sympathetic heart, as I have done, was, as may be imagined, something better even than reading his pathetic words on the printed page.

One of the most interesting ladies in London literary society in the period of which I am writing was Mrs. Jameson, the dear and honored friend of Procter and his family. During many years of her later life she stood in the relation of consoler to her sex in England. Women in mental anguish needing consolation and counsel fled to her as to a convent for protection and guidance. Her published writings established such a claim upon her sympathy in the hearts of her readers that much of her time for twenty years before she died was spent in helping others, by correspondence and personal contact, to bear the sorrows God had laid upon them. Her own earlier life had been darkened by griefs, and she knew from a deep experience what it was to enter the cloud and stand waiting and hoping in the shadows. In her instructive and delightful society I spent many an hour twenty years ago in the houses of Procter and Rogers and Kenyon. Procter, knowing my admiration of the Kemble family, frequently led the conversation up to that regal line which included so many men and women of genius. Mrs. Jameson was never weary of being questioned as to the legitimate supremacy of Mrs. Siddons and her nieces, Fanny and Adelaide Kemble. While Rogers talked of Garrick, and Procter of Kean, she had no enthusiasms that were not bounded in by those fine spirits whom she had watched and worshiped from her earliest years.

Now and then in the garden of life we get that special bite out of the sunny side of a peach. One of my own memorable experiences in that way came in this wise. I had heard, long before I went abroad, so much of the singing of that youngest child of the "Olympian dynasty," Adelaide Kemble, so much of a brief career crowded with triumphs on the lyric stage, that I longed, if it might be possible, to listen to "the true daughter of her race." The rest of her family for years had been, as it were, "nourished on Shakspeare," and achieved greatness in that high walk of genius; but now came one who could interpret Mozart, Bellini, and Mercadante, one who could rival what Pasta and Malibran and Persiani and Grisi had taught the world to understand and worship. "Ah!" said a friend, "if you could only hear *her* sing 'Casta Diva!'" "Yes," said another, "and 'Auld Robin Gray!'" No wonder, I thought, at the universal enthusiasm for a vocal and lyrical artist who can alternate with equal power from "Casta Diva" to "Auld Robin Gray." I *must* hear her! She had left the stage, after a brief glory upon it, but as Madame Sartoris she sometimes sang at home to her guests.

"We are invited to hear some music this evening," said Procter to me one day, "and you must go with us." I went, and our hostess was the once magnificent *prima don-*

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na! At intervals throughout the evening, with a voice

"That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With thick fast warble its delicious notes,"

she poured out her full soul in melody. We all know her now as the author of that exquisite *Week in a French Country-House*, and that fascinating book somehow always mingles itself in my memory with the enchanted evening when I heard her sing. As she sat at the piano in all her majestic beauty, I imagined her a sort of later St. Cecilia, and could have wished for another Raphael to paint her worthily. Henry Chorley, who was present on that memorable evening, seemed to be in a kind of nervous rapture at hearing again the supreme and willing singer. Procter moved away into a dim corner of the room, and held his tremulous hand over his eyes. The old poet's sensitive spirit seemed at times to be going out on the breath of the glorious artist who was thrilling us all with her power. Mrs. Jameson bent forward to watch every motion of her idol, looking applause at every noble passage. Another lady, whom I did not know, half fainted with emotion, and I could well imagine what might have taken place when Miss Kemble sang and enacted Semiramide as I have heard it described. Every one present was inspired by her fine mien, as well as by her transcendent voice. Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Cherubini—how she flung herself that night, with all her gifts, into their highest compositions! As she rose and was walking away from the piano, after singing an air from the *Medea* with a pathos that no musically uneducated pen like mine can or ought to attempt a description of, some one intercepted her and whispered a request. Again she turned, and walked toward the instrument like a queen among her admiring court. A flash of lightning, followed by a peal of thunder that jarred the house, stopped her for a moment on her way to the piano. A sudden summer tempest was gathering, and crash after crash made it impossible for her to begin. As she stood waiting for the "elemental fury" to subside, her attitude was quite worthy of the niece of Mrs. Siddons. When the thunder had grown less frequent, she threw back her beautiful classic head and touched the keys. The air she had been called upon to sing was so wild and weird, a dead silence fell upon the room, and an influence as of terror pervaded the whole assembly. It was a song by Dessauer, which he had composed for her voice, the words by Tennyson. No one who was present that evening can forget how she broke the silence with

"We were two daughters of one race,"

or how she uttered the words,

"The wind is roaring in turret and tree."

It was like a scene in a great tragedy, and then I fully understood the worship she had won as belonging only to those consummate artists who have arisen to dignify and ennoble the lyric stage. As we left the house Procter said, "You are in great luck tonight. I never heard her sing more divinely."

Procter frequently spoke to me of the old days when he was contributing to the *London Magazine*, which fifty years ago was deservedly so popular in Great Britain. All the "best talent" (to use a modern advertisement phrase) wrote for it. Carlyle sent his papers on Schiller to be printed in it; De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" appeared in its pages; and the essays of "Elia" came out first in that potent periodical; Landor, Keats, and John Bowring contributed to it; and to have printed a prose or poetical article in the *London* entitled a man to be asked to dine out any where in society in those days. In 1821 the proprietors began to give dinners in Waterloo Place once a month to their contributors, who, after the cloth was removed, were expected to talk over the prospects of the magazine, and lay out the contents of the next month. Procter described to me the authors of his generation as they sat round the old "mahogany-tree" of that period. "Very social and expansive hours they passed in that pleasant room half a century ago. Thither came stalwart Allan Cunningham, with his Scotch face shining with good nature; Charles Lamb, 'a Diogenes with the heart of a St. John;' Hamilton Reynolds, whose good temper and vivacity were like condiments at a feast; John Clare, the peasant-poet, simple as a daisy; Tom Hood, young, silent, and grave, but who nevertheless now and then shot out a pun that damaged the shaking sides of the whole company; De Quincey, self-involved and courteous, rolling out his periods with a pomp and splendor suited, perhaps, to a high Roman festival; and with these sons of fame gathered certain nameless folk whose contributions to the great *London* are now under the protection of that tremendous power which men call *Oblivion*."

It was a vivid pleasure to hear Procter describe Edward Irving, the eccentric preacher, who made such a deep impression on the spirit of his time. He was, according to all his thoughtful contemporaries, a "son of thunder," a "giant force of activity." Procter fully indorsed all that Carlyle has so nobly written of the eloquent man who, dying at forty-two, has stamped his strong vitality on the age in which he lived.

Procter, in his younger days, was evidently much impressed by that clever rascal who, under the name of "Janus Weathercock," scintillated at intervals in the old *London Magazine*. Wainwright—for that was his

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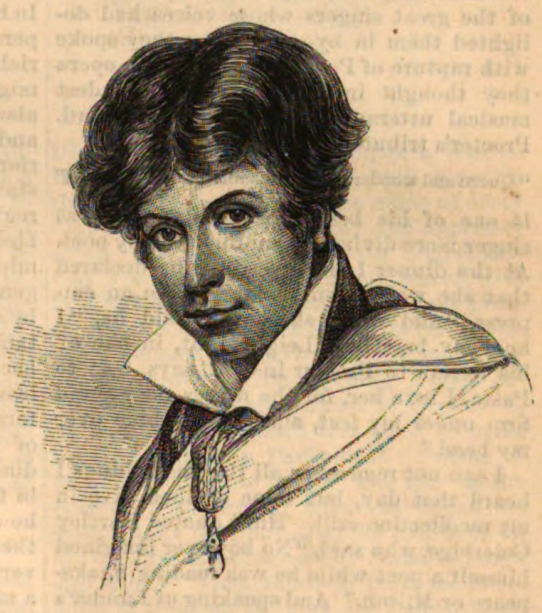
real name—was so brilliant he made friends for a time among many of the first-class contributors to that once famous periodical; but the Ten Commandments ruined all his prospects for life. A murderer, a forger, a thief—in short, a sinner in general—he came to grief rather early in his wicked career, and suffered penalties of the law accordingly, but never to the full extent of his remarkable deserts. I have heard Procter describe his personal appearance as he came sparkling into the room, clad in undress military costume. His smart conversation deceived those about him into the belief that he had been an officer in the dragoons, that he had spent a large fortune, and now condescended to take a part in periodical literature with the culture of a gentleman and the grace of an amateur. How this vapid charlatan in a braided surtout and prismatic neck-tie could so long veil his real character from, and retain the regard of, such men as Procter and Talfourd and Coleridge is amazing. Lamb calls him the "kind and light-hearted Janus," and thought he liked him. The contributors often spoke of his guileless nature at the festal monthly board of the magazine, and no one dreamed that this gay and mock-smiling London cavalier was about to begin a career so foul and monstrous that the annals of crime for centuries have no blacker pages inscribed on them. To secure the means of luxurious living without labor, and to pamper his dandy tastes, this lounging, lazy *littérateur* resolved to become a murderer on a large scale, and accompany his cruel poisonings with forgeries whenever they were most convenient. His custom for years was to effect policies of insurance on the lives of his relations, and then at the proper time administer strychnine to his victims. The heart sickens at the recital of his brutal crimes. On the life of a beautiful young girl named Abercrombie this fiendish wretch effected an insurance at various offices for £18,000 before he sent her to her account with the rest of his poisoned too-confiding relatives. So many heavily insured ladies dying in violent convulsions drew attention to the gentleman who always called to collect the money. But why this consummate criminal was not brought to justice and hung, my Lord Abinger never satisfactorily divulged. At last this polished Sybarite, who boasted that he always drank the richest Montepulciano, who could not sit long in a room that was not garlanded with flowers, who said he felt lonely in an apartment without a fine cast of the Venus de' Medici in it—this self-indulgent voluptuary at last committed several forgeries on the Bank of England, and the Old Bailey sessions of July, 1837, sentenced him to transportation for life. While he was lying in Newgate prior to his departure, with other convicts, to New South Wales, where he died, Dickens went with a former acquaintance of the prisoner to see him. They found him still possessed with a morbid self-esteem and a poor and empty vanity. All other feelings and interests were overwhelmed by an excessive idolatry of self, and he claimed (I now quote his own words to Dickens) a soul whose nutriment is love, and its offspring art, music, divine song, and still holier philosophy. To the last this super-refined creature seemed undisturbed by remorse. What place can we fancy for such a reptile, and what do we learn from such a career? Talfourd has so wisely summed up the whole case for us that I leave this dark tragedy with the recital of this solemn sentence from a paper on the culprit in the *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb:* "Wainwright's vanity, nurtured by selfishness and unchecked by religion, became a disease, amounting perhaps to monomania, and yielding one lesson to repay the world for his existence, viz., that there is no state of the soul so dangerous as that in which the vices of the sensualist are envenomed by the groveling intellect of the scorner."



LEIGH HUNT.

One of the men best worth meeting in London, under any circumstances, was Leigh Hunt, but it was a special boon to meet him and Procter together. I remember a day in the summer of 1859 when Procter had a party of friends at dinner to meet Hawthorne, who was then on a brief visit to London. Among the guests were the Countess of ——, Kinglake, the author of

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Eothen, Charles Sumner, then on his way to Paris, and Leigh Hunt, the mercurial qualities of whose blood were even then perceptible in his manner.

Adelaide Procter did not reach home in season to begin the dinner with us, but she came later in the evening, and sat for some time in earnest talk with Hawthorne. It was a "goodly companie," long to be remembered. Hunt and Procter were in a mood for gossip over the ruddy port. As the twilight deepened around the table, which was exquisitely decorated with flowers, the author of *Rimini* recalled to Procter's recollection other memorable tables where they used to meet in vanished days with Lamb, Coleridge, and others of their set long since passed away. As they talked on in rather low tones, I saw the two old poets take hands more than once at the mention of dead and beloved names. I recollect they had a good deal of fine talk of the great singers whose voices had delighted them in by-gone days; they spoke with rapture of Pasta, whose tones in opera they thought incomparably the grandest musical utterances they had ever heard. Procter's tribute in verse to this

"Queen and wonder of the enchanted world of sound"

is one of his best lyrics, and never was singer more divinely complimented by poet. At the dinner I am describing he declared that she walked on the stage like an empress, "and when she sang," said he, "I held my breath." Leigh Hunt, in one of his letters to Procter in 1831, says, "As to Pasta, I love her, for she makes the ground firm under my feet, and the sky blue over my head."

I can not remember all the good things I heard that day, but some of them live in my recollection still. Hunt quoted Hartley Coleridge, who said, "No boy ever imagined himself a poet while he was reading Shakspeare or Milton." And speaking of Landor's oaths, he said, "They are so rich, they are really nutritious." Talking of criticism, he said he did not believe in spiteful imps, but in kindly elves who would "nod to him and do him courtesies." Hunt's doctrine to mankind always was, "Enlarge your tastes, that you may enlarge your hearts." "Don't let us demand too much of human nature," was a line in his creed; and he believed in Hood's advice, that gentleness in a case of wrong direction is always better than vituperation.

"Mid light, and by degrees, should be the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind;
But who would rush at a benighted man
And give him two black eyes for being blind?"

I recollect there was much talk that day on the love of reading in old age, and Leigh Hunt observed that Sir Robert Walpole, seeing Mr. Fox reading in the library at Houghton, said to him, "And you can read! Ah, how I envy you! I totally neglected the *habit* of reading when I was young, and now in my old age I can not read a single page." Hunt himself was a man who could be "penetrated by a book." Whenever and wherever I met this charming person, I learned a lesson of gentleness and patience; for steeped to the lips in poverty as he was, he was ever the most cheerful, the most genial companion and friend. He was quick to encourage and very slow to disparage any body. He never left his good nature outside the family circle, as a Mussulman leaves his slippers outside a mosque, but he always brought a smiling face into the house with him. T—— A——, whose fine floating wit never yet quite condensed itself into a star, said one day of a Boston man that he was "east wind made flesh." Leigh Hunt was exactly the opposite of this; he was compact of all the spicy breezes that blow. In his bare cottage at Hammersmith the temperament of his fine spirit heaped up such riches of fancy that kings, if wise ones, might envy his magic power. There was about him such a modest fortitude in want and poverty, such an inborn mental superiority to low and uncomfortable circumstances, that he rose without effort into a region encompassed with felicities, untroubled by a care or sorrow. He always reminded me of that favorite child of the genii who carried an amulet in his bosom by which all the gold and jewels of the Sultan's halls were no sooner beheld than they became his own. If he sat down companionless to a solitary chop, his imagination transformed it straightway into a fine shoulder of mutton. When he looked out of his dingy old windows on the four bleak elms in front of his dwelling, he saw, or thought he saw, a vast forest, and he could hear in the note of one poor sparrow even the silvery voices of a hundred nightingales. Such a man might often be cold and hungry, but he had the wit never to be aware of it.

Hunt's love for Procter was deep and tender, and in one of his notes to me he says, referring to the meeting my memory has been trying to describe, "I have reasons for liking our dear friend Procter's wine beyond what you saw when we dined together at his table the other day." Procter prefixed a memoir of the life and writings of Ben Jonson to the great dramatist's works printed by Moxon in 1838. I happen to be the lucky owner of a copy of this edition that once belonged to Leigh Hunt, who has enriched it and perfumed the pages, as it were, by his annotations. The memoir abounds in felicities of expression, and is the best brief chronicle yet made of rare Ben and his poetry. Leigh Hunt has filled the margins with his own neat handwriting, and as I turn over the leaves, thus com-

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panioned, I seem to meet those two loving brothers in modern song, and have again the benefit of their sweet society.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

I shall not soon forget the first morning I walked with Procter and Kenyon to the famous house No. 22 St. James Place, overlooking the Green Park, to breakfast with Samuel Rogers. Mixed up with this matutinal meal was much that belongs to the modern literary and political history of England. Fox, Burke, Talleyrand, Grattan, Walter Scott, and many other great ones have sat there and held converse on divers matters with the banker-poet. For more than half a century the wits and the wise men honored that unpretending mansion with their presence. On my way there for the first time my companions related anecdote after anecdote of the "ancient bard," as they called our host, telling me also how all his life long the poet of Memory had been giving substantial aid to poor authors, how he had befriended Sheridan, and how good he had been to Campbell in his sorest needs. Intellectual or artistic excellence was a sure passport to his *salon*, and his door never turned on reluctant hinges to admit the unfriended man of letters who needed his aid and counsel.

We arrived in quite an expectant mood, to find our host already seated at the head of his table, and his good man Edmund standing behind his chair. As we entered the room, and I saw Rogers sitting there so venerable and strange, I was reminded of that line of Wordsworth's:

"The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hair."

But old as he was, he seemed full of *verve*, vivacity, and decision. Knowing his homage for Ben Franklin, I had brought to him as a gift from America an old volume issued by the patriot printer in 1741. He was delighted with my little present, and began at once to say how much he thought of Franklin's prose. He considered the style admirable, and declared that it might be studied now for improvement in the art of composition. One of the guests that morning was the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the scholarly editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, and he very soon drew Rogers out on the subject of Warren Hastings's trial. It seemed ghostly enough to hear that famous event depicted by one who sat in the great hall of William Rufus; who day after day had looked on and listened to the eloquence of Fox and Sheridan; who had heard Edmund Burke raise his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, and impeach Warren Hastings, "in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, as the common enemy and oppressor of all." It thrilled me to hear Rogers say, "As I walked up Parliament Street with Mrs. Siddons, after hearing Sheridan's great speech, we both agreed that never before could human lips have uttered more eloquent words." That morning Rogers described to us the appearance of Grattan as he first saw and heard him when he made his first speech in Parliament. "Some of us were inclined to laugh," said he, "at the orator's Irish brogue when he began his speech that day, but after he had been on his legs five minutes nobody dared to laugh any more." Then followed personal anecdotes of Madame De Staël, the Duke of Wellington, Walter Scott, Tom Moore, and Sydney Smith, all exquisitely told. Both our host and his friend Procter had known or entertained most of the celebrities of their day. Procter soon led the conversation up to matters connected with the stage, and thinking of John Kemble and Edmund Kean, I ventured to ask Rogers who of all the great actors he had seen bore away the palm. "I have looked upon a magnificent procession of them," he said, "in my time, and I never saw any one superior to David Garrick." He then repeated Hannah More's couplet on receiving as a gift from Mrs. Garrick the shoe-buckles which once belonged to the great actor:

"Thy buckles, O Garrick, another may use,
But none shall be found who can tread in thy shoes."

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GARRICK AND HIS WIFE.

We applauded his memory and his manner of reciting the lines, which seemed to please him. "How much can sometimes be put into an epigram!" he said to Procter, and asked him if he remembered the lines about Earl Grey and the Kaffir war. Procter did not recall them, and Rogers set off again:

"A dispute has arisen of late at the Cape,
As touching the devil, his color and shape;
While some folks contend that the devil is white,
The others aver that he's black as midnight;
But now 'tis decided quite right in this way,
And all are convinced that the devil is Grey."

We asked him if he remembered the theatrical excitement in London when Garrick and his troublesome contemporary, Barry, were playing King Lear at rival houses, and dividing the final opinion of the critics. "Yes," said he, "perfectly. I saw both those wonderful actors, and fully agreed at the time with the admirable epigram that ran like wild-fire into every nook and corner of society." "Did the epigram still live in his memory?" we asked. The old man seemed looking across the misty valley of time for a few moments, and then gave it without a pause:

"The town have chosen different ways
To praise their different Lears;
To Barry they give loud applause,
To Garrick only tears.

"A king! ay, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing—
He's every inch *King Lear!*"

Among other things which Rogers told us that morning, I remember he had much to say of Byron's *forgetfulness* as to all manner of things. As an evidence of his inaccuracy, Rogers related how the noble bard had once quoted to him some lines on Venice as Southey's "which he wanted me to admire," said Rogers; "and as I wrote them myself, I had no hesitation in doing so. The lines are in my poem on Italy, and begin,

"'There is a glorious city in the sea.'"

Samuel Lawrence had recently painted in oils a portrait of Rogers, and we asked to see it; so Edmund was sent up stairs to get it, and bring it to the table. Rogers himself wished to compare it with his own face, and had a looking-glass held before him. We sat by in silence as he regarded the

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picture attentively, and waited for his criticism. Soon he burst out with, "Is my nose so d——y sharp as that?" We all exclaimed, "No! no! the artist is at fault there, Sir." "I thought so," he cried; "he has painted the face of a dead man, d—n him!" Some one said, "The portrait is too hard." "I won't be painted as a hard man," rejoined Rogers. "I am not a hard man, am I, Procter?" asked the old poet. Procter deprecated with energy such an idea as that. Looking at the portrait again, Rogers said, with great feeling, "Children would run away from that face, and they never ran away from me!" Notwithstanding all he had to say against the portrait, I thought it a wonderful likeness, and a painting of great value. Moxon, the publisher, who was present, asked for a certain portfolio of engraved heads which had been made from time to time of Rogers, and this was brought and opened for our examination of its contents. Rogers insisted upon looking over the portraits, and he amused us by his cutting comments on each one as it came out of the portfolio. "This," said he, holding one up, "is the head of a cunning fellow, and this the face of a debauched clergyman, and this the visage of a shameless drunkard!" After a comic discussion of the pictures of himself, which went on for half an hour, he said, "It is time to change the topic, and set aside the little man for a very great one. Bring me my collection of Washington portraits." These were brought in, and he had much to say of American matters. He remembered being told, when a boy, by his father one day that a fight had recently occurred at a place called Bunker Hill, in America. He then inquired about Webster and the monument. He had met Webster in England, and greatly admired him. Now and then his memory was at fault, and he spoke occasionally of events as still existing which had happened half a century before. I remember what a shock it gave me when he asked me if Alexander Hamilton had printed any new pamphlets lately, and begged me to send him any thing that distinguished man might publish after I got home to America.

I recollect how delighted I was when Rogers sent me an invitation the second time to breakfast with him. On that occasion the poet spoke of being in Paris on a tour of pleasure with Daniel Webster, and he grew eloquent over the great American orator's genius. He also referred with enthusiasm to Bryant's poetry, and quoted with deep feeling the first three verses of "The Future Life." When he pronounced the lines,

> "My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
> And must thou never utter it in heaven?"

his voice trembled, and he faltered out, "I can not go on: there is something in that poem which breaks me down, and I must never try again to recite verses so full of tenderness and undying love."

For Longfellow's poems, then just published in England, he expressed the warmest admiration, and thought the author of "Voices of the Night" one of the most perfect artists in English verse who had ever lived.

Rogers's reminiscences of Holland House that morning were a series of delightful pictures painted by an artist who left out none of the salient features, but gave to every thing he touched a graphic reality. In his narrations the eloquent men, the fine ladies, he had met there assembled again around their noble host and hostess, and one listened in the pleasant breakfast-room in St. James Place to the wit and wisdom of that brilliant company which met fifty years ago in the great *salon* of that princely mansion, which will always be famous in the literary and political history of England.

Rogers talked that morning with inimitable finish and grace of expression. A light seemed to play over his faded features when he recalled some happy past experience, and his eye would sometimes fill as he glanced back among his kindred, all now dead save one, his sister, who also lived to a great age. His head was very fine, and I never could quite understand the satirical sayings about his personal appearance which have crept into the literary gossip of his time. He was by no means the vivacious spectre some of his contemporaries have represented him. His dome of brain was one of the amplest and most perfectly shaped I ever saw, and his countenance was very far from unpleasant. His turn of thought was characteristic, and in the main just, for he loved the best, and was naturally impatient of what was low and mean in conduct and intellect. He had always lived in an atmosphere of art, and his reminiscences of painters and sculptors were never wearisome or dull. He had a store of pleasant anecdotes of Chantrey, whom he had employed as a wood carver long before he became a modeler in clay; and he had also much to tell us of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose lectures he had attended, and whose studio-talk had been familiar to him while he was a young man and studying art himself as an amateur. It was impossible almost to make Rogers seem a real being as we used to surround his table during those mornings and sometimes deep into the afternoons. We were listening to one who had talked with Boswell about Dr. Johnson; who had sat hours with Mrs. Piozzi; who read the *Vicar of Wakefield* the day it was published; who had heard Haydn, the composer, playing at a concert, "dressed out with a sword;" who had listened to Talleyrand's best sayings from his own lips; who had seen John Wesley lying

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CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE.

dead in his coffin, "an old man, with the countenance of a little child;" who had been with Beckford at Fonthill; who had seen Porson slink back into the dining-room after the company had left it and drain what was left in the wine-glasses; who had crossed the Apennines with Byron; who had seen Beau Nash in the height of his career dancing minuets at Bath; who had known Lady Hamilton in her days of beauty, and seen her often with Lord Nelson; who was in Fox's room when that great man lay dying; and who could describe Pitt from personal observation, speaking always as if his mouth was "full of worsted." It was unreal as a dream to sit there in St. James Place and hear that old man talk by the hour of what one had been reading about all one's life. One thing, I must confess, somewhat shocked me—I was not prepared for the feeble manner in which some of Rogers's best stories were received by the gentlemen who had gathered at his table on those Tuesday mornings. But when Procter told me in explanation afterward that they had all "heard the same anecdotes every week, perhaps, for half a century from the same lips," I no longer wondered at the seeming apathy I had witnessed. It was a great treat to me, however, the talk I heard at Rogers's hospitable table, and my three visits there can not be erased from the pleasantest tablets of memory. There is only one regret connected with them, but that loss still haunts me. On one of those memorable mornings I was obliged to leave earlier than the rest of the company on account of an engagement out of London, and Lady Beecher (formerly Miss O'Neil), the great actress of other days, came in and read an hour to the old poet and his guests. Procter told me afterward that among other things she read, at Rogers's request, the 14th chapter of Isaiah, and that her voice and manner seemed like inspiration.

Seeing and talking with Rogers was, indeed, like living in the past; and one may imagine how weird it seemed to a raw Yankee youth, thus facing the man who might have shaken hands with Dr. Johnson. I ventured to ask him one day if he had ever seen the doctor. "No," said he, "but I went down to Bolt Court in 1782 with the intention of making Dr. Johnson's acquaintance. I raised the knocker tremblingly, and hearing the shuffling footsteps as of an old man in the entry, my heart failed me, and I put down the knocker softly again, and crept back into Fleet Street without seeing the vision I was not bold enough to encounter." I thought it was something to have heard the footsteps of old Sam Johnson stirring about in that ancient entry, and for my own part I was glad to look upon the man whose ears had been so strangely privileged.

Rogers drew about him all the musical as well as the literary talent of London. Grisi and Jenny Lind often came of a morning to sing their best *arias* to him when he became too old to attend the opera; and both Adelaide and Fanny Kemble brought to him frequently the rich tributes of their genius in art.

It was my good fortune, through the friendship of Procter, to make the acquaintance, at Rogers's table, of Leslie, the artist —a warm friend of the old poet—and to be taken round by him and shown all the principal private galleries in London. He first drew my attention to the pictures by Constable, and pointed out their quiet beauty to my uneducated eye, thus instructing me to hate all those intemperate landscapes and lurid compositions which abound in the shambles of modern art. In the company of Leslie I saw my first Titians and Vandycks, and felt, as Northcote says, on my good behavior in the presence of portraits so life-like and inspiring. It was Leslie who inoculated me with a love of Gainsborough, before whose perfect pictures a spectator involuntarily raises his hat and stands uncovered. (And just here let me advise every art lover who goes to England to visit the little Dulwich Gallery, only a few miles from London, and there to spend an hour or two among the exquisite Gainsboroughs. No small collection in Europe is better worth a visit, and the place

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itself in summer-time is enchanting with greenery.)

As Rogers's dining-room abounded in only first-rate works of art, Leslie used to take round the guests and make us admire the Raphaels and Correggios. Inserted in the walls on each side of the mantel-piece, like tiles, were scores of Turner's original oil and water color drawings, which that supreme artist had designed to illustrate Rogers's "Poems" and "Italy." Long before Ruskin made those sketches world-famous in his *Modern Painters*, I have heard Leslie point out their beauties with as fine an enthusiasm. He used to say that they purified the whole atmosphere round St. James Place!

COUNT D'ORSAY.

Procter had a genuine regard for Count d'Orsay, and he pointed him out to me one day sitting in the window of his club, near Gore House, looking out on Piccadilly. The count seemed a little past his prime, but was still the handsomest man in London. Procter described him as a brilliant person, of special ability, and by no means a mere dandy.

It is a singular coincidence that the writers of two of the most brilliant records of travel of their time should have been law students in Barry Cornwall's office. Kinglake, the author of *Eothen*, and Warburton, the author of *The Crescent and the Cross*, were at one period both engaged as pupils in their profession under the guidance of Mr. Procter. He frequently spoke with pride of his two law students, and when Warburton perished at sea, his grief for his brilliant friend was deep and abiding. Kinglake's later literary fame was always a pleasure to the historian's old master, and no one in England loved better to point out the fine passages in the *History of the Invasion of the Crimea* than the old poet in Weymouth Street.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Blackwood and the *Quarterly Review* railed at Procter and his author friends for a long period; but how true is the saying of Macaulay, "that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed not by what is written *about* them, but by what is written in them!" No man was more decried in his day than Procter's friend, William Hazlitt. The poet had for the critic a genuine admiration; and I have heard him dilate with a kind of rapture over the critic's fine sayings, quoting abundant passages from the essays. Procter would never hear any disparagement of his friend's ability and keenness. I recall his earnest but restrained indignation one day, when some person compared Hazlitt with a diffusive modern writer of notes on the theatre, and I remember with what contempt, in his sweet forgivable way, the old man spoke of much that passes nowadays for criticism. He said Hazlitt was exactly the opposite of Lord Chesterfield, who advised his son, if he could not get at a thing in a straight

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line, to try the serpentine one. There were no crooked pathways in Hazlitt's intellect. His style is brilliant, but never cloyed with ornamentation. Hazlitt's paper on Gifford was thought by Procter to be as pungent a bit of writing as had appeared in his day, and he quoted this paragraph as a sample of its biting justice: "Mr. Gifford is admirably qualified for the situation he has held for many years as editor of the *Quarterly* by a happy combination of defects, natural and acquired." In one of his letters to me Procter writes, "I despair of the age that has forgotten to read Hazlitt."

RECENT FRENCH CARICATURE.

A GREAT MAN'S LAST LEAP—NAPOLEON GOING ON BOARD THE ENGLISH FRIGATE, ASSISTED BY THE FAITHFUL BERTRAND.—PARIS, 1815.

IT is but natural that bad rulers should dread the satiric pencil. Caricature, powerless against an administration that is honest and competent, powerless against a public man who does his duty in his place, is nevertheless a most effective device against arrogance, double-dealing, corruption, cowardice, and iniquity. England, as the French themselves admit, is the native home of political caricature, but not an instance can be named in all its history of caricature injuring a good man or defeating a good measure. A free pencil, too, becomes ever a gayer and a kinder pencil. The measure of freedom which France has occasionally enjoyed during the last ninety years has never lasted long enough to wear off the keen point of the satirist's ridicule, and collectors can tell, by the number and severity of the pictures in a portfolio, just how much freedom Frenchmen possessed when they were produced. It is curious, also, to note that caricatures on the wrong side of great public questions are never excellent. It is doubtful if a bad man with the wealth of an empire at his command could procure the execution of one first-rate caricature hostile to the public good. A despot can never fight this fire with fire, and has no resource but to stamp it out.

Vainly, therefore, will the most vigilant collector search for *French* caricatures of Napoleon Bonaparte published during his reign. His government was a despotism *not* tempered by epigrams, and it was controlled by a despot who, though not devoid of a sense of humor, had all a Corsican's mortal hatred of ridicule. No man in France was less French than Napoleon, either in lineage or in character. His moral position in Paris was not unlike that which Othello might have held in Venice if Othello had been base enough to betray and expel the Senate which he had sworn to serve. We can imagine how the shy, proud Moor would have writhed under the pasquinades of the graceful, dissolute Venetian wits whom he despised. So Napoleon, who never ceased to have much in him of the semi-barbarian chief (and always looked like one when he was dressed in imperial robes), shrank with morbid apprehension from the tongue of Madame De Staël, and wrote autograph notes to Fouché calling his attention to the placards and verses of the street corners. There is something more than ludicrous in the spectacle of this

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rude soldier, with a million armed men under his command, and half Europe at his feet, sitting down in rage and affright to order Fouché to send a little woman over the frontiers lest she should say something about him for the drawing-rooms of Paris to laugh at.

Instead of caricature, therefore, we have only allegorical "glory" in the fugitive pictures of his reign, none of which is worthy of remembrance.

English Gilray, on the other side of the Channel, made most ample amends. Modern caricature has not often equaled some of the best of Gilray's upon Napoleon. In 1806, when the conqueror had finally lost his head, dazzled and bewildered by his own victories, and was setting up new kingdoms with a facility which began to be amusing, Gilray produced his masterpiece of the "Great French Gingerbread Baker drawing out a new Batch of Kings." It is full of happy detail. Besides the central figure of Bonaparte himself drawing from the "New French Oven" a fresh batch of monarchs, we see Bishop Talleyrand kneading in the "Political Kneading-Trough," into which Poland, Hanover, and Prussia have just been thrown. There is also the "Ash Hole for broken Gingerbread," into which Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and broad-backed Holland have been swept. On a chest of drawers stand a number of "Dough Viceroys intended for the next Batch," and the drawers are labeled "Kings and Queens," "Crowns and Sceptres," "Suns and Moons." Gilray burlesqued almost all the history of the gingerbread colossus from the Egyptian expedition onward, but he never surpassed the gayety and aptness of this picture, which was all the more effective in English eyes because gilt gingerbread made into figures of kings, queens, crowns, anchors, and princes' feathers is a familiar object at English fairs.

Napoleon himself may have laughed at it. We know that at St. Helena he applauded English caricatures of a similar character, notably one which represented George III. as a corpulent old man standing on the English coast, hurling in fury a huge beet at the head of Napoleon on the other side of the Channel, and saying to him, "Go and make yourself some sugar!"* We know also that while he relished the satirical pictures aimed at his enemies and rivals, he was very far from enjoying those which reflected disagreeably upon himself. "If caricatures," said he one day at St. Helena, "sometimes avenge misfortune, they form a continual annoyance to power; and how many have been made upon me! I think I have had my share of them."

TALLEYRAND—THE MAN WITH SIX HEADS.—PARIS, 1817.

It was not until his power was gone that French satirists tried their pencils upon him, and then with no great success. With the downfall of Napoleon was involved the prostration of France. Humiliation followed humiliation. The spirit of Frenchmen was broken, and their resources were exhausted. In the presence of such events as the Russian catastrophe, the march of the Allies upon Paris, Napoleon's banishment to Elba, the Hundred Days, Waterloo, the encampment of foreign armies in the public places of Paris, the flight of the emperor, and his final exile, the satirist was superseded, and burlesque itself was outdone by reality. When at last Paris was restored to herself, and peace again gave play to the human mind, Napoleon was covered with the majesty of what seemed a sublime misfortune. That peerless histrionic genius took the precaution in critical moments to let the world know what character he was enacting, and accordingly, when he stepped on board the English man-of-war, he announced himself

* *Napoleon at St. Helena.* By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper and Brothers. P. 90.

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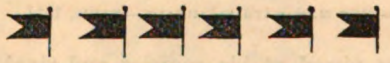
to mankind as Themistocles magnanimously seeking an asylum at the hands of the most powerful of his enemies.

The good ruler is he who leaves to his successor, if not an easy task, yet one not too difficult for respectable talents. Napoleon solved none of the menacing problems. He threw no light upon the difficulties with which the modern world finds itself face to face. Every year that he reigned he only heaped up perplexity for his successors, until the mountain mass transcended all human ability, and entailed upon Frenchmen that tumultuous apprenticeship in self-government which is yet far from ending.

The first effort of the caricaturists in Paris after the Restoration was simply to place the figure of a weather-cock after the names of public men who had shown particular alacrity in changing their politics with the changing dynasties. This was soon improved upon by putting weather-cocks enough to denote the precise number of times a personage had veered. Thus Talleyrand, who from being a bishop and a nobleman had become a republican, then a minister under Napoleon, and at last a supporter and servant of the Restoration, besides exhibiting various minor changes, was complimented with as many weather-cocks as the fancy of each writer suggested.



TALLEYRAND'S WEATHER-COCKS.

Six appears to have been the favorite number. We find in the previous picture that he is represented as the man with six heads. The public men signalized by this simple device were said to belong to the Order of the Weather-Cock, and it was the interest of the reactionists, who urged on the trial and execution of Ney and his comrades, to cover them with odium. To this day much of that odium clings to the name of Talleyrand. A man who keeps a cool head in the midst of madmen is indeed a most offensive person, and Talleyrand committed this enormity more than once in his life. So far as we can yet discern, the only "treason" he ever practiced toward the governments with which he was connected consisted in giving them better advice than they were capable of acting upon. The few words which he uttered on leaving the council-chamber, after vainly advising Marie Louise to remain in her husband's abode and maintain the moral dignity of his administration, show how well he understood the collapse of the "empire" and its cause: "It is difficult to comprehend such weakness in such a man as the emperor. What a fall is his! *To give his name to a series of adventures, instead of bestowing it upon his century!* When I think of that, I can not help groaning." Then he added the words which gave him his high place in the Order of the Weather-Cock: "But now what part to take? It does not suit every body to let himself be overwhelmed in the ruins of this edifice." Particularly it did not suit M. De Talleyrand, and he was not overwhelmed, accordingly. Considering the manner in which France was governed during his career, he might well say, "I have not betrayed governments: governments have betrayed me."

It is mentioned by M. Champfleury as a thing unprecedented that this weather-cock device did not wholly lose its power to amuse the Parisians for two years. The portly person and ancient court of the king, Louis XVIII., called forth many caricatures at a later period. This king was as good-natured, as well-intentioned, as honorable a Bourbon as could have been found in either hemisphere. It was not he who enriched all languages by the gift of his family name. It was not his obstinate adherence to ancient folly which caused it to be said that the Bourbons had forgotten nothing and learned nothing. Born as long before his accession as 1755, he was an accomplished and popular prince of mature age during the American Revolution and the intellectual ferment which followed it in France. A respectable scholar (for a prince), well versed in literature (for a prince), a good judge of art (for a prince), of liberal politics (for a prince), and not so hopelessly ignorant of state affairs as kings and princes usually were, he watched the progress of the Revolution with some intelligence and, at first, with some sympathy. Both then and in 1815 he appears to have been intelligently willing to accept a constitution that should have left his family on the throne by right divine.

Right divine was his religion, to which he sacrificed much, and, unquestionably, would have sacrificed his life. When he was living in exile upon the bounty of the Emperor of Russia, he said to his nephew, on the wedding-day of that young Bourbon: "If the crown of France were of roses, I would give it to you. It is of thorns; I keep it." And, indeed, a turn in politics expelled him soon after, in the middle of winter, from his abode, and made him again a dependent wanderer. In 1803, too, when there could be descried no ray of hope of the restoration of the old dynasty, and Napoleon, apparently lord of the world, offered him a principality in landed wealth if he would but formally renounce the throne, he replied in a manner which a believer in divine right might think sublime:

"I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. His valor, his military talents, I esteem; and I am even grateful to him for several measures of his administration, since good done to my

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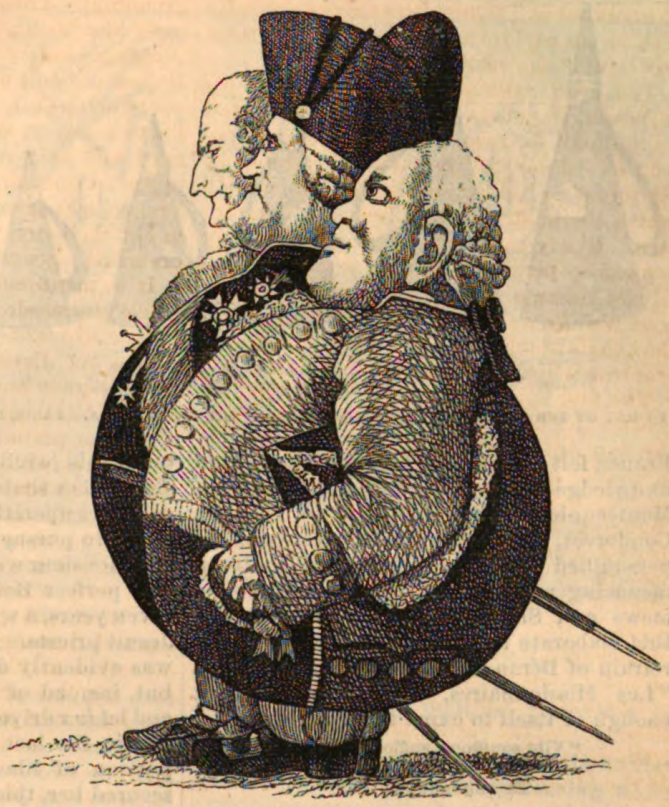
people will ever be dear to my heart. But if he thinks to engage me to compromise my rights, he deceives himself. On the contrary, by the very offer he now makes me he would establish them if they could be thought of as doubtful. I do not know what are the designs of God with regard to my house and myself, but I know the obligations imposed upon me by the rank in which it was His pleasure to cause me to be born. A Christian, I shall fulfill those obligations even to my latest breath; a son of St. Louis, I shall know, taught by his example, how even in chains to respect myself; a successor of Francis I., I desire at least to be able to say, like him, 'All is lost but honor!'"



DE LA VILLEVIELLE, CAMBACÉRÈS, D'AIGRE FEUILLE—A PROMENADE IN THE PALAIS-ROYAL.—PARIS, 1818.

Again, in 1814, when the Emperor Alexander of Russia urged him to concede so much to the popular feeling as to call himself King of the *French*, and to omit from his style the words "*par la grâce de Dieu*," he answered: "Divine right is at once a consequence of religious dogma and the law of the country. By that law for eight centuries the monarchy has been hereditary in my family. Without divine right I am but an infirm old man, long an exile from my country, and reduced to beg an asylum. But by that right, the exile is King of France."

He wrote and said these "neat things" himself, not by a secretary. Among his happy sayings two have remained in the memory of Frenchmen: "Punctuality is the politeness of kings," and "Every French soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack." He was, in short, a genial, witty, polite old gentlemen, willing to govern France constitutionally, disposed to forget and forgive, and be the good king of the whole people. But he was sixty years of age, fond of his ease, and extremely desirous, as he often said, of dying in his own bed. He was surrounded by elderly persons who were bigoted to a Past which could not be resuscitated; and his brother, heir-presumptive to the throne, was that fatal Comte d'Artois (Charles X.) who aggravated the violence of the revolution of 1789 and precipitated that of 1830 by his total incapacity to comprehend either. Gradually the gloomy party of reaction and revenge who surrounded the heir-presumptive gained the ascendency, and the good-natured old king could only restrain its extravagance enough to accomplish his desire of dying in his own house. Sincerely religious, he was no bigot; and it was not by his wish that the court assumed more and more the sombre aspect of a Jesuit seminary. It is doubtful if there would have been one exception to the amnesty of political offenses if Louis XVIII. had been as firm as he was kind. The reader sees a proof of his good nature in the accompanying picture of Prince Cambacérès, who was Second Consul when Napoleon was First Consul, and Arch-Chancellor under the empire, peacefully walking in the streets of Paris with two of his friends. This caricature has a value in preserving an excellent portrait of a personage noted for twenty years in the history of France.

To the Order of the Weather-Cock succeeded, in 1819, when priestly ascendency at court was but too manifest, the Family of the Extinguishers. In the picture on the next page the reader has the pleasure of viewing some of the family portraits, and in another he sees members of the family at work, rekindling the fire and extinguishing the lights. The fire was to consume the charter of French liberty and the records of science; the lights are the men to whom

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FAMILY OF THE EXTINGUISHERS.—CARICATURE OF THE RESTORATION.—PARIS, 1819.

France felt herself indebted for liberty and knowledge—Buffon, Franklin, D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Montaigne, Fénelon, Condorcet, and their friends. Above is the personified Church, with sword uplifted, menacing mankind with new St. Bartholomews and Sicilian Vespers. Underneath this elaborate and ingenious work was the refrain of Béranger's song of 1819, entitled, "Les Missionnaires," which was almost enough of itself to expel the Bourbons:

"Vite soufflons, soufflons, morbleu!
Éteignons les lumières
Et rallumons le feu."

The historian of that period will not omit to examine the songs which the incomparable Béranger wrote during the reign of the two kings of the Restoration. "Le peuple, c'est ma Muse," the poet wrote many years after, when reviewing this period. The people were his Muse. He studied the people, he adds, "with religious care," and always found their deepest convictions in harmony with his own. He had been completely fascinated by the "genius of Napoleon," never suspecting that it was Napoleon's lamentable *want* of ability which had devolved upon the respectable Louis XVIII. an impossible task. But he perceived that the task *was* impossible. There were two impossibilities, he thought, in the way of a stable government. It was impossible for the Bourbons, while they remained Bourbons, to govern France, and it was impossible for France to make them any thing but Bourbons. Hence, in lending his exquisite gift to the popular cause, he had no scruples and no reserves; and he freely poured forth those wonderful songs which became immediately part and parcel of the familiar speech of his countrymen. Alas for a Bourbon when there is a Béranger loose in his capital! Charles X. attempted the Bourbon policy of repression, and had the poet twice imprisoned. But he could not imprison his songs, nor prevent his writing new ones in prison, which sung themselves over France in a week. Caricature, too, was severely repressed — the usual precursor of collapse in a French government.

The end of the Restoration, in 1830, occurred with a sudden and spontaneous facility, which showed, among other things, how effectively Béranger had sung from his garret and his prison. The old king in 1824 had his wish of dying in his own bed, and is said to have told his successor, with his dying breath, that he owed this privilege to the policy of tacking ship rather than allowing a contrary wind to drive her upon the rocks. He advised "Monsieur" to pursue the same "tacking policy." But Monsieur was Comte d'Artois, that entire and perfect Bourbon, crusted by his sixty-seven years, a willing victim in the hands of Jesuit priests. In six years the ship of state was evidently driving full upon the rocks; but, instead of tacking, he put on all sail, and let her drive. At a moment when France was in the last extremity of alarm for the portion of liberty which her constitution secured her, this unhappy king signed a decree which put the press under the control of the Minister of Police, and the rest of the people of France under Marshal Marmont. Twenty-one days after, August 16, 1830, the king and his suit were received on board of two American vessels, the *Charles Carroll* and the *Great Britain*, by which they were conveyed from Cherbourg to Portsmouth. "This," said the king to his first English visitors, "is the reward of my efforts to render France happy. I wished to make one last attempt to restore order and tranquillity. The factions have overturned me." The old gentleman resumed his daily mass, and found much consolation for the loss of a crown in the slaughter of beasts and birds. Louis Philippe was King of the *French*, by the grace of Lafayette and the acquiescence of a majority of the French people.

Caricature, almost interdicted during the last years of the Restoration, pursued the fugitive king and his family with avenging ridicule. Gavarni, then an unknown artist of twenty-six, employed by Émile de Girardin to draw the fashion plates of his new periodical, *La Mode*, gave Paris, in those wild July days of 1830, the only political caricatures he ever published. One represented the king as an old-clothes man, bawling, "Old Coats, Old Lace." In another he appeared astride of a lance, in full flight, in a costume composed of a priest's black robe and the glittering uniform of a general; white bands at his neck, the broad red ribbon of the

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THE JESUITS AT COURT.—PARIS, 1819.

"Quick! Blow! Blow! Let us put out the lights and rekindle the fires!"

Legion of Honor across his breast, one arm loaded with mitres, relics, and chaplets, with the scissors of the censor on the thumb, on the other side the end of a sabre, and the meagre legs encompassed by a pair of huge jack-boots. Another picture, called the "Lost Balloon," exhibited the king in the car of a balloon, with the same preposterous boots hanging down, along with the Duc d'Angoulême clinging to the sides, and the duchess crushing the king by her weight. The royal banner, white, and sown with fleurs-de-lis, streamed out behind as the balloon disappeared in the clouds.

These were the only political caricatures ever published by the man whom Frenchmen regard as the greatest of their recent satirical artists. He cared nothing for politics, and had the usual attachment of artists and poets to the Established Order. Having aimed these light shafts at the flying king in mere gayety of heart, because every one else was doing the same, he soon remembered that the king was an old man, past seventy-three, as old as his own father, and flying in alarm from his home and country. He was conscience-stricken. Reading aloud one day a poem in which allusion was made to a white-haired old man going into exile with slow, reluctant steps, his voice broke, and he could scarcely utter the lines:

"Pas d'outrage au vieillard qui s'exile à pas lents.
C'est une piété d'épargner les ruines.
Je n'enfoncerai pas la couronne d'épines
Que la main du malheur met sur ses cheveux blancs."

As he spoke these words the image of his old father rose vividly before his mind, and he could read no more. "I felt," said he, "as if I had been struck in the face;" and ever after he held political caricature in horror.

This feeling is one with which the reader will often find himself sympathizing while examining some of the heartless and thoughtless pictures which exasperated the elderly paterfamilias who was now called to preside over demoralized France. Louis Philippe was another good-natured Louis XVIII., *minus* divine right, *plus* a large family. With all the domestic virtues, somewhat too anxious to push his children on in the world, a good citizen, a good patriot, an unostentatious gentleman, he was totally destitute of those picturesque and captivating qualities which adventurers and banditti often possess, but which wise and trustworthy men seldom do. In looking back now upon that eighteen years' struggle between this respectable father of a family and anarchy, it seems as if France should have rallied more loyally and more considerately round him, and given him too the privilege, so dear to elderly gentlemen, of dying in his own bed. One-tenth of his virtue and one-half his intellect had sufficed under the old *régime*.

But since that lamentable and fatal day when the priests wrought upon Louis XIV. to decree the expulsion of the Huguenots, who were the *élite* of his kingdom, France had been undergoing a course of political demoralization, which had made a constitutional government of the country almost impossible. Recent events had exaggerated the criminal class. Twenty years of intoxicating victory had made all moderate success, all gradual prosperity, seem tame and flat; and the reduction of the army had set afloat great numbers of people indisposed to

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peaceful industry. Under the Restoration, we may almost say, political conspiracy had become a recognized profession. The new king, pledged to make the freedom of the press "a reality," soon found himself face to face with difficulties which Bourbons had invariably met by mere repression. Republicans and Legitimists were equally dissatisfied. Legitimists could only wait and plot; but Republicans could write, speak, and draw. A considerable proportion of the young, irresponsible, and adventurous talent was republican, and there was a great deal of Bohemian character available for that side. It was a time when a Louis Napoleon could belong to a democratic club.

Caricature speedily marked the "citizen king" for her own. Napoleon had employed all his subtlest tact during the last ten years of his reign in keeping alive in French minds the feudal feeling, so congenial to human indolence and vanity, that it is nobler to be a soldier than to rear a family and keep a shop. In his bulletins we find this false sentiment adroitly insinuated in a hundred ways. He loved to stigmatize the English as a nation of shop-keepers. He displayed infinite art in exalting the qualities which render men willing to destroy one another without asking why, and in casting contempt on the arts and virtues by which the waste of war is repaired. The homely habits, the plain dress, the methodical ways, of Louis Philippe were, therefore, easily made to seem ridiculous. He was styled the first *bourgeois* of his kingdom—as he was—but the French people had been taught to regard the word as a term of contempt.

Unfortunately he abandoned the policy of letting the caricaturists alone. Several French rulers have adopted the principle of not regarding satire, but not one has had the courage to adhere to it long. Sooner or later all the world will come into the "American system," and all the world will at length discover the utter impotence of the keenest ridicule and the most persistent abuse against public men who do right and let their assailants alone. The chief harm done by the abuse of public men in free countries is in making it too difficult to expose their real faults. How would it be possible, for example, to make the people of the United States believe ill of a President in villifying whom ingenious men and powerful journals had exhausted themselves daily for years? Nothing short of *testimony*, abundant and indisputable, such as would convince an honest jury, could procure serious attention. From President Washington to President Grant the history of American politics is one continuous proof of Mr. Jefferson's remark, that "an administration which has nothing to conceal has nothing to fear from the press."

When Louis Philippe had been a year upon the throne appeared the first number of *Le Charivari*, a daily paper of four small pages, conducted by an unknown, inferior artist, named Charles Philipon. Around him gathered a number of Bohemian draughtsmen and writers, not one of whom appears then to have shared in the social or political life of the country, or to have had the faintest conception of the consideration due to a fellow-citizen in a place of such extreme difficulty as the head of a government. They assailed the king, his person, his policy, his family, his habits, his history, with thoughtless and merciless ridicule. A periodical which has undertaken to supply a cloyed, fastidious public with three hundred and sixty-five ludicrous pictures per annum must often be in desperation for subjects, and there was no resource to Philipon so obvious or so sure as the helpless family imprisoned in the splendors and etiquette of royalty. Unfortunately for modern governments, the people of Europe were for so many centuries preyed upon and oppressed by kings that vast numbers of people, even in free countries, still regard the head of a government as a kind of natural enemy, to assail whom is among the rights of a citizen. And, moreover, the king, the president, the minister, is unseen by those who hurl the barbed and poisoned javelin. They do not see him shrink and writhe. To many an anonymous coward it is a potent consideration, also, that the head of a constitutional government can not usually strike back.

Mr. Thackeray, who was but nineteen when Louis Philippe came to the throne, witnessed much of the famous contest between this knot of caricaturists and the King of the French, and in one of the first articles which he wrote for subsistence, after his father's failure, he gave the world some account of it.* At a later period of his life he would probably not have regarded the king as the stronger party. He would probably not have described the contest as one between "half a dozen poor artists on the one side, and his Majesty Louis Philippe, his august family, and the numberless placemen and supporters of the monarchy, on the other." Half a dozen poor artists, with an unscrupulous publisher at their head, who gives them daily access to the eye and ear of a great capital, can array against the object of their satire and abuse the entire unthinking crowd of that capital. A firm, enlightened, and competent king would have united against these a majority of the responsible and the reflecting. Such a king would truly have been, as Mr. Thackeray observed, "an Ajax gird-

* In the *London and Westminster Review* for April, 1839. Article II.

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ed at by a Thersites." But Louis Philippe was no Ajax. He was no hero at all. He had no splendid and no commanding traits. He was merely an overfond father and well-disposed citizen of average talents. He was merely the kind of man which free communities can ordinarily get to serve them, and who will serve them passably well if the task is not made needlessly difficult. Hence Philipon and his "half a dozen poor artists" were very much the stronger party—a fact which the king, in the sight and hearing of all France, confessed and proclaimed by putting them in prison.

It was those prosecutions of Philipon that were fatal to the king. Besides adding emphasis, celebrity, and weight to the sallies of *Le Charivari*, they presaged the abandonment of the central principle of the movement that made him king—the freedom of utterance. The scenes in court when Philipon, or his artist, Daumier, was arraigned were most damaging to the king's dignity. One, incorrectly related by Thackeray, may well serve to warn future potentates that of all conceivable expedients for the caricaturist's frustration, the one surest to fail is to summon him to a court of justice.

A favorite device of M. Philipon was to draw the king's face in the form of a huge pear, which it did somewhat resemble. Amateur draughtsmen also chalked the royal pear upon the walls of Paris; and the exaggerated pears with the king's features roughly outlined which every where met the eye excited the mocking laughter of the idle Parisian. No jest could have been so harmless if it had been unnoticed by the person at whom it was aimed, or noticed only with a smile. But the government stooped to the imbecility of arraigning the author of the device. The *poire* actually became an object of prosecution, and the editor of *Le Charivari* was summoned before a jury on a charge of inciting to contempt against the person of the king by giving his face a ludicrous resemblance to one of the fruits of the earth. Philipon, when he rose to defend himself, exhibited to the jury a series of four sketches, upon which he commented. The first was a portrait of the king devoid of exaggeration or burlesque. "This sketch," said the draughtsman, "resembles Louis Philippe. Do you condemn it?" He then held up the second picture, which was also a very good portrait of the king; but in this one the toupet and the side whiskers began to "flow together," as M. Champfleury has it (*s'onduler*), and the whole to assume a distant resemblance to the outline of a pear. "If you condemn the first sketch," said the imperturbable Philipon, "you must condemn this one which resembles it." He next showed a picture in which the pear was plainly manifest, though it bore an unmistakable likeness to the king. Finally, he held up to the court a figure of a large Burgundy pear, pure and simple, saying, "If you are consistent, gentlemen, you can not acquit this sketch either, for it certainly resembles the other three."

Mr. Thackeray was mistaken in supposing that this impudent defense carried conviction to the minds of the jury. Philipon was condemned and fined. He avenged himself by arranging the court and jury upon a page of *Le Charivari* in the form of a pear.* He and his artists played upon this theme hundreds of variations, until the government found matter for a prosecution even in a picture of a monkey stealing a pear. The pear became at last too expensive a luxury for the conductor of *Le Charivari*, and that fruit was "exiled from the empire of caricature."

Before Louis Philippe had been three years upon the throne there was an end of all but the pretense of maintaining the freedom of press or pencil. "The Press," as Mr. Thackeray remarks, "was sent to prison; and as for poor dear Caricature, it was fairly murdered." In *Le Charivari* for August 30, 1832, we read that Jean-Baptiste Daumier, for an equally harmless caricature of the king, was arrested in the very presence of his father and mother, of whom he was the sole support, and condemned to six months' imprisonment. It was Daumier, however, as M. Champfleury reveals, who had "served up the pear with the greatest variety of sauces." It was the same Daumier who after his release assailed the advocates and legal system of his country with ceaseless burlesque, and made many a covert lunge at the personage who moved them to the fatal absurdity of imprisoning him.

Driven by violence from the political field, to which it has been permitted to return only at long intervals and for short periods, French caricature has ranged over the scene of human foibles, and attained a varied development. Daumier and Philipon conjointly produced a series of sketches in *Le Charivari* which had signal and lasting success with the public. The play of *Robert Macaire*, after running a while, was suppressed by the government, the actor of the principal part having used it as a vehicle of political burlesque. *Le Charivari* seized the idea of satirizing the follies of the day by means of two characters of the drama—Macaire, a cool, adroit, audacious villain, and Bertrand, his comrade, stupid, servile, and timid.

Philipon supplying the words and Daumier executing the pictures, they made Macaire undertake every scheme, practice, and profession which contained the requisite

* *Histoire de la Caricature Moderne*, par CHAMPFLEURY. P. 100.

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ROBERT MACAIRE FISHING FOR SHARE-HOLDERS. DAUMIER, 1833.

ingredients of the comic and the rascally. The series extended beyond ninety sketches. Macaire founds a joint-stock charity—*la morale en action*, he explains to gaping Bertrand, each *action* (share) being placed at 250 francs. He becomes a quack doctor. "Don't trifle with your complaint," he says to a patient, as he gives him two bottles of medicine. "Come to see me often; it won't ruin you, for I make no charge for consultations. You owe me twenty francs for the two bottles." The patient appearing to be startled at the magnitude of this sum, Dr. Macaire blandly says, as he bows him out, "We give two cents for returned bottles." He becomes a private detective. A lady consults him in his office. "Sir," she says, "I have had a thousand-frank note stolen." "Precisely, madame. Consider the business done: the thief is a friend of mine." "But," says the lady, "can I get my note back, and find out who took it?" "Nothing easier. Give me fifteen hundred francs for my expenses, and to-morrow the thief will return the note and send you his card."

Every resource being exhausted, Macaire astounds the despairing Bertrand by saying, "Come, the time for mundane things is past; let us attend now to eternal interests. Suppose we found a religion?" "A religion!" cries Bertrand; "that is not so easy." To this Macaire replies by alluding to the recent proceedings of a certain Abbé Châtel, in Paris. "One makes a pontiff of himself, hires a shop, borrows some chairs, preaches sermons upon the death of Napoleon, upon Voltaire, upon the discovery of America, upon any thing, no matter what. There's a religion for you; it's no more difficult than that." On one occasion Macaire himself is a little troubled in mind, and Bertrand remarks the unusual circumstance. "You seem anxious," says Bertrand. "Yes," replies Macaire, "I *am* in bad humor. Those scoundrels of bond-holders have bothered me to such a point that I have actually paid them a dividend!" "What!" exclaims Bertrand, aghast, "a *bona fide* dividend?" "Yes, positively." "What are you going to do about it?" "I am going to get it back again."

The reader will, of course, infer that each of these pictures was a hit at some scoundrelly exploit of the day, the public knowledge of which gave effect to the caricature. In many instances the event is forgotten, but the picture retains a portion of its interest. One of Macaire's professions was that of cramming students for their bachelor's degree. A student enters. "There are two ways in which we can put you through," says Macaire: "one, to make you pass your examination by a substitute; the other, to enable you to pass it yourself." "I prefer to pass it myself," says the young man. "Very well. Do you know Greek?" "No." "Latin?" "No." "All right. You know mathematics?" "Not the least in the world." "What do you know, then?" "Nothing at all." "But you have two hundred francs?" "Certainly." "Just the thing! You will get your degree next Thursday." We may find comfort in this series, for we learn from it that in every infamy which we now deplore among ourselves we were anticipated by the French forty years ago. Macaire even goes into the mining business, at least so far as to sell shares. "We have made our million," says the melancholy Bertrand; "but we have engaged to produce gold, and we find nothing but sand." "No matter; utilize your capital; haven't you got a gold mine?" "Yes—but afterward?" "Afterward you will simply say to the share-holders, 'I was mistaken; we must try again.' You will then form a company for the utilization of the sand." Bertrand, still anxious, ventures to remark that there *are* such people as policemen in the country. "Policemen!" cries Macaire, gayly. "So much the better: they will take shares." One of his circular letters was a masterpiece:

"SIR,—I regret to say that your application for shares in the Consolidated European Incombustible Blacking Association can not be complied with, as all

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the shares of the C. E. I. B. A. were disposed of on the day they were issued. I have nevertheless registered your name, and in case a second series should be put forth I shall have the honor of immediately giving you notice. I am, Sir, etc. ROBERT MACAIRE, Director."

"Print 300,000 of these," says the director, "and poison all France with them." "But," says Bertrand, "we haven't sold a single share; you haven't a sou in your pocket, and—" "Bertrand, you are an ass. Do as I tell you."

Thus, week after week, for many a month, did *Le Charivari* "utilize" these impossible characters to expose and satirize the plausible scoundrelism of the period. Mr. Thackeray, who ought to be an excellent authority on any point of satirical art, praises highly the execution of these pictures by M. Daumier. They seem carelessly done, he remarks; but it is the careless grace of the consummate artist. He recommends the illustrator of *Pickwick* to study Daumier. When we remember that Thackeray had offered to illustrate *Pickwick*, his comments upon the artist who was preferred to himself have a certain interest: "If we might venture to give a word of advice to another humorous designer [Hablot K. Browne], whose works are extensively circulated, the illustrator of *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, it would be to study well those caricatures of M. Daumier, who, though he executes very carelessly, knows very well what he would express, indicates perfectly the attitude and identity of the figure, and is quite aware beforehand of the effect he intends to produce. The one we should fancy to be a practiced artist taking his ease, the other a young one somewhat bewildered — a very clever one, however, who, if he would think more and exaggerate less, would add not a little to his reputation." Possessors of the early editions of *Pickwick* will be tempted to think that in this criticism of Mr. Browne's performances by a disappointed rival there was an ingredient of wounded self-love. The young author, however, in another passage, gave presage of the coming Thackeray. He observes that in France ladies in difficulties who write begging letters or live by other forms of polite beggary are wont to style themselves "widows of the Grand Army." They all pretended to some connection with *le Grand Homme*, and all their husbands were colonels. "This title," says the wicked Thackeray, "answers exactly to the clergyman's daughter in England;" and he adds, "The difference is curious as indicating the standard of respectability."

Many caricaturists who afterward attained celebrity were early contributors to M. Philipon's much-prosecuted periodical. Among them was "the elegant Gavarni," who for thirty years was the favorite comic artist of Paris *roués* and dandies—himself a *roué* and dandy. At this period, according to his friend, Théophile Gautier, he was a very handsome young man, with luxuriant blonde curls, always fashionably attired, somewhat in the English taste, neat, quiet, and precise, and "possessing in a high degree the feeling for modern elegances." He was of a slender form, which seemed laced in, and he had the air of being carefully dressed and thoroughly appointed, his feet being effeminately small and daintily clad. In short, he was a dandy of the D'Orsay and N. P. Willis period. For many years he expended the chief force of his truly exquisite talent in investing vice with a charm which in real life it never possesses. Loose women, who are, as a class, very stupid, very vulgar, most greedy of gain and pleasure, and totally devoid of

A HUSBAND'S DILEMMA.

"Yes; but if you quarrel like that with all your wife's lovers, you will never have any friends."—From Paris Nonsensicalities (*Baliverneries Parisiennes*).—By GAVARNI.

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HOUSEKEEPING.

"Gracious, Dorothy, I have forgotten the meat for your cat!"

"Have you, indeed? But you didn't forget the biscuit for your bird, egotist! No matter! No matter! If there is nothing in the house for my cat, I shall give her your bird, I shall!"—From *Impressions de Ménage.*—By GAVARNI.

every kind of interesting quality, he endowed with a grace and wit, a fertility of resource, an airy elegance of demeanor, never found except in honorable women reared in honorable homes. He was the great master of that deadly school of French satiric art which finds all virtuous life clumsy or ridiculous, and all abominable life graceful and pleasing.

Albums of this kind are extant in which married men are *invariably* represented as objects of contemptuous pity, and no man is graceful or interesting except the sneaking scoundrel who has designs upon the integrity of a household. Open the *Musée pour Rire*, for example. Here is a little family of husband, wife, and year-old child in bed, just awake in the morning, the wife caressing the child, and the husband looking on with admiring fondness. This scene is rendered ridiculous by the simple expedient of making the wife and child hideously ugly and the fond father half an idiot. Another picture shows the same child, with a head consisting chiefly of mouth, yelling in the middle of the night, while the parents look on, imbecile and helpless. Turn to the sketches of the masked ball or the midnight carouse, and all is elegant, becoming, and delightful. If the French caricatures of the last thirty years do really represent French social life and French moral feeling, we may safely predict that in another generation France will be a German province, for men capable of maintaining the independence of a nation can not be produced on the Gavarnian principles.

Marriage and civilization we might almost call synonymous terms. Marriage was at least the greatest conquest made by primitive man over himself, and the indispensable preliminary to a higher civilization. Nor has any mode yet been discovered of rearing full-formed and efficient men, capable of self-control, patriotism, and high principle, except the union of both parents striving for that end with cordial resolution longer than an average lifetime. It is upon this most sacred of all institutions that the French caricaturists of the Gavarni school pour ceaseless scorn and contempt. As I write these lines my eyes fall upon one of the last numbers of a comic sheet published in Paris, on the first page of which there is a picture which illustrates this propensity. A dissolute-looking woman, smoking a cigarette, is conversing with a boy in buttons who has applied for a place in her household. "How old are you?" she asks. "Eleven, madame." "And your name?" "Joseph." Upon this innocent reply the woman makes a comment which is truly comic, but very Gavarnian: "So young, and already he calls himself Joseph!"

Among the heaps of albums to be found in a French collection we turn with particular curiosity to those which satirize the child life of France. Gavarni's celebrated series of *Enfants Terribles* has gone round the world, and called forth child satire in many lands. The presence of children in his pictures does not long divert this artist from his ruling theme. One of his terrible children, a boy of four, prattles innocently to his mother in this strain: "Nurse is going to get up very early now that you have come home, mamma. Goodness! while you were in the country she always had her breakfast in bed, and it was papa who took in the milk and lighted the fire. But wasn't the coffee jolly sweet, though!" Another alarming boy of the same age, who is climbing up his father's chair and wearing his father's hat, all so merry and innocent, discourses thus to the petrified author of his being: "Who is Mr. Albert? Oh, he is a gentleman belonging to the *Jardin des Plantes*, who comes every day to explain the animals to mamma; a large man with mustaches, whom you don't know. He didn't come today until after they had shut up the monk-

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eys. You ought to have seen how nicely mamma entertained him. Oh dear!" (discovering a bald place on papa's pate) "you have hardly any hair upon the top of your head, papa!" In a third picture both parents are exhibited seated side by side upon a sofa, and the terrible boy addresses his mother thus: "Mamma, isn't that little mustache comb which Cornelia found in your bedroom this morning for me?" Another sketch shows us father, mother, and terrible boy taking a walk in the streets of Paris. A dandy, in the likeness of Gavarni himself, goes by, with his cane in his mouth, and his face fixed so as to seem not to see them. But the boy sees *him*, and bawls to his mother: "Mamma! mamma! that Monsieur du Luxembourg!—you know him—the one you said was such a great friend to papa—he has gone by without saluting! I suppose the reason is, he don't know how to behave." Another picture presents to view a little girl seated on a garden bench eating nuts, and talking to a young man: "The rose which you gave to mamma?" "Yes, yes." "The one you nearly broke your neck in getting? Let me see. Oh, my cousin Nat stuck it in the tail of Matthew's donkey. How mamma did laugh! Got any more nuts?" The same appalling girl imparts a family secret to her tutor: "Mamma wrote to M. Prosper, and papa read the letter. Oh, wasn't papa angry, though! And all because she had spelled a word wrong." A mother hearing a little girl say the catechism is a subject which one would suppose was not available for the purposes of a Gavarni, but he finds even that suggestive. "Come, now, pay attention. What must we do when we have sinned (*péché*)?" To which the terrible child replies, playing unconsciously upon the word *péché* (sinned), which does not differ in sound from *pêché* (fished), "When we have *pêché*? Wait a moment. Oh! we go back to the White House with all the fish in the basket, which my nurse eats with Landerneau. He is a big soldier who has white marks upon his sleeve. And I eat *my* share, let me tell you!"

A POULTICE FOR TWO—SYMPATHY AND ECONOMY.—FROM "IMPRESSIONS DE MÉNAGE."—BY GAVARNI.

It is thus that the first caricaturist of France "utilized" the innocence of childhood when Louis Philippe was King of the French.

There is a later series by Randon, entitled, *Messieurs nos Fils et Mesdemoiselles nos Filles*, which exhibits other varieties of French childhood, some of which are inconceivable to persons not of the "Latin race." It has been said that in America there are no longer any children; but nowhere among us are there young human beings who could suggest even the burlesque of precocity such as M. Randon presents to us. We have no boys of ten who go privately to the hero of a billiard "tournament" and request him with the politest gravity, cap in hand, to "put him up to some points of the game for his exclusive use." We have no boys of eight who stand with folded arms before a sobbing girl of seven and address her in words like these: "Be reasonable, then, Amelia. The devil! People can't be always loving one another." We have no errand-boys of eight who offer their services to a young gentleman thus: "For delivering a note on the sly, or getting a bouquet into the right hands, monsieur can trust to me. I am used to little affairs of that kind, and I am as silent as the tomb." We have no

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PARISIAN "SHOO, FLY!"

"Captain, I am here to ask your permission to fight a duel."

"What for, and with whom?"

"With Saladin, the trumpeter, who has so far forgotten himself as to call me a *moucheron*" (little fly).—From *Messieurs nos Fils et Mesdemoiselles nos Filles*.—By RANDON, Paris.

little boys in belt and apron who say to a bearded veteran of half a dozen wars: "You don't know your happiness. For my part, give me a beard as long as yours, and not a woman in the world should resist me!" We have no little boys who in the midst of a fight with fists, one having a black eye and the other a bloody nose, would pause to say: "At least we don't fight for money, like the English. It is for glory that *we* fight." We have no little boys who, on starting for a ride, wave aside the admonitions of the groom by telling him that they know all about managing a horse, and what they want of him is simply to tell them where in the *Bois* they will be likely to meet most "Amazons." No, nor in all the length and breadth of English-speaking lands can there be found a small boy who, on being lectured by his father, would place one hand upon his heart, and lift the other on high, and say, "Papa, by all that I hold dearest, by my honor, by your ashes, by any thing you like, I swear to change my conduct!" All these things are so remote from our habit that the wildest artist could not conceive of them as passable caricature.

The opprobrious words in use among French boys would not strike the boys of New York or London as being very exasperating. M. Randon gives us an imaginary conversation between a very small trumpeter in gorgeous uniform and a *gamin* of the street. Literally translated it would read thus, "Look out, little fly, or you will get yourself crushed." To which the street boy replies, "Descend, then, species of toad: I will make you see what a little fly is!" On the other hand, if we may believe M. Randon, French boys of a very tender age consider themselves subject to the code of honor, and hold themselves in readiness to accept a challenge to mortal combat. A soldier of ten years appears in one of this series with his arm in a sling, and he explains the circumstance to his military comrade of the same age: "It's all a sham, my dear. I'll tell you the reason in strict con-

THREE!—FROM "ARITHMETIC ILLUSTRATED."—BY CHAM.

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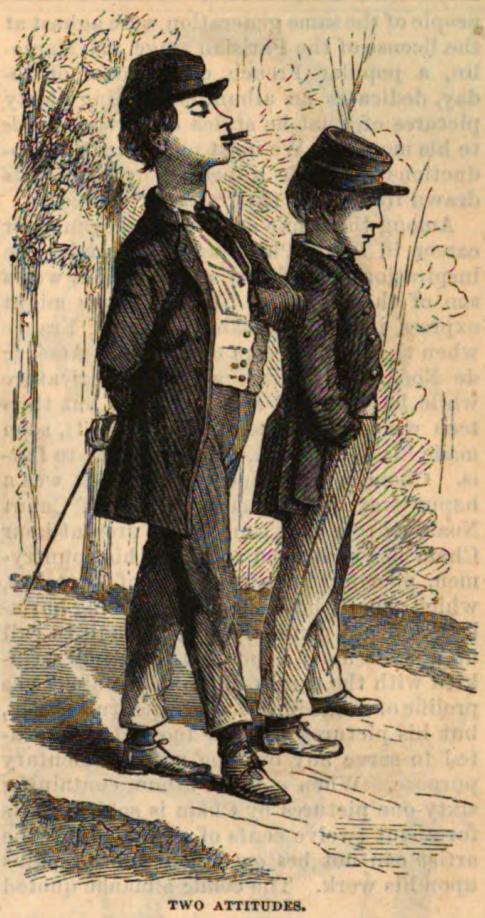
fidence: it is to make a certain person of my acquaintance believe that I have fought for her." The boys of France, it is evident, are nothing if not military. Most of the young veterans *blasés* exhibited in these albums are in uniform.

An interesting relic of those years when Frenchmen still enjoyed some semblance of liberty to discuss subjects of national and European concern is Gavarni's series of masterly sketches burlesquing the very idea of private citizens taking an interest in public affairs. This is accomplished by the device of giving to all the men who are talking politics countenances of comic stupidity. An idiot in a blouse says to an idiot in a coat, "Poland, don't you see, will never forgive your ingratitude!" An idiot in a night-cap says to an idiot bare-headed, with ludicrous intensity, "And when you have taken Lombardy, then what?" Nothing can exceed the skill of the draughtsman of this series, except the perversity of the man, to whom no human activity seemed becoming unless its object was the lowest form of sensual pleasure. But the talent which he displayed in this album was immense. It was, if I may say so, *frightful;* for there is nothing in our modern life so alarming as the power which reckless and dissolute talent has to make virtuous life seem provincial and ridiculous, vicious life graceful and metropolitan.

During the twenty years of Louis Napoleon, political caricature being extinguished, France was inundated with diluted Gavarni. Any wretch who drew or wrote for the penny almanacs, sweltering in his Mansard on a franc a day, could produce a certain effect by representing the elegant life of his country, of which he knew nothing, to be corrupt and sensual. Pick up one of these precious works blindfold, open it at random, and you will be almost certain to light upon some penny-a-line calumny of French existence, with a suitable picture annexed. I have just done so. The *Almanach Comique* for 1869, its twenty-eighth year, lies open before me at the page devoted to the month of August. My eye falls upon a picture of a loosely dressed woman gazing fondly upon a large full purse suspended upon the end of a walking-stick, and underneath are the words, "*Elle ne tarde pas à se réapprivoiser.*" She does not delay to *retame* herself, the verb being the one applied to wild beasts. There is even a subtle devilry in the *ré*, implying that she has rebelled against her destiny, but is easily enough brought to terms by a bribe. The reading matter for the month consists of the following brief essay, entitled August—the Virgin: "How to go for a month to the seashore during the worst of the dog-days. Hire a chalet at Cabourg for Madame, and a cottage on the beach of Trouville for *Mademoiselle.* The transit between those two places is accomplished per omnibus in an hour. That is very convenient. Breakfast with Mademoiselle; dine with Madame. This double existence is very expensive, but *as it is the most common,* we are compelled to examine it in order to establish a basis for the expenditures of the twelve months." Is it not obvious that this was "evolved?" Does it not smell of a garlicky Mansard? And have not all modern communities a common interest in discrediting anonymous calumny? It were as unjust, doubtless, to judge the frugal people of France by the comic annuals as the good-natured people of England by the *Saturday Review.*



TWO ATTITUDES.

"With your air of romantic melancholy, you could succeed with some women. For my part, I make my conquests with drums beating and matches lighted." —From *Messieurs nos Fils et Mesdemoiselles nos Filles.* —By RANDON, Paris.

It is evident, too, that the French have a totally different conception from ourselves of what is fit and unfit to be uttered. They ridicule our squeamishness; we stand amazed at their indelicacy. Voltaire, who could read his *Pucelle* to the Queen of Prussia, her young daughter being also present and seen to be listening, was astounded in London at the monstrous indecency of *Othello;* and English

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people of the same generation were aghast at the license of the Parisian stage. M. Marcelin, a popular French caricaturist of today, dedicates an album containing thirty pictures of what he styles *Un certain Monde* to his mother! We must not judge the productions of such a people by standards drawn from other than "Latin" sources.

Among the comic artists who began their career in Louis Philippe's time, under the inspiration of Philipon and Daumier, was a son of the Comte de Noé, or, as we might express it, Count Noah, a peer of France when there were peers of France. Amédée de Noé, catching the spirit of caricature while he was still a boy (he was but thirteen when *Le Charivari* was started), soon made his pseudonym, Cham, familiar to Paris. Cham being French for Shem, it was a happy way of designating a son of Count Noah. From that time to the present hour Cham has continued to amuse his countrymen, pouring forth torrents of sketches, which usually have the merit of being harmless, and are generally good enough to call up a smile upon a face not too stiffly wrinkled with the cares of life. He is almost as prolific of comic ideas as George Cruikshank, but his pictures are now too rudely executed to serve any but the most momentary purpose. When a comic album containing sixty-one pictures by Cham is sold in Paris for about twelve cents of our currency, the artist can not bestow much time or pains upon his work. The comic almanac quoted above, containing 183 pages and seventy pictures, costs the retail purchaser ten cents.

Gustave Doré, now so renowned, came from Strasburg to Paris in 1845, a boy of thirteen, and made his first essays in art, three years after, as a caricaturist in the *Journal pour Rire*. But while he scratched trash for his dinner, he reserved his better hours for the serious pursuit of art, which, in just ten years, delivered him from a vocation in which he could never have taken pleasure. His great subsequent celebrity has caused the publication of several volumes of his comic work. It abounds in striking ideas, but the pictures were executed with headlong haste, to gratify a transient public feeling, and keep the artist's pot boiling. His series exhibiting the Different Publics of Paris is full of pregnant suggestions, and there are happy thoughts even in his *Histoire de la Sainte Russie*, a series published during the Crimean war, though most of the work is crude and hasty beyond belief.

In looking over the volumes of recent French caricature we discover that a considerable number of English words have become domesticated in France. France having given us the words of the theatre and the restaurant, has adopted in return several English words relating to out-of-door exercises: Turf, ring, steeple-chase, box (in a stable), jockey, jockey-club, betting, betting-book, handicap, race, racer, four-in-hand, mail-coach, sport, tilbury, dog-cart,

THE DEN OF LIONS AT THE OPERA.—FROM "LES DIFFÉRENTS PUBLICS DE PARIS."—BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

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tandem, pickpocket, and revolver. Rosbif, bifstek, and "choppe" have long been familiar. "Milord" is no longer exclusively used to designate a sumptuous Englishman, but is applied to any one who expends money ostentatiously. Gentleman, dandy, dandyism, flirt, flirtation, puff, cockney, and cocktail are words that would be recognized by most Parisians. A French writer quotes the phrase "hero of two hemispheres," applied to Lafayette, as a specimen of the "*puff*" superlative. Othello has become synonymous with jealous man, and the sentence, "That is the question," from *Hamlet*, seems to have acquired currency in France. Cab, abbreviated a century ago from the French (cabriolet), has been brought back to Paris, like the head of a fugitive decapitated in exile.

THE VULTURE.—FROM "LA MÉNAGERIE IMPÉRIALE," 1871.

The recent events in France, beginning with the outbreak of the war with Prussia, have elicited countless caricatures and series of caricatures. The downfall of the "empire," as it was called, gave the caricaturists an opportunity of vengeance which they improved. A citizen of New York possesses a collection of one thousand satirical pictures published in Paris during the war and under the Commune. A people who submit to a despised usurper are not likely to be moderate or decent in the expression of their contempt when, at length, the tyrant is no longer to be feared. It was but natural that the French court should insult the remains of Louis XIV., to whom living it had paid honors all but divine; for it is only strength and valor that know how to be either magnanimous or dignified in the moment of deliverance. Many of the people of Paris, when they heard of the ridiculous termination near Sedan of the odious fiction called The Empire, behaved like boys just rid of a school-master whom they have long detested and obeyed. Of course they seized the chalk and covered all the blackboards with monstrous pictures of the tyrant. The flight of his wife soon after called forth many scandalous sketches similar to those which disgraced Paris when Marie Antoinette was in prison awaiting the execution of her husband and her own trial. Many of these burlesques, however, were fair and legitimate. The specimen given on the next page, entitled "Partant pour la Syrie," which appeared soon after the departure of Eugénie and her advisers, was a genuine hit. It was exhibited in every window, and sold wherever in France the victorious Germans were not. A member of the American legation, amidst the rushing tide of exciting events and topics, chanced to save a copy, from which it is here reduced.

Among the "albums" of siege sketches we come upon one executed by the veterans Cham and Daumier, the same Henri Daumier whom Louis Philippe imprisoned and Thackeray praised forty years ago. In this collection we see Parisian ladies, in view of the expected bombardment, bundled up in huge bags of cotton, leading lap-dogs protected in the same manner. An ugly Prussian touches off a bomb aimed at the children in the Jardin du Luxembourg. King William decorates crutches and wooden legs as "New-Year's presents for his people." An apothecary sells a plaster "warranted to prevent wounds, provided the wearer never leaves his house." A workman goes to church for the first time in his life, and

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Badinguet. Eugénie. Gen. Fleury. Pietri. Rouher. Maupas. Persigny.

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.—PUBLISHED IN PARIS AFTER THE FLIGHT OF EUGÉNIE.

gives as a reason for so unworkmanlike a proceeding that "a man don't have to stand in line for the blessed bread." A volunteer goes on a sortie with a pillow under his waistcoat "to show the enemy that we have plenty of provisions." All these are by the festive Cham.

Daumier does not jest. He seems to have felt that Louis Napoleon, like a child-murderer, was a person far beneath caricature—a creature only fit to be destroyed and hurried out of sight and thought forever. Amidst the dreary horrors of the siege, Henri Daumier could only think of its mean and guilty cause. One of his few pictures in this collection is a row of four vaults, the first bearing the inscription, "Died on the Boulevard Montmartre, December 2, 1851;" the second, "Died at Cayenne;" the third, "Died at Lambessa;" the fourth, "Died at Sedan, 1870." But even then Daumier, true to the vocation of a patriotic artist, dared to remind his countrymen that it was *they* who had reigned in the guise of the usurper. A wild female figure standing on a field of battle points with one hand to the dead, and with the other to a vase filled with ballots, on which is printed the word OUI. She cries, "*These killed those!*"

During the Commune the walls of Paris were again covered with drawings and lithographs of the character which Frenchmen produce after long periods of repression: Louis Napoleon crucified between the two thieves, Bismarck and King William; Thiers in the pillory covered and surrounded with opprobrious inscriptions; Thiers, Favre, and M'Mahon placidly looking down from a luxurious upper room upon a slain mother and child ghastly with blood and wounds; landlords, lean and hungry, begging for bread, while fat and rosy laborers bask idly in the sun; little boy Paris smashing his playthings (Trochu, Gambetta, and Rochefort) and crying for the moon; "Paris eating a general a day;" Queen Victoria in consternation trying to stamp out the horrid centipede, *International*, while "Monsieur John Boule, Esquire," stands near with the habeas corpus act in his hand; naked France

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pressing Rochefort to her bosom; and hundreds more, describable and indescribable, but equally striking.

And now, once more, after so many proofs of its fatal impolicy, the government of France has adopted the system of suppressing political, while permitting abominable, caricature. Nothing in the way of pictorial burlesque can be too vile for the censure to pass.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

PASTURAGE.

THERE has been no specialty of agriculture that has recently made such marked progress, both in extent of production and in improvement of practice, as the branch which begins with the culture of fragrant grasses in the pasture, gathers this sweetness in the veins of the milk-producing animal, draws it therefrom as one draws the spirit of the grape from the wine-press, tosses it about in carefully arranged temperatures and with ingeniously contrived machinery, stores it in a package, as nature fills an egg, and places it at length in a silver dish upon a city table—bringing to the city-bound Mohammed the very substance and fresh fragrance of the mountain. Such is the service of the dairy-man, such his claim to popular consideration. But it is not for this that popular attention is invited to his work. It is rather because of the inherent interest of the methods which he has devised, the almost scientific perfection of his system, and the extent of his industry, which commands consideration by its very greatness, that this, the first comprehensive showing of dairy facts and methods in a popular magazine, is undertaken.

It is hardly half a century since dairying, as a distinct specialty in agriculture, began in this country. Before that, of course, there was the old-time churning in farm-houses, and there was the rude curdling and ruder pressing in which our grandmothers achieved a gossipy reputation. There was the early trade system by which a tub of butter or a queer little cheese was bartered for coffee or calico at the country store. But these were the blossoms of that early agriculture; no one had thought of them as roots or branches. After a few years the willingness with which cheese was taken by the country dealers, and the natural adaptation of the country for the pasture, led naturally to the gradual increase of the amount of cheese. It began to be apparent that the men who sold cheese had fuller purses than they who toiled in grain fields, and profit, the greatest incentive to production, began to impart to the hills of Herkimer County that distinctive characteristic of a dairy region, a continuous verdure. And yet men regarded the newly found road to wealth with doubt and suspicion. It was altogether new. It seemed broad and smooth, but no one could tell whither it led or how soon the men who set out upon it might be forced to return and take again the turn-

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pike which years had hardened into safety. The great fear was of an oversupply. It was the croaker's harvest-time. Heads were shaken ominously, and so wide-spread was the distrust that he was accounted the wisest whose head was best balanced on its pivot. Progress was slow but certain, for the demand continued. Professor Willard, in his admirable volume on the practices of dairy husbandry, places the date at which dairying became quite general in the towns of Herkimer County north of the Mohawk River at 1830. "Up to this time and for several years later," says Mr. Willard, "little or no cheese was shipped to Europe. It was not considered fit for market until fall or winter. It was packed in rough casks, and peddled in the home market at from five to eight cents per pound. All the operations of the dairy were rude and undeveloped; the herds were milked in the open yard; the curds were worked in tubs, and pressed in log presses. Every thing was done by guess, and there was no order, no system, and no science in conducting operations."

Soon after 1830 this condition of affairs began to pass away. The profits gained from the business enabled the dairy-men to improve their facilities, and the enduring features which it assumed led to freer investment. The face of the county became dotted with dairy-houses as with corn-cribs. These were for the most part simple, unpretentious, one-story structures, distinguishable from the other out-buildings by the closely battened cracks and protruding stove-pipe. The apparatus was simple and rude, and the system of manufacture a family secret, imparted with wise looks and oracular phrase. Skill was vested in intuition; it was the maiden's dower, the matron's pride. The result of its exercise was a competence, in many cases without the strength to enjoy it. The work was severe and incessant. The dairy-men of Herkimer and surrounding counties were more prosperous than agriculturists generally during the thirty years of "farm-dairying," but their life was hard and their cares intense. It was during this period of severe application and large rewards that Herkimer County achieved that reputation for fancy cheese which is still her traditional right.

While this system of individual dairying was at its height there was, by chance, a convenient arrangement invented in Oneida County which in due time revolutionized the system of cheese manufacture, and has given the history of agriculture that method which is known as "the American system of associated dairying." As in the case of many an important innovation upon established customs, the inventor builded more wisely than he knew. Jesse Williams owned, in 1851, a private establishment for cheese-making near Rome, in Oneida County, New York. He had achieved a reputation as a manufacturer of the best quality of cheese. To him, as to many others, this reputation was a direct money value upon the market. He could make a contract for a better price than others, and the demand for his cheese was greater than the supply. In the spring of 1851 one of Jesse Williams's sons was married and went to live upon a dairy-farm near his father's. The cheese from this farm Mr. Williams contracted at the same price as his own, but there was a necessity that it should be of the same quality. This was the quandary: how can the cheese be alike when the father is a skilled manufacturer and the son is not? This was the question which Mr. Williams had to answer. It first occurred to him that he could go each day to his son's dairy-house and try to impart to his son his own skill in manipulation. But this involved a great deal of trouble; and Mr. Williams's second thought was the principle of associated dairying, which will make his name endure. It was a happy thought—happy in its exceeding simplicity and in its fitness for universal application, as events have proved. Mr. Williams could not go to the milk; the milk must be brought to him. The success which he attained in his venture was the key-note of the success which has been gained by the wide application of his method. Skill can not act in many places at the same time, but skill is powerful over masses of material; one large establishment occasions less labor and expense than a dozen small ones, each doing one-twelfth of its work; all supplies are cheaper at wholesale. These are some of the advantages which have led to the wide adoption of the American factory system. They were not perceived at once. For three years Mr. Williams and those who brought milk to him profited by them. During the next five years only three or four establishments were erected each year. Since that time the growth has been rapid. In the year 1866 there were more than 500 factories in operation in New York State. The appreciation of the advantages of the factory system gave, at length, a marvelous impulse to the dairy industry. Cheese-making, which was once monopolized by the rich counties of Central New York, is now a flourishing specialty in half a dozen regions of the State. It has pushed westward, shaping the productive ability of the Western Reserve, finding favoring conditions for growth in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Iowa, and gathering groups of dairies in almost every other Western State. It is just now spreading anew in Pennsylvania. To the eastward, Massachusetts and Vermont have given it heartiest welcome, and Maine, youngest of the dairy regions, promises to exert an influence upon the supply.

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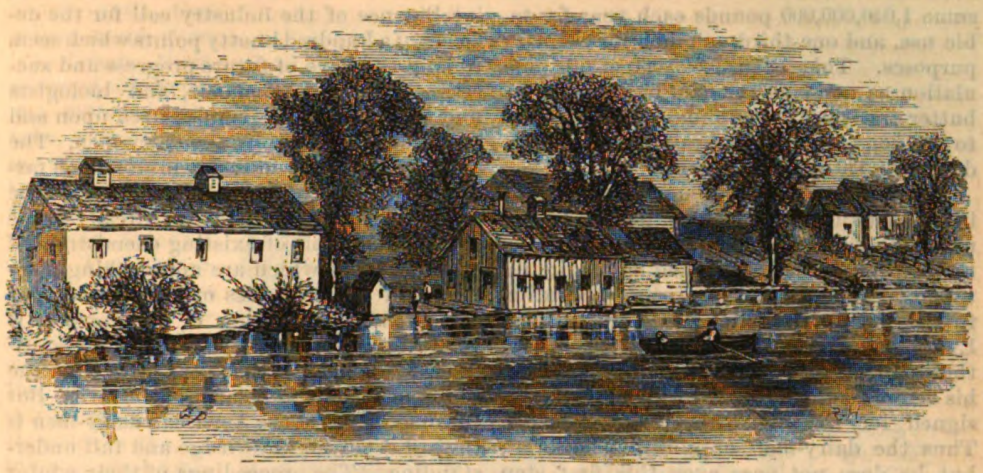

WILLIAMS'S ORIGINAL FACTORY.

When the abolition of the reciprocity with Canada threw the Canadians upon their own dairy resources, the development there was sudden and extended. In 1873 Canada manufactured 20,000,000 pounds of cheese by the American method, and is now our strongest rival in the English markets. The American factory system has obtained an enduring foot-hold in England, where an American, Mr. Schermerhorn, of Oneida County, was employed by English dairy-men to instruct them in its practice. It has been introduced upon the continent of Europe, and the latest tidings of its progress is that Russia has sent emissaries to borrow from England the associated idea which we implanted. The simple contrivance of the Oneida County farmer of 1851 has reproduced itself in at least five thousand establishments, calling to its uses an aggregate capital of at least twenty-five millions of dollars for working facilities alone, and placing each year upon the markets of the world a manufactured product worth one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. And the system is not yet twenty-five years old. When these facts are borne in mind, the site and building of the first cheese factory become vested with a deep historic interest. The landscape is not striking, but it is the home of an idea which is encompassing the world. The building in which Mr. Williams embodied his idea in practice is the oldest of the structures which now occupy the original site. It is thrown into the shade by the more pretentious buildings of the "Rome Association Cheese Factory," which is an outgrowth from it.

Under the impulse of the factory system, cheese-making has become one of the leading industries of this country. Capital and labor have been drawn to it, and the growth is still in progress. The opportunity has been in the English demand for the product. Cheese is the English laborer's meat. It is a concentrated food of great sustaining power. With his thick slices of bread-and-cheese and pots of beer, the English mechanic and common laborer can laugh at the elevation of prices which has come to butchers' supplies. The English demand for imported cheese is constantly increasing. This is the surety of the American dairy-men's success. The amount consumed in this country is but a fraction of the annual production. No better indication of the growth of the industry, and the increasing amounts which England has taken during recent years, can be obtained than in the following table, which gives the annual receipts from the interior and exports at New York city, which is the one great distributing cheese centre of this country:

Years.	Receipts.	Exports.	Years.	Receipts.	Exports.
	Boxes.	Pounds.		Boxes.	Pounds.
1863	281,318	38,577,357	1869	1,338,305	48,675,610
1864	253,303	48,894,502	1870	1,149,507	56,782,543
1865	283,828	39,378,448	1871	1,459,623	68,732,523
1866	731,740	38,331,340	1872	1,718,732	66,757,402
1867	1,364,904	55,349,244	1873	2,007,663	89,477,483
1868	1,108,627	46,350,074	1874	2,204,493	96,834,691

The continued increase in cheese production and export is plainly shown in these records of the New York trade for the last twelve years. A box of cheese will weigh, on an average, sixty pounds.

The census figures concerning the amount of butter produced in this country are regarded as defective by all in the trade. The best estimate of the annual production is that furnished by a committee of the leading merchants of the New York Butter and Cheese Exchange. They place the amount at 1,440,000,000 pounds a year. It is interesting to note the steps by which this estimate was attained. The committee believe that 5,000,000 of our population consume one pound each per week; 10,000,000, three-fourths of a pound; 10,000,000, one-half of a pound; 10,000,000, one-quarter of a pound. Thus 35,000,000 people would con-

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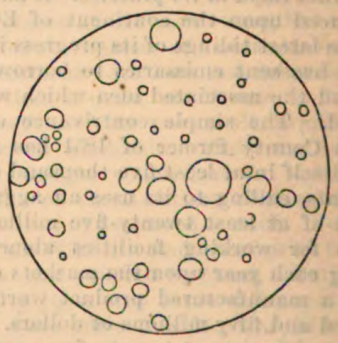
sume 1,040,000,000 pounds each year for table use, and one-third as much for culinary purposes. This leaves 9,000,000 of our population as non-consumers. The exports of butter are 53,333,333 pounds, and this, added to the consumption, makes the annual production 1,440,000,000 pounds.

The process of dairy manufacture begins in the pasture. From this point onward until the finished product is placed upon the market the steps are such as require intelligence and skill, and prosper according to the degree in which they are applied. Every one knows that cows eat grass, and that man, when he draws the milk, turns to his own uses the rich fluid which nature designed for the nourishment of the calf. Thus the dairy-man obtains his material, but he does not pass even this first step unquestioned. He gives thought to his pastures. If the natural grasses are not abundant, he introduces new seed. Each year large quantities of seed are imported for this purpose. Pastures should be continuous. The grasses which spring first in the spring-time and those which linger latest in the autumn must be interwoven in the turf, that during each of the summer months the cows may regale themselves upon fresh verdure. Different conditions of soil demand different methods of pasture culture. There are pastures in Herkimer and Oneida counties which have not parted with their sod since the first clearing. For sixty years or more the cows have wandered over them, and still no fields in the country can surpass them in the sweetness and richness of the forage. On the other hand, there are light soils which will not sustain the enduring turf, and upon these breaking up and reseeding must recur at intervals. The question of the treatment of pasture lands is now one of the uppermost in dairy discussions. The cheese-making dairy-man demands quantity of milk; the butter-maker is most profited by quality. Do the newer fields, with their ranker growths of grass, yield more milk? and do the old, closely knitted turfs tend rather to richness, sweetness, and quality? Such intricate questions as these the dairy-man finds at the very foundations of his business. And in the selection of his herd, his milk-making machinery, are involved questions which call for the exercise of the best judgment and keenest observation. Is the trim little Jersey, with her little mess of milk charged with large oil globules, the best machine to manufacture the grasses of the butter-maker into a creamy milk? and is the larger Ayrshire, the Devon, the Holstein, better than the old "native" stock to furnish a milk rich in curd, and consequently better for the cheese-maker? These matters were little thought of when American dairying began, but now the stimulated production and awakened intelligence of the industry call for the decision of a hundred knotty points which seem to hold the keys of future progress and success. Botanists, chemists, and biologists find their latest discoveries seized upon and put to practical use by the dairy-men. The capabilities of the industry invite much farther advancement in the way of a scientific explanation of its practices. Already it has reached the limit of existing chemistry and other sciences which are approaching a solution of the mysteries of vital forces and conditions, and nothing in its processes is yet fully understood. Its guide is empiricism, tending each year gradually from the ill to the better significance of the term. But the disposition of the American dairy-men is toward accurate knowledge and full understanding. The proceedings of their winter conventions show this, and it is necessary to remember the disposition and spirit of the men as we come more fully to consider the materials and agencies which they utilize in their practice.

The dairy-man's raw material is milk, and milk is a fluid of animal origin, varying, within certain limits, in the relative amounts of its component parts. It will be sufficiently accurate for our present purpose to say that one hundred parts of milk are composed of eighty-seven and one-half parts of water, three and one-half parts of butter, three and



BUTTER GLOBULES.

one-eighth parts of caseine or pure curd, five and one-eighth parts of sugar, and less than one part of mineral matter. In new milk the composing parts are in a state of solution, and all except the butter can be drawn from existing association only by agencies which change their form or composition. The butter is only held mechanically in the milk; it exists as an emulsion of oil and a heavier fluid, which is chiefly water and curd-forming material. When milk is examined with a microscope the globules of oil are plainly seen floating in the liquor. It is the art of the butter-maker to collect these globules into a solid mass. He generally waits for them to rise to the surface of the milk, which they do by virtue of their comparative lightness, and then shakes them

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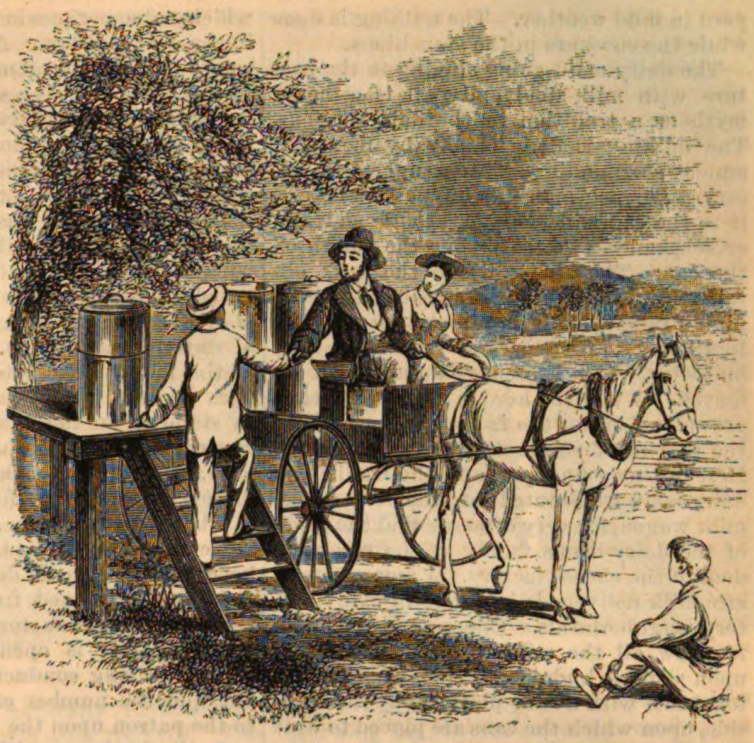
about until they collect more closely, divest themselves of all investing material, and take a mass form in the substance known as butter. His process is mechanical throughout. The cheese-maker's process is different from the outset. His first step is to change the form of the substance he seeks. He attacks the caseine or curd-forming part of the milk. changes it from a liquid to a solid, and endeavors to effect the change in such a way that the subtle globules of oil shall be held prisoners by the closing bonds of solidity. Thus he aims to fasten up in the swiftly hardening curd that richness and fragrance which are characteristics of the butter oil, and which impart to the curd qualities which make it desirable for food material. The cheese-maker's operation is complex and is mechanical, not in its essence, but only in his furnishing conditions for the action of agencies and forces which are as far above and beyond mechanics as they are beyond his understanding. And not beyond his understanding only, but beyond the advanced science of the day. For to procure the coagulation of the caseine of the milk, or as the dairy-men express it, "making the curd," the cheese-maker pours into the milk a solution of rennet, which is obtained by soaking the stomach of a young calf in water or in whey, which dissolves from it the substance which enables the calf to do its own coagulation when the milk is taken into its living system. The cheese-maker transfers the digestive power from the stomach of the calf to his cheese-vat. Thus it appears how the cheese-maker's agency is beyond his understanding. The most advanced students of animal chemistry can not explain this digestive process. They have been able to imitate some of its transformations, but the philosophy of the process is beyond them. The use which the cheese-maker makes of this subtle power does not end with the first coagulation of the caseine. He believes it continues to act in the pressed cheese, and that the curing of the cheeses upon the shelves is but the further and natural continuation of the digestive process. Cheese is, then, in its best estate but milk partially digested.



COLLECTING MILK.

The practice of dairying is made up of a series of interesting steps, and is accomplished with the aid of some of the most complex and delicate apparatus which the agriculturist has devised. Passing over the intricate questions of pasturage, and the breeding of cattle not only for milk, but for different qualities of milk, to which allusion has been made, we come to the drawing and manipulation of the milk after the cows have brought it from the pasture. Every dairy-farm has a dairy barn of greater or less excellence. This barn is not only the winter habitation of the cow, but, as the system of soiling is gaining wider introduction, becomes her summer residence as well. The dairy barn in its best estate is a large handsome building, oblong, two stories high, smoothly finished and painted, and surmounted by a cupola. It generally has a basement extending its whole length and breadth, and here the cows are kept, standing side by side in a long row, fastened by stanchions which close about each side of the neck, and allow up-and-down, but very little lateral, motion of the head. As one enters a dairy barn he sees a long row of horned heads, which calls to mind pictures of pillories. In this position the animals pass nearly all the time in winter, half an hour or so being allowed for a run in the

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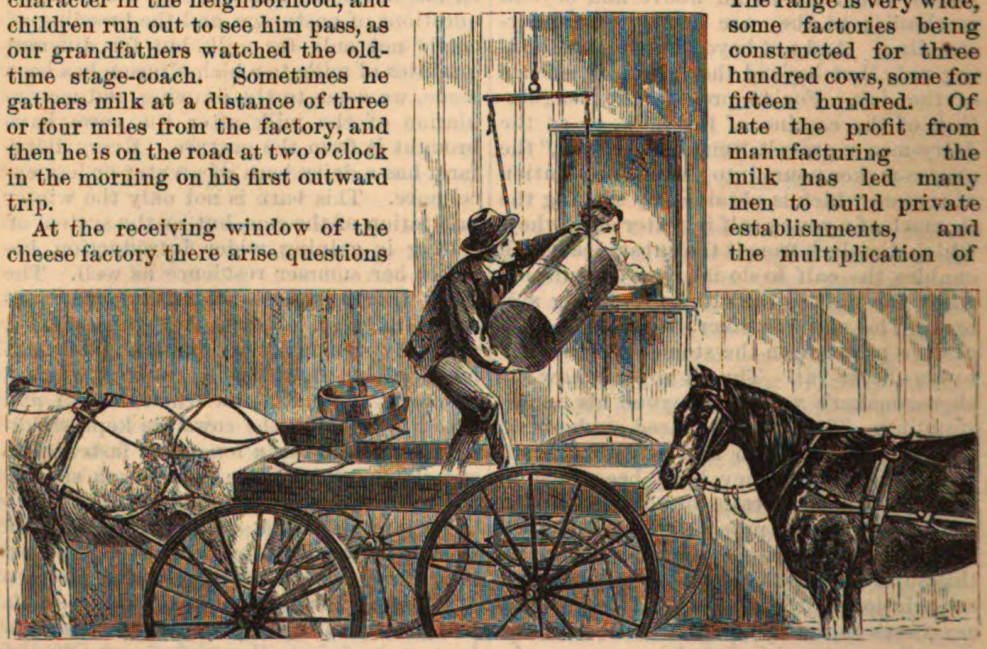
yard in mild weather. The milking is done while the cows are in the stanchions.

The dairy-maid going singing to the pasture with milk-stool and pail is either a myth or a tradition in the dairy regions. The milking is done chiefly by men, and amidst surroundings which suggest no poetry. As each man fills his pail he carries it to the can and pours it through a strainer suspended two feet above the mouth of the can. The airing which the milk obtains by falling in thin streams from the high strainer has been found very effective in ridding it of a part of its animal heat and odor, which hasten its decay if not removed. When the herd is milked, the cans are started off for the factory at once, where the system of single delivery is practiced. Here we may find, perhaps, the traditional dairy-maid transmuted into the Jehu of the milk wagon, for very often we find the pride of the dairy-man's family at the receiving door of the cheese factory. A more systematic milk delivery is in vogue in many factory neighborhoods. One man is employed to draw all the milk of patrons residing upon a single highway. Then each farm is furnished with a rude platform by the roadside, upon which the cans are placed to wait for the wagon of the man who "runs the milk route." The man of the milk route is often a creature of peculiar mould, and his horses are remarkable neither for speed nor beauty. Of necessity he must be a creeping animal, for the milk is not better for much shaking. His wagon is covered with a wide platform instead of a box, and the large cans are held by an encompassing rope. And yet the man of the route is a character in the neighborhood, and children run out to see him pass, as our grandfathers watched the old-time stage-coach. Sometimes he gathers milk at a distance of three or four miles from the factory, and then he is on the road at two o'clock in the morning on his first outward trip.

At the receiving window of the cheese factory there arise questions which end sometimes in ill temper, sometimes in the courts of law. All is not milk which comes in cans, and all milk is not good milk. In this State there is a stringent law against watering milk or otherwise interfering with its natural quality. Sometimes the proof is easy, as when small fish are found in the can. Sometimes the proof is more difficult. Each factory man has an instrument for testing the weight of the milk as compared with the weight of water, and he has graduated glasses for showing the percentages of cream which rise. A patron found guilty of watering his milk is denied the privilege of the factory, and often has to pay damages at law. Sometimes milk is spoiled by standing in the sun or being so closely covered that the animal odor can not escape. The cheese-maker must be able to discover this at once, for one can may taint a whole vat as soon as it is introduced. Some makers claim to have olfactories so keen that they can detect a taint before the can is removed from the wagon. If the milk be satisfactory, the faucet of the weighing can is opened, the milk flows through a long conductor into the cheese-vat, and the number of pounds is credited to the patron upon the factory milk book.

As the fundamental idea of the American cheese-factory system is association, the early factories were generally built with capital subscribed by a neighborhood of dairy-men, who became stockholders in the property of buildings and apparatus. The amount of money required to build and equip a factory ranges from two to five thousand dollars, according to the number of cows kept upon the tributary farms. The range is very wide, some factories being constructed for three hundred cows, some for fifteen hundred. Of late the profit from manufacturing the milk has led many men to build private establishments, and the multiplication of



THE DELIVERY OF MILK AT FACTORY.

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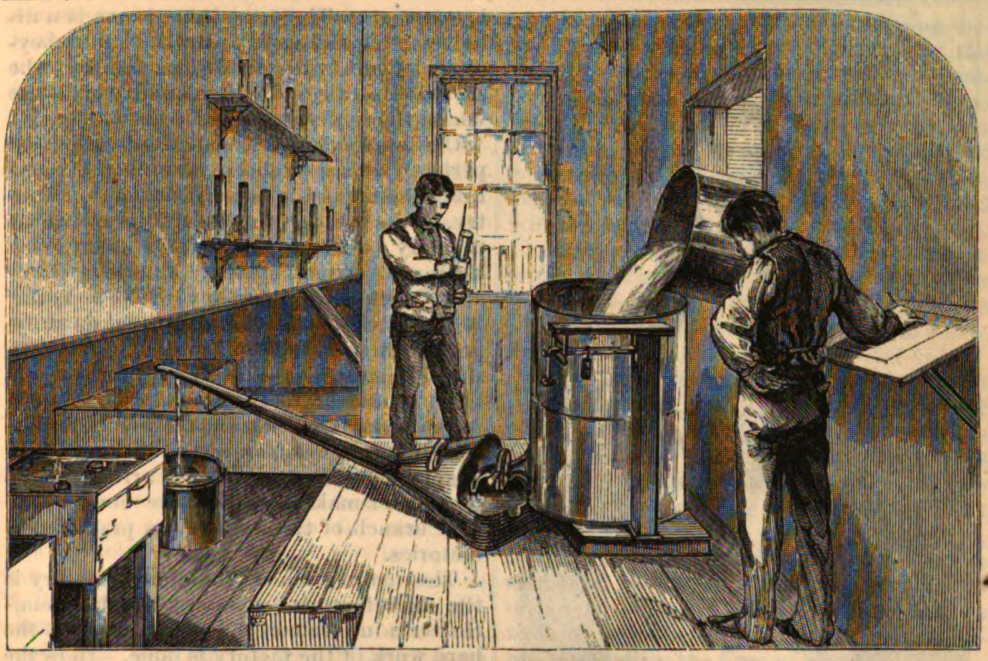
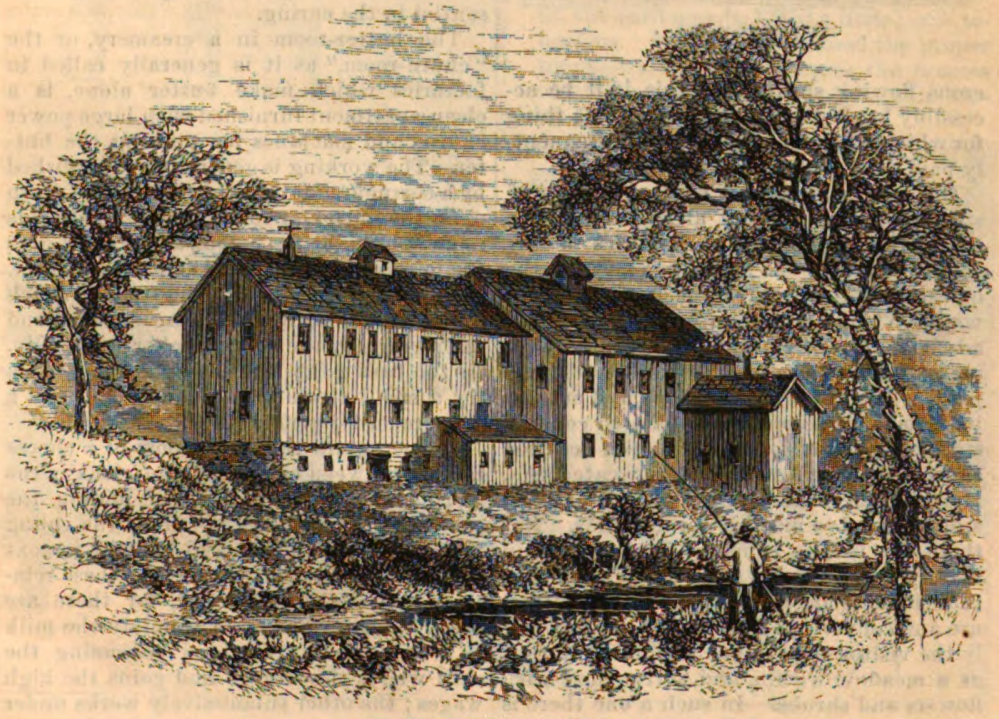


RECEIPT OF MILK AT FACTORY.

the factories has naturally reduced the amounts of milk which each receives. The spirit of competition between adjacent factories is very strong, and each strives, by showing a high average return per pound of milk, to draw to its vats milk which usually seeks rival establishments. During the winter the factory man makes an active canvas among the dairy-men, and, throwing his results upon the market, endeavors to gain pledges of their support for the coming season. Generally speaking, the requisites for the establishment of a cheese factory are the surety of a sufficient number of cows and an abundance of good water. For the latter nothing is better than a gen-



THE RIDGE CREAMERY.

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A CHEESE-MAKER.

erous flowing spring, and this, if it be accessibly located in a dairy region, is a thing for which large sums of money are frequently paid.

One meets an almost endless variety of structures and internal arrangement in a tour through the cheese factories of any county or State. As might be expected, the oldest factories are the poorest in every way. When the system began its hurried advance, it pressed into its service buildings which had served other useful purposes. Bankrupt cooper shops and surplus barn room, occasionally dilapidated country stores, were transformed, and even deserted churches substituted curd for catechism. Many of these are still retained, patched and enlarged to meet newer demands. But there has been a constant development in factory building, and some of the recent establishments are models in useful architecture and convenient furnishing. Occasionally the visitor comes upon a factory fragrant as a meadow within, and surrounded with flowers and shrubs. In such a one there is a family residing, and the genius of the place is a woman. The opposite extreme is a dilapidated building with broken and whey-soaked floors, with an aroma tainting the surrounding air, and with a quality of cheese which the buyer turns from.

One of the latest constructed and most perfectly arranged cheese manufacturing establishments in the State, if not in the country, is the "Ridge Creamery," located near the city of Rome, in Oneida County, New York, and owned by the "American Dairy and Commercial Company of New York." It embodies some of the latest and most approved ideas in factory building. Its exterior is tastefully painted and adorned, and is an ornament to the neighborhood. We select from it such main features for illustration as are common to the cheese factory in general, adding thereto the arrangements for butter-making which are common to that branch of the industry as practiced in factories.

The main room in the cheese factory is the manufacturing-room, or "make-room," the term in common acceptation. Here the hard work of the factory is done. Here the vats are located into which the milk is received as it comes from the farms of the neighborhood.

The curing-room is generally a large, plain apartment furnished with long narrow tables, which in the busy season are covered with continuous rows of cheeses, each day's "make" stenciled with the month and day. The walls are tight and the windows curtained. Arrangements are provided for heating, for an equable temperature is essential in the curing.

The butter-room in a creamery, or the "churn-room," as it is generally called in factories which make butter alone, is a clean apartment furnished with large power churns and machines for working the butter. The working is generally accomplished by a corrugated lever, which is pressed down upon the butter, or rolled over it. Into this room is brought the cream, and from it goes the butter, salted and packed for the market.

Many factories have living-rooms, which are occupied during the spring, summer, and fall months by the cheese-maker and family. In the best establishments there is a room for a small steam boiler and engine and a store-room for general uses.

If one enters the make-room of a cheese factory between eight and ten o'clock in the morning, he is quite sure of finding the cheese-maker at his vats. He is the ruling power in the building, and his wife is next to him in authority. Sometimes these relations are exactly reversed, for there are many women who can manipulate the milk as well as men. The one possessing the skill wields the sceptre and gains the high wages; the other submissively works under orders. The average cheese-maker is a per-

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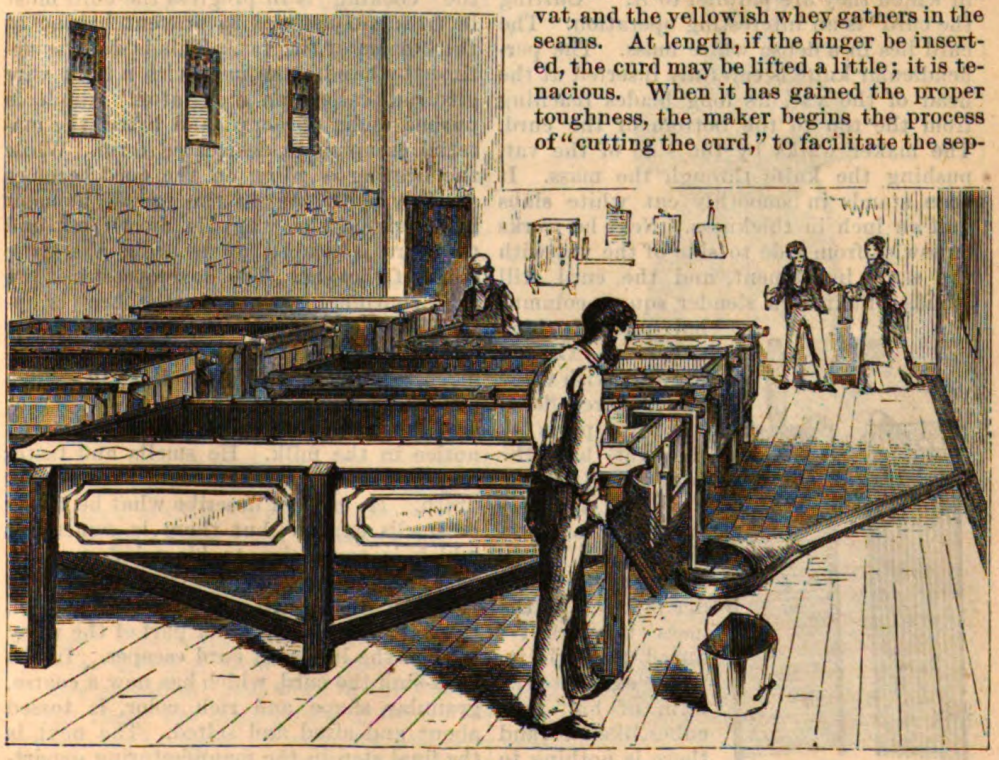
son of considerable intelligence and of neat personal appearance. His manner of greeting visitors depends in part, of course, upon his natural disposition, but in no small degree upon the condition of his make-room. If it is the morning after a thorough cleaning of the premises, he is apt to be cordial and pleased to see you. There is no point, generally, concerning which the cheese-maker is so nervous as cleanliness. Milk is a most sensitive material. It gathers all odors, and these influence the quality of the product. It is a business necessity that the factory should be sweet and clean. Hence it is that the cheese-maker does not welcome you cordially when he is conscious that the discipline of mop and scrubbing-brush has been relaxed. The cheese-maker is educated far beyond the average agriculturist. He reads closely all that appears in dairy newspapers and convention reports concerning the sciences to which his industry is appealing for more light. When he is not busy, he will talk intelligently of spores and molecules. His business leads him to exact observation. He often watches for the changes which may result in his vats from a change of a single degree in temperature. The thermometer is his yard-stick.

At about nine o'clock in the morning enough of the morning's milk has arrived to begin the process of cheese-making in one of the vats. The night's milk has been lying in the vats since the previous evening, cooled by a stream of water running between the inner and outer surfaces of the vat. The modern cheese-vat is quite a complex apparatus. It is in reality a large square tin pan, holding in some cases six hundred gallons, resting in a water-tight wooden box mounted on six legs. Between the pan and the box there is a space filled with water, in which steam-pipes circulate. Nearly all cheese-making is thus done in what chemists call a "water-bath." This is the case both in the steam-vats and the "self-heaters," which are heated with a fire-cylinder running through the water-vat.

When enough morning's milk has been received to fill the vat, the cheese-maker turns the steam into the pipes. He watches the milk closely as it is heating, and plunges his thermometer into it frequently. While it is heating slowly he pours into the milk a bright yellow coloring matter (annotto), and stirs it in thoroughly. This gives the cheese its rich color, as most frequently seen in the markets. When the milk reaches a temperature of eighty-four degrees, the rennet is added, in the form of a whitish liquor, and the coagulation or separation of the curd from the whey begins. The time requisite to form a perfect curd depends upon the amount of rennet introduced: it may be in ten minutes or an hour, as the maker pleases. The milk begins to thicken gradually. It becomes of the consistency of cream, then it assumes the characteristics of solidity. The white mass shrinks from the sides of the vat, and the yellowish whey gathers in the seams. At length, if the finger be inserted, the curd may be lifted a little; it is tenacious. When it has gained the proper toughness, the maker begins the process of "cutting the curd," to facilitate the sep-



THE "MAKE-ROOM."

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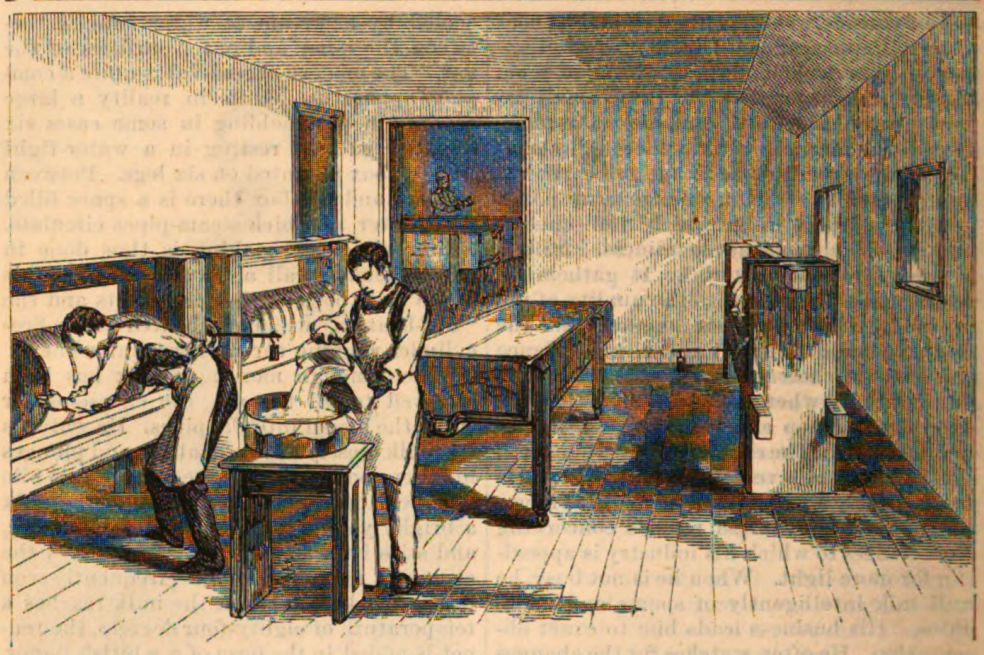
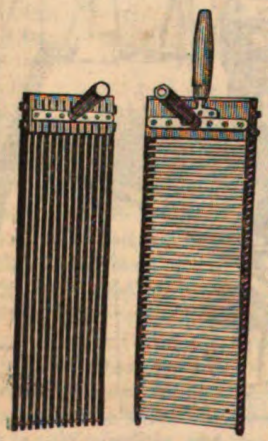


THE PATENT PRESS.

aration of the whey. The curd knife is a compound instrument composed of a number of fine cutting edges set half an inch apart, and varying in length. There is the "perpendicular knife," in which the cutting edges are moved at right angles to the bottom of the vat, and the "horizontal knife," in which they are parallel to it. "Cutting the curd" is an interesting operation. The curd lies in a dense white mass. The perpendicular knife is carefully inserted at the head of the vat, its long blades reaching from the top to the bottom of the curd. The maker walks by the side of the vat, pushing the knife through the mass. It then stands in smoothly cut white slabs half an inch in thickness. Next he works crosswise from side to side of the vat with the same instrument, and the curd still stands, but it is in slender square columns half an inch thick and wide. Already the yellowish whey has appeared, flooding some parts of the vat, but the curd is still visible. Next the horizontal knife is introduced and drawn through the slender pillars, and the mass becomes reduced through its whole extent to the form of half-inch cubes, like dice, and there is nothing to be seen in the vat but a sea of yellow whey. Then begins another operation, known as "cooking the curd." More steam is admitted to the pipes, and the temperature is gradually raised to ninety-eight degrees. This is done very slowly, the range of time being from one to three hours with different makers. While the "cooking" is in progress the curd must be frequently stirred to prevent baking at the bottom of the vat. This is done sometimes by hand, sometimes with a light wire gridiron called an "agitator," which is pushed under the curd and lifted, the material escaping in desiccated form. While the heating is going on, the curd becomes sensibly sour. When the proper moment has arrived, the whey is drawn off, and the curd is heaped up to drain along the sides of the vat. The development of the acid continues so long as the heat is applied, and one of the most important questions in the whole process is the proper moment to lift the curd from the vat. Each maker has a time of his own, and different times for different conditions which he may notice in the milk. He smells and tastes his curd as accurately as a cook tests her broth. He can not describe what he tastes or smells exactly, but there is something which is conclusive to his mind, and the curd is shoveled into the curd-sink, which is a long box with a perforated bottom, through which the greater part of the whey held in the lumps of curd escapes. In the curd-sink the curd, which has now a coarse, granular shape and rich color, is tossed about and aired and salted. The next is the final step in the manufacturing department. The curd is dipped into a metallic



CURD KNIVES.

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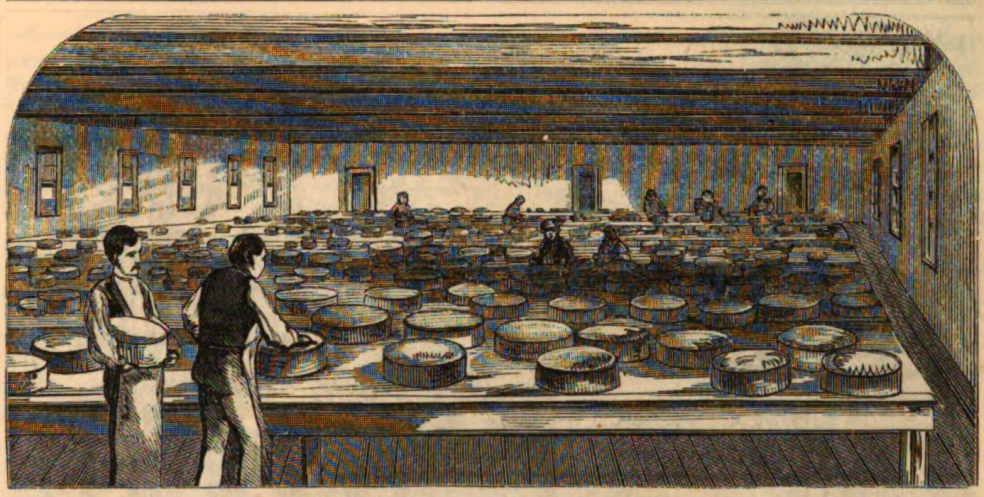

THE CURING-ROOM.

ring lined with muslin, which becomes the bandage. It was the old plan to press each cheese in a wooden hoop by itself with a perpendicular screw. It is now possible to press a long row of cheeses by tightening a single screw. The apparatus is called a "gang press," and when the cheese-maker has his curd tightened up in the press it is often well along toward evening, and the hard work of the day is over. The cheeses remain in the press until the next morning, when they are placed upon trucks and wheeled into the curing-room.

Such is a general outline of the process of making cheese in a factory make-room. It is impossible to formulate the method exactly. Almost every step must be begun or arrested as the judgment of the maker dictates. There are so many mysterious forces at work in his material, so many influences operating, and so diverse conditions resulting, that in any single case there must be a hasty diagnosis and an effective prescription. A little too great acidity developed will make a cheese hard and give it a cracked surface, too little will make a cheese soft and unsafe to handle, unless a special market demands it. The maker must vary his process according to the season and the temperature, according to the richness of the milk and its purity or impurity. He has often to meet tendencies toward impurity, which may be implanted and fostered on the farm, by conditions which arrest them and disguise their work. Two makers will talk of how such a vat "worked" as two doctors will consult about a patient. The cheese-maker must regulate his process according to the market which he wishes to please. Cheese made for the English trade is very different from that most popular in our groceries. And even in the English trade there are distinguishing marks between the Liverpool, Manchester, and London demands. All these things demand that the cheese-maker be a man of skill and information. His wages are those of a skilled laborer; and modern reformers should be pleased to know that women gain as high wages as men, and often lead the pay-rolls in establishments in which several men are also employed.

When the cheese reaches the curing-room

FEMALE CHEESE-MAKER.

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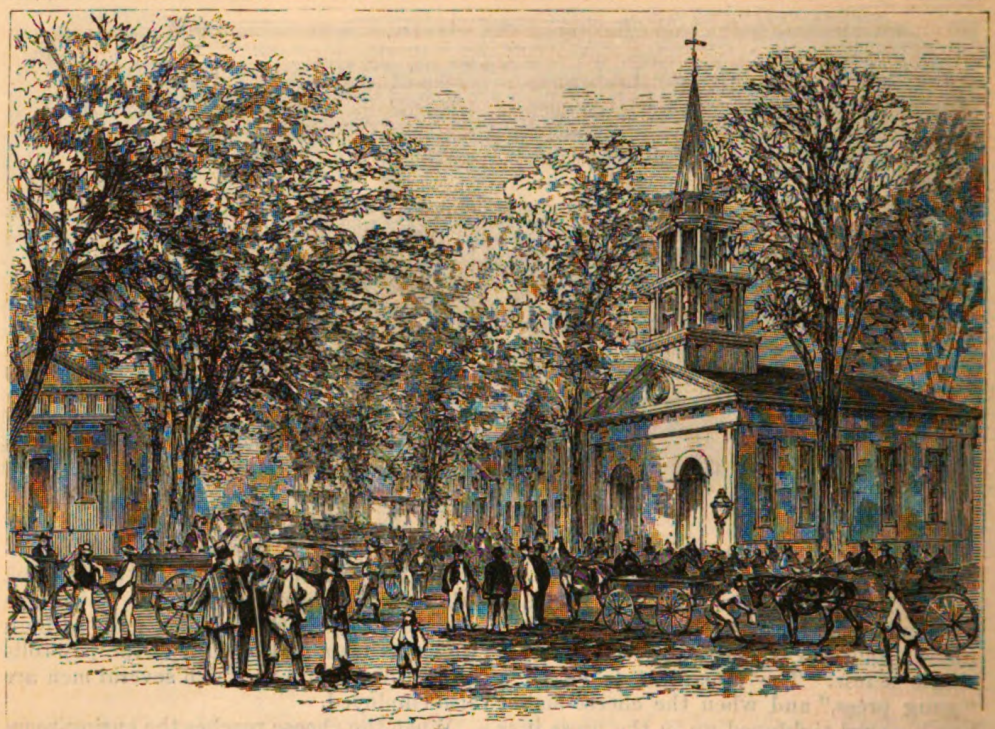

THE STREET CHEESE MARKET AT LITTLE FALLS.

the process of ripening begins, and it is promoted by carefully watched temperatures. The time required to ripen a cheese may be regulated by the process of making, and it often depends, besides, upon the condition of the atmosphere. The time usually allowed is from twenty to thirty days, but during the summer of 1874 the makers in some of the dairy counties fitted their cheese for market in ten days. This is done mainly by the introduction of larger quantities of rennet, the theory being that the digestion of the curd is thereby accelerated. It may be said, however, that a cheese which an exporter will desire should remain three weeks on the shelves. While the cheeses are in the curing-room they are turned from side to side each day, and the surfaces rubbed over with grease. When a sale is made the boxing takes place, and early the next morning half a dozen farmers' teams may be seen at the factory loading up the "shipment" for carriage to the freight dépôt.

Some of the largest and best-furnished milk manufacturing establishments in the country are called "creameries." They differ from the old orthodox cheese factories in the fact that both butter and cheese are made from the same milk. The operation requires more machinery and a more complex establishment. The milk, as it is received from the farmers, is poured into "coolers," or deep pails, and placed in a "pool" or shallow cistern of running water until the cream rises. The cream is removed with a funnel-shaped dipper, which is pressed down into the cooler until the rich cream overflows its upper edge and fills it. This is the prevailing method of gathering the cream. There are other plans by which the milk is set in large shallow pans, around which a stream of cool water runs. A still later arrangement is shown in the make-room of the Ridge Creamery, by which the cream is allowed to rise in the raised vats to the right, and the skim-milk is drawn thence directly to the cheese-vats below. The idea is the same in all—to gain the cream for butter, and manufacture the balance into cheese. Creamery butter is the very finest grade of butter now made in large quantities in this country. In the New York market "creamery pails" occupy the position once held by "Orange County butter," the latter having become a traditional article because of the immense quantities of milk and cream taken from those who formerly were butter-makers, and shipped each day to the New York milk dealers.

As creamery butter meets such a profitable demand, those dairy-men who have been engaged in creamery practice have obtained the largest returns from their milk. For two or three years there has been a wide tendency toward the building of creameries, and the season of 1875 finds an increased number of them in operation. This growth has been fostered by the increased success which makers have attained in making a good, wholesome cheese from partially or wholly skimmed milk. The old-fashioned "skim cheese" is a drug in the market and

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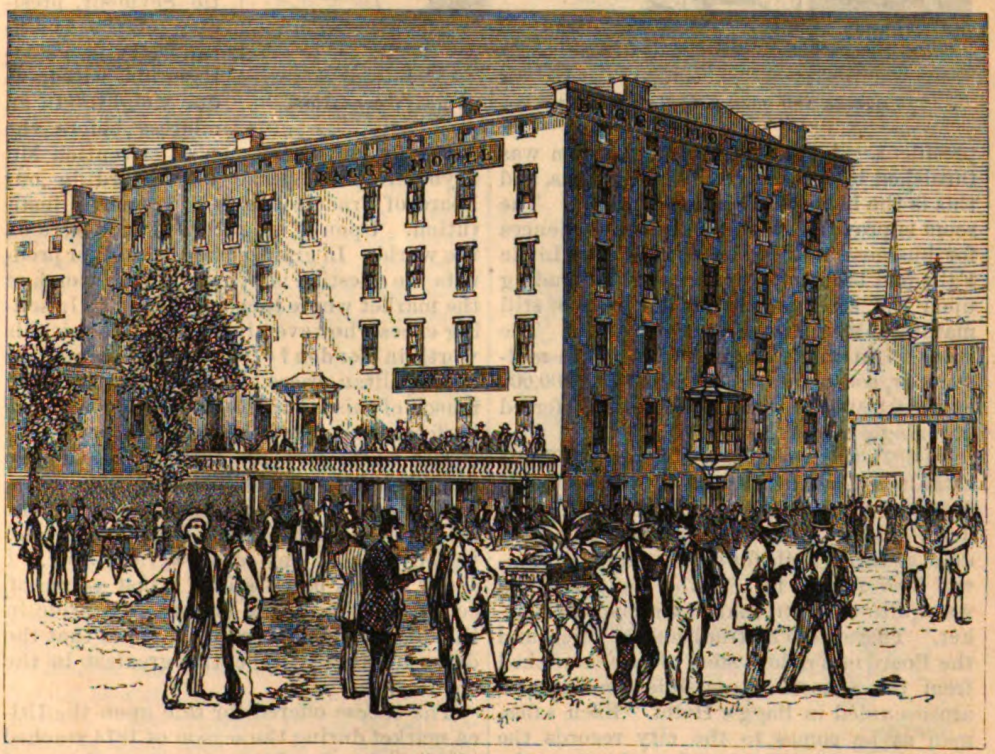
an embarrassment to the trade, but the modern skimmed cheese approaches very closely to the full cream article. In this branch of the manufacture there is a tendency toward the introduction of novelties. Henry O. Freeman, of Chenango County, New York, has invented a method by which the curd from skimmed milk may be enriched by substituting a cheaper oil for the cream which has been removed, and this process has been practiced with remarkable success in a number of establishments. The commercial problem involved in creamery practice is simple. The money received for the butter nearly equals the usual receipts from the milk, and the cheese returns are additional. So long as such a condition prevails, a tendency toward creameries may be expected, although the followers of the orthodox manufacture denounce it heartily.

The business of dairying is twofold. Part first begins in the pasture and ends when the cheese is boxed; part second begins at the boxing and ends upon the dinner table. The former is manufacture; the latter, trade. The various phases of the trade in dairy products are of interest. In the factory associations the power to sell the cheese is vested in a single man, and he is generally the best business man of the neighborhood. The salesmen of the different factories meet the buyers from the distributing centres at a stated place once each week, and the cheese is bought and sold in large quantities. These points of meeting are called the interior markets. The oldest cheese market in the United States is at Little Falls, in Herkimer County. On Monday morning of each week from April to December one of the streets of this thriving village is filled with wagons loaded with cheese boxed and ready for shipment. The buyers go from load to load, lifting the covers and plunging their sharp steel "triers" into the cheese. Bids are made and "raised," and a couple of hours are passed in bantering. Before noon generally the cheese has all changed hands, and is piled up on the platform of the freight-house waiting for the regular "cheese train" upon the New York Central Railroad. This morning trade is, however, but a small part of the day's business. The cheese thus sold is made in the few "private dairies" which have thus far withstood the tendency toward the factory system, and ranges in amount from five hundred to eight hundred boxes weekly. In the afternoon the great trade takes place. The salesmen of fifty to a hundred factories come upon the market and are met by New York dealers or their purchasing agents. In this trade seldom any cheese is shown, the quality of each factory being known to the buyers either from examination at the factory or by the general reputation of the establishment. In 1871 a "Dairy-men's Board of Trade" was established, and Hon. X. A. Willard elected



DAIRY-MAN'S BOARD OF TRADE, UTICA.

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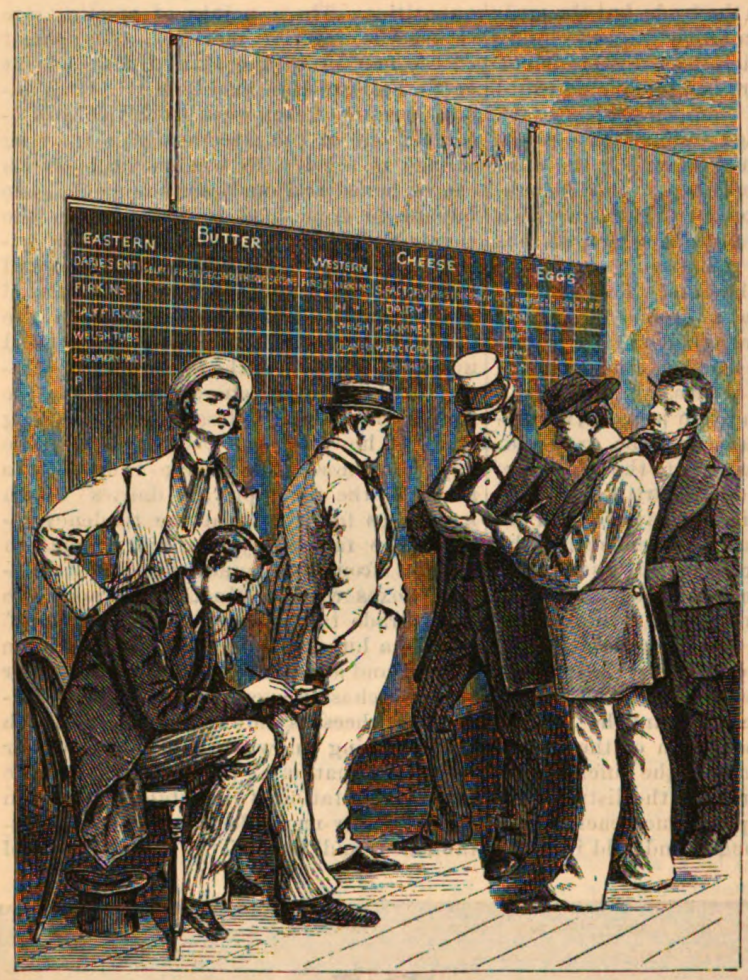

THE BUTTER AND CHEESE EXCHANGE IN NEW YORK—A HEAVY OPERATION.

president. A very elegant trade-room was furnished by the citizens of Little Falls, and this is the head-quarters of the board. The room is provided with all the conveniences for business, but the men trading at Little Falls had become so accustomed to trading upon the street that the curb-stone still maintains a firm hold upon the traffic. The trade is in large amount during the mid-summer, sometimes 10,000 boxes, or 600,000 pounds, $90,000 in value, being transferred at a single meeting.

In 1871 there was also a Board of Trade established in the city of Utica, in Oneida County, and T. D. Curtis was the first president. Before this time the trade had been done at Little Falls for all the region of Central New York. In 1874 the trade in Utica was quite equal to that at the pioneer market. There were no traditions in Utica, and the Board of Trade system of sale flourished from the outset. Accessible trade-rooms are occupied in Bagg's Hotel. Each salesman as he comes to the city records the amount of cheese he has for sale upon the register of the board. Upon the walls are bulletins giving the current values of cheese in Liverpool, London, New York and other American cities, and the amounts received and exported during the preceding week. The state of the trade at every point is shown by the advices of the board. Buyers and salesmen are alike members of the organization, but it is in essence a producers' organization—a movement of producers to possess equal information with the men who buy from them. There is no other trade in agricultural products which has attained such a perfection of system as the trade in cheese. Upon this point the words of ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, president of the American Dairy-men's Association, will have due weight. In an address before the Ninth Annual Dairy-men's Convention Mr. Seymour said: "The blackboard in our Board of Trade rooms is a wonderful institution. Upon it are recorded the prices of the world. In grain, cotton, and other products the question is, What are they worth at the market where they are offered? In selling cheese, however, it is asked, What is this worth in London? The cable, freights, and metropolitan prices all regulate sales. The reason of this is that the dairy-men are more perfectly organized. There is no other instance where men are educated as you are educated. You are educated to the laws, habits, and wishes of other people. This intelligence is, therefore, more broad and varied than of any other agriculturist. I speak of this because it is a just source of congratulation in the present and pride in the future, and productive of hopes that the dairy interest will be the greatest in the country."

The cheese offered for sale upon the Utica market during the season of 1874 reached a value of two and three-quarter millions of

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dollars, and at Little Falls the amount was similar. There are also regular open markets at half a dozen other points in New York State. At Elgin, Illinois, is the great dairy market of the Northwest. The tendency is constantly toward an aggregation of producers at the recognized interior markets, and each year Governor Seymour's words concerning the intelligence of this class of our agricultural population become more true and wide of application. The general tendency toward a systematic trade in dairy products has achieved results in the metropolis as well as in the interior. New York city has been, since the beginning of the dairy industry, the great distributing market for its productions. In 1873 a movement which had been for some time agitated among the butter and cheese merchants operating upon the New York Produce Exchange culminated in the establishment of the Butter and Cheese Exchange of New York. There were several reasons mooted for the existence of the new commercial organization. The ostensible advantage of the step was in its ability to remove a trade friction occasioned by a useless and expensive storage and transfer of agricultural productions, and for this purpose the new exchange was located in Stuart's Building, at the corner of Greenwich and Reade streets, adjacent to the piers of the Hudson upon which the goods arriving from the interior are landed. The exchange was formally opened for business September 10, 1873, and Walter S. Fairfield, Esq., was elected president. During the session of 1874 the Legislature of New York State granted the exchange a liberal charter. In its first annual report the organization claimed to represent more than one hundred millions of the city's commerce in agricultural products. Its meetings are held each week-day, and its daily quotations are printed in a trade circular known as the *Commercial Record*, which is regarded in the interior as the most trustworthy daily record published of current values for dairy productions.

From the 1st of April to the 1st of December is the dairy-man's time of action. On the farms the care of the soil, the gathering of his supply of hay, corn fodder, root crops, and other growths for the winter maintenance of the herd, the incessant milkings, the cultivation of a few small crops which he undertakes in connection with his dairy—all these occupy his attention and make him a busy man. The salesman of a factory adds to his other employment a daily study of the market quotations and tendencies, and sharpens his wits by weekly contact with the buyers upon the country markets. The treasurer of the factory association each time a sale is made withdraws from worrying his hired men, and gathering about him the solitude of the "front-room" in the farm-house, scratches his head and rubs his slate until he concludes that it has taken $9\frac{746}{1000}$ pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese, and that each farmer who has delivered at the factory one pound of milk is entitled to receive from him $1\frac{374}{1000}$ cents. Even to this accuracy must his tardy fingers attain. In the factory the maker finds opportunity while working the most obstinate curd to pump a visitor, if perchance he can learn from him what price was gained at the last sale by his rival factory at the next four corners, and is happy in the face of difficulty if his rival has fallen one-eighth of a cent behind him on the market.

The winter brings a change to all. The snow drifts around the factory; the cows are in the stanchions. The small messes of milk are carried to the farm-house, and the dairy-man's wife assumes the care of its churning, from which during the long summer the factory has happily released her. But there are leisure days to all. The varied experience of the summer invites relation, comparison, and discussion. These are found in the winter conventions. They are held in all the dairy regions. There is the Convention of the American Association, which is held each January in Utica. Each dairy State has an association bearing its name, and there are local tributary organizations. The disposition of the dairy-man is to act, and then to talk about the deed, and to listen to others who speak from practice and experiment. Thus, profiting by every lesson, he has advanced his industry and improved himself. He believes in the future success of his business.

"HALF POUND, PLEASE, SIR."

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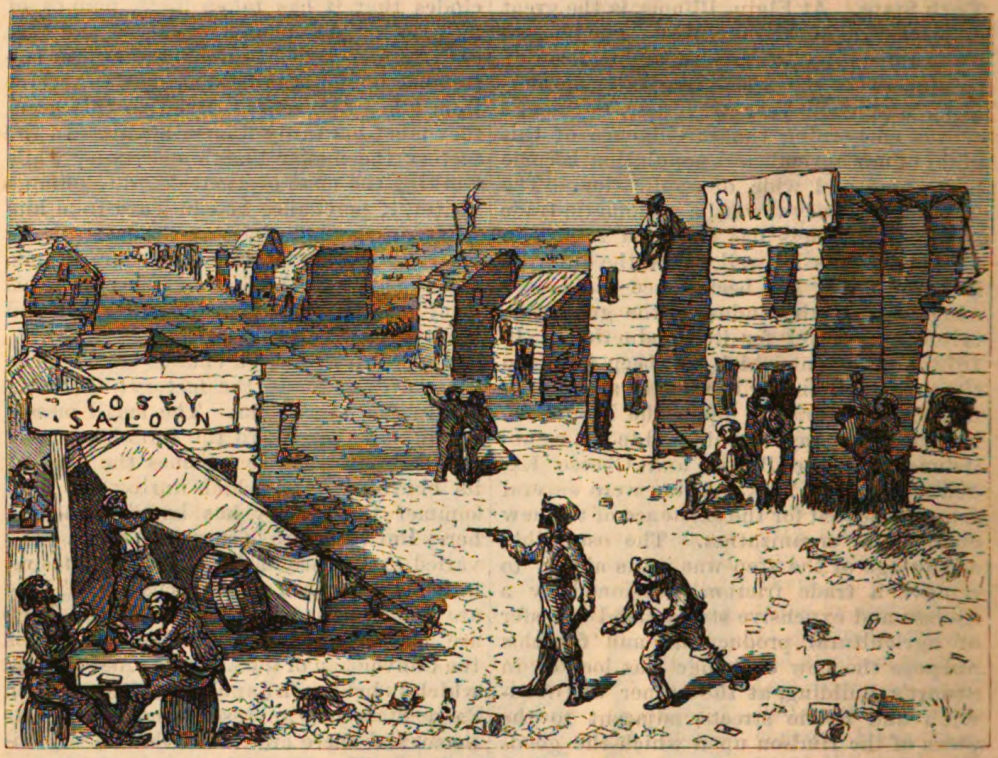
AIR TOWNS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.



TOWN OF COYOTE.

THE world has its air towns as well as its air castles. Yet while the latter vanish like punctured bubbles, noiselessly and harmlessly, the first disappear in a puff of the locomotive's smoke, with a crash and consequences rather disagreeable to interested ears.

Ever since the giant, Steam, strode Westward in his seven-league land-grant boots, each momentary resting-place has become a new-born city. Child of a nursling railroad, the infant town has often rended the heavens with its birth-shout, while Fate prepared to throttle it at tooth-cutting. The incisors, however, have usually developed before decease sufficiently for every one to be bitten who fondled the infant. And the sponsors have usually cut their wisdom-teeth about the same period.

That portion of our continent between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains has of late years borne upon its face not only the wrinkles of numerous projected as well as finished railways, but, like pimples upon a sot's countenance, an irruption of towns has broken violently out—the impurities of new States and Territories drunken with glittering projects. Not only have these menaced and then taken temporary seat along and upon the backbone of the continent, but its broad face has been pitted by what may well have been termed angry ulcers, slow of cure.

The Pacific railways have been responsible for more and worse towns than any other single cause. Every temporary terminus of track-laying became, for the time being, a city, wicked, wonderful, and short-lived. Dull Care and Prudence fled as fugitives out of these butterfly swarms, and only found refuge in the lonely "dug-outs" of pioneer farmers. Shame flaunted her scarlet rags from the dance-house's open door, and saluted passenger trains with an air full of violin scrapings, feet beatings, and "all han's roun', swing yer partners." Life was merry, after a fashion; and Love, no longer snowy-pinioned, but soiled and *passé*, leaned on a bar instead of a bow, and gave ever-constant evidence of having been out overnight with Bacchus.

It was the writer's destiny to be associated for some years with the organization of towns for what was then the Eastern Division of the Union Pacific Railway—a line running from Kansas City, on the Missouri River, to Denver. The first portion of the road, that east of Fort Harker, the centre of the State of Kansas, was through an agricultural region, and with that our article has nothing to do. From where the "Harker Bluffs" looked out upon the silent plains,

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away off through Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado to the Rocky Mountains, the iron road was being placed. Five hundred miles through the red man's pastures was a path leveled, that the genius, Steam, might tread it; and along this path, wherever the Aladdin lamp of the engine became stationary for a brief time, magic cities sprang into existence. With those which have survived, future generations have to do. Be ours the task to rescue from oblivion those towns which were, but are not.

Coyote was a temporary terminus of the railroad in 1868. On every side the dreary rolling plains lay up against the cloudless horizon. Sky and earth came together like two tenantless wastes, relieved only by the golden sun rolling daily over the one, while the mushroom town looked up at it from the other. A crazy street of shanties and a mob of men had been flung down among the buffaloes—the wreck of other mushroom cities, and the habitants of their purlieus. Canvas saloons, sheet-iron hotels, and sod dwellings, surrounded by tin cans and scattered playing-cards, the latter so out of form by repeated turnings from the bottom that even a Coyote gambler could not manipulate them. And it was interesting to see Boreas and Notus take a hand with these discarded trumps. Before the breath of the north wind they would rise into air, the queens dancing like so many witches in effigy, as, close over the smooth surface, they fled south. A few moments and the barren earth would be swept clean, while the pasteboards, accompanied by stray newspapers and old hats, were fluttering, like a flight of white birds, out of sight. Three days, the usual life of a full-grown prairie gale, might pass, and then, as the north wind met the forces of the south, and fled back over this disputed territory of the tempests, the tenantless air became alive again. Far off on the heel of the vanquished and the crest of the victor wind came the white-winged coveys of cards, like the curses of the proverb, on their way home to roost. At night-fall they had collected beside the track and among the houses, and were again thick as leaves in autumn. Had it been possible for conscience to prick through a Coyote gambler's skin, how it might have gratified him to see the marked Jack that had fleeced the last stranger rise up like a grasshopper and fly south, beyond the possibility of becoming State's evidence! And how annoying to wake up and find the knave again under his window!

Coyote was in the midst of the buffalo country. For a hundred miles on either side carcasses disfigured the land. The meat, cut into strips or lying on sheds, thereby becoming merchantable "jerked," was every where. At night wolf baiters, armed with strychnine and lard, sallied out and daubed the bones. What the amber whale has been to the whaler, the white buffalo has been to the hunter. Traditions existed that there roamed, in the inner circles of the vast herds, one or two of these animals. Yet hunters who had spent a lifetime on the plains declared the report but an idle tale of greenhorns, who had mistaken for a white buffalo one covered with light clay from wallowing. Within the last year, however, the dispute has been settled by the acquisition of two individuals, one of which is now in the cabinet of a railroad company at Kansas City.

So numerous were the buffaloes around Coyote that on several occasions I knew them to dash directly through the suburbs of the town when chased by horsemen. Once I witnessed a singular scene—a veritable duel between the youngest and the oldest inhabitant. A mangy, ill-humored old bull, which had been left behind the herds on their southward march, wandered during the night close to an outlying house. The first to discover him was "Kid," a precocious urchin who had been a "shiner up" of leather and crier of papers East. With that love of travel peculiar to Young America, this waif had stolen rides on the cars until at last tossed out, a friendless stray, on this desolate spot of desert. When a sleepy restaurant man in the early morning opened his door, and, rubbing two very red eyes, discovered this lump of humanity curled up by the boards, he naturally inquired, in the dialect of the district, "Who in thunder are *you*?" And prompt came the answer, "I's a kid, Sir, from New York." Perhaps the boy expected, from the odd reply, the result that followed. It certainly gained him favor among that rough crew. Since then Kid had been a hewer of wood and drawer of water for chance pennies. On this particular morning, when the traveled boot-black saw the bison, his ambition took in at one grasp the project of killing it. Slipping quietly into the house, and dragging forth a hunter's musket, Kid rested it upon a cotton-wood log and fired. The buffalo was ruminating quietly, looking off upon the plain, when surprised by this bombardment in the rear. Quickly wheeling, Kid was discovered on the log preparing to cheer. There was no retreat in that bison. Down came the immense head into position like a battering-ram, up went the tail erect and stiff, like a bar suddenly pulled to let on power, and down upon Young New York came *Bos americanus*. Kid clambered on to the remnant of a projecting branch, and dropped down like a ripe persimmon when the buffalo smote his support. Alarmed by the roar of the gun at that early hour, people rushed out of neighboring houses, to discover the following odd tableau. Close under the side of a log was a boy, hugging the timber as affectionately as if forming part of its bark.

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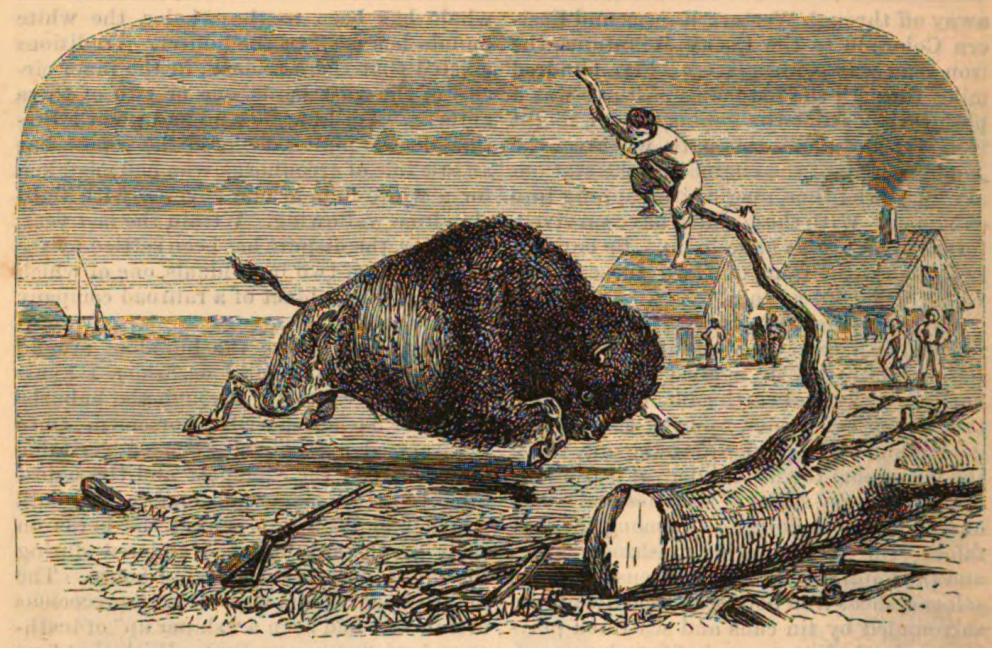

KID AND THE BUFFALO.

Trying to pick the youth out on his horns was a veteran bison bull. But try as he might, the black spears could only graze Kid's ragged pants. Whenever this occurred, a yell came forth from under the log which would have done no discredit to a young Apache. It did not speak well for the humanity of the spectators that they enjoyed the spectacle very much as they would a dog-fight, and allowed the bull to exhaust his fruitless efforts and walk away before Kid was placed upon his feet again.

Coyote soon disappeared. The temporary terminus moved forward to Sheridan. If the noise of house-building, the blow of the hammer and tear of the saw, are sweet music to the workman's ear, however jarring to that of the neighborhood, no such plea can be put forth for the sounds which proclaim a prairie building's removal in situations where each man is his own carpenter. A liberal application of nails has done the duty elsewhere assigned to tenons, and the consequent breaking of boards and voice of the axe are discord most wonderful. Happy then the neighbor who may be deaf! The tempers of the workmen change for the worse, and there seems to be a general disjointing of dispositions as well as beams.

In one short week not a house but that of the railroad section men remained. Thousands of oyster and fruit cans alone marked the spot where vice had lately rioted.

Sheridan was Coyote enlarged. We christened it after the gallant Phil, then stationed at Hays. When the general was introduced to his namesake, he remarked that, as a seat of war, it strongly resembled the Shenandoah Valley. The yelling and firing of our Irish mob on pay-day reminded him of Stonewall Jackson's battalions.

Sheridan was situated on the side of a desolate ravine. The everlasting plain embraced it. Two solitary *buttes*, named "Hurlbut" and "Lawrence," had been placed on guard over the region by nature, and looked as wretched and dismal as sentinels in a penal settlement. A month's hammering, and the new town was built. Before one street had been surveyed, however, the engineer was called upon to locate a graveyard. This he did upon a ridge overlooking the town. "I'll give you a high lot" was a threat in Sheridan, and meant six feet of soil on the hill-side. During the first week three of the inhabitants moved into that quarter, all going, as the phrase has it in that country, "with their boots on." During the winter the number increased to twenty-six.

There were many queer characters developed in this rough town. For instance, a pettifogger from rural New York became "Neb, the devil's own." Neb was an abbreviation of Nebuchadnezzar, which title he won from "taking" so naturally to grass, or, more correctly, to the prairie, when it was necessary to hide on account of misdeeds. Had any one been interested enough to make weekly inquiries about Neb's whereabouts, the answer would generally have been, "Out at grass." On two occasions he assisted men to enter eternity without previously using a boot-jack. Once when an Irish mob was celebrating pay-day in "Rat Row," a favorite street of the Paddies, Neb ran out of the hotel opposite, and emptied sixteen shots from a Henry rifle among the

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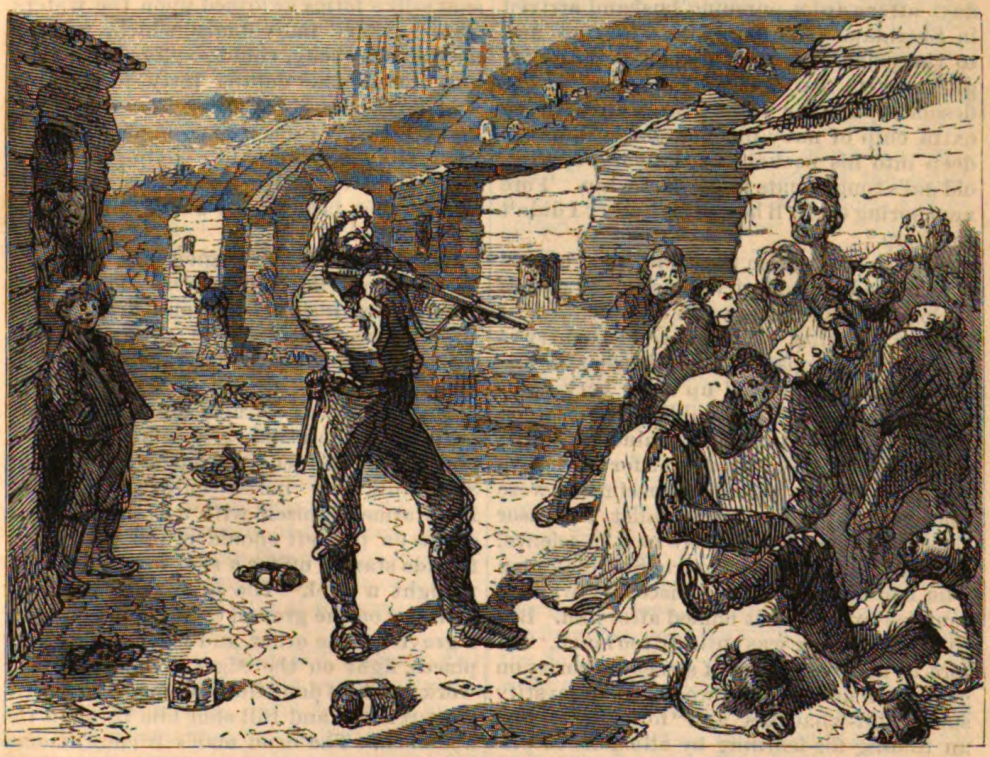
Patricks and Bridgets. No one was killed, but the "devil's own" found it necessary to go into exile on the back of a stray mule, followed for hundreds of yards by a howling mob and shower of bullets. When, one week later, Neb appeared in Sheridan society again, he wore a pair of Uncle Samuel's bracelets, and was charged with counterfeiting said Samuel's paper. From the rickety jail he was taken the ensuing night and hung to a railroad trestle adjoining town. It then transpired that he had been chief of a gang who manufactured the "queer" in a "dug-out" near Sheridan. Under the body, as mourner, next morning was found his daughter, who had never been seen in that vicinity before. She was a bright, sweet-faced girl, from the vicinity of Rutland, Vermont, and, it was learned, had been summoned West that week by her father for the purpose of accompanying him to California. Neb had accumulated quite a little sum of money, and evidently intended settling down for life elsewhere, when the last fatal spree settled him under the wailing grass, over which he had so often fled like a fox. Some effort was made to send the young girl back, but her better nature was crushed by the shame of her father's life and death. Poor thing! I saw her some months afterward, and felt that better would it have been had Death spread his cold but charitable wings over the daughter when he smote the father.

Judge Lynch was Justice's favorite official, and the railroad trestle the gallows tree, which bore monthly and sometimes daily fruit. Passengers standing on the platforms of the cars have occasionally drawn back in affright as they beheld gazing up at them the distorted, grinning face of some Texas Jack or California Joe, swinging back and forth like a pendulum before the prairie gale.

Vigilance juries sometimes brought in queer verdicts in Judge Lynch's Sheridan Circuit. For instance, one man arrested on suspicion called the court names, and incurred the following sentence, "This yere court feels herself insulted without due cause, and orders the prisoner strung up for *contempt*." And strung up he straightway was.

Another character of celebrity in Sheridan was "Ascension Stephen." This worthy was a half-witted Millerite, who climbed the two buttes once or twice every month, with a saloon table-cloth in his pocket that might answer for wrapper when the great trumpet should sound. Fine evenings were often spent by him in this weary and lonely waiting, and on one occasion he frightened the wits out of some drunken Irishmen by rushing down the hill toward them as they were returning from a wild debauch. So well did the table-cloth do duty on this occasion that, for the first time in months, the Irishmen reached their homes sober. A more ef-



OLD NEB IN RAT ROW.

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fective temperance banner never fluttered in the breeze.

One reply of Stephen's was worthy of a less addled brain than his, from its giving a satisfactory reason why Adventists should cleave to property even on the eve of ascension day. He was asked to give up his shanty and an old horse possessed by him on the day preceding that which he declared should witness the dissolution of Sheridan and all things terrestrial.

"Why should you keep this property?" said his covetous questioner: "you brought nothing into the world, and you can take nothing out."

"True enough, mon," said Stephen, in his odd brogue; "but dinna ye ken the Lord says, 'Occupy till I come?'"

Morals in this mushroom town were among the articles of commerce. No one tried to possess any, unless money was to be made by it. An occasional individual thought it worth while to abjure women, wine, and cards long enough to inspire confidence and run away with some of his fellow-townsmen's ducats. From motives of courtesy, occasional women were called wives, but it was well to avoid inquisitiveness on the subject. I remember one day when a certain couple arrived by stage. It was easy to see they were fugitives. Of the two the woman was the oldest, and it appeared to be rather a case in which she was running off with the man. They soon obtained passage in a Mexican train for Santa Fé. Two days afterward a pursuing husband arrived in Sheridan. His questions were few and to the point. Having learned that the fugitives were two days' journey away on the desolate plain, he simply fired up with an extra chip of navy plug, thrust both hands deep into his pockets, and remarked, "The old gal's tongue cuts like a cart whip. 'Fore next spring there 'll be one man sorry I didn't catch up."

Twelve miles from Sheridan, and close to the Colorado line, Fort Wallace stood guard. Its bright flag, far away over the waste, could be seen for miles. This piece of country is known to geologists as a peculiarly rich fossil belt, having yielded up some very valuable specimens. In a wild ravine just on the edge of the town the remains of a large saurian were discovered, and forwarded to Agassiz. Other valuable specimens were sent to the eminent naturalist Professor Cope, and some, which were new to science, named by him. An eccentric Sheridan man who had contributed his discovery was astounded by having it named after him. But the Latin ending was entirely too much. Before, he had been a sort of street authority on geological matters, and was wont to mystify such "bull-whackers" and "foragers" as had an itching for learning by allusions to primary, tertiary, cretaceous, and so forth, mixed in for the sake of sound, and at the expense of sense. With the scientific name came two letters from scientific men. This sudden immortality struck him dumb. He remarked to me, sorrowfully, "Knowing about as much of fossils as an oyster does, I shall keep my mouth about as closely shut."

All over this fossil belt the remains of the monsters of the primitive world are thickly strewn. Huge saurians, locked for thousands of centuries in their vise-like prison, are constantly being exposed by the elements to the gaze of the nineteenth century. While we doubt a modern sea-serpent as impossible, we discover fossilized marine monsters which could easily have swallowed the biggest snake ever run foul of by honest mariner. Time was when this now desolate plain lay under a tropical sun, a beautiful succession of green pastures and sparkling lakes. Here the lion roared and the tiger crept noiselessly on his prey, while the elephant traveled leisurely along with his trunk, and the rhinoceros offered a horn to the primeval man when he came that way. And this latter personage, if we may believe some of the authorities, not only existed during the latter part of this period, but, with the strength of a gorilla and the club of a Hercules, dashed in the skulls of such beasts as were necessary for his food.

But perhaps the period of time immediately preceding this, when the sea covered the plain, was even more interesting. Huge snake-like forms swarmed upon the waters, among them individuals which, without moving the body, could explore with their long necks the depths forty feet below. And often the fierce struggles of so many great creatures must have made the deep "boil like a pot," while flying saurians, with leathery wings covering a spread of twenty feet, beat the air above, and viewed the combat.

The game of this region now is buffalo, antelope, elk, and wolves. The watercourses are insignificant and destitute of trees. The principal river, the Smoky Hill, sinks into the sand, underneath which it flows on, a living stream.

Many episodes of these air towns do not partake of the usual serio-comic character, but are all tragedy. Gunshot Frank and Sour Bill, two noted bullies, quarreled. Each armed himself with a revolver, put a spade on the left shoulder, and with a few friends started off for a spot near the buttes to fight a duel. The plan was that after arriving on the ground each man should dig a grave for the other, and then, exchanging places, fight on the edges. But before the work was half done Gunshot made an imprudent remark, and Bill shot him through the abdomen. The dead man's friends at once fell upon the murderer, and one of them

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broke in his skull with the spade. At night two men slept in the graves their own hands had helped to dig. The most astonishing crop the plains ever produced was the one of "Bill" heroes. If an ambitious frontiersman named William chanced to see an Indian or kill a few bison, he at once took unto his name an addition, and became a character. But let it not be supposed he was a hero among his companions. To them he ever remained plain Bill, or, at the best, with a Jones or Brown added, as the case might be. I remember one particular teamster whose name was William Hobbs. He could not have placed a bullet from his carbine in a barn door at one hundred paces. And yet, without any provocation whatever, he seized upon the word California and wore it, although that wonderful State had never, to my certain knowledge, been favored with his presence. This man had not been cut out for a hero. His becoming one was in direct violation of nature's laws. He was fat, short of wind, red-faced, and timid as a hare. As the frontiersmen expressed it, having never lost any Indians, he could not be induced by any consideration to find one. However, by lying in wait for tourists and correspondents, he often managed to get business as a guide. He had donned a suit of buckskin made in St. Louis, and would state to the gaping stranger, "My name's California Bill *here;* over *thar* it's 'Pache, on 'count of my fightin' the tribe." He could not have told one of the latter from a Digger; yet soon the Eastern papers came back with thrilling descriptions of this noted scout and Indian slayer. "Iron muscles wrapped in buckskin, piercing eyes, a dead shot at red-skins," and so forth. And yet I have known this dead shot to miss, four times in succession, a bison at fifty yards; and on one occasion, having mistaken a Mexican herder for an Indian, he fled so fast and far that he lost hat and pistol and ruined his horse. After this he was fain to go East and perambulate Broadway in long hair and dirty buckskin, and be heralded by open-mouthed newsboys as "Forny Bill, the feller what chaws up the Injun nation." These specimens are also apt to fall upon some cheap story writer, who embalms them as heroes, and gives them the *entrée* of saloons and hotels. But when forced back by want to the haunts of the frontier, the breeches of skin, broad hat, and swagger are put away, and the usual garments of the plain adopted. Out there, where the poverty of spirit lurking beneath is known, a lion's skin does not change the character of the animal borrowing it.

Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill, whom I met often on the plains, much more fairly deserved their names. The former I knew first as teamster, then bar-tender, and finally scout. He certainly knew more about the plains than any one I ever met. Wild Bill, during the years that I was cognizant of his actions, filled at intervals the positions of scout, saloon-keeper, refugee, and sheriff. The number of persons I knew him to kill was five, three at Hays and two at Abilene. It seems as if such men as Bill were designed by Providence to act as a sort of carnivore for keeping down the increase of their species. In all of my residence upon the frontier, during which time sixty-two graves were filled by violence, in no case was the murder otherwise than a benefit to society. The dangerous class killed within its own circle, but never courted justice by shedding better blood. Orderly people looked on with something like satisfaction, as at wolves rending each other. The snarl was the click of a revolver, and the bite followed the bark. These were the men who gloried in snuffing out a candle or a life at thirty paces.

I remember one instance in which the power of mind over the brute force represented by these characters was oddly developed. The writer was one of a party which embraced Senator "Ben Wade," and which had paused for a night's rest at the new town. Retiring to our rooms in the hastily constructed hotel, we listened on the creaking beds to the strange sounds around. The partitions between apartments were but six feet high, and sound flowed freely over the whole floor. Under the window was a tumult of drunken Texans, and a man in some far-off room was having a desperate struggle with his boots. They were tight, and he was "tight;" and after a fruitless struggle we heard him crawling between the sheets with the remark, "If the landlord wants them boots off, let him come and take them off himself." We knew when any body was turning over, or when a brush was laid down in any part of the house. Every creak and stamp and snore was reported faithfully to our ears. Presently there arose an unusual brawl in the office below, and up the main stairs came stumbling a drunken Texan. He knew that Senator Wade was in town, but had no idea he was in this particular house. We could hear him all the way up anathematizing the Senator, and Fate in a wild freak plunged him into the room adjoining "honest Ben's." Sprawling upon the bed, our Texan, in drunken accents, commenced informing the powers of the night that he wished the Indians would "scalp old Ben Wade," as he had no business "comin' into this yere country." Over and over again was the wish loudly expressed, to the annoyance of all on the floor, but none dared remonstrate. Soon the Senator's bed creaked ominously. We were alarmed. Ohio wrath was evidently rising, and visions of bloody encounters with long-haired Texans came before us. As the rude speech again came forth, a deep voice

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issued out of the Senator's castle. Slowly and emphatically, as if addressing his colleagues, came the words, "Old Ben Wade had rather be scalped by the Indians than kept awake all night by the twaddle of a drunken fool." Texas was struck dumb. The physical bully quailed from unexpected contact with the intellectual giant. Up to that moment none of the guests had known of Mr. Wade's presence. As the silence continued in the Texan's apartment, there came subdued snickers from all around, then one bold laugh, and immediately after a chorus of cheers and shouts from every sleeping-pen. In the midst of these the man from the tall grass country shuffled down stairs.

Among Sheridan's very peculiar characters the strangest one was known as Jesso —a shrunken little figure, with a humped back and shriveled left hand. On the deformed trunk rested a well-balanced head, with quick, full eyes, and a face very difficult to read. In it was a touch of humor, much of bitterness, and a suggestion of malice. When Nature painted the face, she had, like an artist hurried at her work, touched up the rough features with suggestions of passions in so faint an outline that you broke their thread of character whenever attempting to grasp it. This man was one of those contradictions in life whom it would have been unsafe to judge by either phrenological or instinctive rules. In the frontier vernacular, he "wouldn't do to swear by." His name was taken from his favorite expression, "Jes-so." At first I had thought it a corruption of Jesse, until I noticed his strange use of the two words. Every thing, whether it was a matter of a dinner or a death, was "Jes-so." Had you flung the lie in his teeth or given him a blow, he would have first said, "Jes-so," and then pierced your heart with a bullet.

This hero had first appeared in Sheridan as conductor of a Mexican wagon train. With him came a young girl, rather fair to look upon, and bearing the fiery dash of the sun-land in her eyes. It transpired that she was one of the many foundling waifs of New Mexico, and had been raised from childhood by the dwarf. His shrunken hand was the result of its being crushed under a heavy wagon wheel while its companion was pulling the child out of danger. Whether he had for the girl other than a step-father's love will never be known. He had brought her thus far east to be away from the wretched immorality of New Mexico. Bad enough himself, yet he would not see the young life so dear to him sink down in that terrible whirlpool. Jesso was jealously watchful, and the girl spoiled and capricious. With some of the beauty of Mexico's maidens, she had all of their coquetry. Before his life had measured out one brief week in Sheridan the dwarf enjoyed two fights on account of the adopted daughter. Ere a fortnight passed she was missing one bright morning, as was also a light-fingered "Bunny," or "Bonny," the hero of one of the previous quarrels.

It was a bad sight to see the dwarf that morning. He crept around town like a wild-cat whetting its claws on the gravelly soil, and preparing to spring. Ruggles, the postmaster, asked him if he should pursue, and he gasped out a wicked, merciless "Jes-so." There was "more of hell," the P.M. said, in that look than he had ever expected to see on earth. The eyes had the red madness of a soul on fire. They were windows reflecting the dull glare of leaping flames within. Before noon Jesso had left town. Perry, the hotel-keeper, gathering moss-agates on the buttes, saw him, like a wolf upon a trail, steal off among the ravines along the Santa Fé road. Two weeks afterward a Mexican train arrived in town, and the wagon-master reported the following occurrence. Near the crossing of the Purgatory his men, while grazing the oxen, came upon two dead bodies thus grotesquely situated:

There was an old feed-box for a table, and on each side sat a corpse—one of a woman, the other of a man. Evidently placed in a sitting posture after death, their heads had fallen close together, and the hands, which lay upon each other, covered a Catholic prayer-book. The work of murder had been bunglingly done in the case of the girl, as if the slayer's hand had half refused the task. The wagon-master even thought, from the clotted blood on her hair and the character of the wounds, that she might have fallen while warding off from her companion the blows of the sudden night attack. It was a ghastly marriage the murderer had performed, in uniting the stiffening fingers of the sorrowful couple while Death stood by as priest. The dreadful coolness of the avenger who could thus slay, and then arrange the dead in mimicry of marriage, belonged peculiarly to the plain.

It was a month or more before Jesso returned to Sheridan. Interest in the matter had then died out, and I do not know whether any questions about it were ever asked. The dwarf drank and fought and gambled, and was one of the "characters" as before.

The most remarkable man, as a specimen of plain-craft, that I ever met on the frontier was Comstock. Learning the rudiments of his future pursuit while yet a child, his playthings had been revolvers and knives. Unlike the great army of pretenders who have flashed across the pages of plain-land fiction, he was an Indian scout and soldiers' guide after the pattern which went out of fashion with Boone and his ilk. From the

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sole of his nervous foot to the locks of his raven hair he stood out a bold man in council and a sleuth-hound on the trail. He was employed at Fort Wallace, and for a short period preceding his death at Fort Hays, in government service. This scout was the only one I ever knew who would execute the daring task of riding into hostile Indian camps with messages from United States officers. Was a request for a council with the tribes to be sent, he bore it. Alone, on the back of a fleet mule, a compromise himself between the Indian and the pale-face, he would take his way out into the wild waste, and fade against the horizon on a mission the further end of which seemed to lie at the feet of death. Comstock's mother was said to have been a Delaware. Small and sinewy in person and dark in feature, this man's power lay in his grand eyes. Large and wild in their light, they seemed to flash over and around you, as if searching for a revolver at your back. I saw him first while standing in the door of a stage ranch at Pond Creek. He paused for an instant in front while on his way with a message from the commandant at Wallace to a hostile tribe on the Republican. Stopping but a moment to speak with Nichols, the ranch-keeper, he leveled those shining eyes at me with the precision a man would have used with field-glasses. It was but an instant, and he was off, yet I felt that I had been photographed, and could be hunted the world over by him did he ever have occasion. I thought of it afterward as the most unpleasant optical experience of my life. This man's unpretending exploits would furnish a volume of really valuable history, all the more to be prized from a certainty of being under rather than over drawn. And it would be refreshing to have one tale of genuine border experience, after the flood of stuff which has borne forward to fame our modern buckskin heroes. Yet Comstock had a full share of those blemishes which are held by all but ideal Leather-stockings. To revenge a swindle of a few dollars he shot an unarmed man in the sutler's store at Wallace. The victim was a former partner; and twisting in and out among the barrels and boxes in an agony of fear, he pleaded for life piteously and vainly. This murder, however, darkened and hung over the slayer's life like a cloud. Hitherto his reputation had been fair; now he felt the blot upon it. Always superstitious by virtue of his mother's blood, he brooded in silence, and fancied evil influences existing in certain signs and days. But he was still the man of all others for military necessities. His knowledge of Indian character and habits was perfect. I remember one instance in which he foretold to a day the death of some wood-choppers. These men had been cutting down a small grove of trees—a patch of foliage on a hundred miles of desert. Comstock warned them to beware, stating that the trees had for ages been the resting-places for the dead of the tribes crossing there. These red rovers never bury a corpse, but lash it to the limbs of a tree, or stretch it out on a high platform underneath. Notwithstanding the well-meant warning, the choppers plied their axes, and the scout affirmed that at the next full moon the savages would avenge the sacrilege. The desecrators laughed: no Indians had been in the country for months, apparently, and the wood could be safely housed in the fort before they knew that the first axe had sounded its alarm among their dead.

When the next full moon shed its light down among the fallen trees the beams fell upon the pale faces of two dead choppers. Some wandering savage, flitting by like a shadow, had seen the white men at their task, and carried the news to his distant village.

Not many months after this occurrence Death laid violent hands upon the bold scout who had so often laughed in his face. He had been dispatched by General Sheridan with a message to some Sioux, who were wavering between peace and war. Three days afterward the other scout returned alone, and reported that Comstock had been shot in the back as they were returning by a small body of "dog soldiers," who had trailed them from the council. There was a strong suspicion, however, at Fort Hays that the eagle-eyed scout had been killed by his companion for the sake of his gold, a quantity of which he always carried belted around the person.

The passenger over the plains to-day will find at the station of Sheridan a solitary house, that of the railroad section hands. There are no streets, and no other vestiges of former habitation, except empty cans and old boots. The position of any former block could not be found without a new survey. Even the vaunted Philadelphia lawyer would not be able to fasten a mortgage within fifty yards of the lot he might wish to seize upon. Future generations of surveyors may have to determine upon the cellar of the "Dew-Drop Inn" for an initial point, as hundreds of Sheridan's old topers will live long enough to point out to strangers with unerring memory the spot where the gentle Dew-Drop rested while it moistened parched lips. No title-deeds of the town property were ever recorded, and an air castle could not have faded out more completely than has the air town. It may, however, claim future recognition, as the region has been thickly sowed with bullets, for the noble twenty-six who homesteaded "high lots" did not absorb all the missiles that were directed at human life.

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RAPP, THE GNOME KING.*

A CATSKILL FAIRY TALE.

"MANY years ago, before the white race came to live on the banks of our Hudson, a certain Elf King decided to give a tea party on one of these very mountains, and to invite a great prince. He chose a peak over yonder. Do you see the high hill on the right now covered with snow? Well, there the Elf gave his banquet.

"Now the guest was no less a person than Rapp, King of the Gnomes; and if you never heard of him before, it is quite time he was made known to you. In the first place, he was a dwarf, with green eyes, a red nose, yellow hair of spun gold, and a face of copper. His kingdom was in the depths of the earth; sometimes he lived in the Rocky Mountains, and again in the Andes. He did not mind stepping from one continent to the other in the least. The volcanic fires, such as burst forth from the summits of Vesuvius and Etna, were fed by his subjects, and his domain extended over the rocks which are richly veined with gold and silver.

"When Rapp felt ill-humored he liked to bury himself in some remote cavern, and the earth then rumbled with his anger; but he also enjoyed appearing in the upper world occasionally, to see what every one was about. He graciously accepted the Elf's invitation to tea. The clever Elf people had been very busy with the mountain-peak to make it elegant for that day. They smoothed the rough, sharply pointed rocks into slender pillars draped in vines; a fountain gushed in sparkling jets of spray, and a carpet of velvet moss sloped from the brink of the fountain, fit for the dainty feet about to trip over it. A grotto of pure crystal reflected the light in a thousand glittering pendants, so that it resembled transparent ice. In this grotto was spread a feast of delicious fruits—golden oranges, ruddy apples and pears in silver vases, crimson peaches, and pyramids of amber honey.

"'I hope every thing is in order,' said the Elf King. He was very small, but he wore a red smoking-cap on his head, and slippers on his feet, crocheted by the Queen out of milkweed flax. He wished to appear at his ease before the great Rapp, yet he was terribly flustered for fear of a blunder being made in the entertainment. The Queen was pretty and delicate; her apron had for pockets two wings of the lady-bug.

"'Let us dance,' cried the young elves.

"'Not yet,' piped the King. 'Rapp will be here very soon, and you must be ready to make your best bow or courtesy.'

"The little Elf ladies spread their gauzy skirts, and bowed low as Rapp and his Gnomes appeared. Rapp, being in a very good humor, winked at them, and one can not expect more notice than that from a prince.

"It was droll to see the Elf King and Queen seated opposite to him at table, he was so much larger than they were. The Elf waiters were obliged to climb silk ladders, which they did as nimbly as spiders.

"Rapp was full of his jokes; he told stories at which the merry elves laughed, like the tinkle of bells, and then he rolled a peach across the board, which knocked the Elf King off his seat.

"A child's voice was heard to join in the mirth this occasioned. Yes, it was a human voice, just beyond the bushes. The elves looked at each other in dismay; Rapp became terribly enraged: his copper face glowed with wrath, his gold hair bristled on end like gilded spikes, and his green eyes flashed fire.

"'What mortal is here?' he cried.

"Then a little girl crept out of the ferns, and stood trembling before him. She had entered a charmed circle without knowing it, and had since watched the elves. She was not like the little girls one sees here now. Her skin was bronze in color, her hair hung down her back straight and black, her feet were shod in moccasins. You only find children like her in the far West—she was an Indian.

"'Why do you disturb our feast, child of man?' asked Rapp, very fiercely. 'I have only to strike the earth, and my servants will carry you away to my palace underground for a hundred years.'

"The child began to cry at this threat, and the elves caught her tears to sprinkle them over the Gnome King's hands, and thus try to soften his heart, which was in reality made of iron.

"'This is my kingdom,' said the Elf King, with dignity. 'You are my guest, King Rapp. The little girl shall not be hurt.'

"'Tell us your story,' said the Queen, kindly.

"'A story! a story!' cried the elves, clustering about the stranger, while Rapp leaned back in his seat, and shut one eye.

"Then the Indian girl told them all about her life. She lived with her tribe down in the valley. Her father had been killed in the chase, and her mother also was dead, so she staid in the wigwam with her grandmother on the edge of the wood. The chief

* *The Catskill Fairies.* By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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THE GUEST OF THE ELF KING.

did not like the hunter's children; he took away the boys to train them for warriors, and he frowned at the girl, so that the old grandmother hid her when the chief stalked past, his feathers and war-paint giving him a savage appearance. Perhaps he did not like the children because their father had been called Big Chief. The old grandmother gathered herbs and simples; she was called to the sick as often as the medicine-men.

"The brothers rode off to earn their first scalp, as they could not be considered heroes until they had killed an enemy; and one day the girl sat weaving her mat in the door of the wigwam, for the Indian women are very industrious. The old grandmother came quickly.

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THE GRANDMOTHER'S MESSAGE.

"'Run to the forest,' she whispered. 'The chief is in a bad humor, and, now your brothers are gone, he sends for you.'

"The girl was in a great fright, the chief was so cruel and she ran to the forest without once glancing back. Soon she was lost in the cool green twilight made by the lofty trees; here and there the sunshine shot golden arrows down on her path, revealing mossy nooks where she discovered berries, ripe and dewy, among tangled vines. The flutter of a bird rising from its nest or the crackling of a branch made her heart jump, so much did she dread seeing one of her own people. If one had met her he must carry her back to the chief, or perhaps suffer death himself. She climbed the mountain to get farther away, her only thought being flight. At last she reached a pool of clear water, high on the mountain-side, where his highness Rapp was taking tea, and she stooped to bathe her face. No sooner had the crystal drops sprinkled her forehead than she sank down on a bed of grass fast asleep. Then the ferns spread their delicate sprays over her, and screened her from sight. She never knew how long her nap might have been had not Rapp's gruff voice aroused her to peep through the foliage at the tea party in the grotto.

"The little people were interested in the girl's misfortunes. Rapp pretended not to notice, and caught flies, but he really meant to assist her.

"'Go down to my winter palace,' he said to a favorite Gnome servant, 'and in my dressing-room you will find a winged jacket. Bring it to me.'

"The Gnome servant bowed low, and dived into the earth as a bather dips in the ocean wave. Presently he returned with the winged jacket, which the girl put on.

"'Now listen to me,' said King Rapp. 'You can fly like a bird in that jacket. If you wish to come into my presence at any time, you have only to clap the wings thrice, like Chanticleer before crowing, and you will be met by a Gnome, who will conduct you to my kingdom. You must go to my chamber, and knock on the steel shield at the head of my bed. Wherever I may be I will answer the summons.'

"The Indian girl thanked the terrible Rapp, and dried her tears. Then the tiny Elf Queen gave her her apron, which grew larger, and seemed made of the finest silk.

"'Whatever article you desire can be had, if you wish with your hand in your pocket,' she said.

"Now the Elf King did not choose to be considered behind the others in kindness, so he took off his slippers, and placed them on the child's feet, which they fitted perfectly.

"'The Queen can make me another pair,' he said, capering about barefooted. 'You can run miles in those shoes without feeling weary, and the best of it is that they will carry you over the water dry-shod.'

"The Indian bade them all farewell, and stepped outside the enchanted circle. Instantly the grotto, the murmuring fountain, the flower-carpet, vanished.

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"DOWN ON THE RIVER-BANK SHE SAW LITTLE LIGHTS."

"The sun had set, and dark shadows spread along the forest paths as the girl hastened home. She would creep into the grandmother's wigwam in the darkness, and tell her of the fairy gifts she had received. The cruel chief need not be feared when she was the owner of a winged jacket and the Elf slippers. If the grandmother thought best, she would go away in the morning, and find another tribe that would treat her kindly.

"When she reached the valley where the Indian settlement was situated it was already night, and so dark that she could not find her wigwam, while she feared to arouse the sleeping natives. Down on the river-bank she saw little lights, bright stars that twinkled, some moving on the water, and others remaining still on the land. This sight puzzled her, and she dreaded to approach near enough to learn what they actually were. While she was wondering a great boat passed down the river, sparkling all over with colored flame which did not burn, and it panted as it moved like some monster breathing heavily. It was as large as one hundred canoes put together. The girl held her head in both hands, and crouched down on the ground.

"More wonderful still! On the other side of the river another terrible creature moved quickly along with a grinding, jarring sound. This one was like a serpent, with links to its body, and it glided over a shining track. The water demon only puffed as it moved; this other one uttered a shriek that startled all the echoes. The Indian girl hid her face on the bank. She had seen a steamboat and a train of cars.

"These strange sights decided her not to go beyond the edge of the woods until daylight. So she wished for a tent, in which to pass the night, by putting her hand into the apron pocket. A tent immediately sprang up in the ravine; and when she had entered it she began to feel hungry.

"'I should like a pot of hominy.'

"Lo! a caldron stood before her smoking with the most delicious hominy, and tasting as if the grandmother had just taken it from the camp fire. Then she lay down on the ground and slept soundly until the first beams of the rising sun awakened her.

"The village people were much surprised to see an Indian girl approach, wearing a curious jacket with little wings on the shoulders, and glittering slippers on her feet. She was equally astonished by their white faces and houses. Where was the lodge of the cruel chief? Where were the patches of maize tended by the women? Where was the grandmother?

"'Have my people gone away? Who has conquered them?'

"But the villagers did not know what she said, and the rude boys formed a ring around her, shouting, 'You are a witch-child! Let's catch her.'

"She sprang high in the air with one bound, spread her wings, and flew away before their eyes.

"The people were greatly excited. They ran about gazing up at the little bird-like form in the sky much as we now look at a

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balloon; then they ran to the ravine where the beautiful white tent still stood. While they observed it the tent vanished.

"'She is an Indian witch,' cried the boys.

"'It is all Rapp and his Gnomes,' said an old woman.

"The boys flung burning brands on the spot where the tent had stood, and the witch-child watched the flames kindle as she hovered far above. There was nothing to be done further with the old home; she must search for her own people, and follow them wherever they had gone. She swept along through the air with a delightfully easy motion, and did not mind traversing miles any more than steps on the ground.

"At a great distance from these mountains a toad family lived at the root of an elm-tree. They were yellow and brown and ugly, but, according to their own ideas, the young lady toads were quite beautiful. They came forth in the evening to take the air.

"'Bless my spectacles!' cried the toad mother. 'Here is a witch-child in a winged jacket. Be very pleasant in your manners, children. We shall see if my Lord Rapp is always to have his own way!'

"Then she hopped to the stranger's feet, she having alighted for the night, and said, blandly,

"'You must be very tired, my dear. Have you come far?'

"'Yes. Can you tell me where to find my people?'

"'The snail may know. Stay with us to-night and rest. We are only toads, but we have a guest-chamber.'

"The toad family were so kind that the Indian told them her story: she so much desired to find her own tribe again.

"The toads blinked and nodded their heads. The toad mother, after going to the snail which lay in the path and tapping on its closed door, presently returned.

"'The snail is a hermit; it does not go out into society, but likes to stay shut up in its own house. However, it will ask the night moths, and tell you in the morning. Now go to bed, darling,' she said.

"The toad guest-chamber was cool and pleasant, for it was the grass around the tree. They took off the visitor's slippers and apron for her, and tried to coax her out of her jacket as well, but this the witch-child kept on her back. She was no sooner asleep than the toad mother waddled out to whisper to the little garden snake:

"'Run to Mulkgraub as fast as you can, and tell him to meet me at the toad-stool turnpike to-morrow.'

"'I never run—I glide,' said the snake.

"'Fiddle-dee-dee, and don't be silly. Hurry!' said the toad.

"When the witch-child awoke, her lovely slippers and apron were gone, and the toads had also vanished.

"Searching every where, she came to the marsh.

"'What is the matter?' croaked a frog, dressed in green.

"The toads have stolen my magic shoes,' she replied.

"'That is like a toad. You would not catch a frog at such mean tricks. Besides, Mulkgraub pays them.'

"'Who is Mulkgraub?' inquired the Indian.

"'An enemy of King Rapp,' said the frog.

"'Where can I find my people?' said the child.

"'Ask the eagle, if you are not afraid,' returned the frog.

"'An Indian is never afraid of bird or beast; it's only those pale-faces that change every thing,' she said, proudly.

"Then she sought the eagle.

"'Go toward the setting sun—always westward,' said the eagle. 'Mind that Mulkgraub does not catch you.'

"'Where does he live?' inquired our witch-child.

"'He lives in the water, and he can not go very far on land. He loves to pour floods over the earth and into Rapp's mines. They are enemies, because Rapp can quench Mulkgraub with fire, so that he becomes a vapor-steam.'

"The witch-child thanked the great eagle, and flew on.

"In the mean while the ugly old toad mother met Mulkgraub at the toad-stool turnpike, and gave him the slippers and apron.

"One would not have believed him so wicked, for he was fair and handsome, with a crown of rushes on his head, and drops of water flowed from his mantle.

"'Perhaps I may drown out Rapp yet, if the rain only helps me,' he said, and swallowed the slippers and apron as if they had been pills.

"He promised to give a wedding outfit to the toad daughter that married first, and the mother hopped home well satisfied, like the mean old toad she was.

"The second evening the witch-child found a beautiful lady sitting on the border of a lake. She was robed in leaves, and her long hair was also green; but she was altogether lovely, even if her look was sad. She seemed very glad to see the witch-child, and made her sit down beside her, while she held her hand.

"'I am chained beneath the waters, and can only rise to the surface of the lake,' she said. 'I lived on the main-land very happily until Mulkgraub carried me off in a great storm.'

"'Let me see your home,' urged the witch-child, curiously.

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MULKGRAUB AND THE TOAD MOTHER.

"'Mulkgraub might come and find you,' hesitated the lady.

"'I am not afraid while I wear my jacket.'

"'Then you must be prepared to live in the water, or the first breath you draw will strangle you.' So saying, the lady drew from her girdle a golden clam-shell closed in the form of a bottle, which contained a perfumed liquid. With this she bathed her companion's face, and they dived together into the lake, where the Indian found that she could breathe as easily as in upper air.

"Nothing could exceed the beauty of the prison where the lady lived; certainly Mulkgraub had given her a handsome residence, if he was harsh in other respects. It was a large glass box, with a bell-shaped roof; a broad hall extended from one entrance to the other, but there was not a dark corner in the place where one could hide from the King's searching eye.

"'He is coming,' cried the lady, hiding the witch-child in the folds of her robe. Then, as Mulkgraub entered one door, she darted out of the other, and rising to the lake surface as far as her chain would allow, placed the Indian on shore safely. Once out of harm's way, the witch-child began to think of releasing the lady from prison. She must ask King Rapp about the matter. Accordingly she clapped her wings thrice, and a Gnome stood at her elbow.

"'Is King Rapp well?' she asked, politely.

"'Of course,' said the Gnome, gruffly. 'He is made of metal.'

"Then he stamped on the ground, and away they went down dark passages, through caves, past silent pools where the sun never shone—down, down, until it seemed as if they must come out the other side of the world. Here she peeped into vast treasure-houses of rich ore; there she paused before walls of mineral salt; and finally they reached the Gnome palace, where the atmosphere was hot enough to bake one.

"A spacious garden surrounded the palace, with winding paths, arbors, and fountains, and gorgeous birds flitted from tree to tree. All was fresh and sparkling, but even the trees and the fruit on the branches were carved from metals or jewels. The walls of the palace were jasper and malachite, while the floors were solid gold, polished like glass.

"On they went, through the gates and into the palace, coming to the Gnome King's chamber, which had a ceiling of diamond stars, and a bed of silver, fringed and embroidered with pearls. At the head of the bed hung the large shield, and the witch-child tapped on it. Rapp appeared immediately, his eyes greener, his carbuncle nose redder, and his face more like a burnished copper kettle than ever.

"'I want to help the lady chained in the lake.'

"'She is an island,' said Rapp. 'When the lake overflowed it made her an island by separation from the main-land.'

"'Mulkgraub is very wicked to keep her a prisoner against her will,' said the witch-child. 'Please assist me to set her free from his bondage.'

"'As to that, we are sworn enemies; my

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KING RAPP'S GARDEN.

weapon is volcanic fire, and his, floods of water. Mulkgraub would make you a slave, if he could, because I helped you; still, you must remember that he does a great deal of good in the world, as well as some harm.'

"'What good can he do?' inquired the witch-child.

"'He works hard for man, carrying vessels, pushing rafts, and turning mill-wheels. If it were not for my precious metals, he would be of more service than I am. As for this lady island, we must see.'

"Rapp stroked his beard in profound reflection a moment, then struck the steel shield seven times. A peal of thunder seemed to roll over the palace, and a Giant appeared, whose armor resembled dragon scales, with a helmet of brass on his head.

"'I obey your call, King Rapp,' he said, in a deep voice.

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"'What can restore the island lady to her home?' asked Rapp.

"'If she can pour some magic drops into his evening cup of coffee that will make Mulkgraub sleep, I will bring my brother, Fire, to dry the water between her and the main-land, her former home,' said the Giant.

"'How can the drink be obtained?' demanded Rapp.

"'Send a Gnome to the meadow beyond the brook for the herb which has a scarlet flower and blue leaves. Put this into a bottle, which the witch-child will give the prisoner. When Mulkgraub sleeps, the Indian must spring twice over the top of the pine-tree, calling Fire, softly. I will answer.' With this advice the Giant thundered away again.

"Rapp sent for the herb with a scarlet flower and blue leaves, the liquid was distilled into a bottle, and the witch-child once more stood on the ground in the daylight. There was the sad island lady dragging her chain, and wishing herself home on the main-land. She was given the bottle, and quickly told what to do when Mulkgraub came to her glass box for his evening coffee.

"The witch-child hid on the shore, and watched for the signal which was to assure her that Mulkgraub slept. At last the lady rose to the surface and waved her hand. Up sprang the witch-child over the top of the pine-tree, touching the ground on the other side, and rebounding again like an India rubber ball. 'Fire! Fire!' she called, very softly, under her breath. Lo! the earth opened and two giant heads emerged; but if Wind, already seen by the girl, was terrible, Fire was more so, for a ruddy glow came from his body, and the grass withered before him. The Giant stood on the bank, and hurled a burning torch into the lake, between the shore and the place where the island was chained, and the torch devoured the water, which rose in a cloud of steam, so that the lady stepped dry-shod back to the main-land.

"Then there was great rejoicing over her return among the rocks and trees, and the witch-child received much praise for her conduct.

"'There is a storm coming,' shouted Wind. 'I go to share the sport—uprooting trees and whisking off steeples and chimneys.'

"'As for me, work is never done in the earth,' said Fire.

"Mulkgraub awoke after the mischief was accomplished; the glass box exploded like a soap bubble.

"'This is your turn, Rapp,' he said. 'Wait until the spring freshets help me to repay you!'

"Always seeking her tribe and never finding them, the witch-child flew on toward the west. Far below she saw lakes, rivers, and cities; then the wide expanse of prairie became visible, like a sea of waving grain.

"'This must be the end of the earth,' she thought, and paused.

"It was evening, and the little prairie-dogs were sitting on top of their mounds to see what was going on, for they were very curious. When the Indian girl paused to observe them, they gave a shrill bark, and dived out of sight in their burrows.

"'Can you tell me where to find my people?'

"At that all the prairie-dogs put out their little noses, and one answered,

"'The red man has gone beyond; you will find him farther on.'

"'Always farther on,' sighed the Indian, wearily.

"'Perhaps you will tell me something I should very much like to know,' said the prairie-dog, again perching on his mound. 'If you made a burrow for yourself and family, would you enjoy having a white owl and a rattlesnake come to live with you whether invited or not?'

"'I should not,' replied the witch-child.

"'Look here, then;' and the prairie-dog showed her the hole in the ground where it dwelt, and where the owl and the snake would lodge too.

"'There is room for us all," said the owl, in a comfortable way, as if the prairie-dog's words did not hurt much.

"The witch-child walked forward. The sky seemed to meet the horizon in a flat line before her; shadows rippled over the ripening acres of corn. She very well knew that her race never planted these fields; a patch to last one summer satisfied them, and the next year they might select another spot to till. Not a human being was visible; all the scene was very calm and still.

"At length she reached a stream bordered with cotton-wood trees, and paused to drink. Hither filed a herd of buffalo to slake their thirst.

"'We know your people well,' they said. 'They hunt and slay us in great numbers. We may be quietly browsing, without thought of danger, when the Indians rush down on us like the wind, and hurl arrows at us before we know well what we are about.'

"'Where shall I find them?' the girl asked, eagerly.

"'Farther to the west.'

"The buffaloes thrust their muzzles in the cooling waters, and the witch-child also held her brown hands in the stream.

"'Mulkgraub, I begin to love you,' she whispered. 'Here you are no longer terrible and mischievous, but give life and refreshment to all creatures.' Then she saw Mulkgraub's fair face laughing up at her from the clear depths, and the next moment her Elf slippers were tossed on the bank.

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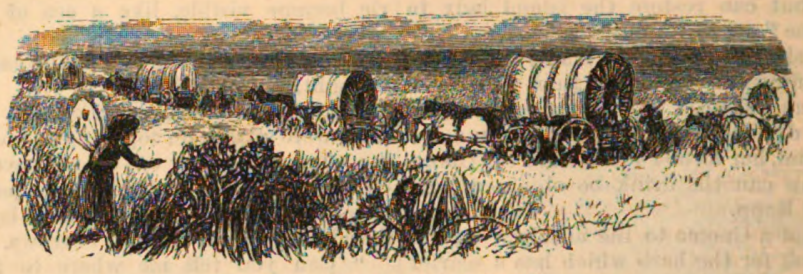

"AN EMIGRANT TRAIN PASSED."

These she put on, and ran so swiftly that she seemed a sunbeam chased along the grass by the god of day.

"An emigrant train passed, the white wagons loaded with household furniture; the mothers and infants riding, while the fathers and sons walked before, on the watch for enemies. The route was long and full of danger.

"The witch-child presently heard cries of distress, and mounted on her wings to see what had happened. The emigrants had paused to search for one of their number, a boy who had strayed away. Nothing can be more terrible than to be lost in such a place. If savages find the wanderer, it may be to scalp him or make him a prisoner; hunger and death come sooner than the savages.

"As soon as she discovered what was the matter, the witch-child flew back, and saw the boy trying to find the path. He felt a hand placed on his shoulder which guided him in the right direction, until he could again behold the white wagons of the emigrants.

"Once more mounting into the sky, the witch-child came to a region of furze, sage, and wormwood, with lofty peaks beyond. She noticed a smoke as of many fires, and her heart bounded with the hope that she had found her tribe at last. Here were lodges and tents, dried venison, and a few horses near; but the fires came from smouldering ruins of an encampment. There had been a battle between warring tribes, and the place surprised. The witch-child approached sadly, and what do you suppose she found? A little papoose lying in a folded blanket unharmed. She took it up to kiss, and the baby crowed and smiled. What was she to do with it? Carrying it on her back, Indian fashion, she climbed the first slopes of the Rocky Mountains—one of King Rapp's homes.

"It was well that she had recovered her Elf slippers; the baby was so heavy she could not fly. Those were happy days! She fed the little thing with berries, and sang it to sleep, delighted with the pretty brown face and bright eyes.

"One night she reached a house, a lonely ranch of the border settler. You would have mistaken her for a thief to see her steal past the watch-dog into the chamber where the children slept. Beside these white children she laid the Indian baby, the last of its tribe, and went away as noiselessly as she came.

"Fortunately this was a good home for her charge. Next day as she rested at noon the loud report of a rifle startled her, and a wounded mountain-goat came tumbling down into the valley. She took to her wings in fright; but as she darted up into the air, the sportsman aimed at her, supposing she was some strange specimen of bird. Bang! went the weapon, and she fell. The sportsman hastened to the spot, but found nothing.

"What do you think became of the witch-child? I believe that King Rapp opened the earth as she sank down, and that she lives with him in the Rocky Mountains to this day."

NEW NEIGHBORS.

Within the window's scant recess,
Behind a pink geranium flower,
She sits and sews, and sews and sits,
From patient hour to patient hour.

As woman-like as marble is,
As woman-like as death might be—
A marble death condemned to make
A feint at life perpetually.

Wondering, I watch to pity her;
Wandering, I go my restless ways;
Content, I think the untamed thoughts
Of free and solitary days.

Until the mournful dusk begins
To drop upon the quiet street,
Until upon the pavement far
There falls the sound of coming feet—

The sound of happy, hastening feet,
Tender as kisses on the air—
Quick as if touched by unseen lips
Blushes the little statue there;

And woman-like as young life is,
And woman-like as joy may be,
Tender with color, lithe with love,
She starts, transfigured gloriously.

Superb in one transcendent glance—
Her eyes, I see, are burning black—
My little neighbor, smiling, turns
And throws my unasked pity back.

I wonder is it worth the while
To sit and sew from hour to hour,
To sit and sew with eyes of black
Behind a pink geranium flower?

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THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Thirteenth Paper.]

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

THE conception of a community so generally educated that each one of its members should know and fulfill all the duties of a good citizen, should obey the laws without constraint, and practice humanity, honesty, and propriety, should be trained to virtue, and cultivate self-control, is one that has suggested itself to most eminent legislators from the dawn of history, and is, indeed, so engaging a notion as to commend itself to every intelligent mind. The ignorant must be governed by rude violence; the cultivated rule themselves; and the fertile fancies of the Greek thinkers were early filled with projects for enforcing a universal education. None of them, however, succeeded except perhaps the Spartan legislator.[1] The idea made no strong impression upon the Romans. It was adopted by the Israelites and the early Christians, and was almost perfected in China. The Arabian caliphs founded a school in every village.[2] Charlemagne and Alfred strove to teach the savage Germans and Saxons. The Papal Church of the Middle Ages taught in its monasteries; and the private schools of Erigena, Gerbert, Abelard, Duns Scotus, and a series of early school-masters saved education from sinking into monastic dullness. But the true parent of the modern system of teaching was the Reformation. Luther urged upon Germany the necessity of general instruction,[3] Calvin filled his followers with mental activity, and it was in the Protestant states of Germany that the governments first assumed the task of educating all the people, and of fulfilling that conception of the duty of legislators which had dawned upon the active intellects of Greece. The government became the school-master, the nation a community of pupils. Prussia, Saxony, and several of the lesser states have carried on the theory to a wide limit. No one is suffered in Prussia to go without an education. In many districts it is impossible to find a person who can not read and write. Yet it must be remembered that it is only since the beginning of the present century that Prussia has made its chief advance in education; that it was after the disasters and the shame of the Napoleonic invasion that the king, the queen Louisa, and the minister Stein renewed the public schools, emulated the zeal of Pestalozzi and Zeller, and forged that intellectual weapon which was to cleave the armor of their triumphant foes, for it is allowed that the common schools and their teachers have chiefly produced the unity and progress of the German race.

The idea of popular instruction was brought to the New World by our ancestors in the seventeenth century, and has here found its most appropriate home. Puritan, Hollander, Huguenots, and Scots or Scottish-Irish, they had seen that most of their sufferings and persecutions had sprung from ignorance and blind fanaticism. They had become in Europe the most intellectual and studious of its people, and, amidst the bleak forests of New England and the middle colonies, planted almost at their first landing the printing-press and the school. Knowledge they thought the proper cure for social evils. It was the school-master and the school-house, they believed, that could alone save them from sinking into barbarism, and revive a more than Attic refinement in the dismal wilderness. Massachusetts and Connecticut early passed laws that might seem severe even to our present conception of the duties and powers of the State. Every father of a family was obliged under a considerable penalty to see that his children were taught to read and write, and were instructed in the elements of morals and religion. The provision was apparently enforced, and it is possible that the people of New England in the seventeenth century were better educated than those of any European nation. In the present century Germany has outstripped Massachusetts. But the honorable race is still to be run, and it may be hoped that the next and all succeeding centuries will witness a generous strife among the nations which can do most to cultivate the popular intellect. As school-masters alone can legislators hope to be successful. Mental equality is the foundation of popular sovereignty, and we must conclude with the Greek philosopher that no political institutions can be made lasting without the cement of a common education.

In the American plan of education the national government has no further share than to give liberally from its public domain

[1] Plutarch, Numa, asserts that "the fair fabric of justice" raised by Numa passed away rapidly because it was not founded upon education. Education was the leading principle of the institutions of Zaleucus and Pythagoras. Plato in the Republic, Aristotle in his Politics, enforce the same conception.

[2] Renan, Averroes, chap. i., describes the flourishing literary condition of Spain under the Arabs. And Charlemagne perhaps emulated the free schools of Haroun-al-Raschid. See Eginhard, Vita Caroli Imp., c. 33.

[3] Luther said if he were not a preacher, he would be a teacher; and he thought the latter the more important office, since, he lamented, it was easier to form a new character than to correct one already depraved.

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to the State or Territorial schools, and by its Educational Department at Washington to collect and distribute important information.[1] Each State controls its schools in its own way, directs the course of education and the formation of the school-districts, sometimes prescribes what is to be taught, provides the way in which the school funds are to be raised, and governs by general laws. The local municipalities levy the school taxes and elect the school officers. These officers appoint the teachers and fix their salaries, build school-houses, govern and support the schools. Thus the people of each school-district choose their own school officers, and the schools are wholly under popular rule—the true source of their rapid growth and general excellence.

In no part of the Union has education been so carefully and assiduously cultivated as in New England, and nowhere have its results been so important and remarkable. Wealth, industry, and good order have followed in its train. Massachusetts, although its soil is sterile and its climate severe, maintains a larger population in proportion to its territory than any other State. All New England is prosperous beyond example; and it has ever been the custom of its chief statesmen to attribute this rapid progress and general activity to the common schools. Of the early New England teachers Ezekiel Cheever, almost in the dawn of its history, holds a conspicuous place. Cotton Mather compliments him as the civilizer of his country. He was a scholar, learned, accurate, judicious; a severe and unsparing master, tall, dignified, and stern. He taught in the middle of the seventeenth century in Connecticut, and was afterward transferred to Boston, where he died at ninety-four. He was the founder of schools, and three generations of intelligent men were formed by his careful hand. He gave the Latin school at Boston its early excellence, and his ardent labors as a school-master for seventy years justify Cotton Mather's unstinted praise. "Educated brain," we are told, "is the only commodity in which Massachusetts can compete with other States," and to its long line of eminent school-masters New England owes its wealth and progress. Yet it has only been by a slow and often doubtful toil that in its natural home American education has attained its final excellence. The wild new land before the Revolution was incapable of reaching more than the elements of knowledge. When it became free, its eminent men were all the firmest friends of education. The two Adamses and their associates in all the New England States felt that their labors in the cause of freedom were incomplete, and even useless, unless they could teach all the people the duties of good citizens. But even in Massachusetts until 1834 the common schools had been comparatively neglected, their means of support were insufficient, the teachers were often incompetent, the school-houses rude and inconvenient. But in New England the principle had always been admitted that it was the duty of the State to educate its children, and in 1834 a fund of $1,000,000 was raised in Massachusetts to aid the towns in their educational labors. From that time a steady progress has been observed not only in Massachusetts, but through all New England. Gifted and laborious educators have given their lives to the perfection of the common-school system. Mann, Barnard, and their able coadjutors have raised the New England States to a high rank among the communities that teach the people. A normal school was opened in 1839 at Lexington; Massachusetts has now six. Connecticut and Rhode Island have made equal progress. Yet it was only a few years ago that Connecticut still demanded *rates*, and that the school-houses of Rhode Island were still imperfect.[1] In some districts of New England poverty and the thinness of the population prevent the perfection of the system. In Madawaska, Maine, where the currency is in articles of trade, and the brief summer scarcely supplies the people with necessary food, they are aided by the generosity of their fellow-citizens and are wholly exempted from school taxes.

Massachusetts expends more money upon its schools than any other State in proportion to its population. Its teachers are better paid, its school buildings generally more complete, and its people more carefully instructed. Of 292,481 persons in the State between the ages of five and fifteen in 1873, the average attendance at school was 210,248, or more than seventy per cent.[2] The rate of attendance constantly increases, new schools are founded every year, new buildings provided, and the normal schools and colleges send out annually a succession of well-trained teachers. The whole population of Massachusetts is probably a million and a half. They laid out last year in the various expenses of the public schools $6,180,848 64, or about twenty-one dollars for each person of school age. A cheaper mode of education could in no way be devised. In private schools the cost of instructing as many children would be four or five fold, and the public schools of Massachusetts are already better than any pri-

[1] Theory of Education, Washington, 1874, p. 10, etc. The generosity of the general government to the public schools has never wavered, and but for its foresight and liberality they might never have spread so rapidly over the new Territories.

[1] The fine engravings of new school buildings that adorn the latest educational report from Connecticut are worthy of general study. In fact, all the educational reports of the various States are full of interest.

[2] Secretary's Report, 1873-74, p. 113.

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vate schools, or are rapidly becoming so. But even in Massachusetts a rigid compulsory law is plainly necessary. Its uneducated population give rise to three-fourths of its crime, and an influx of foreigners has already filled it with a dangerous, because uncultivated, class. Connecticut, which has recently set in action its compulsory law, is probably in advance of any other State in the rate of attendance.[1] It has long been a centre of manufactures and of inventive progress. Its wealth and influence increase rapidly, and its capitalists have discovered that the public school is the sure path to good morals and order among those who labor. Hence they encourage education, and press on the improvement of all the instruments of public teaching.

In New York the growth of the common-school system has been slow, and its advantages only reluctantly admitted. I shall review its progress briefly, since in no State has the struggle for victory been more laborious or the triumph of the friends of knowledge more complete.[2] There was always a desire for education prevalent among its people, even when they were no more than a band of trappers and traders, and an accomplished school-master was one of the earliest importations from the shores of Holland. The free school still exists, founded by the Reformed Dutch Church, in the city of New York, not long after Boston had been planted on its three mountains. The Dutch clergyman usually kept a school, and the Dutch immigrants were probably not altogether illiterate. But in the opening of the seventeenth century the idea of a common education for all the people was still a phantasm and a Utopian vision; it was scarcely thought possible, or even desirable, to teach the laboring classes or to raise a whole nation to an equality of knowledge. Through the colonial period, and for a long time after the Revolution, the people of New York possessed no means of education except a village school and an incompetent teacher, a college and a few classical seminaries, and its chief political leaders, as the State increased rapidly in wealth and population from 1787 to the close of the century, felt the pressing want of some method of general instruction.

George Clinton, Governor of New York in 1795, suggested and laid the foundation of its common schools. He was one of those discreet and rational intellects that had sustained his country through the Revolution with unchanging firmness, and had learned amidst its perils the value of mental progress. Like Washington, Jefferson, or Adams, he had discovered that an ignorant people could not be a free one; that the education of the wealthy class alone was fatal to human equality; and in his message to the Legislature of 1795, Clinton recommended to the people "the establishment of common schools throughout the State." It was a period when such a suggestion was so new and so surprising as to have little chance of general approval, and the conception of a State expending its revenues in teaching was scarcely heard of out of Saxony and Prussia. New England had in part developed the idea, but to the people of New York it was altogether novel. The State was poor, and still in its feeble infancy; the savages still occupied a large part of its domain west of Albany; its chief city was yet a small though rapidly advancing town; no great canal had joined the Hudson to the lakes, and the wealth of a continent had not yet found its natural outlet to the sea. But Clinton's suggestion was at once adopted by the intelligent Legislature, and a sum of $50,000 was set aside to be divided among the towns and counties in proportion to the number of their electors, and each county was required to raise by taxation a sum of money from every town equal to one-half the amount allowed by the State. Such was the foundation of the common-school system, and for a time it flourished with singular success. In 1798, in sixteen of the twenty-three counties, 1352 schools were already opened, and 59,660 children had received in them at least some share of the public tuition. But the limit of the appropriation expired in 1800, the schools were suffered to languish, and the system was practically abandoned.

Soon, however, two remarkable men took up the cause of education, and forced it upon the attention of the people. Jedediah Peck, of Otsego, a native of Connecticut, and Adam Comstock, of Saratoga, deserve to be remembered among the chief benefactors of New York. Peck was a plain uneducated farmer, a religious enthusiast, who exhorted and prayed with the families he visited; was modest, meek, diminutive in size, and almost repulsive in appearance; yet his active labors in the cause of knowledge show that he had not only cultivated himself, but was incessantly leading others. Comstock, not more highly educated, aided him with equal zeal. They asserted every where that freedom, morality, and religion could only be supported by general intelligence. They pressed their theme upon the Legislature and the people. Peck was anxious that a school fund should be provided,

[1] Connecticut attributes its inventive genius to the public schools established by its "fathers." See Report of the Commissioner of Education (Eaton), 1872, p. 47, and Connecticut Report of Board of Education, 1874. Of the effect of the compulsory law, says one school visitor, "In one of the largest villages I found the increase" (in attendance) "was sixty-seven per cent."

[2] Randall, Hist. Common Schools of New York. Boese, Hist. School System of the City of New York. New York State Reports. New York City Reports.

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like that of his native State, Connecticut, and he found a ready ally in Governor Clinton, who in 1802 again urged upon the Legislature the renewal of the common schools. But the people were no longer willing to be taxed for the diffusion of knowledge. Political troubles were impending, the State was poor, and all that the friends of education could obtain was a grant of the proceeds of certain lotteries, known as "Literature Lotteries," or the sales of the State lands, and three thousand shares of the capital of the Merchants' Bank of the city of New York, to found the nucleus of the common-school fund. Twice Mr. Peck's bill to authorize the towns to tax themselves for school purposes failed in the Legislature. But a strong impulse toward general education had now been awakened in England by the success of the Lancasterian system: the Dissenters, and chiefly the Methodists, had lent their influence to a new effort to teach the poorer classes, and the movement was already felt in the New World. The city of New York in 1805 founded its free-school society, and the Mayor, De Witt Clinton, with many other patriotic citizens, gave his aid to the cause of the popular education with valuable assiduity. The Lancasterian system was introduced, and the free schools made considerable progress. De Witt Clinton, whose sincere zeal for science, art, literature, and freedom has affected the prosperity of his native State more, perhaps, than any other cause, and who lived to prepare and perfect a great engineering work, which for that early period seems almost incredible, must also be ranked among the most eminent of the friends of the common schools. He was never weary of urging forward mental progress, and filling the minds of his contemporaries with the conception of a complete form of national education.

Peck, Comstock, and Clinton at last, after a brave contest against ignorance, were successful, and in 1812 a bill passed the Legislature of New York founding anew a common-school system that was to remain in action until 1842. A sum was given to every town for school purposes. The town was obliged to raise an equal amount by taxation. No district was to be left without its school-house, and no village without its teacher. The commissioners recommended the plan to the people by pointing to the necessary connection between knowledge and virtue, and by invoking the sacred name and authority of Washington. It was, in fact, in a period of singular gloom and public danger that the machinery of public education was first set in motion in New York. A barbarous war was raging on the frontier and over the seas; English cruisers swept the commerce of the republic from the ocean, and American privateers retaliated with more than common success. Poverty once more pressed upon the people. Yet in periods of public danger men see more clearly their true interests, and amidst the perils of war our ancestors founded the fairest of the fabrics of peace. Peck, Clinton, Comstock, were sustained by their fellow-citizens, and in 1813 Gideon Hawley became the superintendent of the common schools of New York. He was a young lawyer, active, intelligent, and cultivated in letters; and for eight years his energy and zeal kept alive the onward progress of education. Peace had returned; the vast resources of the State were slowly developed; the savages were removed from the interior counties; the famous wheat fields of the Mohawk and the Genesee rose into wonderful productiveness; a vast system of internal improvements was projected by Clinton that was to prove the source of boundless progress to the nation as well as the State. Yet the labors of the friends of education will probably outlive the material achievements of this busy period. And it is as educators that Hawley, Peck, and Clinton may be remembered in distant ages as the founders of the prosperity of New York.

The common schools advanced in general favor amidst much opposition. Hawley's vigorous hand kept them from falling into decay, as they had fallen in 1800. In 1819 there were already nearly 6000 school-districts, and it was estimated that almost 250,000 children had been placed upon their lists. In 1820, of 302,703 children of the proper age, 271,877 were taught in the schools. The number was still greater in 1821. Yet here the valuable labors of Gideon Hawley came to an end; a political opposition removed him from office, a person of inferior talent was put in his place, and thus New York repaid the services of its great benefactor by a cruel ingratitude. But the immense fabric which he had helped to rear could not now be torn down, and De Witt Clinton, the Governor of the State, resolutely pressed on the cause of education. The control of the schools was transferred to the Secretary of State, Yates, an intelligent and able man. The number of districts in 1822 was 7051, and 351,173, out of 357,000 children, had been taught during the year in the public schools. Joseph Lancaster visited the United States in 1818, and had been received by De Witt Clinton with signal interest, and his method of teaching was at that time the popular one; his presence at least gave new courage to the friends of knowledge, and the genius of Pestalozzi and the example of European educators were felt in New York. It was said that its education was even more general than that of Connecticut, which had a larger school fund, and where the common-school system had been longer in use.

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Yet the idea of a free and public education for all classes of the people, a common source for all of equality and union, had not yet been openly avowed, and the division of castes was still maintained in the public schools. Those children whose parents were too poor to pay the rates were called charity scholars; in some districts they seem not to have been admitted at all to the schools. The right of every child to a free and full education by the community was seldom allowed. It may well be supposed, too, that the instruments of education were at this early period in its course (1822) very imperfect and rude. The school-houses were often bare log-huts in the country, or narrow and pestilential rooms in the cities and towns; the teachers were uncultivated and incompetent; the school-books worthless and worn; the whole fabric of education a vast misshapen pile that needed the skill of a master-architect to found it securely. Such a man was De Witt Clinton. To no single intellect is New York so widely indebted for its progress, vigor, and refinement; and in every part of his native State some trace of Clinton's energy and foresight may be found. He had just completed the great canal which had tested for so many years his courage and endurance amidst ceaseless opposition and unsparing assaults; he had seen the waters of Lake Erie mingle with the Hudson; he had been every where the founder of libraries, colleges, academies of design, and centres of art; and now he had been chosen Governor by a spontaneous impulse of a grateful people. One of his latest labors was to perfect the public schools. He urged (1826) the founding of schools for teachers, the extension of the course of study, the creation of school libraries, the increase of teachers' salaries, careful inspection, the higher education of women. None of those improvements that have since been adopted seem to have escaped his clear perception; and he founded all his projects upon a single principle. "I consider," he said, "the system of our common schools the palladium of our freedom."

Not long after, Clinton died suddenly. But his ideas live among us, and his successors have seldom shown any indifference to the cause of popular education. The statesmen of all parties have united in advancing the popular intellect. Spencer, Marcy, Dix, Flagg, aided in the organization of that immense scheme of public instruction which has ruled the fortunes of the State, and successfully resisted the assaults of various foes. In 1832 there were 9690 school-districts, and 514,475 children had been taught in the public schools. Only about ten thousand of the school age seem to have lost the advantages of education. But in the city of New York the extraordinary growth of the foreign population now began to lead to a struggle that was to rise into singular importance. For many years Ireland had poured out its excess of population upon New York, and the Irish immigrants had at first seemed willing and even eager to become thoroughly American and republican. They sent their children to the public schools, and were liberal and patriotic in politics. But unhappily a less discreet policy was advocated by their priests, who founded a number of private schools, and required that they should be supported by a donation from the public funds. The Irish population do not seem to have followed their guidance implicitly, and have always profited largely from the system of common schools. But Bishop Hughes urged on the sectarian contest with unyielding rigor, his priests and many of his people followed him, and already in 1840 that violent struggle had begun which seems fated to extend throughout the whole Union wherever the indiscreet counsels of the papacy can drive its Church into an opposition to the civil administration.

The question was whether the public schools should be converted into a series of sectarian institutions, whether each sect should have its own schools, whether the Bible should at least be excluded from the public teaching, or whether the common schools should resemble the government under which they had grown up, and take notice of no difference of religious or secular opinion. In the one case they must be remodeled upon the plan pursued in Europe; in the other, they must remain wholly American. In one, separate churches or sects would be recognized and maintained by our government; and in the other, the sects would be held in complete obedience to the civil law. The question was debated with earnestness. A single sect alone demanded a change in the principle of free education, and even of that one many of the most intelligent members were satisfied with the equity and liberality of the American system, and the common schools have retained their unsectarian character in spite of the ceaseless and often dangerous assaults of their foes. Still more important advances were now made in the material and nature of public instruction. From 1842 the system rose rapidly to a completeness which had scarcely been looked for. The cultivated zeal of the Hon. Horace Mann, from Massachusetts, lent new ideas and a fresh impulse to education in New York; and at a distinguished convention of superintendents and others, held at Utica in 1842, the various topics of the important theme were discussed with fresh animation. It was shown from recent statistics that crime decreased with the advance of education, and that the more perfect the schools, the less costly would be the prisons and the alms-

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houses. It was shown that knowledge should be free to all the people, and that all the people should, if possible, be educated in the same schools. The defects of the common schools were pointed out—their imperfect buildings, uncultivated teachers, worthless books. Emerson, from Massachusetts, told of the value of the normal school which had been established in his own State, and showed that the teacher should be the highest and most cultivated of his contemporaries. Horace Mann enlarged with all the eloquence of his intellect upon the grandeur of the work in which they were engaged. And from the convention of 1842 education began to assume a more scientific form among us and to penetrate more deeply among the people.

A normal school was now (1844) established at Albany, the first of those excellent institutions which have raised our public teachers to a high standard, and which seem capable of being made the source of a great moral advance. The aim of the normal school is to produce a perfect teacher, to soften the manners, refine the taste, and cultivate the faculties of those intrusted with the care of children. Time has proved their usefulness, and may raise them to a still higher excellence. It is not impossible that our normal schools may at last educate our professors, and produce our most active men of letters. District libraries began now to be improved and widely extended, teachers' institutes were formed, the fabric of education was enlarged and amended; but the system was still in its infancy, and the principle of a common education provided by the state, and possibly enforced by it, had not yet become familiar to the people. The school-houses were still, in many districts, painfully rude; of 7000 only 2000 had more than one apartment, and in some counties they were wholly unfit for scholastic purposes. Instead of being the finest and most imposing building in every town and village, the school-house was often one of the rudest and least convenient. In many counties the school rates were still exacted, and parents refused to send their children to schools where they were looked down upon by their wealthier neighbors. The principle of free education had not yet been admitted in New York; and when the friends of education pressed upon the State Convention of 1845 the duty of the Legislature to provide for the instruction of the community by a general taxation, the motion was defeated, and the system of charity schools was maintained for another twenty years. It was not until the rebellion and the disasters of the civil war had forced men to see more clearly their own interests that an efficient and universal system of common schools was extended over the State.

For fifty years the idea of public education had been slowly unfolding itself in New York. The finest intellects of the State had been employed upon its development; from Peck and Clinton to Dix, Spencer, Seward, Young, Flagg, Greeley, Morgan, an endless array of accomplished citizens had joined in the school conventions, and lent aid to the growth of the intellect. Already in 1845 the Hon. Horace Mann could say, "The great State of New York, by means of her county superintendents, State Normal School, and otherwise, is carrying forward the work of public education more rapidly than any other State in the Union or any other country in the world." And the Hon. Henry Barnard, of Connecticut, thought its system superior in many particulars to any other he knew of. But the county superintendents were abolished in 1847, and the common schools began at once to decline. Their enemies were active, and a violent struggle arose upon the question of free education. A free-school act was passed in 1849, yet still clogged by rate bills and assessments. In many instances in the country wealthy property owners refused to be taxed for education. The free schools were assailed with new energy by their opponents, and the Roman Catholic editors demanded the repeal of the free-school law. They required the schools "to be subject to the clergy;" otherwise, said their leading paper, they will be "a source of demoralization and public nuisances." A large party joined the opposition to the schools. But the people rose in their defense. Fish, Hunt, Phelps, Wool, Nott, Greeley, and a throng of able men led the party of education. The elections of 1850 decided the question in their favor, and in 1851 the principle that the State must educate all its children was sanctioned in theory by the popular vote.

Meantime—for I must pass rapidly over the history of this great struggle of the intellect—within the next ten years the school-houses grew into convenient and costly buildings, supplied with all the requirements of careful tuition. The normal school gave out a succession of intelligent teachers. In 1861 there were 11,400 school-districts and 872,854 pupils; but it was noticed that the school libraries were neglected, and the books often wasted and destroyed. One normal school was not sufficient to supply with teachers ten thousand schools, and the odious rates were still exacted. The war came, and the graduates of the common schools were found among the foremost defenders of the Union; and amidst the terrors of a civil convulsion, roused by heroic ideas, the people of the State in 1862 threw off forever all the lingering prejudices of the past, and declared education free to all as the light of heaven. The common-school idea was adopted in all its limitless expansion, and the State proclaimed itself the mental

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parent of all its children. The people admitted that they had no higher duty than to see that no one should live among them without an education; but it was some time before they could learn that ignorance was a crime against society. From the declaration of the principle of universal public instruction the schools of New York have flourished in the midst of a thousand foes. The great influx of uneducated foreigners has exposed them to a mass of hostile voters. They have been assailed by secular and clerical influences, and have sometimes suffered from indifference and neglect. But the abolition of the rates and the improvement of the system have drawn in a growing throng of pupils, and already in 1869, 1,161,155 children had been taught in the normal schools, academies, colleges, and private schools of the State, and, what was somewhat disheartening to the friends of education, 300,000 between the ages of five and twenty-one had attended no school at all. An ominous cloud of ignorance had gathered under the very shadow of the common schools.

A compulsory law, passed by the Legislature of 1874, has completed, at least in theory, the public-school system of New York; and it is probable that succeeding generations will see nearly all their children gathered in the school-house and the academy. Nor does any where a more effective and imposing machinery for general education exist, nor does any community expend its money more bountifully upon the elevation of the popular intellect. New York gives $11,000,000 annually to public instruction. A free college in the city of New York is filled with the best students of the public schools. A fine normal school for female teachers adorns the metropolis; and in every part of the State the normal colleges produce every year a great number of accomplished instructors. The school-houses in the cities are often palaces of education, filled with the latest improvements in the art of teaching. The teachers' salaries are slowly advancing; the reputation of the profession rises with the higher cultivation of its members. Yet it must still be allowed that some errors have crept into the system, and possibly the whole theory of education may yet be in its infancy. The school-houses in the country districts are too often imperfect, unadorned, and rude. They should always be centres of taste, comfort, and convenience. In the city schools too many branches of knowledge are taught at once. It would be wiser to perfect each scholar in the simpler elements. If religion can not be taught in the schools, the moral nature should be especially instructed, and no pupil should leave the public care without having acquired the conception of kindness, gentleness, modesty, as well as mental power. In this the example of the teacher is the chief guide, and the highest literary culture and the purest characters should alone be suffered to form the dispositions of the young. Republican simplicity should be inculcated from the cradle—a contempt for European follies and the glitter and display of foreign barbarism. It may be hoped, too, that, through special schools, trades, industry, and all branches of labor will form at last a part of the education of every American.

Pennsylvania, like New York, has passed through a long struggle to reach its present educational advantages. It has also adopted the common-school system in its widest limit.[1] Its school property is of great value; it expends more than $8,000,000 annually upon its schools; it has no general school fund, and derives all its school moneys from taxation. It has seven State normal schools and a great number of excellent technical schools and private colleges. This wonderful community, enriched by the boundless gifts of nature, is also one of the most widely educated. The spirit of Franklin has ever filled it with mental activity. New Jersey is already emulating Pennsylvania and New York. Its common schools are fast rising in excellence. The four Middle States (for even Delaware has shown marks of progress) have already joined in a generous enthusiasm for knowledge.

But if we turn to the Southern portion of the Union, the prospect is less encouraging. It is not that the first settlers of the South were less intelligent or cultivated than those of the North. Some of them were Huguenots, learned, thoughtful, heroic in their devotion to their faith; some were Scottish-Irish; some Quakers, or Friends. The most intellectual races of Europe were represented on our Southern coasts. And after the Revolution, Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Lowndes, Gadsden, and Rutledge would have held it their noblest mission to spread knowledge among the people. But slavery intervened. The great designs of Jefferson and Gadsden were never to be perfected. With slavery a notion grew up that knowledge was only the privilege of the ruling class, and that tradesmen, mechanics, and slaves were better left in ignorance. While the Northern States seized upon the mighty engine of education to win ease and industrial progress, the Southern States suffered their free schools to perish, and even for their higher education looked to the North or to Europe. The rebellion threw open the South to a new intellectual movement; a system of common schools has been introduced into every Southern State; the colored and even the white laborers of the South are said to be anxious to make use of

[1] Pennsylvania Report, 1873, p. 12. Only one district, a small one, was without its common schools in a population of 4,000,000. Pennsylvania has adopted the system of free education in its widest extent.

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this opportunity to raise themselves by an intelligent education to the condition of men. Yet we are told by the report of the Commissioner of Education that the common schools are not favored by an influential class of the people. They seem to languish in most of the Southern States.[1] The condition of the Southern people is one of extreme ignorance. Of the 5,643,534 persons in the Union wholly "illiterate," 4,117,589 are found in the Southern States. Of course these "illiterates" are nearly all native born. The subject is one that may well employ all the intelligence and observation of the South, for it is education alone that can give good order and prosperity to its people. Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky are already laboring to provide a general and effective system of instruction. It is certain that the extension of common schools over the whole South and a general education of its people would double the value of its lands, and foster more than any thing else foreign immigration.

But if the common-school system has been forced to make its way slowly against the opposition of caste and sectarianism in the North and East, and was nearly banished from the South by the long prevalence of slavery, in the new States and Territories of the West and the Pacific coast it has won an almost immediate popularity.[2] Here among the settlers of the wilderness its value was at once perceived. The schoolhouse, the church, the newspaper, telegraph, and railway have grown up together. Nowhere has the American plan of education been found so perfectly suited to the wants of a progressive people. Nowhere were ever such vast and complete educational systems so rapidly perfected as in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, or in the newer States of Minnesota and Iowa. Through all this wide, populous, and productive territory, the granary of half the world, caste and sectarianism have been laid aside forever; by a spontaneous movement of the people education has been made free to all; such great sums are lavished upon the teachers and their schools as naturally startle our European contemporaries, and the money of the people, which in Europe has been expended usually upon priests and kings, has here been devoted to the cultivation of those who earned it. Ohio spends nearly ten millions of dollars annually upon its public schools, Indiana and Illinois together a sum not much less. The fair, convenient, primary school house shines out upon the prairie and in the forest; the higher school houses of Chicago or Cincinnati are unsurpassed in New York or Boston; the science of teaching is carefully studied in a host of teachers' institutes, and with republican liberality the West and the great Northwest care for all their children.[1] This remarkable enthusiasm for education penetrates all the nation; it has become the distinguishing principle of American progress.[2] In the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and in the midst of the gold and silver bearing peaks of Arizona and Colorado, the free school is the sentinel of civilization. In Tucson or Denver the love of knowledge has survived the prevalence of what is usually thought the stronger passion, and the cities of the miners are seldom without their public school. The most splendid of our high school buildings is said to be that of Omaha, seated on a lofty bluff over the Missouri. California has produced a system of education so complete and valuable as may well serve as a model for all older communities; its teachers are made examples of propriety and tenderness, its scholars are taught integrity and moral excellence; sectarianism and caste are forbidden to divide the people, and the prosperous State is already feeling in all its industrial pursuits the happy influence of the common school.

Thus the American system of education pervades and covers every section of the Union. By the spontaneous impulse of the people it has been made the foundation of our political institutions. It has grown up with little direction from the general government. It has flourished in the cities and in the wilderness; it spreads its golden links from ocean to ocean, and holds in its embrace the destinies of the republic. A few statistics will show how immense is its influence and how important its results. By the census of 1870 it appears that an army of nearly 200,000 teachers conduct the public schools of the Union; of these, 109,000 are females. The number of schools was 125,000, and has no doubt largely increased. Fifty-eight millions of dollars[3] were raised in 1870 by taxation to educate the people—a sum nearly as great as the annual cost of a European army. There are also endowments and other sources of revenue, making the whole amount spent upon the common schools $64,000,000. The number of pupils in 1870 was more than 6,000,000. Thus the annual cost of each scholar enrolled was

[1] So in Georgia they were closed in 1872. Report of the Commissioner of Education (Eaton), 1873, p. 69. And in Texas in 1873 they were "abolished," and have scarcely been re-established.

[2] Yet even in the Western States the labors of a series of patriotic men alone have saved the common school and university funds, and made education free. See Tenbrook, American State Universities, p. 141, and p. 118–120.

[1] In all these States a sectarian party exists, but the majority favor free education.

[2] See Ed. Report, 1873. Minnesota and Iowa are filled with the educational spirit.

[3] These figures must now (1875) be largely increased, and it is probable that $70,000,000 yearly are raised for school purposes by taxation alone, and the number educated has risen in proportion.

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apparently only about ten dollars. Many of these pupils have attended only for a few months at the schools, others have been irregular and inattentive. Yet the fact that 6,000,000 children were brought under the control of the common-school system in one year, and learned some, at least, of the proprieties of life, is sufficient to show its immense influence upon the young; and it may be estimated that at least half the number were thoroughly instructed in the common branches of knowledge.

When we look over the returns of our illiterate population, of the great mass of ignorance that has grown up at the side of the common schools, we might at first conclude that our popular system of education had wholly failed. Few civilized countries present a more lamentable scene of intense and almost savage dullness. Our illiterate population over ten years of age numbers 5,600,000. And an unfriendly critic, the *London Quarterly Review*, April, 1875, seizes upon this singular contrast as a ground of attack upon the American system of teaching. Yet the assault fails wholly. The great mass of our illiterates are in the former slave territory, where the common schools were never suffered to come, and where a large part of the people were forbidden by law to learn even to read and write. Slavery has produced more than 4,000,000 of our illiterates.[1] Of the remainder, who live in the Northern and Western sections of the Union, one-half are due to the neglect of England to educate its poorer classes. Our German immigrants are nearly all well educated. The English and Irish can seldom read or write. Of the 1,300,000 illiterates in the Northern States, 665,000 are foreign born, and they come chiefly from Great Britain. Thus, excluding the former slave territory, we have only 690,000 native-born illiterates, and of these a large number are the children, no doubt, of foreign parents. If we allow 500,000 as the number of native-born Americans who have escaped the influence of the common schools, we shall not possibly fail in liberality. The people of the Free States number at least 26,000,000. Only one person out of fifty, therefore, among us has been untouched by the influence of the public school. Reaching over the wild wastes of the new States and the thick crowds of our cities, the common-school system, often imperfect and rude, has been almost as thorough and effective as the older systems of Germany and Holland.

Wherever it extends, crime diminishes, the morals of the community improve, and taste and culture flourish even in the wilderness. An absurd charge is sometimes raised against the public schools that they are "godless and immoral." Some recent statistics taken in Massachusetts show that eighty per cent. of its crime is committed by persons who have had no education, or a very imperfect one, that a still larger proportion have learned no trade, and that not far from seventy-five per cent. of its criminals are of foreign birth;[1] intemperance, the natural resource of ignorance, is the parent of the greater part of this crime, and ninety-five per cent. of it is hereditary, transmitted from depraved and uncultivated homes. A similar condition of things exists in New York and the Western States. If all the children of the community could be well educated and taught productive trades, crime would be diminished by more than one-half; and so effective already have been our common schools that they have reduced the criminal class among the native population to a small figure, and secured the peace of society. The reports show that uneducated foreigners produce three-fourths of the crime and pauperism of our large cities. It is plain that the money expended upon the public schools is not laid out in vain. The seventy millions we give annually to education is the wisest outlay a nation ever entered upon.

The influence of the common schools penetrates through all our social system, teaches equality and republican principles, offers the elements of commercial knowledge, and creates the reading public. The press plainly lives in the rapid progress of the teacher. Our common schools have produced a throng of readers, such as was never known before—countless, bountiful, and never satisfied. The periodicals and newspapers printed in the United States very nearly equal those of all the rest of the educated world. In 1870 it was estimated that 7642 were published in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and in our own country 5871.[2] Since that time our publications have increased, it is supposed, nearly to an equality with those of all the world besides, and our forty millions of people read as much as all the rest of the hundreds of millions upon the same globe who can read at all. To our free institutions much of this inquisitive spirit is due; but to the common-school system we owe the capacity of gratifying our curiosity and cultivating a general knowledge of the condition of our fellowmen. It is estimated that the number of copies of newspapers and periodicals printed in Great Britain in 1870 was 350,000,000,

[1] Compendium of the Ninth Census, p. 456, and Report of the Commissioner of Education (Eaton), 1872. In 1870, of 28,238,941 persons of age to read and write, more than one-fifth were illiterate.

[1] Report of the Commissioner of Education (Eaton), 1871, p. 549. Rep., 1872, p. 589. Rep., 1873, p. 173. Of 102,855 criminals in England only 4297 could read and write well; only 206 had had a "superior" education.

[2] Hudson, Journalism in America, p. 773, 774.

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and an equal number in France.[1] The census returns show that in the same year 1,500,000,000 copies were printed in the United States. Our readers consume and pay for a periodical literature twice as great as that of the two populous centres of European civilization; and the census reports show how closely the progress of a demand for newspapers is connected with the advance of the common schools. Where there are no public schools, there are no newspapers; where the teacher leads the way, the press follows. In uneducated Georgia, for example,[2] with a population of nearly 1,200,000, there are only 123 newspapers and periodicals; in Massachusetts, with a population of nearly 1,500,000, there are 280. The circulation of the newspapers of Georgia is 14,447,388; of Massachusetts, 107,691,952. In educated Ohio the annual circulation was, in 1870, 93,000,000 in a population of 2,662,681. In uneducated Texas, fivefold as large as Ohio, with a population of 885,000, the circulation was 5,813,432. Only seven copies of a newspaper are printed yearly in Texas for each inhabitant; in Ohio, 35; in Massachusetts, 74; in New York, 113; in Pennsylvania, 67. The total number of publications in North Carolina, we are told, would allow only one paper to each inhabitant every three months;[3] New York prints 113 copies a year for each of its people.

California stands next in this proportion, and allows eighty-three copies a year to each inhabitant. Its people probably consume at home more newspapers in proportion to their numbers than any part of the world—a proof that the emigrants to the Golden State have been well educated, and their common schools effective. It would, indeed, be ungenerous to pursue further this contrast between the literature and intelligence of the different portions of our country. Temporary obstacles have divided us in this particular. We may reasonably trust that the common schools will win at last an equal victory and control in every section of the Union.

These two great intellectual agents, the schools and the press, indissolubly united, have produced the physical progress of the country. They have built railways, canals, steamers, telegraphs. Our people converse with each other through their newspapers, and hold their consultations in open day. Publicity has become a part of our national life. Like the Roman patriot who desired all his acts to be seen and known by his countrymen, we throw open all our doors and windows to the public. All is activity with us, curiosity, and vigilance. It would be quite impossible, indeed, to trace in a few pages the achievements of the common schools. They have extended the duration of human life among us,[1] checked disease, cultivated cleanliness, founded new States, planted cities, indicated the sites of future capitals. The publisher finds the purchasers of his books in their graduates, the merchant and manufacturer depend upon their silent energy, the churches are filled with their pupils, and the lecture-rooms gratify the curiosity excited in their midst. Millions of active intellects, the offspring of the public schools, listen to the sweet strains of Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier, muse with Bancroft on the thrilling exploits of freedom, or wait to hail the new bard and the rising thinker, whether he comes from the Sierras of Nevada or the crowded cities of the East.

That the common-school system is still imperfect no one can doubt: it is a vast machine, whose various parts are capable of ceaseless improvements. Truancy prevails to a great degree, and can only be removed by a general compulsory law. The teachers in many parts of the country are themselves imperfectly trained, their salaries are often miserably low. Men have not yet learned that it is cheaper and safer to build school-houses than ships and forts, and that good schools are always profitable. But the idea is rapidly spreading, and it can not be long before our school-houses will be every where models of neatness, and our teachers at least as well paid as our judges or constables. In one direction the system is destined to make an extraordinary advance. The plan of technical and industrial instruction is already beginning to make great progress among our educators. It has long been found in Europe that the elements of a trade could be rapidly acquired in childhood. Germany, Austria, and Belgium have all their industrial schools, where manufacturing, masonry, building, carpentering, engineering, are taught practically, and where young men, while they study history and geography, may also learn a trade.[2] The educated artisans of Germany already surpass those of all other countries. If we wish to preserve our equality with the European workman, we must turn the vast powers of the common schools to industrial instruction. Already the subject has met with careful attention among us. Schools of science have long been in use, but they scarce-

[1] Hudson, p. 774.

[2] Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1871, p. 561–563. See Compendium of the Ninth Census, p. 510.

[3] Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1871, p. 559.

[1] So Haushoffer, Statistik, p. 200. Wo die Civilization die grössten Fortschritte macht, beobachtet man auch die grösste Abnahme der Sterblichkeit. We want more careful statistics on this nice point, as on many others.

[2] J. W. Hoyt, Report on Education, 1870, p. 118–127, notices the "building schools," agricultural, commercial, etc., of the Continent. Lace-making, clock-making, and all the arts are taught.

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ly reach the industrial classes. In 1862 Congress gave a liberal endowment of land to each State to establish these schools of labor.[1] New York received 990,000 acres, Ohio 630,000, and every State its share, proportioned to its population. Various excellent institutions have been founded. Illinois has a flourishing industrial university. Michigan led the way in opening these schools.[2] Nearly all the States have employed the national gift in some useful manner. But the chief problem of our future educators will no doubt be how to make every common school the means of spreading a knowledge of the arts, and to join invariably with every education some useful pursuit. There is no reason why our working classes should not also be our most highly educated classes, the most intelligent, the most refined. What the republic requires is the healthy mind in the healthy body; and regular physical labor should always be joined with mental. To unite these conditions in our national education will no doubt be more than ever the aim of the teacher. Gymnastic sports are useful; riding, leaping, rowing, are not to be neglected;[3] but labor on the farm, in the factory, with the mason or the mechanic, will prove of signal value in producing health of mind and body, and the experience of foreign schools shows that children learn with eagerness and pleasure the elements of all industrial pursuits. Every child must at last be taught some useful trade.

In the higher grades of education our system is capable of a wide improvement. Our method of grading the schools is every where imperfect. Mr. Matthew Arnold presents an attractive picture of the organization of the higher schools of Prussia.[4] Step by step they rise from the primary schools, through a course of instruction suited to every pursuit in life, until they blend with the Berlin University, the most perfect, it is supposed, of all the means of intellectual improvement.[5] The gymnasia, pro-gymnasia, real schools, and upper burgher schools afford instruction for the merchant and the scholar. The gymnasia prepare the students for the university, the real schools for other pursuits. In the latter the modern languages take the place of the ancient. The thoroughness of the Prussian system is due to the strictness of the examinations, the regular promotion from grade to grade, the necessity of a university degree to the acquisition of a profession: and it is certain that our own schools may well borrow the strictness of the Prussian. No one should be permitted to take what is called a "degree" without proper preparation. To win a degree should be made an object of real value and interest. It should be part of the duty of government, if it assumes the charge of our national education, to see that it is well done, to enforce thoroughness, and provide for an adequate return for its outlay; and this in Prussia is secured by a system of rigorous examinations.

It is somewhat mortifying to be assured that, after all our generous outlay upon our common schools, we are still surpassed in some particulars by the Europeans, and that even our costly school buildings in Boston and New York are excelled by those of Berlin, Vienna, and London.[1] The village schoolhouses of Switzerland are said to be unequaled in grace and simplicity. They are surrounded by gardens or play-grounds, and imbedded in flowers. In London, where land is cheap, a large play-ground is provided for the children; and several of its new school-houses are so convenient and admirable that they may instruct even our most successful builders. And of the foreign teachers, especially those of Germany, we are told that they are graduates of a university, acquainted with the whole range of letters and science, and carefully instructed in the art of teaching; that they have given themselves to their profession from early youth with ardor, and improve each year by active practice. They form a dignified community of state officials. They have usually, at least in the higher grades, adequate salaries, and a pension in sickness or old age. In Holland the teachers have already become the most respectable class in the community; and in Prussia their value is allowed by a most intelligent government. Yet we can have no doubt that many of our American teachers already equal in attainments even those of Holland, and that our great army of instructors is rapidly improving in discipline and skill. Our teachers are already often the purest and wisest part of our people. When their profession is made a safe and profitable one they will seldom leave it. Our best teachers already give their whole lives to their pursuit, and it is chiefly those who are badly paid who seek some other means of living. It must be the aim of our system to make the teacher's employment permanent.

The tendency of American education is

[1] See Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1871, p. 425.

[2] See a careful account of the Western higher schools, Tenbrook, American State Universities.

[3] In London even swimming is taught to a part of the school-children.

[4] Higher Schools and Universities in Germany, p. 7. "I believe," he says (p. 44), "that the public schools are preferred in Prussia on their merits," etc. This feeling must also become prevalent with us.

[5] "The most distinguished and influential university in the world," says Mr. Hoyt. Report, p. 349.

[1] Massachusetts Report, 1873-74, p. 35. Mr. Philbrick's criticism is just, but I fear his notion of the happy condition of the European teacher is not well founded. In Prussia the primary teachers are badly paid.

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evidently to constant and valuable progress. Our schools and teachers are far better than they were ten or twenty years ago. Our school buildings are finer and more complete, in general, than those of any European nation, except, perhaps, Switzerland and a part of Germany.[1] Of infinite grace and variety, these palaces and cottages of education adorn all our land. Normal schools are springing up in all the States with singular rapidity; practical learning is making constant advances among us. We have already discovered the defects of our system, and are laboring to amend them. But the question is already presented to us whether the national government should not provide for the common welfare by insisting upon the general education of the vast mass of our illiterates. In the instance of the colored people, it seems a duty imposed upon the nation to educate them all; and the immense influx of uncultivated foreigners and the large body of uneducated whites at the South demand some immediate remedy for a pressing danger. The safety of the government requires that it should enforce and support every where popular instruction. Where a State fails to educate its people, the national government has plainly a right to interfere, and a general system of public instruction might be formed which would enforce every where thorough and practical teaching, uniformity in study, and mental equality throughout the nation. Our colleges and universities must finally form a part of the national system, and offer a free education in the highest branches to every intelligent citizen.

The extraordinary cheapness of the American school system,[2] its effectiveness, its admirable influence upon morals and public order, its equity and liberality, have been proved in every part of the Union, and, like a prudent family, the nation educates its children in common. The chief excellence of our system is that it teaches pure republicanism. In private schools and colleges the principle of human equality upon which our country leans for safety is sometimes forgotten. Foreign impulses, frivolities, fashions, barbarisms, may at times corrupt our youth, and reach even the pulpit and the press. But the public schools bravely repel the wave of European reaction, and are founded upon the immutable principles of 1776. In the public schools Samuel and John Adams, Jefferson, Washington, and Franklin speak to us with the fresh ardor of the dawn of freedom, inculcate a rising humanity, and demand for their new republic a plain advance over the savage blindness of the past. So long as our public schools flourish, the country is safe. So long as American ideas are taught by accomplished and patriotic teachers to each new generation, the republic will ever live. When falls the common-school system, freedom perishes and reason dies. Possessed of this admirable instrument, we may teach with irresistible clearness the principles of 1776, and the second century of the republic may witness a rapid growth of knowledge among us unequaled among nations.

NEW YORK. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[1] A great mass of information may be found in the reports of Mr. Eaton, the National Commissioner of Education, and the value of his bureau is already apparent. It has spread many striking facts.

[2] The elegance and convenience of such buildings as the Worcester High School, the Omaha palace, with its Mansard-roof and graceful spires, the New York Normal School, or the infinite series of magnificent school buildings reaching from ocean to ocean, would scarcely seem to admit of the idea of cheapness, yet the cost of a single Versailles or Blenheim would surpass all that we have laid out thus far on schoolhouses.

THE LOVER'S PROPHECY.

THEY sat on the beach till the tide was full
And the fishing boats returned,
And looked where the breakers were white as wool,
Where the light-house beacon burned.

"To-morrow," he said—"to-morrow I'll be
Sailing beyond the bar,
Out on the sad and desolate sea,
Beyond reach of that lonesome star.

"The wind shall beckon and be my friend—
Blow, merry breezes, blow!—
But through life and death, and unto the end,
You are mine in spite of your 'No!'

"You shall wake at night from a dream of delight
And list to the breakers' tone,
Where you'll seem to hear a voice once dear
Imploring again for its own.

"You shall start with fright at the fall of night
As you walk—not alone—on the sand,
Should a heedless wave disclose a grave
There at your feet where you stand.

"Living or dead, here be it said—
'Tis so hard to do without you—
You shall see my sad face in every place,
You shall feel my presence about you.

"By the fireside's blaze in the long summer days
You'll be never again alone,
For I shall inherit, in body or spirit,
The heart that you call your own."

A year had passed, when his ship at last
Discharged its motley crew,
And the color came to her cheeks in a flame
When she thought what a year could do.

She stole to the shore at dusk, or before
The stars were large in the sky,
And cried, "Oh, my own, I am waiting alone!"
In answer there came—a sigh!

He stood before her, her true adorer,
One instant, only one;
But that moment's bliss was enough for this—
It told what a year had done!

White and wan as the sky at dawn,
Like a trembling mist, I ween;
He seemed to be but a breath of the sea,
Through which the stars could be seen.

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LEGISLATIVE HUMORS.

PART II.

BY THE HON. S. S. COX.

"Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough;
....but pray thee take pains
To allay with some drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit."

SHAKSPEARE.

HOW are we to test the flavor of humor? No brackets in the *Globe*, as [*laughter*], will help the article if it be adulterated or poor. Perhaps this was Mr. Speaker Blaine's reason for forbidding in the last Congress the insertion of these odd notes of risibility and admiration! And yet there are remarks frequently appearing in the reports utterly senseless without the significant parenthesis, as there have been humorously reported remarks utterly dull without hearing them or seeing their utterer. This is especially so when irony is used. A genial and rich old gentleman from Massachusetts, now deceased, touched the uproarious chord on the salary question. He had deposited his back pay in a bank, fell grievously sick, and, while ill, sent for his clerk. "Here! put this amount to the credit of the United States." "Now," said he, "here comes the sequel: I began to get better [*roars of laughter*], and let the money lie—where it is now!" This is another form of the story of the sick and well devil. When he reached in his remarks the cost of living in Washington, he made the climax of fun by exclaiming, "Let the farmers come here with their families and stay a fortnight, and my word for it, they will feel it down here [*slapping his pockets, amidst great laughter*]." If the report had stopped before the brackets, and unless the manner of the speaker were known, the cause of this immoderate laughter would be unknown.

Laughter is not, however, always the sign of humor. Thackeray tells of a person who produced laughter by cultivating stammering, with no expenditure of genius. So in public debate the only way to account for certain laughs is to know the tone and manner of the debater. His mere language and thought fail to reproduce the sense of the humorous.

In deciding upon this deliberative fun we can not, therefore, rely altogether on the printed reports, nor be certain of its genuineness by the laugh which follows. It can only be tested by its intrinsic quality.

The humor of legislation is collective as well as individual. My division for this paper is that of

I.—COLLECTIVE HUMOR.

The body of the House laughs as such. It is not the tongue of the talker always that makes the fun for the body. The body may laugh *sua sponte* at the talker as well as with him. It makes its own fun in a gregarious way, as geese may be said to cackle in concert, or as one animal of the menagerie may be said to arouse a discordant concordance of harmonious dissonance! As in the human body, so in a legislative body, it is not the *chordæ vocales*, nor the facial muscles, nor the head, which enjoys, but the whole frame, from the topmost exultant hair to the swelling diaphragm, heels, legs, eyes, all in one paroxysm of jubilation. It is not alone because the fun is contagious, but because all parts of the body are in a consentaneous roar. On some days the whole House, with its Speaker and officers, messengers and pages, is ill-natured. On other days it is as good-tempered as if on a holiday excursion. This is to be representative. We get this from our changeable climate, if not from our English cousins.

It is a part of the rule of the English Parliament to yawn, scream, shuffle, cough, howl, and break a member down, if he is not liked, or if the House is impatient for a division. It is no fiction that Dr. Warren relates when he says that Tittlebat Titmouse broke down a ministry by an inopportune "cock-a-doodle-doo." Will it be believed, ye who stickle for the leaden gravities of debate, that there is a rule in the American Congress, to be found in Barclay's *Digest*, allowing considerable license for the hilarious felicities of debate, and for that fancy which Hobbes thinks "pleases by extravagancy?"

On the 15th of September, 1837, Jefferson's *Manual* was adopted in so far as applicable, and in it (Barclay, 79) it is said that "no one is to disturb another in his speech by hissing, coughing, or spitting!" Ample authorities are quoted on this head. "Nevertheless," it is further said, "if a member finds that it is not the inclination of the House to hear him, and that by conversation or any other noise it endeavors to drown his voice, it is his most prudent way to submit to the pleasure of the House and sit down; for it scarcely ever happens that members are guilty of this piece of ill manners without sufficient reason, or inattentive to a member who says any thing worth their hearing" (2 Hats., 77, 78). This is quite consoling to the vanity of the majority of our public debaters.

Is the practice under this rule obsolete in England? and how far do we practice it in Congress? To answer this we touch the key of much of our collective fun.

Dr. Kenealy appears in Parliament with his green bag and umbrella. He is the pariah of Parliament, representing simply an impostor and the old bigotry of "no bloody popery." Is that noble body disturbed by his presence under this rule? One would

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think so, to read the accounts. But generally, as in Congress, so in Parliament, members listen with great good temper to a maiden effort. The nervous are put at ease and the diffident encouraged. But impudence and bumptiousness are met, *à l'outrance*, with festive if not diabolical defiance. This defiance generally takes the form of fun. If the member bores the House, loud talk all around deadens his tone. The more animated and vehement he becomes (and we have this in Congress), the more furious the fun. "Divide!" "divide!" "'vide!" "'vide!" stun his ear and shut his mouth. If that does not answer, the House proceeds to "count out." What we do to obviate long speeches, by our one-hour rule, previous question, and night sessions for "debate only," the English do by "counting out." Forty members make a quorum in the Parliament, though with us a majority makes a quorum. An orator who is unpopular or irrelevant is tripped up in Parliament by the failure to have a quorum. When the Speaker's attention is called to the thin House, he is bound to count the House. He orders the electric bells to be sounded, and the hour-glass is called in and turned over. In two minutes the doors are barred, and the forty members not being in the House, but being in the lobbies, smoking and laughing, the question goes over, the House is relieved, and the present chance is gone for the orator. This scene is invariably accompanied with good temper. It is irregular regularity.

We too have our calls of the House to discover or bring about the quorum, and the rule which has been quoted has considerable latitude on such occasions. During calls of the House, and when filibustering all night, when tired nature seeks relief and finds it not, the boyhood of the House bursts into a saturnalia. Before recalling some of these scenes let me quote some examples of roistering disorder in Parliament. The liberties which the young and old statesmen of that body take with the unfortunate orator appall the delicate and decorous and even the stoutest will. Dr. Kenealy or Sir Charles W. Dilke is not an exceptional case. Filibustering under the rules, which leads to so much disorderly levity in our Congress, is not peculiar to us. Sheridan moved to adjourn nineteen times to prevent a vote respecting the French war. He succeeded in his object, as filibustering generally does. Perhaps the House of Commons is more tumultuous in its jollity because it never gets fairly under way in an important debate until after dinner, after ten o'clock at night. If our constituents, looking down upon the House of Representatives, become disenchanted with free institutions because of the apparent inattention to the orator or to the business before the House, what must John Bull feel when for the first time he hears the noisy levity of his precious Parliament! Its tumult may be sometimes heard outside in the street, through closed doors, for half an hour at a time, vainly endeavoring to drown the voice of some 658th part of that body. The scene is indescribable. The vociferous majority, which gives its applause to its leaders, creates a rapturous confusion utterly unknown to our American Legislatures. These legislators of England seem to be trained like the Greeks of Crete, whom Homer pictured in his loud-lunged Achilles and his big-mouthed Stentor. The one was called on to roar the Trojans into Troy and disorder, and the other could be heard two miles off. It is not infrequent to see hats go up in Parliament with huzzas. Applause is rare on the floor among our members, and it is becoming less so. Though there are instances of applause on our floor, still the general sentiment is against it, but in no case does it take the form of huzzas or vociferation. There is no way yet found to stop laughter. I have known members to call on the Speaker to do it. On one occasion when this was attempted, during a description of members of Congress retreating from Bull Run, Governor Wickliffe, a ruffle-shirted, large, jolly Kentuckian, made the fun worse by apologizing: "Indeed, Mr. Speaker, for my life's sake I couldn't help it."

Some time before Mr. Randolph was appointed minister to Russia he had delivered a speech in which he inveighed, in his peculiar way, against being at the tail of the *corps diplomatique* in Europe. "A cup of cold water would be better. What! should he give up his Congressional life, with its heartless amusements, vapid pleasures, and tarnished honors, to dance attendance abroad instead of at home?" When the news was brought into the House that he was appointed to Russia, there was a prompt and hearty roar, and then incredulity. Some censured it as a joke, believing it to be a falsehood; but the general jubilee was extensively expended on the famous parliamentary satirist. This was collective humor; and it was fully within the definition of Hobbes, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but a sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others.

The spirit of exasperation, defiance, and intimidation which has ever been indulged in by the French Deputy, and which had its origin in the French Revolution, forbids the broad play of humor which abounds in the English Parliament and in the American Legislatures. If it be true, as our old friend Blair, in his *Rhetoric*, says, that humor is the peculiar province of the English nation, because of the unrestrained liberty which the

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government and manners allow to every man, and that the indulgence of humor is incompatible with despotism, *a fortiori*, the greater unrestraint in our "land of liberty" and in our independent and social life ought to give us a freer and a bolder strain of the comic spirit. Cervantes once said: "My Don Quixote would have been more entertaining but for Inquisitorial and political intimidation."

Not a few of the scenes of spiteful disorder in Parliament occur upon mutual recriminations; but most of the scenes where Momus enters occur when that body is indisposed to hear a bore. An illustration of the first was the scene between Mr. Shaw and Mr. O'Connell, both Irish members. Shaw charged the great agitator with an attempt to subvert the Established Church, which he had sworn not to subvert. "Order!" "Order!" shout the Irish members in chorus. Then O'Connell accuses Shaw of falsehood; then the opposition cry "Order!" then the House is on its legs, and gestures as wildly as the French Assembly; then a lull; then other charges are made of atrocious calumny; then cries of "Chair!" "Chair!" and "Order!" then the poor Speaker uses gavel and voice in vain; then more "lies" given, more confusion; then that everlasting threat of the chair to name members or dissolve the committee; then an abatement, and Shaw gets in one blow on O'Connell: "The member charges me with spiritual ferocity; but my ferocity does not take for its symbol a death's head and cross-bones!" Cheers and roars. Then O'Connell —never before so ready, though often more brilliant — "Yours is a calf's head and jaw-bones!" Deafening cheers and general thunder of fun.

This scene is not quoted to confirm, as it would seem to do, the English impression of O'Connell as a Parliamentary orator. That impression is grossly prejudiced and unjust. The bold, natural man, who is pictured with large faults and coarse sincerity, whose speech was "tinsel upon frieze," was ever subtle, musical, and skillful. Had he hated the Saxon and loved the Celt less, and had he been of another creed and isle, he would not have been stigmatized as the Athenian Cleon and the Irish railer. The Woolsack or the Premiership would have been his guerdon had his Titanic strength grown from English earth! But all confess that, whether in Parliament or in the County Clare, before the jury or the mob, he

> "Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
> And sobs and laughter answered as he willed."

Here is a scene of another kind, into which the bitterness of altercation did not enter. A member for Oxford hardly says his "Sir" to the Speaker before the uproar begins. Babel is as Spenser's Cave of Silence compared to it, and the supposititious account of the Park menagerie, when the rhinoceros upset the cages, is as a prayer-meeting. The sounds are not merely confused, but are blended in inextricable and pleasing variety. The bass of a hoarse member crying "Read" fills the interlude of bagpipes from the back benches; agonized coughs, lengthened yawns, sublime sneezes, such as the Olympians might indulge, are perceivable amidst the yelp of hounds and the hullabaloo of the chase, while, to add to the *ensemble*, all the cocks of the rosiest-fingered Auroras are in full crow, and all the "meek children of misery," the gentle asses, bray harsh discord! Up and down the chorus leaps, amidst groans and laughter; and this is the great deliberative body of history—the omnipotent Parliament whose fiat rules four hundred millions of souls on our star, from "furthest Ind" to extremest Zealand!

Nothing like this has ever been performed in our Congress. It is with us an utter impossibility. No future crisis perhaps will ever appear so full of legislative struggle for us as the legislative scenes before our civil war; and during that struggle there was much of this boisterous deviltry. On one or two occasions there was exhibited sectional hatred, amidst much confusion; but this was not funny, as on the night when Keitt and Grow had their fracas. The insensate hilarity and ingenious devices for obstruction which out-Herod Herod, as exhibited in Parliament, find no counterpart here.

Another scene in Parliament which illustrates one of its undeliberative moods: A member arises: "I rise, Sir"—he is saluted with ironical cheers and a zoological serenade—"to state"—a flock of South-Downs bleat him with their "ba-a's!" Loud laughter follows, till exhausted nature pauses—"I rise to perform, Sir, a duty to my con—" Cries of "Sit down!" and all the sounds of the chromatic scale, led by the octave squeak of a pig under a gate, the shrill voice of chanticleer, the "bow-wow-wow" of the English mastiff, and the mewing of Tabitha and her kittens. Does he sit down? He does. I can sympathize with him, having been under fire recently; and when I sat down, it was with the remark, "I take my seat, Sir, boldly!" This sedentary alacrity always restores good humor.

One may well believe the anecdotes told of the first attempts of leading statesmen who were driven to temporary obscurity by the howls of Parliament. Their merit is measured by the magnitude of the difficulty when overcome. Pilots gain reputation in storms. It was only the other day that a Mr. Pell dashed in on an educational matter. He began: "No member can be more sensible than I am," and there he forgot what he was going to say, and

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paused, while a titter ran through the House. "No member," he resumed, "can be more sensible than I am," and again he stopped, amidst the cries of "Hear! hear!" "No member, Mr. Speaker, can be more sensible than I am"—a voice from below the gallery, "Who denies of it?"—"that the question of education," etc.

The Hon. Mr. Stanley, Earl Derby's brother, is a member of experience, but his manner of speaking is excruciating. He is nervous and embarrassed. He gets up to speak with a large sheet of paper in his hand, on which he has made his notes. He fumbles this over, and never finds what he looks for. "I think, Sir," he says—"I think, that is, I would venture to say"—a long pause, in which the House sits in respectful silence—"now, this question is one which a colonel, or I may say a major, might, in point of fact—that is, I think, supposing his regiment were ordered to India—to India" —another long pause, in which some one says, in a stage whisper, "On, Stanley, on!"

The same thing once happened in the old Hall of Congress, where a stranger in the gallery saluted M'Duffie, who was about to reply to an attack, "Lay on, Macduff!" Convulsive and resonant laughter greets all such efforts. It is the quick anticlimax of the whole body. Such instances are not rare in our Congress. "What would you have, Sir? I am a plain man, Mr. Speaker, and am tired of these theories," etc., referring to free trade. "What I want, Sir, is more common-sense!" A fife-like voice across the way, "That's so," provokes the fun.

Humor is often unintentional; that is, it causes fun in the collective body without prepense on the part of the occupant of the floor. Once in a debate as to the admission of the cabinet, the writer undertook to picture them seated within the House after the British method, and by a fancy he supposed certain members were proposing questions after the same method to the organs of the government. An Iowa member was supposed to ask of Mr. Welles, then Secretary of the Navy, "whether or not the Argonautic expedition of Admiral Jason would have any effect, in case the golden fleece had been captured in Australia, either upon the gold or wool market." Then some one inquires, "What gentleman from Iowa?" With perfect frankness it was responded, "My pastoral friend." The honored member was a gentle shepherd, keeping immense numbers of sheep, and was also a congregational minister. It was only *truth;* but the House welcomed it as if it were witty. It was upon a question which "opposed no man's profit nor pleasure, and to all was welcome;" and therefore it falls within the rule of humor. Here is another instance of unintentional wit on the part of the member, but to which intent was given by the body: The Marquis of Salisbury was discussing to the Lords the Church establishment. He made the parenthetical laughter by a bull. "A congregation," said he, "may be divided among themselves into two parties; yet if there were any means of separating them, they would both go on happily together—I mean apart!" The noble lords enjoyed the logical fun, and perhaps at the expense of the noble marquis.

"Who ever knew the gentleman to agree with any gentleman whom he differed from?" literally is a bull. It was once humorously applied by a Cincinnati member whose jocose Christian name is Job. Yet it admirably describes the character of a bigot. A Senator once said: "We are illustrating the impossibility of accurate discussion, *based on a state of facts* which are altogether unknown." But these bulls were only apparently unintentional. In the confusion of debate there is sometimes much unintentional unconcatenated facetiousness. For instance: Mr. Wood struggles for the floor. "He has had his hour," says Mr. Conger, of Michigan, and, by way of suavity, adds, "and he is an expert speaker and scholarly statesman." Mr. Wood, not hearing the compliment, said, "The gentleman makes a statement which I wish to correct." The House enjoys, though the individual did not intend, the pleasant surprise.

How quickly a laugh will settle a member and a question, even if the member be so considerable a member as Benton. He was in the Lower House during the Thirty-fourth Congress. There was a question in his mind whether the *sine die* adjournment of the 4th of March should be at twelve midnight or twelve meridian. It had often been mooted in other years. It was once made by Quincy Adams, in a classic allusion to the graceful figure of the Muse of History in her car above the clock, looking down on members to remind them that she is recording the proceedings of Congress. When the clock pointed to twelve midnight, Benton, full of the old issue, arose. Pointing to the hands of the clock, he exclaimed, "I am no longer, Sir, a member of this House, Sir." The Speaker ordered the sergeant-at-arms to remove all those not members, amidst a quick fusillade of fun at Old Bullion's expense. The session held on, with the irate statesman still in his place, till noon next day.

It is in the call of the House that our Congress comes the nearest to copying the English extravaganza of deliberation. There is not much at stake in the simple call, except to get the quorum. But out of the personal excuses and general demoralization of a night session, when many members are "o'er a' the ills o' life victorious," there is a deal of fun evoked. It is prop-

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erly classed under the collective humors of the body, rather than the individual humor of the member.

Why this occasion should be prolific of fun is owing to the fact that for a certain time the body is shut in, waiting for the recusant absentees; and then when they appear, under arrest, there is a sort of jolly diabolism in putting them to the inquisitorial torture. These exceptional occasions generally occur after a weary time, or when a dull member or a tedious question is up, or when some party defeat or victory depends, or at the end of a session, when the House falls below the quorum because of the natural rest and relief which many members seek. This generally happens at night.

Is it a sign of our degeneracy that the night session is becoming more frequent?

In England the legislature has reversed the curfew. That body does not begin to awaken until *after* eight o'clock in the evening. It has realized Addison's satire on the customs of *his* time, when the daughters were busy at crimp and basset while the grandmothers were asleep, whereas it used to be, he says, that the latter were wont to sit up last in the family. Some one, speaking of this custom of nocturnal deliberation in Parliament, thinks that the Parliamentarians are the worse rulers for it, as their heads are muddled with wine. It is regarded as another line of separation from the people, who generally use night for sleep, and the spirit of dissipation and fashion conspire thus to render such members sorry guardians of liberty. They are called a parcel of drinking, gambling, nervous, gouty men, unfit to wage war with corruption at two o'clock in the morning. The Parliament House, it is confessed, has a dingy daylight, and the inspiration to speak by gas is too great to be lost. Disraeli last June threatened the Home Rulers with day sessions on the Irish bill, so as to hurry the debate to a conclusion. Is it a harsh judgment on Parliament to say that nocturnal sessions unfit it for business? But it is Leigh Hunt's judgment, and to be taken *cum grano salis*. We pit against him Douglas Jerrold, who says that the owl, "the very wisest thing in feathers," is silent all the day. Like the scolding wife, she hoots only at night. Since the hours of owls and legislators in England are alike, we leave the reader to settle the question between Hunt and Jerrold—night and day.

It was in the convivial night sessions, in 1797, that Pitt and Dundas labored under the scandal of sometimes appearing drunk in the House of Commons. Out of it grew the famous epigram:

PITT. "I can not see the Speaker, Hal, can you?"
DUNDAS. "Not see the Speaker! d—n me, I see two!"

But it is a significant commentary on our time that the old Parliamentarians met at 8 A.M. In the time of the Stuarts the sessions ran till "candles were brought in." Late hours and luxury go together. The industrious are at their dreams, and the legislators are cheating the scale of labor to heap the scale of wealth. Such is the complaint in England. And are we not approaching the British fashion all too fast? By A.D. 1900 Congress will meet after dinner; and then look out for the menagerie! Already our occasional night sessions provoke the liveliest frolicsomeness. As I have said, they give rise to calls of the House, and to scenes which would "smile paralysis out of Nestor." The rules require that on such a call the absentees shall be noted and the doors shut. If no excuses are offered, the absentees are trundled out of bed or away from a dinner party, and in custody of the sergeant-at-arms. They are then brought before the bar. It is then that the fun grows furious. No business but hearing excuses is in order. The members are cooped in, and must find amusement. A New York member in the old Hall once climbed down the granite pillars, and got caught midway in a ludicrous style. Another once in clambering down caught his button in the net about the hair of a fair companion, and took the hair before the bar. When the absentees are called, the Speaker sternly asks, "You have been absent, Sir, without leave: what excuse have you, Sir?" Then listen to the fun. One member deprecatingly says, "The law allows me *per diem*, but not a *per noctem*:" his wit saves him. Another has been married recently: he is fined. Another has a sick wife, and could not come: excused. Another intimates that the House is tight: fined. Another was sleepy, and tired of the dull debating: fined. Another has been to the hospital to visit a constituent with the small-pox, intimates gently that the disease is contagious, and asks to go home: fined. Another, who was absent, happens in somehow without arrest. How did he get in? All sorts of surmises at his expense. A has been out to put on a clean shirt. B has gone to Baltimore to see his wife, whom he has not seen for a month: excused. C informs the House that he told his absent colleagues there would be nothing done of consequence, and proposes to be punished vicariously: it will not do. D has been to a dinner party, and E sat up with him: both fined. F was telegraphing about his oil well: voted a bore. G was at home on low diet. H asks to be excused on "general grounds:" no. H's friend has been at his room, reading the *History of Civilization*, and commends the book to the needs of the House: fined. J had promised his wife when he left Massachusetts not to keep bad company or late hours. He might have quoted Falstaff: "Company, villainous company,

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hath been the spoil of me." He caught it. No man can vote till he pays his fine; therefore K proposes to stop proceedings till he "settles up." L has had a difficulty, and expected to go out of the District, etc.: he is mulcted extra, but finally excused, because it was so rare an occurrence for a New England member to have an affair of honor. M has had a fall upon the slippery steps; an ardent debate ensues. As he would not say whether it was before or after dinner, he received the penalty. N has more than an average constituency—a noble body; two of them called on him, and he went with them, to be fined for his courtesy.

Sometimes the deserters when brought in assume airs, and lecture those who have been up all night. Such only escape with a double fine. One member apologized to the country for being brought in on a Sunday morning! When the House adjourned, the question was taxing the whisky on hand. A point is made whether, pending that question, it is in order to *consume* the stock on hand. A common source of fun is to propose that members address the House on their hobbies. Mr. Fuller was once asked to speak on light-houses. He briefly rejoined that they were situated on land, to be used on the sea. Mr. Pruyn is urged to restate his views on the Presidential vote of Western Virginia. The largest man in the Thirty-eighth Congress was Baldwin of Massachusetts. A small man—nameless—proposes first that he be divided to make a quorum, and next that he speak an hour on the prehistoric man. The hour is granted, but he yields the "*time*" to the small man. "Does he yield space too?" inquires Thaddeus Stevens. So many are reported sick that some one proposes a sanitary commission; another, the removal of the Capitol to a healthy spot; another proposes an appropriation for "chips" to a noted faro player. An Illinois member is asked for his excuse. "Guilty, my lord." It is proposed to reprimand him. He pleads in mitigation of damages. Another bought tickets, and agreed to take a lady to the theatre: not excused. One man wants to know what day it is on Friday morning. He is informed it *is* Thursday, though it was Friday; for the legislative day is not the day of the week. Finally, there being some contumacy reported, a member proposes to bring in certain absentees, dead or alive. There is a call for a division, and a motion to strike out "alive." The House begins to weary. Thaddeus Stevens leaves; a motion is made for a burial service, as when the brains are out the body dies. "We have lost our head," said one, as Stevens departs.

It will be impossible for me to forget my first experience on a call of the House. It was in the merry month of May, 1858. It occurred on a private bill. I had not then learned the secrets of the prison-house. Being caught by the sergeant's officer on my way to my duty, I was graciously allowed the freedom of the mail wagon. How I chafed under my first arrest! What would lynx-eyed constituents, and especially my opponents, in Ohio think! I tremble as I recall these apprehensions. I was brought before the bar with Zollicoffer and James B. Clay. The then leviathan of the House, Humphrey Marshall, was in the chair. How he glowered on me with ponderous savagery! He made me feel that I had personally affronted him. I told him that I was sorry to *waist* his precious time, and would *lean* on his mercy; but there was no mercy in him. What a company there was that night! Minister Washburne, General Quitman, Jones of Tennessee, Governor Houston of Alabama, General Sickles, Grow, Stevenson, Colfax, Bishop of Connecticut, Bingham, Lamar, Groesbeck, Pendleton, Governor Smith of Virginia, Giddings, Farnsworth, John Cochrane, and many others since then ministers, Governors, and Senators. Some of them are in the cold, cold ground. "Where be their gibes now?" Another "call" has summoned them to a more serious session. But it happened on that night, as frequently since, that the vigilant and leading men were absent, while the dilatory wags were on guard. How they delighted to catch Mr. J. Glancy Jones, chairman of the Ways and Means, at President Buchanan's dinner table! What a riant row was made over his white tie and rubicund face and the Pennsylvania delegation, with the "J. B." brand on their brows, fresh from festivity! Few excuses were received, though many were tendered. A member from Niagara had "paired off" with his wife; another felt so bad because his wife had gone home, he could not participate in deliberation; a member from Maryland was remarked as showing a disposition to be in the hall, by being in the gallery; one member found the sergeant before the sergeant found him, and asked to have that officer fined; a Kentucky member had attended all day, expecting to die in his tracks, for a favorite measure; but as the measure did not come up, he could not die, so he left for home!

When John Cochrane was called, we all knew he had been to the Presidential dinner; and his exculpation was not only a fine piece of oratorical humor, but he turned the tables on the House, as he did on the "fell sergeant" who had shocked him by the arrest. The man physiological was astounded, the man psychological was appalled, his federal constitution trembled, and nature gave signs of woe that all was lost, for had he not been rudely grasped by the hand of authority? He had been called *high*, he felt low; and then some one suggested that the

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sergeant-at-arms held "Jack" and the game. Upon these occasions the native style of the member thus comes out. A dozen members explain that they had gone out for a bite, etc.; but General Cochrane disdained the ordinary Saxon tongue, and sailed into the empyrean of Epicurus.

The stately Groesbeck is brought in. He asks for counsel. Counsel is freely tendered. He makes a solemn plea in extenuation, whereupon Hughes of Indiana likens it to the sermon the old lady heard, the best she ever heard. She could not remember the text, or the points, or the sermon, but it had such a godly tone! General Curtis, of Iowa, comes in voluntarily; and he is fined for coming in without compulsion. Then arises the member from the wild-cat district of Pennsylvania, Mr. Gillis. He makes his excuse. Is it expected that he should know the rules of such a disorderly body? He confessed that he had been to dine with the President. All he knows of etiquette is to go and dine when asked, and he is willing to pay for it like a man. He had heard that he was to be arrested, and flew, not to the horns of the altar, but to the *horns* of "Old Buck." Harry Phillips, of Philadelphia, who had himself moved the call, had abandoned the House for the dinner. He was caught. He claimed to be the author of all their amusement, and threw himself on their gratitude.

And so on through the long night the imprisoned members indulge in what seems the very puerility of frivolity. But is it altogether to be reprehended? Compared to the English saturnalia which I have described, it is rational: as one may see a lot of grizzlies upon the side-hills of the Nevadas, where cattle are wont to congregate, doubling themselves up for sportive rolls, somersaulting in a most diverting way, until they make the herd familiar with their antics, when suddenly they pounce on the fattest of the beeves, and are happy.

It may be queried whether there is any real wit or humor in these scenes of Parliament or of Congress. The clown makes you laugh, but is it humor? The answer is, first, that generally men do not laugh without cause, at least gregariously. Man is the only animal that laughs (or weeps either), for he is the only animal, says Hazlitt, who is struck with the differences between what things are and what they ought to be. Hence there is a sort of ratiocination in laughing. It is generally the galled person who maintains that ridicule is improper for grave subjects; but who is to decide as to the real gravity? Shall there be no logic because it is abused, and no humor for the same reason? Second, is it fair to decide that such and such a scene is trivial or unimportant, worthy of playfulness or contempt, or of titillations of mirth or hearty derision, until you know as well the assembly and its manner at the time and the occasion? Some of these calls of the House show a contradiction between the grand object, which is a quorum, and the ludicrous modes of obtaining it; and if they elevate the mind into effervescence, or raise mirth in order to relax and entertain, are they to be altogether condemned?

Is it gravely asked "whether such scenes are fit for the first assembly of gentlemen in the world," and the freest body of representatives—assemblages which deal with myriad rights and interests, the growth of centuries, with their conflicts of passions and interests, principles and prejudices? Are these Parliamentarians of England, many of them hereditary legislators, the tenth transmitters of a foolish face, to be commended for such extravagances? Ah, Sir! there is something better here than this nocturnal mirth. Here is the elder spirit of liberty! Here are her Majesty's opposition! "By Allah!" said an Oriental potentate, looking in on the Commons, "in my country we would have their heads off in a week!" This very freedom—nay, license—of debate compensates not only for the inanity of the Lord Tomnoddys and the Earl Fitz-Doodles of the English senate, and the broad-shouldered bucolic Englishmen of the prize ox and ruddy face order, but it gives us the rollicking spirit which is never unpopular with English or American people. It is the great lever in moving masses of mankind. Is it said, again, that the wit of delib rative bodies like the Commons or the Congress is of inferior grade? So it seems often when reported. The jokes of the judge in court are simple, the facetiousness of the bar is foolish, and in all assemblages on business intent, the mind seeks relief from the lightest lisp of the silliest *bonmot*. A laugh is catching. We laugh often because others are laughing. Independence and impudence help it along, and the next morning's debates fail to show the real causes of the risibility. A member once called his constituents "tinkers" by mistake for "thinkers." There was a laugh. The rotund face of Bernal Osborne may sometimes account for the fun he provokes, as did the burly, hearty form of O'Connell. The one was the "saucy boy" of the House, and the other could agitate your person or your politics at will. But they impart liveliness to debate, and make logical wounds with their rapiers.

Sydney Smith held that wit was not quite so inexplicable a visitation as is generally supposed. He thought that a man could study it as he would mathematics. It is often studied and far fetched, we admit, but I defy the whole Smith family to graduate any one in wit where the native element is lacking. Palmerston, who rose to the Pre-

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miership by his *bonhomie*, won his honors by turning the unanswerable away by an absurd side-wind of allusion. If Disraeli, the dandy *débutant*, was at first coughed down as a failure, it was rather because he had overstudied his part. Now he commands most when not expecting or expected. He sucks an orange or pares his nails while impaling an opponent. Like Mrs. Siddons,

"he is cool enough
To pause from murder for a pinch of snuff."

True humor is not always that which awakens love, pity, and kindness. It may instill scorn for untruth, and disrobe pretension of its imposture, and, like the sportive Parliamentarians on a night session, unshadow the deliberative brow, and with "mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

In discussing the collective humor of the legislature we have said that the body is moved often and only by the peculiar manner of the member, even when the member intends and makes no wit. A lisping, a stammering, a boisterous man, and especially a one-ideaed man, may bring down the House, without intending to do it, simply by his peculiar manner. This manner is never reported. A member is always reported in good English, irrespective of his *impedimenta* of speech. When a member of Parliament gets up and "awsks the liberty to awnswer hereafter the oppobious," etc., he is as well reported as the member who says, "I rithe, Thir, for the purpothe of athking the honorable," etc. When the ear is accustomed to this style it may be pleasant; but how are we to judge of the fun by the report next day? We once had a Congressman from Ohio, now Chief Justice of the District of Columbia—David K. Cartter. President Pierce called him a Mirabeau. Judge Cartter stammered just enough to make his copious points gush at intervals like a flood. His speech, like that of Charles Lamb, was punctuated by the notes of admiration which his tongue involuntarily made. This also may make humor with the audience, though it be that of the orator also.

On one occasion, about two in the morning, when six minority Senators were vexing the majority by holding out against an obnoxious measure and urging an adjournment, two Senators, Sherman and Conkling, of the majority, grew indignant. Sherman declared that before he would submit to such dictation he would be torn to pieces by wild horses, and Conkling declared he would die on the floor first. As these astonishing remarks were being uttered, it came to Senator Stockton to take his turn in the time-consuming debate. He put the Senate in good humor and adjourned it by saying that if there was one time more than another in which he felt well—felt like speaking—it was at the early hour of 2 A.M.; that he was not willing to see the Ohioan die by horses; and if there was danger to the New Yorker, he pledged himself to throw his body in the breach and save so distinguished a man at the peril of all he held sacred in life! The Senate adjourned.

This may not strike us as the best humor, but it answered the purpose, and the manner of it was inimitably comical. Like Boileau, the Jersey Senator dressed his adjourning speech in the classic model of burlesque, and made the insignificant seem ludicrously heroic. The Senate, as a body, caught the infection of the orator.

But the collective humor of the House has generally an objective point. As in the call of the House, it is directed primarily to the quorum, so incidentally it hits some personal frailty. It is the joy of triumph at the mischances of others less fortunate. It is the sudden conception of some ability to discover and punish. Sometimes the loudest laughter is at the signal discomfiture of the most exemplary and regular members.

The loudest laughter may be that which is most gregarious, but the best humor is that which the mass of members do not produce. It is the individual quality which produces the best vintage of fun, and which I shall discuss in my next paper.

In conclusion, for the present, let me say that I am not one of those who believe that the American legislature is lacking in a healthy, logical, aggregate humor any more than the people it represents. It may not be as notably witty as that of the old Irish Parliament. There may not be in it the badinage and satire, philippic and abuse, of the English Parliaments in the days of Pitt and Sheridan, Peel and O'Connell; but it is nevertheless true that our leviathan does disport himself in our Congress with wonderful glee.

If for this gleesome spirit we are reproached by the dullards and rasped by the envious, as one of the "fathers" of the House in their behalf, and quoting the imperial words of Theodosius, I answer them: If it be by folly that any one has spoken unjustly of us, we pity them; if by ill-will, we pardon them.

ROCOCO.

By studying my lady's eyes
I've grown so learnèd day by day,
So Machiavelian in this wise,
That when I send her flowers, I say

To each small flower (no matter what,
Geranium, pink, or tuberose,
Syringa, or forget-me-not,
Or violet) before it goes:

"Be not triumphant, little flower,
When on her haughty heart you lie,
But modestly enjoy your hour:
She'll weary of you by-and-by."

T. B. Aldrich.

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DORA RUSHTON'S ROMANCE.

BROMLEY is a delightful little village, nestled down peacefully beside a broad river, full of neat cottages, tiny well-kept gardens, and long avenues of elms.

No roar of machinery distracts the ear, no army of labor is daily marshaled by the clang of the factory bell. Invention has kept aloof from smiling field and shady street, reluctant to disturb the dreamy beauty that lingers in every nook and corner of the quaint old town.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Dora Rushton loved her home, and believed that no spot this side the antipodes could compare with it for loveliness. Though it must be confessed that Dora's experience was somewhat limited, being confined, outside her native village, to the neighboring town of Westwood, whose Eden-like simplicity had vanished with the entrance of the serpent, steam. So, naturally, Bromley and Westwood each vaunted itself on what the other lacked—progress and quiet.

And if Dora was firm in the faith that Bromley was the prettiest place in America, all the youth of her acquaintance were equally convinced that Dora was the prettiest girl in Bromley. The merriest, best-tempered, busiest little thing in the world; not a bit vain, but simple and natural as the children who swarmed like bees about her, she was a general favorite and pet universal with young and old. Every body loved her—every body, that is, with one exception: her grandmother.

Now of course this looks as if Dora turned a sunny side to the world at large and kept a shadier one for home. But if you have painted on your mental canvas a poor, forlorn, loveless old creature, just dash your brush across it, and come and look at Grandma Gardner. Did you ever see any thing more like the ill-natured old fairy of your nursery tales than those little black eyes snapping out from under a huge cap border, those yellow, wrinkled cheeks, and that hooked nose and chin that look as if they would grind whatever came between them? And, trust me, nearer acquaintance does not dispel the illusion.

Alas for age that is unlovely! when the crown of silver rests upon a brow that has not gained the peace it typifies, and no higher love and hope have replaced those passionate ones youth buried long ago!

But Grandma Gardner's trials had been many. She had outlived her children, the sole compensations of a most unhappy marriage. Her only son went down before her agonized eyes in that treacherous river now flowing so calmly past her door; while Lois, her daughter, the beauty of Bromley, who might have wedded where she chose, "who plucked down hearts to pleasure her, as you might leaves from yonder bough," perversely fell in love with a young good-for-nothing from New York, with nothing under heaven to recommend him but his handsome face.

During the few troublous years of her married life Lois obstinately refused to leave her husband. But when—as the Bromley gossips whispered—he came to his death in some disgraceful way, his widow returned to her native village, the pale shadow of the bright-cheeked girl who had left it.

And paler and frailer she grew with each succeeding year she lingered on in the pleasant Bromley air, while little Dora had passed from babyhood into hoydenhood, and emerged into a blooming girl of fourteen, who did not "favor" her mother's family at all, but was "just Frank Rushton right over," when that poor patient mother died at last.

Dora never seemed one of her own kith and kin to Grandma Gardner. *Her* children, like herself, had been dark and black-haired; so this pretty, roguish little thing, with her deep blue eyes and golden-brown curls, served only as a painful reminder of the wild young fellow who had robbed her of her daughter.

What *does* Father Time mean by shaking his hour-glass so vigorously? He will be putting spectacles on the baby and furrowing little Willy's forehead ere we know it. Can that be Dora, that plump maiden of eighteen, sitting so cozily with some one on yonder door-step that overlooks the river? —that little "frolic sprite" rehearsing the old story. Father Time, your hour-glass is a cheat!

"Dora! Dora!" calls a peevish old voice; "I want you, child. And you and Mr. Lynde 'll ketch your death out there—" The sentence terminated in a wheezy cough.

At this summons Dora sprang up with alacrity. True, it had interrupted a charming conversation, but that could be resumed to-morrow evening, when the moon would doubtless shine as brightly as now upon the rippling water, the flower-laden air be just as sweet, and, in short, every thing drape itself in that rose-color life is wont to wear at eighteen—under certain circumstances. Is it well or ill that the young eyes, dazzled by that soft splendor, do not see that it is "such stuff as dreams are made of?"

So the girl ran into the house, humming a blithe air, and the young man looked regretfully after her a moment, then turned his gaze upon the river.

Meanwhile Dora pauses to peep from her grandmother's window at her late companion, with the moon lighting up the beauty of his unconscious face, making it look colorless and clear as a dusky lily leaf—if such a thing exists. That face seems just a shade

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too dark for the fair curling hair, but when he lifts his eyes you see the explanation. At first they are a surprise, almost a shock, to you—those large eyes of concentrated shadow, into whose black depths the broadest daylight strives in vain to pierce, until you see that the hair, full of bright threads like southern sunbeams, the opaque warmth of the complexion, and the dusk of the tropic eyes unite to form a harmony as rare as beautiful.

For three weeks Raymond Lynde had been an inmate of Grandma Gardner's dwelling, and, of course, in village parlance, was already known as "Dora Rushton's beau." To the eager queries, "Who is he?" "Where did he come from?" and "What's he here for?" the knowing ones responded that they had it on his own authority that he was a teacher of drawing in several New York schools, had been quite ill, and was here to recover his health. But no amount of urging could induce him to exhibit any specimens of his art. Probably the tread-mill round with vexatious pupils had made him weary of the very thought of pencil and paper.

However this might be, he mixed freely and socially with the Bromley people, joined in the games at the rustic parties, kissed the red-cheeked maidens with great willingness, listened to the wisdom of the elders with a deference and attention seldom accorded them; in fine, won all hearts by his mingled gayety and good-breeding—a combination somewhat rare in Bromley.

And every day the fetters, strong as iron, soft and sweet as flowery garlands, were tightening about little unsuspecting Dora. She could not realize that a month ago this chapter in her life had not been opened, for it seemed to have become that life itself, although she did not know its meaning. Still she felt the change. She was not the same Dora who had given a glass of water to a stranger a few brief weeks ago. Had he breathed a spell upon it as he handed it back to her that had cast a glamour round her? And what was still more singular, her grandmother had yielded to his enchantment. Her grandmother, who made no secret of her aversion to young men in general, had asked him to come in and rest, had talked with him most affably in her shrill treble, had listened with complacency to his praises of the pleasant prospect and delightful situation, and finally, when taking his hat, he said, with a little sigh, that he had already trespassed too long upon her hospitality, but he found it hard to leave so charming a place, and that he should often look back to it during the long hot months, she piped out, "You could stay with us this summer, if you wanted to. Why, mercy sakes! we boarded the teacher nigh on to three years, till he married Jooly Griggs and went out to the deacon's farm. Dory, show the gentleman the room."

Dora obeyed in mute surprise. If a biting north wind that makes your flesh shiver and your teeth chatter should suddenly change into a balmy zephyr, you could not be more astonished than was Dora at this new light in which her grandmother appeared. But the truth was, something about this young stranger had touched a motherly chord long silent in her heart.

Of course he was pleased with the cozy white-curtained nest, as well as with the pretty cicerone who exhibited it, and that very night saw him comfortably established in the apartment once consecrated to Mr. Nehemiah Cutter. Evidently that glass of water was enchanted, for it had furnished a wanderer with a home, softened a stony old heart, and opened a new universe to a young girl's dreams!

Bromley boasted a musical society, consisting of about a dozen members, under the direction of a long, lank young man named Abel Vose, esteemed by his town's-people a very prodigy. Mr. Vose had been endowed by nature with a tolerable voice and ear, but the fatal vanity that scorns improvement, coupled with the country method of sol-fa-ing, had long since made his melody a pain to cultivated taste, did such a thing exist in Bromley.

Now it will not be a breach of confidence if we reveal, what every one in Bromley knew, that this eminent *maestro* was decidedly enamored of Dora Rushton, and viewed young Lynde with an unfriendly eye. Hence he looked forward with eagerness to an opportunity of displaying his musical superiority over this interloper, and thereby completely crushing "that pesky drawing-master."

The occasion came. The B. M. S. held one of its periodical meetings for the practice of sacred and secular music, and Mr. Lynde was present by invitation.

His rival's humiliation began, as Abel fondly believed, by being forced to decline taking part in the performance, on the lame plea of preferring to listen to the others. But the sight of his head bent over the same book with Dora's so discomfited Mr. Vose as to deprive him of half his usual sonorousness.

After the spirits of the company had been sufficiently depressed by lugubrious chants, the song-books were opened, the first selection being an air from a well-known opera, in which Abel's self-admiration was wont to soar to an ecstatic pitch. To-day, however, either owing to the abrupt transition from an opposite class of music, or to the sight of the fair curls and brown ringlets now actually brushing each other, Mr. Vose made sorry work of his masterpiece, and the rest of the flock, as in duty bound, stumbled

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over the same musical bars that had tripped up their leader.

Poor Abel's heat and redness were increased threefold by an expression on Lynde's face as he whispered something to Dora that made her bite her lips.

"Perhaps," said Abel, with suppressed wrath, "Mr. Lynde will be good enough to take the lead and show us how that song should be rendered."

To which withering sarcasm Lynde amazed his rival by responding, quietly, "Certainly, I will try it, if you like. I am not entirely unfamiliar with the air."

By the time the song was finished Abel Vose had forgotten his intention of criticising. He possessed sufficient musical knowledge to know that the voice whose echoes lingered in the room was that rarest of organs, a perfect tenor perfectly trained—sweet and rich as the murmur of the south wind or the hum of bees at midsummer, flexible as a chain of finely wrought gold, now rising clear, sudden, fresh, like a "disembodied joy," now fraught with a pathos that brought a mist before the eyes.

"Hooray!" exclaimed an enthusiastic youth, breaking the silence that followed for a few moments. "That *is* singin'! Abe, s'pose you resign this afternoon, and let him lead us."

This proposal was seconded openly by several of the other young men who had tolerated Abel's patronage hitherto because of his (supposed) unparalleled genius, and covertly by half a dozen pairs of bright eyes turned on Lynde with evident admiration.

But they were doomed to disappointment.

"Mr. Vose is a perfectly competent leader," answered Lynde, "and you are more accustomed to him. No one could fail to profit by his teaching and his admirable taste."

By which words, very gravely spoken, Abel Vose was immensely flattered, for he now knew how to estimate the young man's judgment; and at this high praise vanity clapped her ever-ready plaster on his rankling wound. He did not see the little look that Lynde had given Dora, so the gathering cloud was dispersed.

Honest Dora, however, was somewhat troubled. She could not understand saying one thing and meaning another. It seemed too much like the "false witness" she had been warned against in childhood. Her pretty head held many old-fashioned ideas, from one of which, perhaps, arose her unfailing reverence and patience with her fretful old grandmother.

Some one gathering clematis down by the river-bank heard at intervals a peal of merry girlish laughter and a hum of voices from the house above out of sight. Faint and far the noises came to him, mingled with the plashing of the river on the wet stones at his feet. He smiled involuntarily as he caught the lowest of the three voices, a tender half-smile, and began to sing a little love-song under his breath as he lifted the long trails of clematis.

In the doorway, beaming down benignantly through her spectacles upon Susie Bowen and Dora Rushton, who sat on the step beneath, loomed up the tall figure of Aunt 'Mandy Driscoll, a spinster noted for her volubility.

"Now, Dory, I don't want ter set you agin him," jerking her head in an oracular manner; "but them eyes! It's a bad sign where the eyes don't match the hair. I never knew it ter fail. There was Jo Sparks merried my cousin, Drusilly Brace thet was.—You gals mebbe are too young to remember her, but Drusilly was harnsum as any picter.—Well, Jo's hair was jet-black, with eyes as blue as skim-milk. Mighty soft-spoken he was before merriage, but the way thet man abused her afterward there's no tellin'! *Some* say he used ter beat her. You see, it's contrary streaks come down from different femlies thet hesn't got rightly mixed—like seleratusy biscuit, 'n' *they're* death-dealin' ez so much pison, every body knows."

Both girls laughed, Dora a little uneasily, as the speaker paused in her fanciful theory to take up a stitch which her unusual eloquence had caused her to let fall.

"But Mr. Lynde hadn't the making of his eyes," said Susie. "It's too bad to blame him for them. Besides, they're any thing but skim-milk."

"Don't tell me," replied Aunt 'Mandy, having made fast the truant—"don't tell me. First time I looked at him I says ter myself, 'Fair and false, thet's what *you* air.' But Dory Rushton ain't the gal ter lose her heart to a harnsum face, be yer, Dory? We can't lose *you*, as we did yer mother before yer."

Dora's cheek flamed redder than the little scarlet stocking twitched to and fro in the knitter's energetic fingers, but she had no chance to answer.

"Ef his name wasn't Lynde—I used ter know Lyndes at New Haven; Eben Lynde, I guess *he* hain't forgot 'Mandy Driscoll yet!—I sh'd think he was a furriner. Did you ever notice the funny way he talks sometimes? Half the words he passes over or runs together. I'll ask him ef he's ever ben acrost the Etlantic, jest ter draw him out, yer know."

"Well, here's your opportunity," said Susie Bowen, as she caught sight of Lynde coming up the river-path; then mischievously added, as he approached, "Mr. Lynde, we've been hearing all sorts of news about you."

"Who? what?" said Lynde, as he dropped his spray of clematis, and leaned against the great maple opposite them.

"Oh, that you're a foreigner, and can't talk English, and will beat your wife when

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you have one, because your eyes don't match your hair."

"Stop, Susie, for pity's sake," whispered Dora, imploringly, while Aunt 'Mandy sat rigid with indignation.

Lynde laughed, as he bent to pick up his clematis.

"If you desire information, Miss Susie," he said, coolly, "you have appealed to the right person, which would save a world of uncertainty in most cases."

"Provided they spoke the truth," said Susie, nothing daunted.

"Precisely," replied the young man. "To the charge of being a foreigner I hardly know whether to plead guilty or not, for although I am of American parentage I was born in Spain. My father was an artist, who wandered from place to place like an Arab. As for my English, I was not aware of any deficiency in it; neither do I think myself more blood-thirsty than the generality of mankind. On all these points, however, I am ready to submit to the decision of distinguished critics," with a bow that included the whole party, for the young man was secretly anxious to know the source of this same criticism. He had not long to wait.

"Susie Bowen," said the spinster, sharply, overlooking the fact that no one had as yet been implicated, "I never said thet Mr. Lynde couldn't talk English. I only said thet he hed some furrin ways of speech, 'n' ez for his eyes not matchin' his complec, when he cum up I was jest goin' on ter say thet *thet* didn't prove nothin' agin him, fur we hed a dog, the cleverest, kindest creetur you ever see, 'n' *his* eyes didn't even match each other, fur one was black 'n' the other blue. You remember Rover, don't you, Dora? Lor! he's kerried you on his back."

"That *is* 'cleverer' than you are, Mr. Lynde," laughed Susie. "You wouldn't be as devoted as that, I know," with a side-glance at Dora, who felt as if her face would demolish an iceberg.

Lynde, however, answered, composedly:

"Certainly, Miss Susie, whenever either Miss Dora or yourself require such locomotion, it is quite at your service. And now, who is enough of an astronomer to tell me what star that is directly overhead? I have forgotten, if I ever knew."

For a few days Dora was a little shy of Lynde. A consciousness had arisen between them that rendered her uneasy in his presence. Returning from some village errand one morning, Aunt 'Mandy's words had rung in her ears anew, until her heart beat and her cheeks flushed most uncomfortably for so hot a day. So she went into the shady little parlor to rest and cool herself.

At first her dazzled eyes perceived no other occupant; but when, a moment later, the out-door glare had left them, she saw that Lynde was sitting by the table, his face hidden in his arms. Thinking him asleep, she took a book and was about to leave the room, when he raised his head and turned toward her. His face frightened her. In place of his wonted sweet or mocking smile, she saw a set, stern look about the mouth, hard lines between the eyebrows, and the eyes narrowed in that peculiar way that denotes intense suffering or cruelty.

"You do not look like yourself to-day," said Dora. "I am afraid you are not well." Then, with her ready impulse of helpfulness, she added, "Can I do any thing for you?"

"Yes; you may put your hand on my forehead a moment. Its touch would do it good."

Dora was raising the plump little hand in obedience to his wish, when he met her frank, pitying gaze.

"No," he said, suddenly. "My head does not ache. You love the truth. I will not pretend."

"Then what *is* the matter?" she asked, simply, "for I am sure there is something."

"Yes, there is something," with gloomy eyes that did not look at her. "I keep this day as a day of fasting and prayer."

"Is it—is it one on which you lost some friend, the anniversary of any one's death?" asked Dora, sympathetic but hesitating.

"Yes; of my own: on this day, five years ago, I dug my grave and buried myself with my own hands." He paused a moment, and then went on in a strange, half-savage way, as if some inward suffering forced the words from his lips. "The worst torture of hell is to look up into heaven and see the birthright of happiness that can never—O God! *never*—be ours! And the chief enjoyment of the angels, doubtless, is to witness that agony," he added, with something of his old mockery intensified to bitterness.

Dora was shocked and alarmed.

"You are not well, Mr. Lynde. I wish I could do something to help you;" and the tears came into her eyes.

He saw them, and his whole face changed in a moment.

"No, no," he said, imploringly; "any thing but that. It breaks my heart to see tears in your eyes; to bring them there is worst of all. I assure you it is really nothing but a little headache, and I have been wickedly trying to frighten you. I—"

"Dora! Dora!" called the fretful old voice from the sitting-room; "I want you."

The gloomiest week that Dora had ever known succeeded the bright weather. Rain, rain continually, until the villagers cast anxious glances on the swollen river, that sometimes flooded the door-stones of the houses on its banks.

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But Dora found enough to occupy her thoughts in the illness of her grandmother, who had been seized with a sudden and violent attack of her chronic ailment, and was pronounced by the physician in a most critical condition. For a few days she continued thus, Dora and Aunt 'Mandy watching with her, when, on the afternoon of the fifth, Dr. Staples declared that she could not possibly outlast the night.

Unwilling to leave Dora at such a time, he had gone to take a little rest, directing her to call him if any change should be apparent in her grandmother. Aunt 'Mandy also had retired for a nap, leaving Lynde and Dora alone with the invalid.

The light within the chamber was toned down to a Rembrandt shade, where object after object grew slowly on the vision. A feeble night-lamp shed a narrow circle of rays around it, leaving in obscurity the remoter portions of the room. On the great high-posted bed lay the old woman who had slept there so many years, wrapped in her last earthly slumber. No breathing stirred the air, no sound from either of the others broke the silence. But the stillness was only that of humanity. Outside, the night was one wild conflict of elements, and in the intervals of the storm could be heard the rushing of the turbid river. Just without the window a gigantic maple writhed and tossed as if in agony, beating the pane with an unearthly sound which seemed the work neither of unconscious nature nor of any mortal agency, but rather a summons from Death, grown weary of waiting for his victim throughout these long years, impatient to seize the prey now almost in his reach.

Lynde, watching Dora's face, saw all the changes wrought there by a week of care and sleeplessness. Her cheeks, preserving the roundness of extreme youth, had lost their color, her eyelids were heavy and languid, and her mouth had a touching droop. The pose of her whole figure betokened excessive weariness. Presently the drowsy head began to sway, and the tired girl was asleep, upright in her hard chair.

Noiselessly Lynde drew his own beside it, passed his arm, without disturbing her, around her shoulders, and gave her head an easier resting-place. As the storm had gradually abated, a deep peace settled upon nature. The maple no longer writhed, but fluttered its wet leaves gently, and the faint moon, issuing from a sombre bank of cloud, sent in a few struggling rays where the chintz curtains parted, producing that fantastic effect always caused by the blending of blue moonbeams with the yellow of artificial light.

For some time the young girl did not move. Then, disturbed, perhaps, by the strong beating of the heart on which she rested, or by the tender pitying eyes bent on her, she stirred uneasily, and then awoke. Still half unconscious, she placed her hand within the one that lay beside it.

The contact of the clinging fingers thrilled through every nerve of those they touched. Yielding to sudden impulse, he bent his head and kissed her. Now she was thoroughly awakened, and no longer pale. A tide of blood surged up over her white face as, with a suppressed cry, she sprang from his arms and drew away her chair.

He was following her, but Dora, full of self-reproach for the happiness she could not disguise from her own heart, pointed mutely toward the bed.

The gesture restored Lynde to himself, and he resumed his seat just where the moonlight fell upon his face, so that a little later Dora saw from an expression which crossed it that some change had come to the silent sleeper.

A half hour more, and stillness once more reigned within the chamber, but this time it was the stillness of death.

A close, long pressure of the hand, one look into each other's eyes, a few commonplace words of farewell—that was their parting. And was this, indeed, the end? Was the sweet blossom of the summer never to ripen into fruit?

But more practical questions also engaged Dora's consideration. How should she maintain herself? Obviously she could not remain alone in the old house by the river, with only the cat for company. While thus deliberating, who should come to Bromley but Judge Holbrook and his daughter Belle? The place had known the former as a frequent visitor in earlier days. He was a distant relative of Grandma Gardner's, and had been a lover of pretty Lois. Himself left a widower a year or two after marriage, he had renewed his suit when his early love was once more free to receive it. Of course it had been in vain, but the judge cherished pleasant memories of Bromley notwithstanding, and now, after a long absence, revisited it in company with his only daughter.

Dora, if unlike her mother in appearance, had yet many ways suggestive of her to one who had known her in her bright girlhood. So, what with her inherited claim on his regard, and the influence of her own attractions, Judge Holbrook insisted so strongly that she should make her home with them, or at least pay them a visit of indefinite length, that lonely little Dora willingly consented, the more readily that "Cousin Belle" and "Cousin Dora" had taken a violent fancy to each other, and were already quite inseparable.

Belle Holbrook, a few years Dora's senior, was a handsome, stylish girl, devoted to fashion and amusement, with no alarming

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amount of brain or heart, but possessed of an abundance of good nature that rendered her a general favorite.

Having somewhat exhausted herself with the gayeties of the past season, traveling in a quiet way during the summer months had been recommended in lieu of watering-place dissipation, which prescription had been followed not only by the patient, but by the judge himself, together with a little party of their friends.

And this, declared Judge Holbrook, emphatically, was the very thing to restore the color to Dora's pale cheeks likewise; in which opinion he was supported by his partner, Mr. Caldwell, a manly, good-looking young fellow, who seemed disposed to take Dora under his especial care.

"And I can tell you, little puss," said Cousin Belle, "you may well feel flattered, for he seldom notices a young lady, though there are enough who notice *him*. If I were not engaged myself, I never would resign him to you; but, as it is, I can see that you will suit each other perfectly."

From which it may be gathered that, for all their intimacy, Dora's new-found relative did not as yet possess her entire confidence.

If Lynde had really loved her, why had he said nothing further after the night when he had revealed that love? And something kept whispering in her ear a line she had long ago read, "What does it prove when Death and Love choose out the self-same place?" Then hope checked the dismal refrain, telling her it was yet too soon after her recent loss for Lynde to speak on such a subject. Either she would hear from him or he would come again next summer. She must not miss the chance of seeing him. With the earliest days of June she would return to Bromley, and never leave it till the first frost touched the maples.

By November Judge Holbrook's family had been established for some weeks within their city home, and Dora had found the new life very pleasant. Naturally buoyant, she could not be expected to mourn interminably for one who not only had never loved her, but who was more than willing to bid adieu to a life of suffering and trials.

The judge was very kind, and his young partner very devoted. As Belle had said, the little girl might well be proud of such an admirer. Singularly sincere and noble himself, from the first he had been drawn to Dora, and the feeling had speedily ripened into something deeper, while the judge wished him godspeed, and complacently anticipated a double wedding next year.

"Isn't it glorious?" said Belle one day, with unusual excitement. "You know how disappointed I have been that that splendid Italian troupe should go back to Europe before Dora had heard them. And now she will have an opportunity after all; for Wednesday evening we are to have them here, 'positively for the last time.'"

Dora was not averse to the prospect, although there was some one else in New York for the briefest glimpse of whom she would have given all the opera troupes in existence; but, alas! never yet had it been her happy fate to meet him. Still, when the evening arrived, she found herself awaiting, with no small interest, the appearance of the celebrated singers. Added to this was a conviction of Lynde's presence among the audience. With his love of music, he was sure to haunt the opera. She was even conscious of a certain magnetic feeling that always affected her when he was near.

The curtain rose upon a scene of lights and brilliant dresses. A tall, beautiful woman, white-armed and full-throated, first attracted her attention. "Zarelli," whispered Belle; but her cousin's eyes had wandered to a slight, graceful form a little apart from the others: a young man with a pale face, fair hair, and large dark eyes.

Dora fell back in her seat, with a face as colorless as his.

"It is *he!* Why is *he* there with them?"

"Why shouldn't he be?" airily answered Belle, who had caught the scarcely audible murmur. "That is the great tenor, Gabriele. Isn't he magnificent? Pity Zarelli isn't his wife, instead of that odious Englishwoman. But hush! they are beginning that exquisite duet."

Novel heroines and delicate young ladies faint. Dora was a healthy country girl, and came of good old Revolutionary stock; so she bravely "faced the music," as her ancestor had done at Bunker Hill.

Once only her self-control deserted her. During a low perfect solo—a thing to hold your very breath and hear—something had drawn the dark eyes of the singer straight to her own. She saw the sudden deadly pallor, and caught the momentary quaver of the voice. Then the eyes were averted. That was all.

Over at last! Stunned and bewildered, alone in her room, Dora sat late into the night before the dying fire, with Belle's chatter—the sense of which she had hardly taken in the carriage—ringing in her ears.

"Vincenzo Gabriele—Naples—married at twenty—Englishwoman ten years older, not handsome, but very wealthy. Some said that was why he married her, but Belle wouldn't believe he was mercenary. Others declared it was because she was dying of love for him. She had no doubt it was out of pity. And they say Madame Gabriele is terribly jealous of Zarelli. For her part, Belle thought it served her right."

Chatter, chatter, chatter—still echoing in Dora's ears.

In the grate lay a spray of clematis and one or two worthless scraps of paper with

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writing on them. Yesterday, all treasures—to-night, smouldering in the flames.

A long future stretches before eighteen. Many hopes may yet arise for Dora. A strong, faithful love is waiting her acceptance. Ten years hence may behold her a happy wife and mother, or the white snow may be drifting down above her quiet grave in Bromley church-yard. Before *us*, of course, her fate lies like an open scroll; but we leave it unrevealed, and drop the curtain on Dora as, alone with her first great sorrow, she gazes at the ashes of her dead Romance.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WORLD.

AFTER two or three days of superficial hurry and bustle, oddly contrasting with an inward heaviness and stagnation, Garth found himself established in Bowdoin College. At first sight the place impressed him as desolate, overpopulated, and artificial; he fancied he never should become reconciled to it. He was continually shocked, moreover, at meeting faces wholly strange to him. Heretofore he had considered himself a stranger to many of the dwellers in Urmsworth: now first did he discover the difference between not recognizing people and not knowing them. He freshly realized the extent of his human dependence; and he could almost believe that he missed his own family less than those unnamed villagers. Probably the images of the former were so much more distinct in his memory that the latter seemed a completer loss.

When the moment of parting came, the adieux had been easily said; but afterward he perceived that his mood had been shallow, and he wished he had the time more to heart. That familiar circle at Urmhurst—how plainly it lived in his reverie! There sat his father, reading in the ancestral armchair, whose ponderous build contrasted quaintly with the slender proportions of the tranquil, keen, clear-visaged man. Here moved his mother, demurely cheerful, in her white cap, soft-handed, light-footed, low-voiced, with a sweet solidity of figure and aspect. Now enters the frequent parson, huge, rejoicing, with snowy summit and accents of thunder, but bending a little of late beneath his eighty-seven stalwart years. Anon behold Madge, with her picturesque and piquant "toilettes," as she styles them, her vigorous, symmetrical little figure, her slender, oval face, with its vivid hues, long, sparkling eyes, and mobile mouth, her self-possessed yet winning manners. Garth wished for her more than for the others, though whether it were because he needed her more, or because of an obscure misgiving as to whether he felt the loss of her enough, was a question which might give him pause.

By-and-by the harshness of the desolation wore away. It was consoling to find thirty or forty young fellows, his immediate associates, in no cheerfuler predicament than himself. Moreover, there was work to do, though not so much or so difficult as he had expected. The novelty of the situation, the fixed hours, the punctual bells, the rigid tutors, and the stimulus of the crowded classroom long served to keep the son of the woods self-forgetfully surprised. At first he had stood apart by himself, in the persuasion that he was one unit and the rest of the university another, mutually repellent. Afterward he came into possession of two or three unprecedentedly sympathetic friendships, and from these advanced with naïve precipitance until he had met the whole class, man by man. They all liked him. Garth hardly understood this, or, rather, he took it for a matter of course that classmates must like each other. It was not that he was exceptionally attractive, but all the fellows were good and charming.

In fact, however, Garth was not long in becoming both distinguished and influential. As often happens, it was the oppression and insufferable arrogance of the Sophomores that brought his more engaging qualities to the surface. At first his modest allowance of the superior claims of age and experience, and his cordial deference to legitimate authority, tended to put his temper in a false light. When half a dozen young gentlemen of the upper class visited his room, Garth closed his books and received his guests with respectful courtesy. He was flagrantly fresh—greener than he there was not; nevertheless, something in the set of his features, and a kind of straightforward reserve in his manner, had virtue to keep the half dozen within bounds for a while. They sounded him with fathoms of solemn fabrications, most of it time-honored stock; he listened with such grave acceptance and brief replies that they somewhat misdoubted the sincerity of his guilelessness. At length one of their number, who

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had an unfortunate talent for sallies of the Rabelais order, let loose a salvo of which Garth understood sufficient sharply to disgust him.

He got up, with a glance at the offender of such plentiful dislike that the latter's countenance changed a little, and for a few moments there was a dramatic silence.

"I'm sorry," then quoth Garth, "but you must go out."

"Hoity-toity, Freshman! Keep a civil tongue for your betters, Sir."

At this Garth glared round at the other faces: all seemed to support the cause of indecency. Despite his guilelessness, he was any thing but thick-witted, and in a flash he saw through the sham of these tall-talking visitors, and reddened to the back of his neck with resentment. He stepped passionately to the door and hurled it open, fronted the six—short, square, and darksome—but with a spirit in him that overtopped Parson Graeme's seven feet.

"Get out—all of you!" he growled, flinging back his arm toward the doorway, and imperiously stamping his foot.

Every youth rose to his feet. Some looked grave, others laboriously laughed; only the disciple of Rabelais—a youth scarce Garth's better in height, and far his inferior in brawn—fired up, and haughtily swore he would stand no insolence from a Freshman. He made up to Garth, and aimed a hearty blow at him. It was partly parried, yet slightly touched the cheek. Garth's pulse beat murder once; at the second beat he had remembered the lesson of Sam Kineo. Suddenly griping the warlike Sophomore by both arms, he faced him at short range.

"Don't fight for unclean words; they'd beat you beforehand."

Having driven these words into his antagonist, he loosed him; and the latter, whether admonished by the startling force of Garth's clutch or by the solidity of his argument, did not strike again. His companions, who had hitherto looked on, apparently not unwilling to behold a fight, now espoused the cause of the invaded party.

"Better let that Freshman alone, Jack Selwyn," remarked the biggest of the party. "He could have shaken your head off if he'd wanted to."

"Freshy had the right of it, too," affirmed another, off-handedly. "No business to hit a fellow for not liking smut!"

"Guess we'll take our young friend's hint," exclaimed a third, cheerfully. "Come on, men, we've plenty more calls to make this evening. By-by, Freshy; if you live long enough, you'll be a missionary and convert the heathen. Sorry we can't spend the night with you; try to some other time." Thus they filed out, peacefully enough, Selwyn last, and seemingly half inclined to stay and have it out with the grim Freshman in private. But the others pulled him, laughing, away, and Garth was alone again. He too itched for battle, though in his first review of the affair he was not altogether clear whether or not he was justified in treating his guests so cavalierly. But after lying awake all night to discuss the question, he came to the conclusion that he had not done amiss, and this honest conviction went far to soothe the sting of the blow he had received. But the restraint put on himself had wrenched his sensibilities; the unquenched embers of wrath fevered his blood. Though he might not regret his forbearance, he would shun the future exercise of so uncomfortable a virtue. Thought he, "I won't be so angry next time, no matter how much they are in the wrong; then I can fight without fear of killing them!"

This was satisfactory, and Garth attended morning recitation cheerful in the prospect of good-temperedly thrashing a Sophomore ere night-fall. But he reckoned without his host. His adventure had already got wind, and he was puzzled to find himself a hero, a champion—the Freshman who, single-footed, had kicked an army of tyrants out of his room. "They went of themselves; I only told them to go," he shamefacedly explained to the knots of admirers. But his reputation was made, and the fact that the Sophomores (whether by chance or design) uniformly kept out of his way confirmed it. Moreover—for college youths are especially susceptible to a vigorous example on the manly side—his classmates were inspired by his exploit to offer so intrepid a front to oppression that hazing that season had but a short and uneasy life of it.

Although this episode gave Garth a social impetus at first, its final effect was in a contrary direction. He began with opening his heart warm and wide to all comers; but he found out, earlier than most, what rare birds friends are. His circle of intimates was always contracting. He wanted his companion to be at least as fine as the landscape; and after repeated disappointments became deliberately—instead of, as heretofore, involuntarily—reserved. His lovers found him on one or another ground impracticable, and gave him up. He was too quick to see that men were not pure gold, too loath to accept good working alloys. He was getting experience at once too slowly and too fast.

It is, however, noticeable (and it attracted remark at the time) that the only undergraduate with whom by the end of the year Garth distinctly fraternized was no other than the Jack Selwyn whose first interview with young Urmson had been so unpropitious. Some months after the scene in which he had played scape-goat Selwyn renewed the acquaintance, and seemed to find

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his account in keeping it up. Garth, at first shy, later turned and met him half-way. So incongruous a friendship was generally ridiculed. Selwyn, who belonged to what was called the fast set, was rallied for Puritanism. Sad-browed Garth was analyzed as a libertine. But it may be conjectured that these diverse characters attracted each other's best side, and fattened upon mutual unlikeness. Selwyn was a fellow of fire and ability, and his eighteen years had seen a strange variety of life ways. He was cursed with a rakish devil of which he might not get control; but he had heights and lights as well as depths and blots, and the contrast was pathetically picturesque. He loved Garth's passionate steadiness of character. Garth loved his swift light and shadow, his struggle, his weakness, and his well-told adventures. At all events, the friendship lasted.

Meanwhile books and recitations were not neglected. But Garth a little mystified his instructors. They were sometimes in doubt as to whether he knew more or less than was set down for him. He often seemed better versed in commentaries and parallel readings than in the lesson itself of the day. Parts of a subject would attract him, and he would follow them down to the root with curious zeal, merely skimming the surface of the rest. His translations from the classics were sometimes quaintly felicitous, though always very free and idiomatic. Algebraic generalizations were distasteful to him; he loved vivid particulars; and though the sublime developments of the higher geometry attracted him, he never could forgive the petty inductive steps which must lead him thither. He still abhorred formulas, and smacked his lips over individuality. He occasionally took strange liberties with the tutors and professors in class, but with so grave a front, and in general so aptly to the matter in hand, that they could not count it impertinence.

In fact, Garth was learning his college lessons least of all; but the black and white lore of the world was entering him at all points, and putting him in a manner beside himself. Life no longer seemed a private affair between himself and his God, but there were as many modes and opinions of life as there were men. It was amazing how widely human principles could differ! People begin with expecting harmony in those they meet, and discord is the saddest discovery. To what end, wondered Garth, does Omnipotence permit so sorry a waste of force? Men thwart one another and misunderstand and run amuck, when a little economy and accord would bridge the universe.

But the young man had not the instinct of a reformer. If he preached, it was to himself, and the only affairs he undertook to regulate were his own. No doubt he believed that, as regarded fundamental moral principles, he was right, and all who disputed him were wrong. But Garth's principles had little to do with his intellect; he would never discuss a truth which he had felt—unlike Selwyn, who was for putting a why to every thing. This bigotry as to the main axioms of conduct is not seldom the sign of a strong nature. It is called stupidity by volatile people, whose very sediment is stirred by all breezes. But deep-set men, whose foundations no storm can reach, who never seem to move, are the rocks whereby the world climbs upward. They play games with their intellect, but do their serious business by dint of something else.

"What are you going to be, after graduating, Urmson?" was frequently Selwyn's inquiry.

"If I knew," the other would reply, "I wouldn't wait to graduate."

"Lawyer, doctor, parson, grocer, pirate, President, gold-digger?"

Garth shook his head.

"You'd make a good pirate, if you once got started. I'd be your first mate, and arrange the skulls and bones on the cabin walls. Was chased by a pirate once, in the Pacific, and wished I was aboard her, with a knife between my teeth, and the devil for captain."

"It needs brains to be a devil," said Garth, "so I wouldn't do."

"Oh, wickedness sharpens the wits; it would clear you up wonderfully. The fellows say, now, that you're a good-for-nothing lazy chap; that you're well as far as you go, but that the important cog is left out of you."

"The cog's left out," repeated Garth, abstractedly, clutching his hair.

"What do I think of you, backwoodsman? Let me smoke, and I'll tell you."

"Go ahead."

"Try a pipe yourself, Garth. Oh, very well; but you were born for a smoker, and you'll smoke yet, when your cog is in gear. That reminds me—it's not left out, only out of gear."

"That opinion isn't worth a pipe."

"I knew before that you were stupid and ill-mannered, and you don't deserve to hear it; and if I thought you'd believe it, I wouldn't tell you. But, after all, they're said to be the unhappiest of men, as a rule, and you'll hardly be an exception. So here goes!" said Selwyn, puffing away.

"What?"

"Hear me in all seriousness. You are a genius, my poor friend. The secret is out, Garth: you are a genius!"

"Genius for what?" demanded the other, with a smile.

"That is your business; but you will do something as it has never been done before.

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Your stupidity results from unrecognized genius. Genius, my man, is a sort of magic tail, which, before you get the hang of it, trips you up, and weighs you down, and makes you disagreeable to every body you meet. But once you learn how to wag it, and not all the kangaroos, beavers, and peacocks in creation can come near you. You understand me, of course, figuratively."

"I don't understand you at all."

"You are a genius—one of the best kind, the unconscious. There is a horizontal depression athwart the centre of your forehead. You believe in things, without arguing, more potently than I can after being logically convinced. You are not only an individual, but a unique; nothing comes out of you or goes into you the same as with other people. Now I'm a man of talent, the reverse of a unique. I see and do things in the hackneyed old ways, only better than most people. I can do a lot of things better than you can do any thing—except that one thing you have a genius for. In short, your immediate ancestor was Adam, or Noah, or the archangel Gabriel—some one of those primal fellows; whereas I am what is called a supreme product of civilization. D'ye see?"

"When did you make this discovery?"

"When I punched your head, six months ago. D—— you, Garth Urmson, how you did hold on to me! When I was sixteen, in Madrid, and was in the midst of a flirtation (one of my first serious ones) with a fair señorita—well, one night the other fellow—there always is another fellow in Spain—jumped out at me with his knife. He pricked me in the arm the first thing, and afterward in the hip; but I wasn't a bit afraid of him, but sailed in and half killed him. Till you took hold of me that night I never was afraid of any thing—do you hear? But when you set that infernal black face of yours in front of me, I felt as if I were melted sealing-wax, and you had stamped your own ugly features on me for a seal. It was horrible. There was nothing of me left in me, but I seemed changed into you; and still there was enough of me left to be frightened. I didn't get over it for days; I was always running to the looking-glass to see whether it was your head or mine that was on my shoulders."

"Well, Selwyn!"

"Do you suppose, if you hadn't been a regular primeval devil, or angel, or whatever else you choose to call a genius, that I wouldn't have broken loose and thrashed you, if you'd been ten times as strong? But I saw your horns and tail, and your heavenly pinions, and I had to give in. I knew you then."

"Then why don't I know me?" demanded Garth, getting up with glowing eyes and his hair on end.

"Because there's too much for a boy of your age to know. You'd run away with yourself, and tear yourself to pieces. Wait till you're old enough."

"Selwyn—you're in earnest?" said Garth, breathing deeply.

"Yes, by God!"

"Genius!" continued the other, walking up and down the room in a kind of restrained tumult. "I have felt sometimes as though I—no, as though the earth were my body, and I saw through it and lived through it and understood it, just as I do my human body. It never lasted but a few minutes, but then I was as strong as the whole world, and as happy as heaven."

Selwyn smoked in silence.

"If that could last!" said Garth, stopping and doubling his fists at his sides. "But afterward I'm as lazy and shapeless as a bag of sand. But if that was genius, I'll question it next time! All I thought was to enjoy it. But genius for what?"

"You seem to think," returned Selwyn, on being thus vehemently addressed, "that because I've given you a glimpse of your hidden treasure, I'm bound to tell you what you'll spend it for. What the devil is that to me? If you could benefit me with it, 'twould be another matter. But if you had the genius of Solomon and Raphael and Praxiteles all rolled into one, it would never benefit any one but yourself. No man ever helped another yet—not even helped to damn him! We're made selfish, and we're never so selfish as when we try to be generous. Good joke, isn't it? Ha! ha! ha!"

Garth looked with curious compassion at his friend, whose cynical outbursts were not unfamiliar to him, but neither smiled nor answered.

"A sensible fellow I am, to care for you," resumed Selwyn, amidst his smoke—"tossing up my cap and giving three cheers for your genius, and you can't wait for the words to be out of my mouth before you want to be off enjoying yourself with it. I wish I'd kept it to myself; I wish I could prevent your ever finding out what it's for; I wish you were as good-for-nothing a fool as I am, and then we might have some good times together. No, on second thoughts I take it all back. If I could tell you what your vocation was to be, you should know before this pipe went out. I wish you did know it. The day you do, you see the last of Jack Selwyn."

"Where do you mean to go?"

"Oh, Heaven preserve me from a man wedded to his genius! I hope you don't propose committing bigamy with any innocent young woman. Yes, whenever you discover what you are made for, let me know. I know the kind of friend a man of genius wants, and I'm not one of that kind. No."

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"If you mean to hint that I could become so taken up in any pursuit as to slight you or any one I love, either you don't know what genius is or I haven't any," growled Garth, in indignation. "I won't talk about it any more. We've said too much already. I feel little enough like a genius now."

"Slit my tongue, Garth, or, better still, cut my throat. Well, did you ever hear of such a sentimental, gushing young thing as I am? But Garth, I swear by you, or, rather, whatever name I take in vain, it will never be yours. Good-night, old genius. Ah, you may turn out a great man, and I may kowtow to you, but you'll never be great enough to do one thing, kowtow or not—save me from going to the devil. Ha! ha! ha! Good-by."

This conversation did Garth no ostensible good; he became graver and more preoccupied than ever. The glimpse of hidden treasure which Selwyn had given him seemed rather to bewilder than to enrich him. He wandered about with a sprig of witch-hazel, exploring his mind for what might lie buried in it. His search resulted as most such searches do. He discovered nothing, and began to more than suspect that there was nothing to discover. Meantime his hours and days were slipping into nothingness. He could almost wish, like Selwyn, that he had been an acknowledged fool, if so he might be happier.

"I am an impostor, deceiving even myself," he would sometimes think.

Howbeit the deception was often wondrous subtle. What was this power, this clearness and facility, that ever and anon surged and lived within him? Was it singular or common? Did every body see and feel what he sometimes saw and felt? At all events, he knew no one who could reply to him in such moods; indeed, there was no one to whom he felt it possible adequately to express himself. But if his riches could not be used and profited by, were they not a misfortune? A genius who could make his genius of no avail was especially pitiable. Nevertheless Garth could not wholly resign himself to being commonplace.

He saw the world under two alternate and strongly contrasted aspects. Now, it glowed and throbbed with color and rhythm. It gleamed and floated, too rich and poetic to be solid reality. These tints and forms and motions were beautiful, not in themselves, but by dint of transcendent significances shining through, significances which trembled on the verge of expression. Could they be expressed? If so, how blessed their interpreter! The universe would flow and be plastic in his hands; he could shape its sublime generalities into lovely and wise particulars; he could bring the ends of the earth together, and cause them to enhance each other's beauty. His abstracts would suggest the truth of the whole, and bring it to common recognition; and upon each abstract, each particular, would be stamped the seal of his individual mind and nature, lending to the wild page of nature a human interest which should endear it to men's hearts. Yes, the great visible world of men and things was the security of an infinite treasure which it was the lot of the chosen seer to take and spend for the weal of humankind.

More often, however, the world wore a less promising appearance. It was solid and superficial: nothing short of a pickaxe or a chisel could discover an interior. It was wonderfully painted, modeled, and arranged; but, with a little more skill and knowledge, man might produce something nearly as good. It had no meaning, except utility or inconvenience. Its closest relation to man was a chemical one. It was a monument of Divine power and cleverness, as Selwyn put it; but the human race was only accidentally associated with it, and might just as well have been any where else. Creation was arbitrary, and it was an idle vision, that of a comprehensive and logical necessity pervading all. "The Creator is an amateur," said Selwyn. "He made the universe for fun. He would scorn to have it supposed that He couldn't have done something much better if He'd given His mind to it."

"Was Jesus Christ an amateur?" demanded Garth, gloomily eying his friend.

"He was earnest enough," replied Selwyn; "and see what a mess he made of it!"

"Then it's better to be an amateur than in earnest?"

"Whoever tries to take such a stupendous joke as this world is seriously, gets crucified for his pains. Besides, it isn't dignified. Who ever heard of a hard-working, professional God, or would respect such a one?"

"At all events," growled Garth, after a silence, "I shall never respect any other. I'll worship the God who suffers from every doubt and evil impulse that I feel, and fights against them for me, and whom I crucify every time I reject His help. Such a God as you talk about—who creates for fun, and enjoys the formal superstitious flattery He is besmeared with at the churches on Sunday, and dares to be idle and pampered while I am sinning and struggling and dying down here—He is either a bogey or a devil; and any thief or prostitute on earth is worthier of worship than He!"

Selwyn stared in surprise.

"I have my deaf and blind times," the other went on, still eying his companion: "I'm that way to-day, and the world seems dead and dumb. But when I feel alive and

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clear, so seems the world too. It follows my good or bad humor. It is bound up with me, somehow; and if there is a God, He is bound up with me; at any rate, if He is not bound up in me, there is no Christ, who is the only God worth talking about."

"Well, Master Urmson, I have sometimes suspected my own orthodoxy; but what to call you— Do you know you have a way of staring me straight in the face? It's devilish disagreeable, and I wish you'd stop it."

"I wasn't thinking of your face: it's a handsome one, but too pale. Your hair curves about prettily, and has the right shade of brown, but it's soft as a woman's. However, it matches well enough with that straight delicate nose of yours, and with—"

"Your genius is not for badinage, decidedly; you remind me of a dancing bear I used to know in Tyrol. By-the-way, have you found out yet what it *is* for?"

"Dancing, I suppose. Oh, my genius? Selwyn, if the universe is a joke, and God a pampered aristocrat, what is genius?"

"Ha! ha! ha! I don't think you can be responsible for your utterances to-day. If you were not Garth, I should fancy you'd had too much gin!"

"I don't know what you are laughing at," said Garth, rather grimly. "Genius is getting at God's meaning; but if He means what you say, the fewer geniuses there are the better. Are you a humbug, after all? What you say doesn't hold together. If you are only playing at skepticism, it's poor play, I think."

"Upon my word, you are getting rather personal," exclaimed Selwyn, somewhat hotly.

"Oh, forget your person for a few minutes. Well, I beg your pardon. Do you remember hinting some time ago that when I found my vocation I might slight my friends? The danger seems more likely to come from my not finding it. I grow more disagreeable to myself and to you every day. Most of the tutors hate the sight of me. I've a mind to go before the mast. I can be a sailor, at all events."

"I am an effeminate brute, sure enough, to be angry with you, you dear old curmudgeon. If you go before the mast, I'll go with you: I've seen a little of that life already, you know. But that's nonsense. Why don't you write Milton, or paint Michael Angelo, or preach St. Paul? That's the sort of thing you are up to, if you only knew it."

"Painter!" cried Garth, raising himself from his chair, and reddening.

"What are you in a rage about? Yes, now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if painting was your line. You'd be a sort of Beethoven of the easel."

Garth walked several times up and down the small dingy room, scowling at the carpet, and doubling and undoubling his fists. At length he stopped in front of Selwyn, and spoke with unusually bitter energy.

"If you knew what a time I've had for years past! When I was a child, with no thought of right and wrong, I was ashamed of it; afterward I began to see it for what it was, but the temptation was so strong that half the time I gave in to it. I used to sneak off to that room in the garret. I can't understand it! In what seem my best moments I feel the temptation strongest, and I'm never so happy as while I am yielding. Since I've been here, and have had no chance, I've been wretched."

"What has this to do with being a painter?"

"I believe Satan was the first painter. The Lord had given him power and insight —the noblest weapons—and he turned them against Him, to mock Him and parody His works. Those great painters, honored as they are, were either miserably weak or wicked. They used their genius to degrade this God-created world to their own level. Men praise them because such degradation flatters their vanity. I have the best right to call them contemptible. The better they paint, the worse they are. I believe they are less able or less daring now; but those old painters used to—Selwyn, they used to paint God Himself and angels. It was blasphemy!"

"And beautiful blasphemy some of it was. I saw a big blasphemy in Rome, called the 'Transfiguration,' done by a famous devil of the name of Raphael. He and others have painted crowds of Virgins and saints, most of which are prayed to in churches. Oh, the works of the devil are all the rage in Europe, I assure you. And the best of it is, they are called divinely inspired. But see here, Garth, I shall pull as long a face as your own for a few moments, and ask you some serious questions. You are the most perverse idiot for a genius that I ever heard of. Do you mean to say that you've ever painted any thing?"

"I did what I could," replied the other, gloomily, resuming his seat. "I had no knowledge nor materials to speak of; only the desire."

"Did you ever see a famous picture?"

Garth shook his head. "Nor ever mean to. It's enough to have heard of them— and I've seen copies of some in books."

"What a delicate moralist you are, to be sure! What does your father say on the subject?"

"I never spoke to him about it; never to any one, except—"

"That was selfish of you; for you only being right, and all the rest of the world wrong, you ought to make converts and preach a crusade. Tell me one thing, is it as wicked to draw *Pons Asinorum* on the

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blackboard as to paint the 'Transfiguration?'"

"If I could jest about this, I should be yet more contemptible than I am. I've been thinking it over lately, and may as well face the truth now as later: my genius, if I have genius—at any rate, the strongest bent of my faculties and impulses—is to be a painter. I'm that or nothing; an intellectual pauper, or rich on devil's wages. Now you know why I'm ill-humored. I don't see why I was created fit only for an ill purpose. It makes me doubt. I'd better go to sea, as my forefathers did."

Here followed a pause of some length, both young men looking a good deal out of sorts. At last Selwyn broke out, smiting his hands against the arms of his chair.

"This is the most absurd tragedy I ever heard of. Shall I laugh or cry? What is the use of my talking? No one can confute you better than yourself. Your skepticism is so monstrous and irrational, it will end in making me a credulous bigot. Garth, tell me one thing, did you ever fall in love?"

"Do you— Yes, I—"

"Oh, don't blush; you're no worse than the rest of us. But see here, did you go smash at the first look, or did you hold back at first, and only give in afterward?"

"I believe that was—but—"

"Ha! and when you'd given in, didn't you love her most for the very things you'd found most fault with at first? Didn't you?"

"Perhaps. You seem to know all about it—but—"

"There! Yes, I do know my alphabet, and part of yours into the bargain; and that's more knowledge than you can lay claim to, with all your genius. Don't you see how it is? Painting is your mistress, and you're madly in love with her—so much so that the mere thought of her makes you an irrational fool. You are bound to her, soul and body, so of course you can't hear argument or talk sense about her. She attracts you so that you mistake your *vis inertiæ* for repulsion, and babble what you fancy is abuse, but what wise men know to be abject love-talk. Blasphemy, forsooth! Painting is your mistress, and when you are come to years of discretion, if you don't marry her, and eat your blackguard words in dust and ashes—if you don't— D——, there goes the bell! and my Rhetoric all unlearned."

"You have your rhetoric by heart," muttered Garth, as his friend slammed the door and was gone; and he sat scowling at the carpet and scorning to be cajoled by words. Nevertheless, he presently discovered some abatement in his ill humor. It was a satisfaction to have recognized the truth about himself, and to have spoken it out, once for all. Selwyn had ridiculed him, which was foolish in Selwyn; but it showed, at least, that the matter could be honestly regarded from two sides. He would gladly believe that those arch-sinners, Raphael, Titian, and the rest, were honest too. But that was not possible—hardly possible. Whoever had felt the temptation rage within him must have had insight to divine its impiety. Pictures could not be painted by fools, nor in fits of abstraction.

No, Selwyn was a better rhetorician than logician. What arguments had he used? Not one! only adduced illustrations, and forced ones at that. Indeed, what arguments on his side of the question were there? But why talk of argument? Argument about a matter such as this was out of place, undignified. The truth must be felt intuitively, and there an end. The only puzzle was that the truth was not as manifest to the rest of the world as to Garth; whereas, as Selwyn had said, Garth stood alone. Could there be any thing in the suggestion that one's very partiality to a thing might blind him to its merits? It had been so in the case of Madge, to be sure; but this was a moral, not a personal, question.

It here struck Garth as an odd coincidence that Madge (to whom only besides Selwyn he had mentioned painting) should have agreed with Selwyn in approving it. What if others—what if his father—were to do the same? Was any individual safe in setting his intuitive sentiment above the verdict of history and of his contemporaries? Might not one be too closely concerned in such verdict to feel intuitively at all, especially if he were a new-made collegian with little knowledge and less experience?

But now he drew himself up and sternly questioned his integrity. If incompetent to decide against his desires, much less dare he favor them. No majority of voices could make wrong right; while, on the other hand, his very unfamiliarity with current opinion might enhance the worth of his judgment. Moreover, Garth had a potent belief in his own sanity. On a matter of such large moment as this, juggling with syllogisms was out of place. A spontaneous conviction could be attacked only by another as spontaneous. It seemed most honorable not to think about the subject more than he could help. If his present position was just, time would confirm it; if not, time would bring the deeper insight to undermine it. Though this might seem an unpromising conclusion, it left Garth less heavy-hearted than of late, and disposed to question whether all of life lay between the horns of a dilemma.

Meanwhile, in furtherance of his purpose to banish the matter from his thoughts, he strove doggedly to fill himself with study. His Freshman year was nearly done; but he had already resolved to spend the summer vacation at the college. Perhaps, in thinking of home, the garret chamber stood out

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too prominently, and he shunned putting his resolution to the test too soon. Moreover, home ties having been cut, he may have wished the wound thoroughly to heal before returning. He had proved himself a better correspondent than might have been expected, addressing most of his letters to his mother, who, for her part, replied with sweet motherly phrases and inquiries and hopes and fears, one letter being nearly a repetition of the rest, and the dearer to Garth on that account. His father's injunction to think often of his mother might have been spared. He felt nearer to her than before their separation, and loved her more intelligently since having learned something of the unloveliness of the outer world.

His correspondence with Madge was of a more fitful and less satisfactory sort. In the first place, he was at a loss what to write to her. A mere account of his haps and mishaps—though, no doubt, Madge would have found it acceptable enough—seemed to Garth too slight a theme, while he found huge difficulty in composing an ideal love-letter; for to soar to the ideal was to lose sight of Madge, and to keep her steadily in view was to miss the ideal. So, albeit he spent much more time and pains over his letters to her than on those to his mother, he did not like them nearly so well when they were done.

Madge, for her part, was punctual in her answers; but these did little to relieve Garth of his embarrassment. His mother's epistles, unstudied and simple though they were, seemed almost to hold her living image in every sentence; but Madge's rather obscured than brought her before him: he could not reconcile her written with her visible self. He thought she did herself injustice, was ignorant of her worth, and translated herself from a divinity into something approaching the commonplace. In herself he knew her to be only too captivating, but he fancied he could never have fallen in love with her through the post.

Meanwhile the fault was not in Madge's letters, but in her lover's unreasonable standard. There was no contradiction between what she wrote and herself; but Garth had never sufficiently separated in his mind her appearance from her character. It is the misfortune of very beautiful persons that they are open to invidious comparisons between their outside and their inside. Nor did he sufficiently consider the necessary effect of her confined position upon her alert and ambitious spirit. Village born and bred, but with a disposition whose restlessness was calculated for a much wider sphere, she had dreamed from childhood of the pride and splendor of the outer world. And now that Garth had made his first step into this unknown and fascinating region, she constituted him her proxy, and expected him not only to take an interest in all that would have interested her, but to send her vivid and enthusiastic accounts thereof. She imagined him consorting with the dignitaries of the earth; engaging in an endless series of parties, receptions, picnics, and other dissipations; the companion of brilliant, wise, and witty men, and (which often prompted her to outbursts of fantastic and far-fetched jealousy) of lovely and aristocratic women. Endless was her curiosity on all social subjects; and despite continual betrayals of ignorance on Garth's part, both implicit and explicit, she could never bring herself to believe that he was really living the secluded and monotonous life which he pretended. Perhaps it was as well for his credit that she was thus incredulous; she might have found it hard to respect a man who cared nothing for what she considered the cream of existence. But she did not believe him; she thought he was concealing his triumphs from her; and while this supposed reticence tormented and piqued her to the last degree, she nevertheless, by a sort of feminine perversity, admired him more for keeping his own counsel than she would have thanked him for the most circumstantial avowal of his proceedings.

She was very constant to him; perhaps more so than had he never worn the halo of absence. It may be doubted, likewise, whether her faith would have staid so well if she, and not Garth, had been the traveler, since even he, despite the stout sinew of his rugged principle, had felt the strain of new places and views. In fact, by the close of his first year he was not sorry to have been away from her. Not that he had met, or expected to meet, or wished to meet, other women in any respect preferable to her; indeed, so far as mere loveliness and winning manners were concerned, he might have journeyed much further than Bowdoin College without finding any such. But he had never contemplated Madge from his present point of view, and the new aspect creating in him a sort of strangeness, not estrangement, he wanted to get over this and become familiarized with his mistress on fresh ground before returning to take up the old relations.

Moreover, his state of unsettlement regarding what use he might make of himself might have disinclined him to the more active phases of love-making. Could he have discussed his prospects with Madge, then, indeed, a strong link would straightway have been forged in their chain of sympathy. But from this he was debarred, partly by a feeling that the selfish putting forward of such grave topics would never gain her interest, and partly because on the matter which lay nearest his heart she had already expressed an opinion—one which he did not wish to combat, and with which he

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feared to agree. Such was the state of his affairs on this side.

His communion with his father was of another color. Mr. Urmson's letters were not long, yet Garth thought there was a great deal in them. They were not frequent, but they never seemed to come a moment too soon or late. They were not given to asking questions, but appeared written from a vantage-ground of tranquil knowledge. There was, however, no assumption of superiority, but Garth found himself addressed as an equal in subtle essays, couched in a tone of cool and quiet humor, and treating of certain aspects of life and conduct such as happened to be just then engaging the young man's attention. At first he took this opportuneness for a singular coincidence; but when the coincidence had recurred more or less remarkably some half dozen times, he began to suspect his father of being very wise, and of appalling insight not only into the general ways of life, but particularly into his son's needs and nature.

Both in tone and substance these letters were a wholesome complement to the drift of Selwyn's conversation; they gleamed sometimes with irony, but were never cynical or loose. Neither had they any thing of Selwyn's fitful vehemence and passion, but kept the attitude of even-tempered, observant criticism—criticism which Garth could hardly have appreciated at its full worth then, though it often armed his hand with the very weapon the crisis asked, but which inclined him to believe that there might be one man who understood him even better than he understood himself. Nevertheless, Mr. Urmson never referred to Garth's probable occupation on leaving college; and since Garth himself shunned introducing it, there seemed no likelihood of this most important topic's being discussed. Mr. Urmson, indeed, was always shy of advancing his own opinion where another was as apt to be the true one. However, Garth did not mean to settle down in the world without having had it out with his father about painting. He held this purpose in reserve, and without fixing the time or place of its execution, he looked forward to it as the finishing incident of this preparatory phase of his existence.

It was noticeable that his grandfather, who occasionally sent him weighty epistles, bearing all the outward and much of the inward aspect of sermons, generally enlarged upon the very subject which Mr. Urmson forbore to touch. The venerable gentleman was as full of sapient suggestions as Polonius, and sketched out, during this first year, as many as four or five different careers for his grandson, not one of which was lacking either in piety, propriety, or respectability, and which were unavailable mainly because of the difficulty of making a selection from them. Each of these ponderous manuscripts was embellished with a stalwart blessing, and illuminated with one or two enormous witticisms, which recalled to the mind's ear the reverberating haw-haw-ho's of their white-headed deviser. And altogether the letters did Garth as much good as his grandfather had meant they should, only in a little different way.

The summer vacation, though spent away from home, was neither so dull nor so fruitless as might have been expected. One of the college professors, who had taken an interest in Garth, partly on account of having met his father when at Bowdoin thirty and odd years before, now placed his library—a very comprehensive one—at the young man's disposal. At almost any other period of his life Garth would have profited little by such a privilege; but it happened to come at a time when every thing seemed to be stagnant, and he caught at it with the zest of a famished outcast for a warm meal. There is no telling from what mischief this library may have saved him, but the good it did him was never questionable. The professor, besides being learned, was a man of the world, and his books embodied no one-sided or sectarian views. He had taken the measure of Garth's literary needs, and without prescribing a course, he yet so directed and ministered to his reading as to save him from wasting his time. And Garth got up early, and read day after day far into the short summer nights. The professor—who was a bald-headed old bachelor, with eyeglasses, a stiff gray beard, and an eagle's beak—sitting in his chair at the opposite side of the breezy library, would often watch, for an hour at a time, his shaggy-browed young visitor's strenuous progress through a book. "He's no taster!" the learned man would mutter to himself; "chews and digests them all—can see him do it!" Anon would he resume his own reading, with the low stern chuckle which served him for a laugh. Again looking up, at a more than usually labored sigh from the absorbed youth,

"Look out, there, youngster! you'll get a stomach-ache if you swallow too much at a time."

Sometimes Garth would be too far rapt away to answer or hear; otherwise he would look up, at first with a vacant stare, which gradually concentrated into intelligence, and ended in a smile.

"Mop your forehead and pull off your coat; we'll try a drop of claret and a biscuit," the professor would continue, suiting the action to the word; and over their frugal lunch the two would chat together with mutual good-will and freedom.

"Professor Grindle, do you like being a professor?"

"Some parts of it, Mr. Urmson — some

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parts of it. I'm free to say I'd rather see you drink my claret than hear you say your lesson."

"Is reading books any thing like traveling?"

"A very uncomfortable kind of traveling, I can assure you, as the world is now. Not but the world is better written than most books, too. And yet no two human beings ever read it just alike. We each live in a world by ourselves."

"Then whoever truly tells what he sees, tells news to all the rest?"

"Right! and that's why good pictures are precious. Nature, digested by a great painter, emerges transfigured; his rendering endows us, so far, with his own nobler insight, and we rise so much nearer to a vision of the Creator, Mr. Urmson."

"What do you call nature?"

"Ay, that has puzzled wiser heads than ours, young gentleman. 'Tis a background, a means, a negative, a compromise between finite and infinite, a marriage between what makes you and me what we are and what makes God what He is. It's each man's looking-glass, Mr. Urmson; and if a man's a fool, it's only a fool's face he'll see in it. In itself it's just nothing at all: and thence comes it—though how 'twould be long to explain—that the difference between angel and devil is mainly one of opinion. Pass the bottle, Sir, and catch your breath."

"Is that in any of your books, Professor Grindle?"

"Ay; but in none that you've seen. Do you like the sound of it?"

"I want the books."

"Perhaps, perhaps, Mr. Urmson; though it's not every man one throws pearls to—you understand me! I'll acquaint you with one fact, however; 'twas these books brought your father and myself acquainted. He introduced me to them; and for that service I owe him much, Sir. Much indeed. Fill your glass. Well, well—I'll see, I'll see. I'll be writing to your father before long, young gentleman, and maybe will mention the matter to him, just to see what he says."

"Who wrote these books?"

"A good man, Mr. Urmson, and a wise and a simple. But 'twas not his own credit he looked to, and his name is less known today than will be the case a thousand years from now. That's no matter. Here's to your better acquaintance with him at some future day; and meanwhile go ahead with your Johnson."

Garth resumed the world-renowned biography accordingly; but the most of that afternoon slipped away in reverie, and at night, in a pleasant dream, he seemed to make the acquaintance of the unknown reverend writer who had cared less for himself than for his work.

The vacation passed, and Sophomore year began, and Garth fancied himself a much deeper and broader being, metaphysically speaking, than he was twelve months ago, and he eyed his classmates curiously to see whether they had grown so fast as he. At his time of life this perception of increase is not unpleasant; the upward slope of age seems endless, and the expanding prospect exhilarates, while the ignorant plain of childhood lies so short a distance behind us that we can almost believe ourselves wise in the midst of innocence. Be that as it may, Garth had made some progress, and, thanks partly to Professor Grindle, with his books and claret, not altogether in a wrong direction.

He looked with eagerness for the appearance of Selwyn, as if some of his vacation studies had given him new subjects to talk about, or at least furnished new means to the old discussions. But Selwyn came not; and when a week had passed, Garth received a note from his friend's mother saying that he was seriously ill with a fever. This fever and its consequences prevented his return to college during the first half of the year, and before the friends met, Garth had seen Urmhurst again, and experienced deeper vicissitudes than even Professor Grindle's library could offer.

Meanwhile, whether reacting from the prolonged solitude of the vacation, or in pursuance of some new ideas concerning the propriety of human brotherhood, he showed himself much more companionable and public-spirited than heretofore. He was no longer either so heedlessly impulsive or so unreasonably fastidious as when stumbling amidst the crudities of his Freshman year; and in resuming his former influential position among his classmates, he took his stand upon a more secure basis. Sophomore year is in all respects the busiest of the college course; more new things are begun in it, more old things ended, more novel sensations felt, than either before or afterward. Garth was again able to give the key-note of behavior to his class, and again struck a manly pitch. The Freshmen were kept sufficiently in awe, yet were generally permitted the freedom of their bodies and consciences; the societies bestirred themselves with a throb of more vigorous blood in their veins; the class consolidated and organized, and began to acquire a recognizable individuality; and though it boasted no eminent scholars, yet the average of scholarship was fairly high. And Garth Urmson was the central figure in this respectable assemblage—a position which no amount of amiability and good intentions would have got him if unaccompanied by a certain impressive sturdiness of mind and body, which fail not to command respect and following, be the other qualities what

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they may. In Garth, however, was superadded a charm of manner not easily defined, and only occasionally perceptible, but which when present was almost irresistibly winning. The fact that it seemed to be exercised unconsciously enhanced its effect; and under more stirring conditions it might have kindled the sort of enthusiasm which it is the prerogative of the Nelsons and Napoleons of the world to inspire, and which, if report be true, had been lavished upon more than one of Garth's own ancestors.

As it was, by the close of the winter term he stood highest in repute among his classmates, if not in his studies. Popularity is never a very solid affair; but perhaps a college hero holds his position by purer title-deeds than are often attainable in later life. His heroship may be brief, but it was had in virtue of some honest and manly quality, not by dint of interest or intimidation. He is a genuine fact so long as he exists at all; though it by no means follows that his genuineness will avert his overthrow, or prevent his supporters from getting tired of him and idolizing some one else.

It had been Garth's intention to spend the winter holidays in college, both because there were very few of them, and because the advent of a tremendous snow-storm had so blocked up the roads that a large part of his vacation would necessarily be spent in mere going and returning. But at the last moment he changed his mind. Perhaps the deciding influence was the tone of a letter from his mother which came to hand a day or two before the term ended. It was written in a mood of yearning tenderness, and its ostensible cheerfulness could not hide from Garth's apprehension an under-tone of pathetic complaint at the prolonged absence of the son who never before had been removed beyond an hour's recall. In rereading it he was suddenly overcome by an intolerable longing to see her again; the memory of her dear face came vividly before him, and he determined to be with her straightway, were it but for a day. It seemed to him that he had never loved her, never demanded her, so ardently as now. She was a woman of nature so mild and unassuming that only an intimate acquaintance could discover her profound worth, her very guilelessness and purity creating about her an atmosphere of feminine reserve which was impenetrable to whomsoever possessed not the gentle talisman to disperse it. In her letter to Garth she had not urged his return, but had concluded somewhat wistfully thus: "I shall send you by the first opportunity some things I have made you to remind you that I love and think of you; and I hope they will add to your comfort this cold winter, too. Oh dear, how pleasant it will be when the Christmas comes which will bring me the gift of your face! This Christmas we are not to meet; and yet we shall be together, for I shall be with you in spirit, though not in body. Do not forget that. Good-by, my dear son; I love and bless you. I have written a stupid letter, but my head aches to-day, and it makes me stupid, for you know I never have headaches. But I am an old woman now; my hair is quite white, and I wear spectacles all the time. Your father says I am getting decrepit, and makes great fun of me. He sends his love, and bids me tell you to punch a Freshman's head on his account! Good-by from your own, ownest mamma."

"God bless her!" thought Garth, as he folded up the letter; "we'll have a merrier Christmas than she thinks for. Spirit is not enough; we must be together in body too. To think of her blessed white hair and her spectacles! and I have been away from her a whole year and a half! She was my first lady-love—and I believe she is still."

Having made his decision and his few preparations, time dragged until he could depart. He called at Professor Grindle's to acquaint him with his proposed journey.

"Is your mother ill?" the professor demanded.

"No; but I haven't seen her for a year and a half."

"Well, go ahead. I had intended having you take your Christmas turkey with me, *au garçon*. That's no matter. Remember me to your father. That was a fine thing of his in the last *North American*—'Public Benefits of Private History.' Should put the notion into practice. Good-by. Don't forget to come back again: we'll do something with you yet. Love to your father."

Early the next morning Garth set forth, and fought his way northwestward through the mighty snow-drifts. He had ever loved the snow, and as a boy enjoyed plunging into the thickest of it. But now he became impatient with it. It checked his progress toward his goal; the sport of his childhood was the clog of his elder years. The stout horses floundered and strained, and the buried sleigh-runners quivered in the white furrows. The sharp bells clashed and jangled, the driver whooped and swore; but, in spite of all, the pace was slow and the delays and interruptions many. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a glorious sleigh-ride, every check and mishap a source of fun and mirthful uproar; and at first Garth tried to regard them from the humorous stand-point; but after the first day the joke lost its point. At night he dreamed uneasily, oppressed with a nightmare notion that Urmhurst was escaping from him on sleigh-runners; that his mother called to him from her chamber window, and waved her hand; that he struggled onward desperately, and at last seemed gaining; that now he was close upon the flying

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house—had but to burst through this belt of black timber and he would be there. But when he emerged, breathless, there was a silent, white, open space, encircled with a serried ring of naked trees, and in the centre was a snow-covered mound. The house had vanished—whither? Above Wabeno drifted a gray cloud, which, for a moment, assumed the familiar outlines of his lost home; but where was his mother?

Starting betimes the next day, Garth had hopes of reaching home by night-fall; but a wind arose, accompanied by fresh snow, and progress was slower than yesterday. The young traveler sat muffled in his seat, winking at the flakes which whirled into his eyes, and envying the warmth of the toiling horses.

Occasionally, however, a vision of beloved Urmhurst and of those he would find there rose vividly in his imagination; he would brighten up and look hopefully to the horizon to see whether the cloud which shut down upon the white uplands were not lifting a little. He pictured to himself the vast chestnut stump spouting fire and smouldering incandescent on the roomy hearth, its flickering blaze gladdening the dark wainscot and smoky ceiling of the well-remembered room. There sat his mother, with glinting knitting-needles, and white cap on white hair, anon turning her face toward the snow-drifted window, and thinking of the son whom she believes to be scores of miles away at Bowdoin. How joyfully shall she be disappointed!

His father, standing with his back to the fire, perhaps revolves the contents of Garth's last letter, wherein enigmatic allusion is made to certain pregnant *émeutes* and disturbances which had recently occurred in the writer's mental domain, and threaten to overturn the present constitution and establish a new one, but the complete annals of which are to be reserved, adds the letter, until the meeting next summer. Destiny, however, has forbidden so long a delay, and Garth will bring forward the matter this very night, if fortune permit. What will Grandfather Graeme say to it, and Madge? he wonders.

But, alas! day is already drawing to a close, and it is too evident that Urmhurst will not be reached to-night. An hour after dark the sleigh pulls up at the door of a way-side inn, and Garth, dismounting with stiff joints, eats his supper before the kitchen fire, and going immediately to bed, sleeps dreamlessly till morning.

At noon of the third day they jingle along the familiar wood path, a keen sun sparkling through the snow-frosted boughs, and lighting up the dazzling landscape with exhilaration. It is a glorious day, fit to celebrate a home return. There is no gloom or anxiety in Garth's face now, but unalloyed delight and genial anticipation, while the thought that he is wholly unexpected adds a fine zest to his enjoyment. Now they draw near; yonder through the trees looms the dark side of the dear old house: how dear it is, how unchanged, how well remembered! Now some one has stepped out on the threshold. His mother? no; the hair is gray, but the face is dusky—not his mother; it is the old Indian woman, Nikomis, standing with her broom on the cloven threshold. At the sound of the approaching sleigh she turns her head and looks beneath her leveled hand. Garth shouts and waves his cap joyfully. She looks, and then vanishes within-doors. The sleigh comes fleetly up and stops, and Garth springs out and meets his father at the door.

"How are you, father?"

"Garth!" Mr. Urmson opened his arms, and the two embraced, even as they had done at parting, eighteen months before. Then they looked at each other. Mr. Urmson had a flush in his usually pale face, and his eyes were bright. Garth thought he appeared unusually well. There was a little more stoop, another wrinkle, an unsteadiness, perhaps. Oh, but he was in good health and heart!

"You could not have got my letter?" said Mr. Urmson, after a moment's hesitation, still standing on the threshold.

"Mother's, you mean. Yes, and it made me come. All at once I thought I must see her. Come in, dear. Where is my mamma?"

"Not here. You'll see her by-and-by, if you are a good boy. You did not stop at your grandfather's? Sit down. You may go up stairs, Nikomis. I wrote to you night before last, Garth—I wrote you to come; so you anticipated us. Here's a joint of beef."

"I'll cut it. You're tired, your hand trembles. Oh, I'm glad to be at home! Nearly three days getting here, father! Is mother well?"

"I believe she is far better than she has ever been. So my friend Grindle has been having you in charge? Has he succeeded in getting any ideas into your head?"

"Oh, father, I came partly to talk with you about it; but let us wait till my mamma comes. Will it be long?"

"What would Miss Margaret say if she knew you had not even mentioned her name yet? She tells me that she writes you long letters, and you never answer her questions. Wait, I'll get you the mustard. Now, beloved Hottentot, hadn't you better open your heart to your old father? Can't you do with me alone for half an hour?"

Garth laughed. "You see, since I've been away I've always thought of you and mother as one. It seems as though you could never be apart—when one of you goes to heaven, the other would too. Did you say she was at grandfather's, this snowy day?

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She must be strong, certainly! Well, I'll begin to tell you—there's plenty of it, and yet there may not be many words about it, after all. You know I bequeathed you the key of my garret room when I went away? I meant to send you word, as soon as I got pluck enough to make up my mind, to open the place and burn every thing in it. It's full of pictures and drawings that I made. I was ashamed to have done them, and yet I couldn't stop it—didn't, at least. Now, father, I hoped you would turn up your eyebrow in that way you used to."

"I see you already have the artistic perception; but artists are not usually ashamed of what they have done until they have done something better, or at least something else. What have you painted since you were in college?"

"That was not my trouble. My idea was, since God made nature, it must be perfect: so what business has man to make imitations of it—improvements on it, rather? for if he didn't think his version the better, what was the sense of his doing it?"

"Ah! you were very sagacious. But you think differently now?"

Garth settled himself back in his chair, and began fumbling with his hair. "The fact is, father, I want to think differently so much that I'm afraid to. You know, grandfather used to say whatever a man most enjoyed doing was not the right thing. When I began imitating what I saw in this way, I only thought it a delightful discovery. But when the idea of delightful things being wrong got in my head, I began to fear there must be something very wrong in my discovery; and the more I reasoned about it, the more it seemed so. By-and-by, if any argument to the contrary suggested itself, I mistrusted it and put it away. Don't you see what I mean?"

"Why, I never heard you talk before. The matter has loosed your tongue, right or wrong. Let us hear the rest of it."

"I am it!" said Garth, dropping his hands on his knees emphatically. "I've tried to put it out of my mind, but all I do and think somehow relates to it. I was very unhappy about it: I believed I was possessed of a devil. At last Selwyn told me I had genius, and it came out what I thought about painting, and he laughed at me, and said I was a fool. It seems to me I was glad to have him think so, though I didn't admit it. Later Professor Grindle happened to say that nature came transfigured through painters; and I found things about painting in his library, and also engravings of pictures. Perhaps I was wrong: painting is not irreverent? If you think it is not, and if you can show me why, I—"

He stopped, kindled to a high pitch of feeling.

Mr. Urmson partly smiled. "So, after all," he said, half aloud, gazing in the fire, "your grandfather did have a hand in your education. You are a queer instrument to play upon, and he struck a perilous note, though it may enrich the harmony at last. Painter! perhaps it's as well I did not think of that. What would she have thought?—perhaps it is as well."

"Father, do you sigh because I'm wrong?" demanded Garth, clearing his throat.

"Sighing, was I? Well, old gentleman, because there is a finer kind of gifts called bereavements; but gifts are gifts, too, in spite of your scruples. Painting irreverent? Why, is history—I mean real, not written history—irreverent? History is the painting of time: it is nature fused in man. I should call it worship."

"But history is not imitation."

"Not more than nature and man are imitations, or approximations. The Lord is the sole original type. Man sees himself in nature something as the Parthenon might see itself in the marble quarry, and in God as the Parthenon might behold its ideal in some cloud temple. A painter divines an interior human significance in hills, trees, and rivers, in flowers or in castles; he selects and combines them to the tune of his own best ideas—which are himself, as himself is his peculiar view of the Creator—and thus recognizes and, so far as he may, assists the Creator's purpose. That is, he lets the Lord work through him; for the Lord is at the bottom of every man, and art is the divinity cropping out."

"Yes! yes!" cried Garth, half getting up, and sitting down again.

"If you declare war against painters, your hand will be against every honest man, yourself, let us hope, among the rest. Only evil is inartistic. As for paint and canvas, they are the least essential elements in a picture."

"Then ought they to be used at all?"

"Why, yes; they suggest a world of more harmonious forms and tints than human beings ever see. They are often misused to deceive the eye—as if the essential perfections of nature could be copied! We can improve the world, and set it in a better light; but we can not reproduce it. A true painter paints a heaven of his own out of materials earth affords him, but does not ask us to mistake the suggestion for the reality; so both he and we are the better for his work. However, if you are a painter, old gentleman, you must understand all this better than I do. Your scruples were not very wise; but if you are otherwise gifted for the trade, I dare say you'll be the better for having had them. So this was the mystery of the attic?"

"I feel it now," muttered Garth, absorbed, and with his head in the air. "Men find their ideal selves in nature, and paint

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that. Yes, it is a kind of worship. Father, I never was so happy in all my life. But what will mother say? will she understand?"

As the elder man met the younger's eyes, tears rose in his own. He did not brush them away, nor attempt to keep them back, and Garth saw them as they rolled slowly down his cheeks. How old his father looked! What did these tears betoken?—profounder sympathy with his rejoicing than could be borne on a smile? Almost immediately Mr. Urmson spoke:

"Hold on to that happiness as long as you live: you have a right to it. You'll have griefs enough; but if you are a painter and an honest man, the happiness of being useful in a high way to human beings must underlie any grief. Perhaps," he added, leaning his head on his hand, and looking at Garth with keen steadfastness, "the moment of greatest happiness can best bear a heavy loss."

"Father?"

The blithe jingling of sleigh-bells came nearer, and paused at the door. Garth got up excitedly. "There is mother!" exclaimed he.

There was a pause; then heavy steps and the low booming of a rugged voice; and withal a light step and soft, pleasingly modulated tone—all familiar to Garth. His grandfather and Madge came in, but on seeing Garth, stopped near the open doorway. The latter came forward a few steps, and then stopped also, throwing a questioning, suspicious glance at each face in turn. Mr. Urmson remained motionless in his chair.

"Garth, dear lad," rumbled the venerable pastor, holding out both his aged hands, which trembled somewhat — indeed, the whole man seemed more infirm and plowed with years than Garth had expected to find him—"Garth, poor lad, bear up: that's right; be like me and your father. The Lord giveth and He taketh away. Bear up, bear up, dear boy, like me and your good father. Here's the dear child—I brought her along. They said in town you'd just come back, and I didn't lose a moment. Ay, she'll kiss your tears away. Bear up, lad—be an Urmson. That's right! that's right!"

Madge had come close to Garth's other side, and taken between hers his heavy-hanging hand, upturning the while a lovely rosy face, buried warm in the furred hood. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she murmured; "and I'm so glad you've come back. How did you come so quick?—but you are always cleverer than any body. How sad you must feel!—I'm sure I do. I cried so all last night."

Garth shook himself free both from his grandfather and Madge, and turned toward his father, exclaiming, in a tone apparently of gruff irritation, "Has any thing happened? didn't mother come with you? where is she?"

"Oh, doesn't he know? Why, don't you know, dear?" exclaimed Madge, with a kind of eagerness. "Let me tell him. Oh, how can I tell you! Oh, Garth, it is so terrible!"

Garth came over to Mr. Urmson's chair, and resting one hand upon it, bent toward him. "Father!" said he, in a low voice.

"I wanted you to remember how I took it, Garth—it comes hard to me: and you have your happiness, besides. Your mother died the day before yesterday."

"Did she?" faltered Garth, with an impulse partly incredulous, partly rebellious. No one spoke while he stood fumbling with a button of his coat, and staring at the wall. In a minute he walked to the door, half opened it, and turned back. "Has she gone up stairs? I mean," he added, stamping his foot impatiently, "where—where—"

"Oh, he doesn't know! Let me show you, dear: it's up in the east chamber."

Garth turned upon her with such a frown as frightened her into silence. "I'll meet my mother alone," said he. He walked quickly down the hall, and bounded up stairs. At the door of the east chamber stood a dusky figure—old Nikomis. As Garth came up she threw open the door, and when he had entered, closed it behind him and listened; but no sound came from within.

À DEUX TEMPS.

Yes, this is our dance, this waltz from the Duchess:
What is that you are saying?—
You thought I was playing
You false, with this waltz, this dance from the Duchess?

You thought I had rather be sitting and talking
With that little M'Manners
There, under the banners,
Or it may be, perhaps, in the corridors walking,

Instead of remembering this dance here with you, Sir,
This dance from the Duchess,
The lovely Grand Duchess,
The sweetest *deux temps*? Ah, if you but knew, Sir,

How I dote on the Duchess, with its gliding and sliding
Soft measure for measure,
You'd know from such pleasure
My feet would never go straying or hiding.

What is that?—you might have known it was merely
This special sweet measure,
The *dance*, not the pleasure
Of dancing with *you* here? Well, really, you've nearly

Persuaded me, Sir, that such *was* the reason;
And I'm sure I would fain, Sir,
If you go on in this strain, Sir,
Walk and talk with M'Manners to the end of the season.

And to the end of my life too, perhaps is my meaning?
Well, no; for M'Manners
There, under the banners,
Just when we encountered you waiting and leaning

Against the bay-window, had confessed a relation
I guessed days ago—
His engagement, you know,
To that little— Now, Harry, *don't* kiss me before all creation!

NORA PERRY.

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THE MODERN PSYCHE.*

By EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

NO! I do not know by what accident it was that Edward Ross came to spend a week in August at the Columbia Hotel, at Hermon Springs.

No! and I do not know by what accident it was that all the Verneys were there. The home of the Verneys is at Painted Post, as I suppose you know. But this year the Verneys took a holiday for a month at the Columbia Hotel, and while they were away from home the ceilings were whitened, the house was painted inside and out, and new railings were added to the outside steps at the side door.

What I do know is that it was at the Columbia Hotel that Edward Ross first saw Psyche, who was the youngest daughter of the Verney household. All the world of the Columbia Hotel had gone across to the Solferino House, which was the other side of the way. There was a hop at the Solferino House, and the general public had gone to the hop. Ross had arrived late, the only passenger by that little one-horse railway from Hudson. He came into the great drawing-room, and thought he was alone. But he was not alone. Psyche, youngest of the Verney girls, was at the piano, not playing, but looking over some music which the Jeffrey girls had left there.

If you had asked the gossips of the hotel why Psyche did not go to the hop where all her older sisters had gone, you would have been told that she was but the half-sister of the other Verneys; that since her mother died these three older sisters had held a hard rein on poor Psyche; that some one of them had laid down the law that there were so many of them that they must not all go together to any frolic. In the interpretation of this law, Psyche always staid at home if the party were pleasant, and one or two of the older sisters staid if it were likely to be stupid. This is what the gossips of the hotel would have said, and this is what I believe.

Anyway, it happened that on this particular evening Edward Ross threw himself at length on a long sofa in the drawing-room, not knowing that any one was there. And little Psyche, not knowing that he had come in, crooned over the Jeffreys' music, and at last picked out something from Mercadante which she had never seen before, and which did not seem to her very difficult, and, after she had read the whole page down, tried it, and tried it again, in her resolute, wide-awake, very satisfactory way.

The third time she tried she was quite well pleased with her own success, and this time, as she came down to the last staff, upon that first page, Edward Ross's hand appeared on the top of the page ready to turn it over. Psyche neither screamed nor flinched. She nodded simply: she was under the inspiration of the music now, and she played well. She played the whole piece through. Then he thanked her, and she thanked him. She played a good deal for him that evening. He brought down his William Morris and showed it to her, and read to her some of the best things in it. And so they spent two hours together very nicely, and by the time the maddening crowd came back from the Solferino House, Psyche was not in the least sorry that she had not gone to the hop, and Edward Ross was very glad she had not gone.

There is a lovely little burn or brook which runs through a shady ravine behind the Columbia House. I forget what they call it. It might be called the Lovers' Brook, or the Maiden's Home, or the Fairy's Bath, or any thing that verdant seventeen thought sweet enough. Age can not wither nor custom stale its infinite variety. Edward Ross found no difficulty in making up a party of the young people at the hotel to go on a picnic party up this brook the next day. By some device he made Agnes Ver-

* Readers not quite at home in Mrs. Tighe or Apuleius may be glad to revive their memories of the ancient Psyche by this note from the Cyclopedia. The prettiest rendering of that story is in William Morris's *Earthly Paradise;* but the reader will ask himself seriously whether it be any thing but an allegory to cover the moral in the matter-of-fact tale before him.

Psyche, whose two elder sisters were of moderate beauty, was so lovely that she was taken for Venus herself, and men dared only to adore her as a goddess, not to love her. This excited the jealousy of Venus, who, to revenge herself, ordered Cupid to inspire her with love for some contemptible wretch. But Cupid fell in love with her himself. Meanwhile her father, desiring to see his daughter married, consulted the oracle of Apollo, which commanded that Psyche should be conveyed, with funeral rites, to the summit of a mountain, and there to be left, for she was destined to be the bride of a destructive monster, in the form of a dragon, feared by gods and men. With sorrow was the oracle obeyed, and Psyche was left alone on the desert rock, when suddenly Zephyr hovers around her, gently raises and transports her to a beautiful palace of the god of love, who visits her every night, unseen and unknown, leaving her at the approach of day. Perfect happiness would have been the lot of Psyche, if, obedient to the warning of her lover, she had never been curious to know him better. But by the artifices of her jealous sisters, whom she had admitted to visit her, contrary to the commands of Cupid, she was persuaded that she held a monster in her arms, and curiosity triumphed. As he slept she entered with a lamp to examine him, and discovered the most beautiful of the gods. In her joy and astonishment she let a drop of the heated oil fall upon his shoulders. Cupid awoke, and, having reproached the astonished Psyche for her suspicions, fled. She wandered every where in search of her beloved, but she had lost him. Venus kept her near her person, treated her as a slave, and imposed on her the severest and most trying tasks. Psyche would have sunk under the burdens had not Cupid, who still tenderly loved her, secretly assisted her in her labors.

When Psyche was finally re-united to Cupid in Olympus, her envious sisters threw themselves from a precipice.

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ney think she would stay at home to flirt with an old West Indian, who was far too gouty to go even to the first fall. This left the pretty Psyche free to go. And she went, in the charming adornment of the unadorned simplicity of her pretty mountain walking dress. And there were quite as many gentlemen as there were ladies, to help at all the hard fords and to lift them at all the steep climbings. So Priscilla Verney had her cavalier, and Polly Verney, whom the young men called "Bloody Mary," had her Philip, and the Garner girls were taken care of, and the Spragues and the Dunstables. For every girl there was a young man; and if at most of the separating places Edward Ross and my pretty Psyche were together, it was not that they did not their full duty by society; for they did.

And a very pleasant day it was. That day Jabez Sprague asked Ann Garner to marry him, and she refused him point-blank: that made it a very pleasant day to her. That day Tunstall Dunstable asked Martha Jeffrey to marry him, and she said she would: that made it a very pleasant day to her. They all came home at five or six in the afternoon, very bright and jolly most of them, and those who were not bright and jolly pretended they were. Edward Ross had not asked Psyche to marry him, but I believe they had enjoyed the day as much as any one.

He had found out that this simple, shy, pretty little thing, who was snubbed in the household, who was left in the cold in their arrangements, and seemed to have no friends, had, all the same, a sweet, happy, contented temper; that she had her own notions and enthusiasms about books and men and duties; that she could not be made to say that yellow was white, or even that crimson was scarlet; that she never said she understood a thing but could not express herself, or that she knew a thing unless she did know it. He found a woman of principle under the form and method and semblance of a child.

And she had found out a man as fond of ferns as she was, who knew every fern in this glen, and every fern like it in the Himalayas; a man as fond of music as she was, who could not play as well as she could; and yet he had heard Chopin play, had seen the Huguenots in Paris, and had dined with Lang and Bennett and the Abbé Liszt himself. This man loved her heroes, though he had traveled in a stage-coach with Wendell Phillips, and had helped Mr. Sumner look up the authorities for one of his speeches. This man could quote twenty lines of Tennyson to her one, he had met Christina Rossetti at a party, and yet he really deferred to Psyche's own recollection of a stanza of Mrs. Browning's which he had quoted wrong. Psyche was not used to men who dared show their enthusiasm, who dared confess their ignorance, who dared speak as if it were a matter of course to trust God's love, and who owned they had other objects in life than making money. Psyche and Edward Ross returned to the hotel after a very happy day.

The next day Edward Ross brought out the largest and best apparatus for water-color work that Psyche or any of the girls had ever seen. And before long it proved that though one "had no talent for drawing," and another "could not sketch from nature," and another "could not do landscape," and another "hated trees," that on the broad piazza of the Columbia House five or six of them, Psyche included, could spend a very pleasant morning, under his directions reproducing, after a fashion, on various blocks and in various books, the outlines of the blue Hoosac Mountains and of the valleys between. And my pretty Psyche went far beyond any of the rest, because she did as she was bid; she had no conceit about her own ways; she waited till her teacher could attend to her; she did not want to attract the attention of all the gentlemen on the piazza; and she was not gabbling all the time she was working. So that day they had a very happy day.

It is not within the space assigned to this story to tell how pleasantly the rainy morning passed when Edward Ross read the *Earthly Paradise* aloud to them, nor to describe the excursion which he organized to Williams College Commencement, nor the party which he made to see the Shakers, nor the evening concert of vocal and instrumental music which he arranged, and for which he had such funny bills printed at Pittsfield. No; these and the other triumphs of that week, long remembered, shall be unrecorded.

Of its history this is all that shall be told: that on Saturday Edward Ross told Psyche that he loved her more than he loved his own life. She told him that she loved him more than she loved hers. And so it was that in the exquisite joy of the new discovery of what life is and what it is for, Edward Ross accompanied the Verneys on their way home to Painted Post on Monday. There he asked for and there he gained the consent of Psyche's father for their speedy marriage.

On Tuesday he had to go home to Boston, for his holiday was over. It was a bitter parting, as you may imagine, between him and his Psyche, who had never been separated for more than ten hours at a time till now. For the last farewell Psyche took him on her favorite walk at Painted Post. It is only less beautiful than the "Vestal's Glade," or whatever we determined to call that burnie at Hermon.

"Dear Psyche," said he to her, "your life is mine henceforth, and mine is yours. God

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knows I have but one wish and one prayer henceforth, and those are to make you happy. It is because I wish that you may be happy that I ask one thing now. Do you think you can grant it? It is a very great thing to ask."

"Can I?" said the proud girl. "Why, darling, you do not know me yet." She had never called him "darling" till an hour before.

"You must not promise till you know," said Edward Ross.

"I can promise, and I will promise now. There is nothing you think right to ask which I shall not think it right to do."

"Dearest, I do think this is right; I know it is right. It is because I know it, because we shall be ten thousand times happier, and because I shall be ten thousand times better for it, that I ask it. I would not dream of it but for your sake—" And he paused.

"Why do you stop, my dear Edward? I have promised. What shall I do?"

"Dearest, you are to do nothing. Simply you are not to ask what my daily duty is, and you are not to ask me to introduce you to my friends. It separates me less from my sunbeam than most men's cares. Without knowing it you can help me in a thousand ways in it. But to know what it is will only bring care on you and grief on me. Can we not live, as you trust me and as I love you, without my worrying you with these petty cares?"

"Is that all?" said Psyche, with her pretty laugh. "Why, darling, if it were to sweep the street crossing—as in that funny story you told us—I would sweep too. If it were to keep a gambling-table, you would not have asked me to marry you. It is something honorable, that I know, because you are my own Edward. Why need I know any thing more?"

And he kissed her, and she kissed him; and they went home to his little lunch, and then the express swept by, with Jim Fisk in uniform, as it happened, in a palace-car. And so Edward Ross went to Boston and made ready for his wedding.

CHAPTER II.

And a perfect wedding it was. I doubt if Painted Post remembers a prettier wedding or a prettier bride. And in that same express train Mr. E. Ross and his pretty bride swept off to New York, and so to Boston; and there he took her to the first sight of her pretty home.

How pretty it was! It was in Roxbury, so it was half country; and there was a pretty garden, with a little greenhouse such as Psyche had always longed for. Nay, there was even a fern-house, with just the ferns she loved, and with those other Himalaya ferns which he had talked of on that lovely first day of all. And there was a perfect grand piano of a tone so sweet, and only one piece of music on the open rack, and that was the Mercadante of the first evening. And when they went up stairs, Psyche's own dressing-room was papered with the same paper which her pretty room had at her old home, and the carpet on the floor was the same, and every dear picture of her girlhood's collections was duplicated; and just where the cage of her pretty bull-finch Tom had hung, there hung just such a cage. Why, it was her cage, and her Tom was in it!

For Psyche and Edward had spent a night and a day in New York, that she might see Mr. Stewart's pictures and Mr. Johnson's; but Edward's office boy, who had been left at Painted Post especially that he might bring the bull-finch, had taken a later train, indeed, but had come through without stopping.

And when they went into Edward's little den it had but two pictures: one was Psyche's portrait, and the other was that miserable little first picture of the Hoosac Hills.

And then such a happy life began for these young people! No, Psyche did not find housekeeping hard. She had been the Cinderella at Mr. Verney's house too long for that. Now that she was the mistress of servants, she knew how to be kind to them and to enter into their lives. As Mrs. Wells says, "she tried the golden rule" with them. She loved them, and they loved her. And Edward was always devising ways to systematize the housekeeping and make it easier. Every morning he worked in his study for two hours, and she "stepped round" for an hour, and then lay on the lounge for an hour, reading by herself. Then he and she had two golden hours together. They made themselves boy and girl again. Two days in the week they painted with the water-colors, and Psyche really passed her master, for her eye for color was, oh! much better than his. Two days they worked at their music together—worked, not played. Two days they read together, he to her or she to him. And after lunch he always took his nap; and then, if it were cool enough, the horses came round, and he took Psyche off on one of the beautiful drives of Brookline, or Milton, or Newton, or distant Needham; and she learned the roads so well and learned to drive so well that she would take him as often as he took her. And at five they were at home, and at six Psyche's charming little dinner was served, always so perfectly; and then at eight o'clock he always kissed her, and said, "Good-by, sweet; now I must go out a little while. Do not think of sitting up for me." And then Psyche wrote her letters home or read a

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while; and at ten she went to bed, and fell asleep wondering how she could have lived before she was so happy.

And in the morning her husband was always asleep at her side. He slept so heavily that she would try to get up and dress without his knowing it. But he always did know. And because he could dress quicker than she, he would put on his heavy Persian dressing robe after he had plunged his head into cold water, and while she "did her hair" he would read her *Amadis of Gaul*, or the *Arabian Nights*, or *Ogier the Dane*, or the *Tales of the Round Table*, till he saw she was within five minutes of being done. Then he would put down the book — yes, though Oriana were screaming in the arms of a giant—and he would run and dress himself, and they would run a race to see which should first reach the piazza and give to the other the first morning-glory.

And then would come another happy day, like and yet unlike to yesterday.

No one called, you see. But I do not think Psyche cared for that. She always hated to make calls, nor did she want much to receive them. Both she and Edward were alone fully half their lives, though sometimes he would call her into the study to work with him, and often would come to her to work with her. He would ask her if she was lonely, and he planned visits from his sisters, who were very nice girls, and his mother, who was perfectly lovely, and, after a while, from some of the Western girls whom Psyche had known at the Ingham University. But never, by any accident, did any visitor come who made any allusion to his daily business. He never spoke of it to Psyche, and she, dear child, thought of it much less than you would think. She had promised not to ask, and she had sense to learn that the best way not to ask was not to care. Yes, Versatilla dear—and a girl of principle who determines not to care will not care. She knows how to will and to do.

I do not know whether Psyche the more enjoyed the opera or the pictures which she and Edward saw together. There seemed to her to be no nice private house in Boston where dear Edward did not seem welcome when he sent in his card, and asked if he and Mrs. Ross might see the pictures. Psyche often said that she owned more Corots and Calames, more Daubignys and Merles and Millets and Bonnats, than any lady in the land, and that she kept them in more galleries. At the opera they often found pleasant people whom Edward knew sitting next to them; and they always chided him that he was such a stranger; and he always introduced Psyche to them as his wife as proudly as a king; and with many of these people she talked pleasantly, and some of them she met and bowed to at church or as they were driving. But none of them ever called upon her, nor did she call upon them. One day she said to Edward that she believed he knew more people than any body else in the world. And he said, with a sad sigh, "I am afraid I do;" and she saw that it worried him, and so the dear child said no more.

In all this happy time Psyche had had no visit from her own sisters. Perhaps that was one reason why it was so happy. But it happened, after a happy life of a year and more, that a darling baby boy came to Psyche to make her wonder how she could have thought her life before was life at all. And the birth of the boy and his wonderful gifts were duly reported in the letters to Painted Post, and then there came quite a hard letter from Priscilla, putting in form the complaint that neither of the sisters had ever been asked to make Psyche a visit since they were married.

Psyche showed the letter to Edward on the moment, and he laughed.

"I have only wondered it did not come before."

Psyche tried to laugh too, but she came very near crying. "I have not wanted them to come before, and I don't want them to come now."

"Then they shall not come," said Edward, laughing again, and taking her on his knee.

"But I do want them to come, partly. I wish they had come and had gone, and that it was all over. It does not seem quite nice that my own sisters should not visit me."

"Well, my darling, as to that, they are not your own sisters; and even if Mrs. Grundy does not think it is quite nice, I do not know why you and I should care. Still, if you want to have them and have it over, let them come. '*Olim meminisse juvabit.*' That means, 'You will be glad to remember it.'"

Psyche said she knew that; and she pulled his whiskers for him because he pretended to think she did not; and he kissed her, and she kissed him. And so the next day, after Psyche had written ten different letters and had torn them up, she concocted the following, which, as it met Edward's approval, was dispatched to Painted Post by the mail of the same evening:

"Roxbury, *May* 10, 18—.

"My dear Priscilla,—Indeed you must not think that Edward has prevented me from asking you to make a visit here. If it gives you any pleasure to come and see me and my housekeeping, you know very well how much pleasure it will give to me. You know we live very quietly, and are not in the least gay; so I think you must all come together and entertain each other. But little Geoffrey will entertain you, and you will think he is the dearest little fellow that ever lived.

"Come as soon as you can, for we are all going to the sea-shore on the 25th, and if you do not come soon it will be a very short visit."

And then the letter went on about Ann Garner's engagement, and the new styles for prints, and so on.

So the invitation was well over.

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CHAPTER III.

If Edward Ross, or Psyche his wife, or Bim, the nurse of Geoffrey his son, had any hope that Agnes Verney, and Priscilla Verney, and Bloody Mary, their sister, would decline the invitation, or that any one of them would decline it, they were very much mistaken. Allowing a day and a half for the letter to go to Painted Post, and a day for the three ladies to pack their trunks, and a day and a half for them to come to Boston, you have four days, which is precisely the interval which passed between the mailing of the letter and the arrival, late at night, of a carriage at Edward Ross's door with the three ladies, and of an express wagon with the six trunks with which they had prepared for the ten days' visit. This was the night of the 14th, and, as they had been kindly informed by Psyche, their visit must end on the 24th.

And such a visit as it was! Not one day was unprovided for by Edward's forethought, and one amusement after another crowded upon the time, so that, if it were possible, the three ladies might not have a moment's time either for caballing against each other, or for lecturing poor Psyche. It was a little funny to see how, as a matter of course, they all taught her how to carry on her household. They would tell her, to Edward's great amusement, and to her well-concealed rage, how to cheapen her mutton, how to keep her butter, how to save eggs in her sponge-cake, and even how to arrange the dishes on the table. Every thing was elegant and tasteful in Psyche's house, wholly beyond any standard which they had ever seen at home, but, all the same, they would make this suggestion and give that direction, as if, she said to her husband, crying, one morning—"as if this were poor papa's house, and I were Cinderella again."

And Edward only laughed and kissed her, and said, "Oh, my sunbeam, keep a bright eye for them; there are now only six days more, and then Mrs. Grundy will be satisfied. '*Olim meminisse juvabit.*'" And then he pinched her ear, and she pulled his whiskers, and she laughed through her tears.

The first day was a day fresh from heaven; the apple blossoms were in their prime; the air was sweetness itself; and after a late breakfast two pretty carriages came to the door. And Psyche took Agnes, who was the least hateful of the three, in her little pony-carriage, and herself drove Puss and Doll, her pretty ponies, after she had given to each an Albert biscuit from her own hand. And Edward took Priscilla and Bloody Mary with him, and as he passed the Norfolk House, he stopped and picked up Jerry Fordyce, who was stout and handsome and jolly, and Jerry took the back seat with Bloody Mary, and flirted desperately with her all that day, while Priscilla sat with Edward, and for miles on miles drove his beautiful bays. And they took a drive more lovely than any of these girls had ever seen. They came out upon the sea-shore—I will not tell you where. They ate such a dinner as neither Bloody Mary, nor Agnes, nor Priscilla had ever dreamed of. They came home by five in the afternoon, and Edward made all the women lie down and sleep. And when they had waked, he made them all dress again, and there were two carriages at the door, which took them to see Warren at the Museum. And they laughed till they almost died. And then they had a charming little supper in a private room at Copeland's; and after midnight they all came home. And this was what Psyche meant when she said she lived very quietly, and was not at all gay!

Bloody Mary was literary, and she had said at breakfast the first day that she hoped they should see some of the Boston *literati;* that she should be ashamed to go home to Painted Post unless she had seen Mr. Fields and Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes. And the second day, Edward said, should be Polly's day, and they should see the book-shops and the libraries. So this day he did not order the ponies, but two open barouches came up, and they drove first to the dear old corner of Hamilton Place, and went up to the pretty "authors' parlor" of Fields and Osgood. And Mr. Fields came in and told them some very pretty stories, and gave Bloody Mary an autograph of Tennyson. And Mr. Osgood and Mr. Clarke came in and showed them the English advance sheets of the new Trollope, and some copy of the new Dickens in manuscript. And the gentlemen begged all the ladies to come up whenever they passed in shopping. Then Edward took them to the Historical Rooms, and they saw Prescott's sword and Leutze's. Mr. Winthrop happened to come in, and they saw him; and Dr. Holmes was there looking at some old MSS., and he was very courteous to the ladies, and showed Miss Polly the picture of Sebastian Cabot. Then they drove out to the College Library, and while they were looking at the old missals and evangelistaries it happened that Mr. Longfellow crossed the hall and spoke to Edward. And Edward actually asked Agnes and Polly if he might present Mr. Longfellow to them; and then found Priscilla, and presented him to her and to Psyche. And when Mr. Longfellow found they were strangers, he told them just what they should see and how they should see it. And Polly slipped out her album, and he wrote his name in it, and said he was sorry he could not stay longer; but he pointed out to her some of the most interesting autographs there. And then

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they started for the Museum, and by great good luck they met Lowell in Professors' Row. And Edward stopped the carriage, actually, and hailed him, and asked if he should be at home in an hour; and when Mr. Lowell said he was engaged with a class, Edward arranged—so promptly!—that they should all go and hear his lecture. And then they went to the Museum, and by the same wonderful luck Agassiz was going out as they came in; and he turned back, and showed the ladies every thing. That was a day indeed! They came home to the most beautiful little family dinner, and in the evening they all went to Selwyn's Theatre, where was another charming play.

There was quite a similar day on the strength of a word from Agnes. Agnes was so much awed at first by Edward's hospitable condescension and by his giving up so much of his time to them that she did not dare to be cross for the first four days. But she did say to him that Polly's pretense of letters was all nonsense, and that, for her part, she was interested in politics and social reform; that at an era like that, when, etc., etc., etc., every true woman ought, etc., etc., etc., for the benefit of, etc., etc., etc. So the very next day he showed them all a note from Mr. Sumner saying that if the ladies would excuse the formality of a call, he should be happy to show them his prints and some other things which would please them at noon, and inclosing tickets for reserved seats to an address he was to deliver in the evening. That day was wholly given to politics and politicians. They went to the State-house, and sat in a sort of private gallery when the young Duke of Gerolstein, who was on his travels, was received on the floor; and several very handsome and very nice young Senators and Representatives came up and were presented to the ladies. And when it came time for lunch, Edward invited three of the very nicest to go down to Parker's to a little dinner he had ordered there, and they had a very jolly time, in which Agnes studied social reform with a very merry Senator from Essex County, quite to her heart's content.

As for Priscilla, she spoke but coldly of literature and politics, though she did not object to the dinner at Parker's or to flirting with Senators. But she said to Edward that her heart was with the poor and sinful; that she would gladly do something in this complex civilization of ours to save those that were lost. How happy could she be if she were only eating locusts and wild honey on the brink of Jordan! But that seemed impossible, and she sighed. So a day was arranged for charity and its ministers—failing locusts. Fortunately the Diocesan Convention was in session, and among the presbyters and delegates Edward seemed as much at home and at ease as among the *literati* and the politicians. He presented Dr. Temple and Dr. South and Mr. Teinagle to the girls, and these gentlemen explained to them all the proceedings. At the little lunch for delegates and their wives the bishop spoke courteously to all of them, and Edward brought to them the very famous Bishop of Parabata, who was on his travels to a Pan-Anglican Council. After the lunch they heard Mr. Tillotson preach, and then they were whisked down to the North End Mission, where there was that day an entertainment for destitute shop-girls. And here Mrs. Oberlin, a very famous philanthropist, enlisted them all to help her in her table at the great fair in the Music-Hall for the benefit of the mission; and then the next day all the girls spent a very charitable and very successful afternoon.

But I did not describe that week at Hermon. Why should I describe these ten days at Boston? A day at Nahant, *al fresco*, with two perfect black waiters, who arranged the lunch on the grass, because no one had moved down to Nahant so early; a visit to Plymouth and the Forefathers' Rock; a visit to the Antiquarian Hall at Worcester, and one to the witches' home at Salem—these occupied so many days. Then there was the famous ball given by the city of Boston to the Duke of Gerolstein in the Boston Theatre, when all Colonnade Row was taken for supper tables. The old rules of the Verney family were wholly violated—all four of the girls went; and they danced with elegant young men till they almost died. And at last not only the ball was over, but every thing else was over; and on the 24th of May the girls went home, after such a visit as even they were staggered to look back upon.

Edward and Psyche took them to the train, and, when it had fairly rolled out of the station, she took both his hands, and they looked each other in the face and laughed till the tears ran out of all four eyes. And, as they mounted the carriage, Psyche said, "Now we will live like civilized beings again!"

CHAPTER IV.

DEAR Psyche, could you not cast the future better?

That day, as they had arranged, she packed her things and Geoffrey's for the country, and the next day they went, bag and baggage, to a beautiful place Mr. Ross had hired, at the corner of Hale Street and Beach Street, for a sea-shore home in Beverly, so that dear Geoffrey might have the south wind off the sea, the purest of air, and the freshest of salt-water, brought up for his daily bath.

The only grief was that Edward had to

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take the evening train for Boston five nights in the week. But he always appeared fresh and bright at breakfast, and in the bath at noon, in the daily walk, or in the evening ride to the station, life seemed all the happier because the three hags of Painted Post had returned to their lair.

But this paradise lasted only a fortnight, when the tempter came. This letter arrived from Priscilla:

"*Very Private.*

"PAINTED POST, *June* 5.

"MY DEAREST PSYCHE,—Your sisters and I have had a very serious *conversation* about you and the *life* you are leading. You seem to be very *happy;* but have you *thought*, my dear Psyche, that you are *dancing* on the edge of a volcano? Have you asked no *question* as to the future? Are you so blinded as *to forget* that the wages of sin is death, and that *the joys* of this moment are as nothing compared with *the terrors* of eternity?

"Your *sisters* and I have spoken to *dear papa* about the *life you lead*. He has *bidden* me write to you just what *I think*, and your sisters also say it is my *duty* to do so. I write you, *therefore*—how sadly you know—to say that as a *Christian woman* you *ought not to continue* in this life. You *should* rise above it, and assert the *freedom* of a child of God. *What is a dinner* at Parker's if eaten with *a guilty conscience?* Better is a dinner of herbs where love is!

"*I am sorry* to write you a *letter* which seems severe. But *you know*, my dear child, that I am as *a mother* to you. And *surely* the counsels of a mother will be *sweeter* to you than the *flatteries* of any not so near as she.

"Always your loving sister, PRISCILLA."

"Counsels of a fiddle-stick!" said Psyche; and she wrote this answer:

"What in the world is the matter? I saw no dislike of Parker's dinners when you were here. I believe you are crazy.

"Always yours, PSYCHE."

And she threw Priscilla's letter into the kitchen fire. This was her mistake. She would have been wiser had she shown it to Edward, as she did the other. But she was ashamed to.

Another week brought her another letter.

"*Private and Particular.*

"PAINTED POST, *June* 13.

"MY DEAR CHILD,—I am *shocked* with the *levity* of your note, *without date*, which lies before me.

"Dear Psyche, fools make a *mock* of sin. How can you exult in your own *shame?* How can you live as the wife of a *man* of whom you know *nothing*, whose whole life is *suspicious* and a *scandal*, who is himself so *ashamed* of it that he does not admit *his own wife* to a knowledge of its *secret ways?* I can not see how a child of *Christian parents* should be *so blinded* and *misled*.

"*Rouse yourself* in your strength, dear child. Ask your husband *honestly* and *bravely* what it is that he does in his *nightly orgies*. Do not think that we observed nothing in our *visit*. Do not think that we were *lulled* or put to *sleep* in our watch over our *sister*. *Never*, dear Psyche. We love you as much as ever. And we are *determined* to tear every shred of *mystery* from your life, once so *artless* and *pure*.

"Truly your sister-mother, PRISCILLA."

"Sister-mother indeed!" said Psyche; and she wrote this letter:

"DEAR PRIS,—If you will mind your business, I will mind mine. P."

And she threw Priscilla's letter into the sea at high tide—torn into little bits. This was her second mistake.

This time this answer came:

"PAINTED POST, *June* 21.

"MY DEAR LOST LAMB,—I have *spent* the *night* in *prayer* for you. This morning Agnes and Polly and I showed your *profligate letter* to our dear father. He has charged me to *write* what I *think* best to you.

"Is it not my *business* to care for the *life and soul* of a dear sister who has no *mother's love?* Am I not right when I fall on my *knees* to pray for her *welfare?* How could I *enjoy* the good of this life or the hopes of *another*, knowing that my sister is *eating* the *bread of wickedness* and drinking from the *cup of sin?* Shall the watchman desert his post because the *soldier sleeps?*

"*Ask yourself* why no person except the hireling tradesman ever *visits* at this *house* of luxury and *extravagance*, which your husband makes the prison-house of *your soul*.

"Ask yourself what is the fountain of this gold which he spends so shamelessly.

"Ask yourself, dear Psyche, what you would have said *two years ago* had any one told you that *you* should become the wife of a *counterfeiter*, or a *forger*, or a *gambler*, or a *keeper of a dance-house*, or a *detective*, or any other of those horrid things which are done *in secret*. If any one had said to you that you should have *pleasure* in those that do them, what would you *have said?* Oh, my *dear lost lamb*, how often has that *sweet* text (see Romans, i. 32) come back to me since I came to see you, in the *faint hope* that I might rescue my *lamb* even as a brand from the *burning!* My dear Psyche, will you not *turn* before it is *too late?* *Why will you die?*

"Thus asks and *prays* your own PRISCILLA."

"My own cat and dog!" said little Psyche, scornfully. But she did not put the letter into the fire, nor did she tear it to shreds to throw them into the sea. I am very sorry, but, even in her wonder, she kept the letter hid away.

"What in the world did they find out about Edward that I do not know?" This was the first fatal question which Psyche asked herself.

"Forger, counterfeiter, detective, gambler—what do the vile creatures mean? They shall not say such horrid things about the best of men."

"Ask yourself what is the fountain of this gold." Psyche had asked herself very often, and she did not know, and she knew she did not know. Edward was not lavish, and he was not parsimonious. She and he went over the bills together once a month, and when they were too large, they both took care that that should not happen again. And he gave her nice crisp bills to pay them with, and always gave her a separate sum for "P," which he said was her "private, personal, or peculiar share," which she had better not keep any account of. Where it all came from she did not know, and she knew she did not know; and she had promised not to ask him.

As for asking herself why nobody called to see her, she had asked that too, and she had no better answer. The minister did call once a year; but they had been out both times, and he had left his card. The

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doctor had called before Geoffrey was born, and after; but she had not asked him why nobody else called. She supposed it was the Boston way. Certainly she had called on nobody but on Mrs. Royall and Mrs. Flynn and a few more of her protégées. She was sure she did not want people to call on her, and she did not want to call on them.

Still the iron had entered her soul. And, as Satan ordered, for this week of all weeks, Edward was called away to New York; and although there were two letters a day from dear Edward, and very funny scraps from bills of fare and play-bills, and one or two new novels by post, and an English edition of the new "Morris," still her "earthly paradise" was a very gloomy paradise without him.

And every day the poor child read over Priscilla's venomous letter; and at last she went so far that she determined that she would ask him why nobody except the minister and the doctor ever came to see her.

Of course she did no such thing; for Friday night came, and—joy of joys!—Edward came. And Geoff was dragged out of his crib to see papa, and came down in his dear little flannel night-gown, and really knew papa, or was said to; and Geoff really grabbed at the new coral papa had brought to him, and held it in his hand and swayed it to and fro wildly, as a man very drunk would do; and they laughed happily over Geoff and put him to bed again; and then they sat and talked, and talked and sat, till long after any bed-time Psyche had ever dreamed of; and then they went to bed together, and as Psyche undressed, Edward read the story of the "Four Sons of Aymon" aloud to her. It was all as beautiful as it could be; and was she to bother him with talking about callers? Not she! She had him till Monday night, and she was not going to destroy her own paradise before then.

So there was one long, lovely Saturday, when he worked with her and she worked with him, and they went to the beach together, and went to drive together, and painted together, and in the evening they tried some new music that he had brought home; and he had a whole pile of lovely English and French letters which had come since he went away, and they had those to read together; and there was one German letter from his old Heidelberg friend Welsted, and Psyche helped him puzzle out the words of the writing—he said she always guessed these riddles better than he did. And Welsted was married too, and he had a little girl baby, and made great fun about marrying her to Geoffrey. And they wrote an answer to Welsted, and it was midnight before they came round to the "Four Sons of Aymon" and to their bed.

And Sunday was another lovely day. They drove to church, and the drive was charming. They drove to Essex Woods, and that was charming. And Edward got out some of his old college diaries and read to her; and she fell to telling him about Ingham University. Oh dear! I do not know what they did not talk about. And it was midnight before they went to bed again.

Edward went right to sleep. Psyche had noticed that before. He would say, "God bless us, darling!" and he would be asleep in two seconds. But Psyche could not sleep. She had lost all her chances to ask him about the calls. She could not bear to wake him up and ask him. Nay, had she not promised him that she would not ask him? Not this very thing, perhaps, but what was just the same thing.

Why should she ask him? Why should she not find out without asking him? Priscilla seemed to know, but Priscilla had never asked him. How did Priscilla know? How did Priscilla know?—how? how? how? The poor child said this over to herself in words—"How? how? how?"—and she fell asleep.

But she did not sleep well. All of a sudden, in a horrid dream, in which they were dragging Edward off to prison, she woke up. Oh, how glad she was to be awake! What in the world were they taking him to prison for? What had he done? Priscilla knew. Did Priscilla know? Why should not Psyche know?

Poor little Psyche! It was very still. And Edward was dead asleep. And one word from him would make her perfectly happy. And yet she did not dare ask him to speak that one word.

Why should she not be perfectly happy? Why should she disturb him at all? Why should she not keep her promise, and be perfectly happy too?

Dear little Psyche! Poor little Psyche! She got out of bed, and she stepped gently across the room to Edward's dressing-room, and she pushed the door to. It was the first time in her life that Psyche had ever tried to part herself from her husband. And she knew it was. And a cold shudder ran through her as she thought of this. But she was not born to be frightened by cold shudders. There was too much Lady Macbeth in her for that. She struck a match, lighted a candle, and sat for a minute thinking. Then she bravely took her husband's coat and drew from the breast pocket that Russia leather letter-book which she gave him at Christmas. How little she thought then that she should be handling it stealthily at the dead of night!

She opened the book, which was full of letters. She seized the first:

"*Mr. Edward Ross, No. 999 State Street, Boston:*"

Then that was his office. She could drive

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down State Street some day and just look at the number. She set the candle on her knee to free her hand while she opened the letter.

"DEAR ROSS,—Could you spare me Orton for half an hour? E. J. F."

Miserable girl! She had violated all confidence—to learn nothing!

But Lady Macbeth went on.

"*Mr. Edward Ross, 999 State Street:*

"DEAR ROSS,—If you can come to club again, you will come to-day. Hedge reads, and Emerson and James will be there. We have not seen you for a year."

And she knew why he had not dined at club for a year, why he had spent every moment that he could spend at home. Miserable girl! It was for this that she had stolen out of bed!

So Lady Macbeth read number three.

"*Mr. Edward Ross, 999 State Street:*

"DEAR SIR,—We can not match the turquois here. But on the catalogue of Messrs. Roothan, Amsterdam, there are four such stones. Shall we telegraph them? We have very little time before July 31."

July 31 was her birthday. It was for this that she was reading her husband's secrets. Wretched Psyche!

Lady Macbeth went on.

"*Private and Confidential.*

"*Edward Ross, Esq., 999 State Street:*

Lady Macbeth paused, but her hand was in.

"DEAR SIR,—The committee met and read your letter with great care. Mr. Potter said that he had seen you on Tuesday, and that you expressed the same view then. I also laid before the committee General G——'s letter to you, and the telegram you had received from Syracuse. If you can persuade your friends to—"

Here the page ended, and Psyche had to turn over. As she turned, the candlestick tipped on her knee, fell bottom up upon the ground, and Psyche was in darkness.

What a noise it made! And what a guilty fool Psyche felt like! No Lady Macbeth now! But she folded the letter and put it back in the letter-case. She put the letter-case in the pocket, and folded the coat. She picked up the candle, and put it on the table. Then she slunk back into her bedroom. All this time Edward was crying out, "Dear Psyche, are you ill?" "What is it, dear?" He was out of bed, and was fumbling in the dark in Psyche's dressing-room. But the ways of the sea-shore home were not familiar to him.

When Psyche dared—that is, when she was at the foot of the bed—she cried out to Edward that nothing was wrong. She had had a bad dream, and was frightened, and had got up to strike a light, but she had not meant to call him. And he found her shivering on the bedside; and he cooed to her, and comforted her, and made her promise to call him another time. And Psyche had just force enough to say, sadly, "Call you—yes, if you are here." And then he sang to her a little crooning song his mother sang to him when he was a child, and poor Psyche cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Psyche slept too heavily. She did not wake till Edward was out of bed. Then she started like a guilty thing. But she did not dare go into his dressing-room.

And he brought in the "Four Sons of Aymon," and read to her. Oh, she was as long as ever she could be about her dressing; but, alas! the breakfast-bell rang, and Edward ran into his room.

One minute—it seemed forever—then he came in with his coat, and with a look which tried to be comical, but was, oh, so sad! he pointed at the long swirl of sperm-aceti which ran from one end of it to the other.

Then he bent over the poor crying girl and kissed her, and kissed her again.

"How can you, Edward? I am so wicked—and such a fool!"

"Darling, you are not wicked at all, and it is I who am the fool."

"Dear Edward, hear me. I was perfectly happy till they came—"

"Sweetheart, you need not say so."

"Edward, hear me; read what they write to me. Read this. Read where they say you are a forger and a counterfeiter, a detective and a gambler."

"Really," said Edward, as he read, "they compliment me. The New York *Observer* could not treat a man worse."

Psyche was amazed, and she saw that Edward was more amused than angry.

"Dear Edward, I am a fool. But I could not bear that Bloody Mary should know more of my own boy than I did."

"No, my darling," said he, stoutly; "and there is no reason why you should. But hear that bell! Ellen is crazy that we shall come to breakfast. Finish your hair. I will find another coat; and at breakfast, as Miss Braddon says, I will tell you *all*."

And at breakfast he told her all. It was so little to tell that I am ashamed to have wasted ten thousand words without relieving the reader's anxiety.

As soon as Ellen had attended to the table and left the room, Edward said: "Dearest, all is that I am a greater fool than Clarence Hervey himself. I am the leading editor of the *Daily Argus*. That is all."

Psyche fairly laid down her fork. "What a fool I am! I have read things I told you myself in the paper, yet I never dreamed

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that you put them there. But why keep such a secret from your poor little butterfly?"

"Why, my darling," said he, more seriously—"why but that I wanted to have my butterfly to myself? You will see, dearest. God grant it may not be as I fear. But if—I am afraid—if one person knows where you live, he will know where I live. If one person knows, two will know. If two know, two hundred thousand will know. If they know, there is an end to breakfasts without door-bells, an end to German together, an end to water-colors and to music, an end to the pony-wagon and the drives. That was my only reason for trying to protect you from the necessity of keeping a secret. I thought, in that new part of Boston, if we called on nobody, nobody would call on us. So far I was not wrong. Then I took care at the office to have it understood that no messenger was to be sent to my house. I bit off old Folger's head one day when he offered to send me a proof-sheet. Then I thought if we sent out 'no cards,' if I could only make you happy without 'receiving,' my friends would not know where to find me, and so my enemies would never know, nor the intermediate mass who are neither friends nor enemies. A little skill in May was enough to keep my name out of the Directory, excepting with the office address. Indeed, I thought if I did my six hours' work there between nine and three every night, it was all the world had a right to ask of me. But all this has made you wretched, so it has been all wrong, and it shall come to an end. You shall have a state dinner party next Saturday."

Psyche cried and cried and cried, as if her heart would break. And Edward cried a little too.

"But why not go on so now?" said she. "I can keep a secret." This she said proudly, though she blushed as she said it. "Wild horses shall not draw it from me."

"No," said Edward, sadly; "I know wild horses will not drag it from my darling, but I know they will try; and I do not choose to have her torn by wild horses. She has suffered enough from the pulling and hauling of three wild asses."

And so it was all settled that they should begin to see people. All was as clear as light between them now, and the new dynasty began.

And for a month or two there was no great change. At first it was only that Ross brought out one or two gentlemen with him to spend Sunday. They made the house very pleasant, and dear little Psyche did the honors beautifully. Then they whispered round what a charming home it was. And the Beverly people, some of whom are very nice persons, found out what a pretty neighbor they had, and that it was Ross of the *Argus*, and they called, and asked to tea. And then Psyche and Edward returned the calls, and asked to tea.

It was not till they went back to Roxbury that the real change came. Then was it that before breakfast the door-bell began to ring, and women with causes, and men out of employment, and inventors with inventions, began to wait in the anteroom till Mr. E. Ross came down stairs. Then was it that he poured down his hasty cup of coffee and ran to be rid of them. Then was it that councilmen came out as soon as breakfast was over to arrange private schemes for thwarting the aldermen; and that while the councilmen arranged, aldermen called and waited for Mr. E. Ross to be at leisure, because they wanted to make plans for thwarting the council. Then was it that, from morning to night, candidates for the House and candidates for the Senate came for private conferences, and had to be let out from different doors lest they should meet each other. Then was it that men who had letters of introduction from Japan and Formosa and Siberia and Aboukuta sat in Psyche's parlor six or seven hours at a time, illustrating the customs of those countries, and what Mr. Lowell calls "a certain air of condescension observable in foreigners." Then was it that Psyche received calls from wives of Senators and daughters of Congressmen, to say in asides to her that if Mr. E. Ross could find it in his way to say this, he would so much oblige thus and so. Then was it that, trying to screen him from bores, she received all the women who sold lives of Christ, and all the agents who exhibited copies of maps or heliotypes. Then was it that, when the ponies came to the door, railroad presidents drew up, who just wanted a minute to talk about their new bonds. Then was it that, after the ponies had been sent back to the stable, grand ladies drew up to send in cards to Psyche, and to persuade her to take tables at fairs, and to be vice-president of almshouses. Then was it that every Saturday Psyche gave a charming literary dinner, not bad in its way. And the counterpart of this was that Psyche and Edward dined at other people's houses four days out of the remaining six. The sixth day Edward was kept down town for some of the engagements these wretches had forced him into. Thus was it in the end that moths ate up the camel's-hair pencils, and no one ever found it out; that the upper G string in the piano rusted off, and no one discovered it; that Bridget Flynn put ten volumes of Grillparzer into the furnace fire, and nobody missed them; and that all the ferns in the fern-house died, and nobody wept for them.

From early morning round to early morning Psyche never saw her lover-husband, except as he and she gorged a hurried and

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broken breakfast, or as he took in to dinner some lady he did not care for, and as she at her end of the table talked French or Cochin Chinese to some man who had brought letters of introduction.

She knew what her husband's business was, and who his friends were. But, for all intents and purposes, she had lost him forever.

As for the three step-sisters at Painted Post, they went to a Sunday-school picnic one day, and fell off a precipice and were killed.

GENTLEMAN FARMING.

WE have not yet drifted so far from the simple democratic ideas inherited from our ancestors, nor yet become so dazzled by the glittering superficialities of inherited rank, that we can pronounce such words as "gentleman farming" without inward protest, or, at least, a sense of incongruity. We have, indeed, in this country an ever-increasing number of gentlemen farmers ("sidewalk farmers" they are called by the grange), but even their flatterers would not dream of so designating them. We call every man a farmer who cultivates the soil, whether he does most of his farm labor himself or hires others to do it; and in both cases we pretend, at least, that they are gentlemen. In England no man is a gentleman, whatever may be his natural refinement or education, unless he is born to a certain rank or raised to it by act of Parliament. Mr. William Lawson, to whom we are indebted for an interesting account* of a co-operative farming scheme in Cumberland County, England, belongs to the class of Englishmen who by birth are entitled to the rank of gentleman. He conducted a farming experiment from 1862 to 1872, which for many reasons is one of the most marvelous on record: this was the Blennerhasset Co-operative Farm, at Bagston, in the aforesaid county. Mr. Lawson was born in the same county in 1836, and he says of himself: "My father (Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Baronet, of Brayton) had my education conducted—in a religious manner—at home, where I acquired a little Latin and Greek, and a few other things, and where, as is the case with many other youths, any thing in the shape of lessons was not attractive to me; and I learned as little as possible. I had, before I was eighteen, traveled several times on the continent of Europe, and visited Egypt and Palestine; but circumstances never brought me much in contact with rich or great people, and I had not much of what is called 'knowledge of the world,' nor, as I always had the prospect of wealth enough to enable me to live without working, did I form what are called 'business habits.' Trained as a shooter of animals, a hunter of Cumberland beasts with hounds, and a trapper of vermin, I found myself in the spring of 1861 in my twenty-fifth year, without an occupation, without many acquaintances (except among the poor, whom I had not learned to despise because they spoke bad grammar, and took their coats off to work), and without the reputation of having been successful in any undertaking, except that of the mastership and huntsmanship of my brother's fox-hounds. But if I had ever been a sportsman at heart, I had then ceased to be one, and had begun to look upon hunting and shooting as barbarous cruelties." Such words must come from a gentle and good man. The inaccuracies of style in the English of those portions of *Ten Years of Gentleman Farming* which were contributed by Mr. Lawson may be attributable to the fact that he was, as he says, "unable to superintend their passage through the press;" but the habit of leaving every thing to be done by others, except one, seems to be chronic with Mr. Lawson. The one exception is furnishing capital. This he seems to have done most liberally in buying and stocking the farm, Blennerhasset, putting in miles of costly draining, grubbing out old hedges, building extensively, experimenting with steam machinery, establishing an immense manufactory of liquid and other manures, and at least a dozen other enterprises connected with the co-operative farm. The wonder is, not that his scheme of "gentleman farming" proved a losing investment, but that he could have invested so much and so variously, leaving every thing to the care of others while he studied co-operation and model farming pretty much all over the planet, and not have lost infinitely more. The balance-sheets of the transaction show the following:

Cost of land, buildings, and improvements...		£45,410
These were sold after the ten years for.....		38,931
Loss on the investment.....		£6,479
Paid for farm and manufacturing work and machinery.....	£45,159	
Receipts from the same.....	38,113	
Loss.....		£7,046
Total losses.....		£13,525

or about $67,000.

Mr. Lawson's hobby was co-operation; and not believing that interest upon money is just in principle, he proposed to furnish the capital for high farming on a scale employing about one hundred people, pay liberal salaries to functionaries managing the different departments, and divide a certain percentage of the profits among his workmen. There were actual profits at times realized in some of the departments, and "bonuses" were distributed among the work-

* *Ten Years of Gentleman Farming at Blennerhasset with Co-operative Objects.* By WILLIAM LAWSON, CHARLES D. HUNTER, and others. London: 1874.

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men; but these were exceptions to the rule, which was loss upon loss and failure upon failure. The Blennerhasset property embraced a gasometer, a smithy like a small foundry, steam-plows, a huge hydraulic engine for irrigation, a chemical laboratory, a manufactory of manures, a school, a library of 700 volumes, two steam-engines, a water-wheel under-ground for "driving, threshing, and chaff-cutting," washing-machines, a flour mill, lathes, tram-ways, turn-tables, and trucks for feeding the cattle, a lecture-hall, a music-hall, a banqueting hall, a starch manufactory, a flax-scutching mill, and several co-operative stores. Such varied and extensive operations, carried on almost wholly by proxy for ten years, and at a loss of only $67,000, proves, one would think, that it is no easy task to make co-operative industry a failure—at least in England.

Mr. Lawson's first farm bailiff, Thomas Bell, who served four years, being afterward asked his candid opinion as to the causes of the failure of the Blennerhasset enterprise, returned a "summing up" which seems very able. Some of these causes are: irrigating from manure tanks; keeping valuable cattle "up" wholly and without bedding, when they were not inured from birth to that kind of life; too much costly machinery; getting the steam-plows too soon; the discontinuance of keeping cattle on the farm—in short, "too many irons in the fire" all at once spoiled the welding heat. But Mr. Bell's severest criticism is for the kind of co-operation attempted by Mr. Lawson. "I must confess," he says, "I could never understand how that could be called co-operation where all the capital was invested by the proprietor;" and as for the Blennerhasset "Parliament" (held daily for half an hour after dinner), he calls it a "motley mixture of boys, girls, women, and men of all trades and no trade or profession, indiscriminately drawn together into a council-chamber for the purpose of discussing and deciding upon the most important subjects regarding farming operations, though nineteen-twentieths of them were quite ignorant and inexperienced" in such matters. They have nothing to lose, and they vote "just as they are carried away by the prejudice or excitement of the moment." In this one fact alone the bailiff sees sufficient cause of failure. No doubt the loss to Mr. Lawson was a great gain to large numbers of working-people, who remember with gratitude and pride his generous efforts to improve their condition. That "Parliament," and the various meetings in surrounding villages for the discussion of the labor and kindred questions, must have been a culture to the people, aside from the free library he furnished them, and which appears to have been fully appreciated. The circulating library seems to have been nobly managed, for the actual losses were less than one in 600, and occurring chiefly in the juvenile division.

The first steam-plow introduced into Cumberland County was at Blennerhasset. This was a No. 95 of Fowler's patent. It arrived during the first year of the enterprise. A man was sent from the steam-plow manufactory to give instruction in using it. As soon as it was unloaded from the cars the steam was raised, and, amidst the intense excitement of a large crowd, the engine, self-propelled, started for Blennerhasset Farm. The multitude opened their eyes wide when they saw it starting off without the aid of horses, and the prophets said, "She'll niver git up Thompson's Brow;" but the engine triumphantly marched up that steep hill; and then the wise ones said, "She's gitten up, but she'll niver plough!" When, however, the engine reached the "lea headland, too slippery from the wintry rains for the wheels to grip, she plunged and mired, and mired and plunged," and finally was left in an ignominious plight until the next morning. This was but the first of a long series of accidents and breakages of various kinds, which seemed to justify the verdict of the wiseacres on the day that first witnessed the actual work of the steam-plow. That verdict was, "She got up Thompson's Brow, and she's ploughing; but she'll *niver pay*." When, after the first triumphant march of the engine across the field, they looked back for the furrows, there were none visible! Such a crowd was there of the prophets and others following after the plow that every furrow had been trodden level.

The history of the steam-plow at Blennerhasset is a very interesting and even an exciting one. Its *début* was even honored by a rustic poet, who, after making the plow go at "lightning speed," turning up the earth "full many a foot below," he sets forth that

"The porter lads with vigor ran;
The whistle shrieked aloud;
Sir Wilfrid was in ecstasies,
And so were all the crowd.

"And still we shrieked, and still we ran;
Throughout the livelong day;
Through loam and sand, through mire and mud,
Through stones and heavy clay."

The farmers in the vicinity of Blennerhasset watched the steam-plow with great interest, and many hired their plowing done by it. During the ten years of its operations it plowed 281 acres, grubbed 5173, harrowed 3751, and "stitched" 19, whatever that may be (I think it is making furrows for planting), besides doing considerable extraneous work, part of which was boiling the water for the tea at one of the annual Blennerhasset festivals. The total earnings were $23,335; but the machine was very expensive, the breakages and various mishaps almost innumerable, and so the result was a

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net loss of $4251 during the ten years; $7550 were actually paid for breakages and repairs. According to the testimony of the man who had charge of it, they had always to "find out what *would* answer by first finding out what *would not* answer. It is necessary that some people should buy and use the early defective systems, or how could inventors and manufacturers have continued until a degree of perfection was attained?"

The steam-plow did not fail at Blennerhasset for lack of capital or enterprise. In 1866 the single-engine system was exchanged for the double one. When the new fourteen-horse-power machines arrived, trucks were run alongside the platform, steam was raised, and "Cain" and "Abel" unloaded themselves. These were the names by which the new engines were christened. It was Cain that had the honor of serving as a tea-kettle at the festival of 1869, "standing, gorgeously decorated," at the end of the banquet hall. He boiled sixty quarts of water in three minutes. The narrator of the occasion says, "Though this work seemed beneath the dignity of majestic Cain, yet it proved very useful, as it obviated the great inconvenience of bearing hot water from the farm-house, as was done last year in very bad weather." The "majestic Cain" even condescended also to grind up old bones for manure! But the really great never lose their dignity. I have known a great star of the Italian opera to perform his most difficult passages in a small drawing-room to please a few friends, playing his own accompaniment, and that on a very indifferent piano—a piano which, the day before, so tortured the exquisite nerves of a pretentious pianist that he flew away from it at the first touch, much to the mortification of his hostess. The vision of the steam giant Cain majestically marching over a huge field, turning up seven grand furrows at once, and the next day meekly serving as a tea-kettle for a company of vegetarian convivials, could but suggest the comparison.

Yes, the Blennerhasset co-operators were vegetarians, or tried to be, perhaps in order to please Mr. Lawson, who was a convert to the principles of that school of reformers—to the most rigid sect of that school, indeed, for he not only rejected milk and its products, but even eggs, sugar, pepper, and salt. Accordingly, and to show his neighbors "what a variety of excellent food could be provided at small cost," he got up a vegetarian dinner at Christmas of 1866. And such a dinner! It had the honor to be satirized by *Punch*. Oatmeal, barley, shelled oats, beans, flax-seed, turnips, and carrots were some of the articles of the *menu*. Mr. Lawson wanted to give a "truly national meal," in which every thing should be of British growth, and the whole dinner to cost three-fourths of a penny or one penny a head. It would have been very fine, only every thing was spoiled by the cooking. The master of the ceremonies says, "The wheat and apples, a very nice dish when properly cooked, was that day simply disgusting, and the only presentable dishes were potatoes and pease pudding." Apparently he is not so good a vegetarian as Mr. Lawson, for he confesses to "saltless porridge proving quite irredeemable by any amount of apple seasoning." Boiled barley and apples, "after thirty hours' steeping" (*sic*), "potatoes boiled and mashed with meal, and vegetable soups thickened with flour," ought to have "thrilled on the nerves of taste;" but then modern tastes are so depraved that these things didn't thrill worth a cent, possibly because "the wheat and the barley, and perhaps the oats, were oversteeped, and had turned sour." At all events, the pigs the next day refused the remains of the Blennerhasset banquet. The army of visitors would have starved but for the neighbors, the hotels, and possibly the chicken coops! "For miles around, the farm and cotters' houses were cleared of every thing eatable."

The next year Blennerhasset attempted to profit by its former experience, and did somewhat better; but the people also profited by their experience. They laid in a day's stock of provisions before starting! What must have been peculiarly exasperating about these vegetarian banquets was that they were preceded by long disquisitions by learned professors of diet, setting forth the advantages of "simple food," "natural food," their palatableness and deliciousness to the undepraved taste. Of course every one wished to prove that his tastes were undepraved; but when he sat down to a cold, saltless, pepperless, sugarless "hygienic" meal, he thought of the flesh-pots of Egypt, and his devotion to "purity" and "principle" grew cold and savorless, like the food before him. The *Mark Lane Express* had in its columns about this time the following squib: "And there, too, lies Blennerhasset, the Sebastopol of the vegetarians, where the engines Cain and Abel groan on their miry way, where a professor is ever composing manures, and where Christmas is kept with apples and biscuits, potatoes and oil-cake sauce."

One would think that such festivals would not prove a very signal success, and yet thousands flocked to them from all parts of Cumberland County, and even from places much more distant. It seems that the co-operators of Blennerhasset were an attractive people, despite their "oversteeped" barley and potatoes. So great was the rush that in 1868 tickets were issued, and even then, as early as December 3, notices had to

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be published that no more need apply for them, 2664 having already been applied for. Among the attractions were illustrated lectures upon gymnastics, phrenology, physiology; music, vocal and instrumental; also dancing, and the performances of Cain and Abel. The bill of fare this year had undergone decided changes. Besides the soup and rice pudding furnished free to all who desired them, bread, biscuits, buns, cheese, sandwiches, oranges, beef and ham, lemonade, ginger-beer, and soda-water were served at cost. The festivities closed with a brief lecture upon some moral subject, and then the lighting of the Bengal-light in the clock tower was the signal for dismissal.

A word more must be devoted to Cain and Abel. It was confidently hoped that the new engines would prove every way more satisfactory, and no doubt they did; but the chapter of accidents never closed. Cain's boiler soon began to leak so badly that operations were frequently stopped because the waterman could not supply him with water. It cost about $350 to repair his interior. Most of the accidents happened to Cain. It seemed as if the mark of his namesake had fallen upon him. Soon after the advent of these monsters, while working at Flimby, twelve miles from home, Cain's "traveling clutch" broke, and he was unable to travel. Abel had to drag him home. Cain also "mired in a gutter," and was not extricated until after a struggle of four days. Still the engines were every where in demand, near and far, and they established such a good reputation from the fact that they behaved so much better away from home, that they had more work than they could do. The gangs of workmen that followed the steam-plow found great difficulty in getting lodgings; for when there was no house-room they had to sleep in barns, often with a swarm of rats for company. To meet this condition the engineer proposed building a traveling lodging-house, and the project was handed to the clerk of the Blennerhasset Parliament for discussion; but Mr. Lawson at the same meeting sent in the resolution "that we offer the steam-tackle for sale." This fairly eclipsed the interest in the lodging-house scheme. The people clung to their steam-plows, feeling that to part with these was to renounce their chief distinction as model farmers. When the resolution was put to vote, every hand was as silent as if of marble. The contrary mind being then asked, every hand leaped up like a jack-in-the-box, and the result being announced, there were loud cheers from the "enthusiastic multitude." The discussion seemed to have a good effect, for extraordinary effort was made to make the steam-plow pay, and the ensuing year its balance-sheet shows a clear gain of over $1310. The lodging-house was then built, and proved most excellent and useful; for no matter where the model farmers were benighted, they had their steam-plow home, and could sleep and rest in comfort and security. The people were justly proud of their steam-horses, Cain and Abel, and evidently talked of them as if sentient beings. They were very thirsty animals, and it was quite a task to supply their capacious maws with water; but they consumed only thirty-nine hundred-weight of coal in traveling all day, twenty-seven miles, over the worst roads; twelve and a half pounds converted a cubic foot of water into steam.

In 1872 the Blennerhasset model farming ended. It had proved a grand culture to the people; and though, as a whole, it was a pecuniary loss, Mr. Lawson made no complaints. He confesses to lack of knowledge for the purpose, and bad management. He does not allude to the *Familistère* at Guise, M. Godin's magnificent enterprise for improving the material and moral condition of his workmen. In all his travels he has probably never visited it. Had he done so, he could hardly have failed to have profited by it in his co-operative scheme at Blennerhasset. By studying M. Godin's *Solutions Sociales*, he would have obtained the key to the only method for organizing the domestic and industrial lives of the people; but he fell into the error of supposing that with a large quantity of land, a farm-house, and a lot of isolated cots, with plenty of money and improved machinery, a constant supply of work, the best teacher available for the education of the children, and with a free library and reading-room, success ought to be secured—that the co-operative machinery ought, in fact, to run itself, though the industrial head should most of the time disport itself at the antipodes. Once when Mr. Lawson happened to be at Blennerhasset during an afternoon, he says that he "called together a lot of laborers and read the whole of *Macbeth* to them at a sitting. They all went to sleep except one. I also read to them occasionally from *Talpa, or the Chronicles of a Clay Farm*, and sometimes from the *Co-operator*. My hearers listened as long as they could!" This one naïvely related incident speaks volumes for the incapacity of Mr. Lawson to understand the needs of hard-working, uncultured people, and the way to commence supplying those needs. However, Mr. Lawson is still a young man, and certainly a noble and good one; and the love of his fellow-men once lighted like a sacred fire upon the altars of his heart, no failure or disappointment will be likely to extinguish it. Through his faith he will profit by his losses, and a grander and more wisely organized enterprise for the people's good will yet rise out of the ruins of Blennerhasset.

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PORTENT.

WHEN the darkness drew away, at the dawning of the day,
I heard the medrakes screaming loud and shrill across the bay;
And I wondered to behold all the sky in ruddy gold,
Flashing into fire and flame where the clouds like billows rolled.

Red the sea ran east and west, burning broke each tumbling crest
Where the waves, like shattered rubies, leaped and fell, and could not rest;
Every rock was carmine-flushed, every sail like roses blushed,
Flying swift before the wind from the south that roared and rushed.

Is it Judgment-day? I said, gazing out o'er billows red—
Gazing up at crimson vapors, crowding, drifting overhead,
Listening to the great uproar of the waters on the shore,
To the wild sad-crying sea-birds, buffeted and beaten sore.

Is the end of Time at hand? is this pageant, strange and grand,
A portent of destruction blazing fierce o'er sea and land?
Then the scarlet ebbed, and slow sky above and earth below,
Drowned in melancholy purple, seemed with grief to overflow.

And while thus I gazed, the day, growing stronger, turned to gray;
All the transitory splendor and the beauty passed away;
And I recognized the sign of the color poured like wine
In this morn of late October as from clusters of the vine.

'Twas the ripeness of the year: soon, I knew, must disappear
All the warmth and light and happiness that made the time so dear;
And again our souls must wait while the bare earth, desolate,
Bore in patience and in silence all the winter's wrath and hate.

CELIA THAXTER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is no sphere of activity in which faith is more indispensable than in what is called practical politics. A man who is easily discouraged, who is not willing to put the good seed out of sight and wait for results, who desponds if he can not obtain every thing at once, and who thinks the human race lost if he is disappointed, will be very unhappy if he persists in taking a part in public affairs. Nor is there any sphere in which self-deception is easier. A man with a restless personal ambition is very apt to believe his own purposes to be public ends, and he finds his party to be recreant to its principles if he fails to get what he wants. It is both amusing and painful to watch the sophistication of such men. A young man comes from college carefully trained, with the taste for politics which belongs to the English race, and with the wish and hope to distinguish himself and to serve his country. He attaches himself to a party, and works for it in the usual way, waiting for his opportunity and his distinction. Gradually the gratification of his ambition becomes his test of the patriotic sincerity and wisdom of his party. He does not think that it is so. He does not state it to himself in that bald way. But he feels that he is the kind of man that his party ought to promote, that he has the capacity and the desire to be of use, and that if his party has not perceptions sharp enough to know its own best men, nor the wish to recognize them by calling them to office, there is something deplorable in its condition.

"I am afraid," said a gentleman of this kind to the Easy Chair, "that my party is falling into bad hands. I see signs of corruption which seem to me very disheartening." He shook his head forebodingly. This gentleman did not conceal his opinion. He spoke of it freely, and the rumor came to the ears of the real managers of the party. They put their heads together, and presently the foreboding gentleman was called to a public position. Again the Easy Chair met him, and he said that the political prospect was very much more encouraging than he had ever known it to be. There was a spirit abroad, he thought, which would certainly lead to great results. Indeed, the clouds were gone, and the sun shone brightly. At another time another gentleman shook his head in the same way. He held a pleasant position, but he found that promotion was very slow, and he began to despond and to think the times sadly demoralized, and his party —at least he feared it—fatally mercenary. It was evidently indifferent to reform, and seemed to care little for the wishes of the people or the character of the country. He, too, shook his head with profound distrust of the future; and the Easy Chair fell into deep depression, and wondered whether, after all, a republican form of government might not be a great mistake. Before it was possible to say so conclusively, however, the Chair heard that his friend had decided to seek reform and the welfare of the race "under the banner" of the opposing party. And

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again, while considering whether all patriots ought not to follow so eminent an example, it learned that the desponding soul who had had the courage to face obloquy and change his party relations had only done so after prolonged and fruitless efforts to secure official place under his old party. Had he obtained it, that party would undoubtedly have seemed to him resolute, patriotic, and discerning, and he would have continued to serve his country in the association to which he had become accustomed.

Patriotism is a very common and a very convenient mask for selfishness. There is no South American general who overthrows a government and enthrones himself as dictator upon the ruins who does not announce with imposing solemnity that the old system was intolerable, and that the interests of justice and the country required him to do as he has done. Not one of them was ever known to declare that he had destroyed the old government because he wished to be the government himself. The two friends of the Easy Chair had sincerely sophisticated themselves, and identified their personal advantage and wishes with the public interest. If they had told the precise truth, they would have said that they wanted office, and if they could not get it from one party, they would try another. If a man is conscious of a strong desire and of great ability to serve the public, this kind of sophistication is easy. That which should make a generous man suspicious under such circumstances is that he confounds official position with public service. The latter, indeed, is, in a sense, a technical phrase; but a man may in a larger way serve the public by active exertions to secure only the best possible officers, and by taking his part in the necessary and disagreeable details of practical politics. If he will not do this, he must share the responsibility of bad government.

Yet here, again, he must not be discouraged if his efforts appear to be abortive and the results ridiculous. The secret of a republic seems abstractly to be very simple, for it is merely that all good men shall act together and elect good officers. But good men can not act together if they do not think together, and the best method of obtaining results which all desire is the very problem of politics. All good men can not act together, therefore, because good men differ. But even the good men who agree can not easily and simply have their way, because political measures can be secured only by organization, and the organization, or the machine by which the result is to be attained, may very readily fall into crafty or corrupt hands, which will use the sincerity and pure purpose of better men to serve base and mercenary ends. The first of the two friends of the Easy Chair was used in this manner. He was sincere and pure, but he was vain, and therefore weak, and the clever managers hit him in the heel.

But a man may be wholly free of weakness or vanity, and, without the least personal wish or ambition in public life, may take part in politics solely from a commanding sense of duty, and yet find himself and his efforts not only unavailing for his own purposes, but ludicrously and hopelessly perverted to serve those of others. Honestus was such a man: in the truest sense a patriot in feeling, yet he was ashamed to own that he had hitherto neglected his practical political duties, and would henceforth lose no opportunity of correcting his conduct. He saw with joy the notice of an approaching primary meeting, and when the evening arrived he hastened to the hall with the pleasing consciousness that he was discharging a great public duty. He reached the hall, and was heartily welcomed by the observant managers, whom, if he had had Titbottom's spectacles at hand, he would have seen to be foxes —at least. They were very glad indeed to see Honestus and men like him engaging in politics. They saw in the fact the augury of a better day. It was a peculiar pleasure to co-operate with him, and they trusted that this was but the beginning of a good habit upon his part. Honestus could not help thinking how easy it was to exaggerate, and to suppose men to be a great deal worse than they are, and wondered that he had never before taken the trouble—or, rather, fulfilled the duty—of attending the primary meeting.

The proceedings began, and he was exceedingly interested. Officers were appointed, and it was evident from their speeches that nothing but honesty and economy was to be sought, and only men of the most spotless character nominated. But it was necessary to have a committee upon nominations; and to his surprise and gratification Honestus heard his own name mentioned as one of the committee, and almost blushed as he was appointed its chairman. The committee was requested to withdraw, and to report the names of candidates as soon as possible. Honestus and his colleagues therefore retired to a dim passage-way—where, as he subsequently remarked, he should have been rather alarmed to meet either of them at night and alone—and business began. Various names were mentioned, of which, unfortunately, Honestus had never heard one; and at length one of the most positive of the committee said, emphatically, that, upon the whole, Jones was the very man for the place. There was a general murmur of assent and satisfaction. Honestus heard on every side that it was "just the thing;" that Jones was "an A1 boy," and that he was "always there;" he was also "square," and "right up to the line;" and by common consent Jones seemed to be the Heaven-appointed candidate.

Rather disturbed at his total ignorance of this conspicuous public character, Honestus turned to his neighbor and said, guardedly, with the air of a man who was musing upon Jones's qualifications, "Oh, Jones—Jones?"

"Yes," said his neighbor, "Jones."

"Certainly," replied Honestus; "certainly. But—who—is—Jones?"

His neighbor looked at him for a moment, and repeated the question in a tone of incredulity—"Who is *Jones?*"—as if he had said, Who is George Washington?

"Yes; I don't think that I know him."

"Don't know Jones?"

"No."

"Well, if you did know him, you'd know that he's just the man we want; bang up; made for it."

"Oh, is he?"

"You bet—A1."

"Well," said the member who had first announced that Jones was the very man for the place, "I suppose they'll be waiting. I nominate Jones as the candidate."

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The chairman said yes, but that, unfortunately for himself, he did not know Mr. Jones.

"Well, you don't know any thing against him, do you?" asked the other.

"Certainly not."

"Well, we all know him, and he is the very man. We ought to hurry."

Honestus put the question, and Jones was unanimously named as the candidate to be reported to the meeting by the chairman. The meeting was already stamping and clapping and calling for the committee, and the energetic mover of Jones said that it was necessary to go in "right away." The committee made for the hall, and the chairman followed. He knew nothing of Jones nor of the people who had named him, and he knew nobody else whom he could propose for the place. Honestus felt very much as a leaf might feel upon the fall at Niagara, and in the next moment the chairman of the meeting was asking him if the committee were ready to report. The chairman of the committee bowed. The chairman of the meeting said that the report would now be made. Honestus stated that he was instructed to report the name of Jones. The meeting roared. There was some thumping by the chairman, and Honestus heard only the name of Jones and "by acclamation" and a whirlwind of calls upon "Jones!" "Jones!" "Speech!" "Speech!" The next moment Jones, with a large diamond pin, was upon the platform thanking and promising, and the meeting was stormily cheering and adjourning *sine die*. Honestus walked quietly home, perceiving that the result of his practical effort to discharge the primary duties of a citizen was that Jones, one of the most disreputable and dishonest of public sharks, had been nominated by a committee of which he was chairman, and that the whole weight of the name of Honestus was thrown upon the side of rascality with a diamond pin. And he reflected that in politics, as elsewhere, it is necessary to begin as early in preparation for action as the rascals.

Yet he did not lose his faith, nor suppose that popular government is a cheat and a snare, because he had been involuntarily made the instrument of knaves. Honestus understands that good government is one of the best things in the world, and he knows that good things of that kind are not cheap. He is willing to pay the price, and the price is the trouble to ascertain who Jones is, and the time to do his part in defeating Jones. For Honestus knows that if he does not rule, Jones will, and he trusts in the loudest and most ignorant primary meeting the eternal right divine of tact, character, and ability.

THE summary justice that was awarded to Colonel Baker in England for a violent assault upon a young woman in a railway carriage has been contrasted with the administration of justice in this country, which has had some recent painful illustrations. But the Englishman has always been proud of his courts and his judges, and the very blackness of the exceptional Jeffreys and Scroggs only points the general brightness of the record. In America we inherit the confidence and respect of the Englishman for the English bench. The respect is so profound and the disposition so pronounced that Jefferson feared the overthrow or alteration of the government by the Supreme Bench; and Van Buren, in his *Origin and Course of Political Parties in the United States*—one of the most valuable contributions to our political literature, and a work which must seriously modify any unfavorable opinion that the reader may have held of Van Buren's ability—points out the important part that the bench has played in our political development. But we need not suppose, because Colonel Baker was promptly sentenced, and because Tweed is still hopeful of escape, that justice is uniformly more perfect and secure in England than in this country. There was lately an excellent illustration of the course of justice here, and in a somewhat unexpected quarter. The prompt acquittal of the accused colored leaders of a supposed sanguinary plot in the interior of Georgia certainly shows that even under circumstances where prejudice and panic, with strong surviving feeling of hostility of race, might readily have produced other results, there was the utmost impartiality, the true spirit of justice. It is one of the most cheering signs of a time which happily grows steadily brighter.

On the other hand, other recent cases than that of Colonel Baker in England show that it is a country not yet of so perfect a civilization as some Americans often imagine. Observers upon this side of the ocean often forget how much easier it is to see a defect close by than one which is three thousand miles away. Our own fields are barren and dull, but our neighbor's beyond the hill, in the next town, over the sea, are the gardens of the Hesperides. As the familiar landscape seems to us mean, so the nearer opportunity seems small and fruitless. The same feeling extends to men and affairs. It is a poison that attacks the whole system. Foreign lands, other times, different men from ours, become the standards by which we judge, so that there are many excellent Americans who sincerely think that we are mistaken and imperiled in the degree that we wander from English traditions and methods. The mountain seems to them a soft mass of violet verdure, and they forget what stony barrenness and awful chasms a nearer view discloses.

A few incidents of the last summer in the administration of justice in England have probably suggested to the Anglicans that something yet remains to be done before the Millennium can be supposed to have arrived. In the village of Spalding, in Lincolnshire, Sarah Chandler, a poor girl of thirteen years, went to see her aunt at the almshouse, and picked a flower from a geranium in the yard. For this offense the criminal was taken before the magistrates, who sentenced her to fourteen days imprisonment in the jail and four years in a reformatory, and hoped, doubtless, that God would have mercy on her soul, since they had none. There have been several instances of the same kind, the justice being often a clergyman or a squire. There is a system of rural magistracy in England in which much is left to the discretion of the magistrate, as in the case of poor Sarah Chandler, and squire justice, it seems, may be as odious as bench law. Englishmen think it an excellent system. But the rural magistrate has been the butt of satire from Shakespeare and Addison to Miss Edgeworth and Charles Kingsley. How frightful the results of such justice must be is evident. The

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case of Sarah Chandler, indeed, was carried to the Home Secretary, and became a matter of inquiry in Parliament. The Home Secretary instantly reversed the decision of the magistrates, and reprimanded them, and set the little girl at liberty. But what of the Sarah Chandlers whose cases were not appealed, and who are now serving out their terms in reformatories in company with the most depraved of young criminals? It is bad that Tweed should have a chance of escaping justice, but it is infinitely better than that the little English girl should have been so unjustly tortured and sentenced to ruin. Prompt justice was done to Baker, and it is justly praised, but a system of administration of law which makes such cases as that of Sarah Chandler easy and frequent is appalling.

The conclusion to be drawn is not that Dick Turpin is a highly respectable citizen because William Kidd is a pirate, but simply that Kidd is not a satisfactory ideal. Things may be differently ordered in France, but it does not follow that they are more wisely ordered. Comparison is unjust in such matters, and the habit is injurious, because it fosters depreciation of what we have and are, and a false, because an ignorant, admiration of that which we have not. We are not, indeed, to think well of ourselves because others are as bad as we are. But it is certainly ridiculous to make others, who are no better than we are, our models.

THE other day, hearing a certain gentleman described as "non-committal," the Easy Chair fell to considering what was meant by the phrase in that particular case. The gentleman in question is very possibly known to the reader. If so, he knows that he has very positive convictions, which he does not hesitate upon proper occasions to express. But the phrase non-committal implies a trimming disposition, an unwillingness to take sides or to say any thing that can offend. Now the gentleman is very courteous, and in his conversation he spares the motives of an adversary, and he does not pile offensive epithets upon his head. But he does not shrink from the plainest discussion; and those who assert an orange to be round would never suppose that he thought it square, and those who proclaim the sweetness of vinegar know perfectly well that he thinks and says that it is sour. While the Easy Chair was still meditating, a friend burst out in admiration of another gentleman for his uncompromising vigor of conviction and his courageous fidelity in maintaining his opinions. "He at least," exclaimed the enthusiast, "is not non-committal. He commits himself every minute, and you may be sure that butter will melt in *his* mouth as fast as he puts it in."

Both of the gentlemen are known to the Chair, and this remark was interesting, because it knew that the strong advocate of his opinions who was so warmly praised was really a person of impetuous nature and of shallow convictions, although sincere. He was also unsparing in his words, and made up in vehemence of epithet for depth of judgment, so that he alienated half of his acquaintance by denouncing them as donkeys, and the other half by posting them in conversation as knaves. It became gradually very clear to the Easy Chair that the first gentleman named was called non-committal because of the moderation of his speech, and that the other was supposed to have strong convictions because of his strong words. A similar logic would conclude that a widow who fell into hysterics at the death of her husband was more deeply grieved than one who calmly proceeded with every duty. But the Spartan boy, or the Canadian Jesuit who smiled when the Indians tore his flesh or made him walk over hot ashes, or Latimer bidding Brother Ridley be of good cheer, did not feel the anguish less than does the victim who howls with pain and terror.

Excessive and hysterical expression passes as a sign of depth of feeling only among those who, having no depth of nature, have no power of the highest self-restraint. We who write for the press in this country are the class most conspicuous for vehement expression, but it is not clear that we are the class of the profoundest convictions. Political orators, also, become apoplectic with furious rhetoric on one side or the other, but they are, perhaps, not eminent for deep or true judgment. When the urban or rural Cleon thunders and shrieks and foams from the platform or the floor, depicting his political enemy as a loathsome hyena or a sea-serpent of the darkest dye, or when he extols his fellow-partisan as a being upon whom a favoring Heaven smiles, and whose name is treasured wherever men love virtue and honor genius, he is as far as possible from what is called non-committal. But inasmuch as insincerity is always confusing, he leaves a very obscure impression, and the excess of his compliment inevitably suggests that he has not told the truth.

The opinion that the first gentleman was non-committal was founded upon reasons which should have shown that he was really positive and frank. The expressions of men differ, indeed, in character and force. But no one who knows the quality of deep conviction would ever measure its intensity by the fury of its expression. The preacher who shouts and sighs and weeps and sobs and screams in his exhortations may be a very sincerely religious man, as the dervish who stands upon one leg until the other withers may be; but the sober self-restraint of the man or woman who passes serenely through the fire and flood of awful experience and conquers so absolutely that the agony is not even suspected is the sign of a faith quite as profound and of a character founded like the everlasting hills. It is the disdain of extravagance as the indication of shallowness and want of conviction which is often misinterpreted as a non-committal disposition. But a man who has measured the fallibility of human judgment, and has discovered how easily he is himself deceived, will always have a certain respect for the other side, as knowing that he is very mortal, while truth is infinite.

IN the midst of our Centennial anniversaries a bicentennial has a peculiar interest. While the battles of our fathers in the Revolution are remembered with gratitude and honor, it is pleasant also to recall the battles of their fathers in the early Indian wars. Heroism never grows old. The hero is always a friend, and his example an inspiration. No spots upon the globe are so famous as those which have been illustrated by human virtue and devotion, and Marathon and Sempach, Thermopylæ and Tours, Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, will always be

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bournes for pilgrims who love liberty and honor those who have served the race. It is fortunate when the beauty of the spot harmonizes with the glory of the deed; and that is especially the case with the field upon which "the flower of Essex" fell in King Philip's war—two hundred years ago. The two-hundredth anniversary of the day was celebrated this year by a great gathering of all the country round, by an oration and poems and speeches and songs, and in the most beautiful season of the year, the month of September.

Forty years ago the corner-stone of a simple monument was laid with similar ceremonies, and Edward Everett delivered the oration, in which, as was his habit upon such occasions, he told the story of the day. The battle, or, more truly, massacre, is known as that of Bloody Brook, and it was one of the most tragical events of the frontier warfare in New England. Bloody Brook, as the little meadow rivulet is called, is in the town of South Deerfield, in the valley of the Deerfield River, a few miles above Northampton, upon the Connecticut River Railroad. It is one of the pretty villages of that picturesque region which was so noted in the early settlement for the Indian attacks. Old Deerfield, as it is called in the neighborhood, is one of the most beautiful rural towns in New England. From a long high hill, the Deerfield Mountain, which separates the valley of the Connecticut from that of the Deerfield, a broad and ample terrace reaches into the meadows, and upon that the town is built. Its spacious street stretches along the terrace, and is a bowery aisle of magnificent elms, under which the houses stand, separate, with gardens and grassy banks, in neighborly seclusion. The benediction of perpetual peace rests upon the beautiful town. There are few new houses, and the old are of a quaint and fitting aspect, each apparently with rich store of domestic annals, and an ancient hearth to which Thanksgiving annually wooes the later living generations. In the centre of the town there is a green inclosed common, on which stands a modest soldiers' monument of the late war, and from the common at right angles opens a shady road that leads to the old grave-yard. Back of the town, but not overhanging it, rises the mountain, and on all the other sides are the unfenced fertile meadows, far beyond which lie gracefully rounded hills of various outline, waving along the horizon, and rich with the verdure of oaks and maples, beeches and chestnuts. The scenery has a friendly and gentle character, not too bold, or harsh, or inaccessible, but amenable every where to human culture and habitation. It has a fullness and tenderness and finish that must often have recalled to the early settlers much of the landscape of Mother England who had driven them away.

But to those settlers the scene was far from friendly, and it is hard to imagine that this tranquil, leafy town was once the outpost of civilization against savage warfare. But you have only to loiter along the quiet road to the grave-yard to find the memorials of that time. The grave-yard is a plain little field by the roadside, away from the church. It is not adorned as a cemetery, and there are but few trees along one side, one of them a symmetrical chestnut. The turf literally heaves in many a mouldering heap, and the plain God's-acre is grassy, sunny, and still. Here, upon low, broken, gray stones, upon which the carving has evidently been renewed, you may read of the rude forefathers of the hamlet who were wounded in Indian attacks, and among them of "Lieutenant Mehuman Hinsdell, who was the first male child born in this place, and was twice captivated by the Indian salvages." Here, too, is the grave of the Reverend John Williams, the first minister of Deerfield, and the "Redeemed Captive returning to Zion," as he called his little book describing his "captivation by the salvages," who carried him and others to Canada, killing his wife upon the way. Williams returned, however, and was again married. His book and all the annals of the early days of Deerfield are tales of constant terror. Deerfield suffered more than any town in New England from the "salvage" attacks; and in the hotel is still preserved the huge oaken door of the block-house of refuge, heavily dented with the Indian tomahawks.

It was from this brave little outpost in the wilderness that Captain Lothrop and his company, "culled," as Hubbard says, from the towns of Essex, and sent to Hadley as the head-quarters of operations against the Indians, marched, on the 18th of September (old style), 1675, to convoy eighteen wagons of threshed wheat for the supply of the main garrison of the region at Hadley. Lothrop was sixty-five years old, a man of substance, who had been selectman and representative in the General Court, and the young men, his neighbors, whom he had culled for his company, were the brave and comely youth, the very flower of Essex. To protect the march of twelve or fifteen miles to Hadley, Captain Mosely, who had been a partisan leader, and had commanded a privateer in the West Indies, was to scour the forest, and beat up the enemy. The country was level and well wooded, the morning was fair, and Lothrop and his men doubtless confided in their numbers, their arms, and the co-operation of Mosely. They moved along warily but cheerfully until about three miles below Deerfield, in the present village of South Deerfield; the clustering grapes hanging ripe upon the trees along the road tempted them to loiter and scatter a little, secure in the watchful Mosely. Their march had reached the little rivulet, which is to-day but a rill of water in the meadow, and they were plucking and eating the fruit, chatting low, we may suppose, and gay with the buoyancy of youth, when a fatal fire burst from an unseen foe, who instantly rushed upon the little company, ten to one, shrieking and brandishing the tomahawk, and at once the wood rang with the shout and shot of the death-struggle. The Indians were seven hundred, the men of Essex scarcely seventy. But, with Indian tactics, each took to a tree, and fought to the last. But the Indian force was overwhelming. Lothrop fell early in the fight. For his companions there was no escape. All but a very few sank under the savage onslaught. Sixty or even ninety bodies were strewn along the brook, and its shuddering current ran red with the blood of heroes to the river beyond. Mosely heard the musketry, and hurried to the scene. The Indians defied him, and he fought from eleven in the morning until sunset without driving them away. Then Major Treat, with other soldiers and friendly Indians, arrived, and the Indian enemy was pushed westward toward the hills. The English pass-

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ed the night at Deerfield, and returning in the morning, found the Indians stripping the bodies of the victims, and drove them back. Then they buried their comrades near the site of the monument. "A black and fatal day," said Increase Mather. Essex was smitten to the heart, and the colony trembled with the blow.

"Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border;
The [Indians], for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

"We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

It is one of the great benefits of the Centennial year that it will stimulate the study of American history, and by refreshing the memory of the patriotic devotion of the fathers and that of their ancestors, will inspire a noble emulation. To most cultivated Americans the history of England has a charm which our own has not. "Why is it?" asked a distinguished judge, "that the story of English politics is so interesting, and that of our own so dull and dry?" There is, in reply, the constant charm of distance to be considered, and the scenery and events which a great literature has illustrated, and the fascination of a long-extending multitude of men of genius of our own race devoting their powers to our welfare. England itself is touched with poetic association, while America is as yet, and with great exceptions, bare of that interest. But the more closely our story is studied, the more heroic and satisfactory it will be. We are still too near the early epoch for tradition to resolve itself into legend. We can not have an Arthurian cycle. Our Cecrops and Cadmus and Romulus and Remus are too near the eye. Our antiquity encounters the modern time of England, and our history, therefore, lacks that vague and vast setting of mystery and remoteness which the imagination loves.

Then colonial annals are always reflective. The last century in this country was not so interesting in its Indian and French wars as in the details of uneventful life, in the routine of towns and the romance of settlement. The governor was a little shadow of a king, and his council of a parliament. But the moment the great debate of the Revolution begins, the interest in our history is commanding. We had, indeed, and unfortunately, no men so conspicuous for genius as many Englishmen, no oratorical figure, for instance, so superb as Burke, whose single splendor fills his time with light. Patrick Henry and James Otis were electric speakers, who fired an assembly and kindled a people. But they have left nothing which is a part of the treasures of our literature, and over which the poet, the statesman, and the student all hang with delight. Jefferson said of Henry that it was the inspiration of hearing him which was his great gift. He could not remember what he said. Lord Chatham was correct in saying that the Continental Congress was an assembly of sages as illustrious and dignified as any of Greece or Rome. But it was weight of character, purity of purpose, heroism, patriotism, good sense, and intelligence which distinguished them. There was no Pym, no Strafford, no Falkland, no Cromwell.

Yet, when all this is conceded, there remains the fact of the unobserved growth of a nation upon this continent, the development, under most favorable conditions, of many of the most characteristic institutions of the race from which England and her colonies sprang, and the masterly management of one of the greatest international debates in history, conducted by men of the clearest insight and the utmost intrepidity, and of remarkable ability. It is the setting, the scene, which is wanting to the imaginative reader; but it is little more; for our fathers' cause was that of England herself, and their attitude and devotion were the qualities that had made the glory of great epochs in England. It is quite time that there was a more careful study of American history in schools and colleges, and the Centennial year will quicken an interest in it which is sure to be repaid.

Editor's Literary Record.

Bible Lands: their Modern Customs and Manners Illustrative of Scripture, by Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep (Harper and Brothers), supplies a want which Bible students have long felt, and which many have wondered not to find long since supplied. Probably it is because only domestic scholars realized the want, and they were powerless to supply it. Books on Bible lands are, indeed, plentiful. Every literary traveler who goes to Palestine coins a book out of his experiences. He travels, too, Bible in hand, and jots down such manners and customs as strike his eye and recall to his thought a Scripture text or truth. But what the Christian world has wanted is some one to do systematically and thoroughly what has thus been done only incidentally, and as it were by chance. The same singular deficiency characterizes art. Pictures of the *scenery* of the Holy Land are repeated indefinitely; the same solitary ruin presents itself to us in every well-ordered Bible dictionary and book of Eastern travel as Capernaum, while there are as many Nazareths and Bethlehems as artists, with only a faint family resemblance between them all. But illustrations of the modern *life* of Palestine are rare. No one has hitherto done successfully for the Holy Land what Lane has done for modern Egypt. The only book which approximates in its fullness of detail and thoroughness of execution the volume before us is the *The Land and the Book*, and in character and structure that work is quite different from this. It is a noticeable fact that both are written by missionaries whose preparation was a life in the lands they describe. The want of such an interpreter of the Scriptures as this volume furnishes is the more remarkable, since it is at once so seriously injurious and apparently so easily remedied. It is astonishing how long the church has fumbled at some passages of Scrip-

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ture, with the key really in her hand. Protestant divines have united with Romish divines in singularly misinterpreting the famous passage about the gift of the keys to Peter, because they did not know the symbolical significance of the key in the East. The healing of the paralytic let down through the roof has been misinterpreted by pen and pencil for want of an acquaintance with Eastern houses. We doubt whether one reader of the Bible out of a hundred understands the symbolical meaning of the "horn," to which David and the prophets frequently refer, and which, by-the-way, Dr. Van Lennep does not explain. And yet the explanation of these and myriads of other passages of Scripture is ready at our hand in the living commentary of modern Palestine. Its life was stereotyped in the first century, and has remained almost unchanged through all subsequent mutations. Towns, cities, temples, palaces, synagogues, have all disappeared, but the life remains. One may stop at an inn like that in which no room was found for Joseph and Mary; go to a manger patterned after that which constituted Christ's cradle; drink water drawn by rope and bucket, by hand, like that where Christ met the woman of Samaria; take a supper in an upper chamber like that made memorable by Christ's last meeting with His disciples; see the ewer brought for the ceremonial washings which Christ rebuked; see pretentious piety praying at the corners of the streets; witness the grain measuring in the market at Jerusalem, and the purchaser carrying it away "in his bosom," wrapped in the folds of his burnoose. Dr. Van Lennep's object is to make this "kind of living Pompeii" illustrate and interpret the sacred books of Christendom, as classicists have long since made the buried Pompeii illustrate and interpret the life and the literature of ancient Rome.

His volume of over eight hundred pages is divided into two parts. In the first he treats of customs which have their origin in the physical features of Bible lands. Under this general caption he treats of the physical characteristics of Bible lands, especially Palestine; its water and water life; its soil and culture; farming, gardening, vineyards and vine dressing; its animals, domestic and wild. Here he pictures the ship and shipping of the Orient, agriculture and its implements, the threshing-floor, the hand-mill, the oven, both permanent and portable, the pruning-knife, the wine-press, the olive-press, etc., etc. In the second part he treats of customs which have a historical origin. Under this head he discusses the ethnology of the Bible, as a preparation for chapters descriptive of its oral and written language, its tent life, its houses, their furniture and their inmates, domestic and social life, religious practices, and commercial and mechanical development. He keeps constantly in view the aim indicated by his title-page—the illustration of Scripture. The bearing of the life which he describes on the elucidation of the Bible is constantly pointed out. The flat roof, with its wheat and flax laid out to dry, explains Rahab's hiding-place for the spies; its convenience as an outlook in times of danger, Isaiah's bitter prophecy of Judea's fear, when "thou art wholly gone up to the housetops." Its character and the purpose it still commonly serves interpret allusions to its apparently inconsistent employment for private prayer and for public proclamations. The relation of the "upper chamber" to the court-yard of the Jewish house on which it directly opens interprets the description of the Pentecost, and renders needless the hypothesis of the commentators that the disciples withdrew from the house to the street when Peter preached. Eglon's summer-house is repeated in the modern Turkish kiosk. We have taken at a hazard a few out of twice as many illustrations and interpretations of Scripture found in four consecutive pages of a single chapter, simply to show the character and the compactness of the book. Two indexes—one of subjects, the other of Scripture illustrated—render the volume available as a book of reference, and the latter especially gives it almost the character of a commentary drawn from life. Dr. Van Lennep's name is a sufficient guarantee of its general accuracy. It is, indeed, an original contribution to our knowledge of the Bible, and will constitute a magazine from which, for many years to come, not only clergymen and Sunday-school teachers, but writers and commentators, will draw in their Scripture interpretation.

The American publishers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (J. M. Stoddard and Co.) give in a sentence its history. The first edition was published in 1771, and was "scarcely more than a dictionary of science and art." It has steadily grown in size; the second edition was ten volumes; the present, when completed, will require twenty-two. While we are not prepared to indorse their assertion that it will be "accepted as the best and cheapest encyclopedia ever issued on either side of the Atlantic," in its peculiar department it has certainly never been rivaled. Its characteristic is its combination of methods. It presents minor matters in brief articles, while the most important subjects, especially the sciences, are presented in lengthy, comprehensive, and complete contributions, which are themselves of the nature of treatises, and have been sometimes republished in that form subsequently. This method gives two decided advantages: one, a more thorough and complete survey of the various fields of knowledge; the other, an opportunity to enlist the ablest scientific minds, the specialists in their own department. This has been, in fact, done in the past; and when a newspaper correspondent quizzically suggests that the president of the British Science Association has read for his address an article prepared for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, there is nothing incongruous in the suggestion. It would be quite in keeping with its traditions if he who is the ablest living engineer of Great Britain were to contribute the article on engineering. But while this characteristic (which the editor assures us will be preserved intact) renders the work the most authoritative of all encyclopedias in the English tongue, it also renders it less convenient for ready reference than its smaller rivals, where information is broken up into fragments. In the latter, isolated facts are more readily found; in the former, comprehensive surveys are more adequately given. The scientific articles in this edition are mostly rewritten, not merely revised, and in the department of science the promise is of a work which will certainly have no superior either in the accuracy or the freshness of its information. We

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have only to add that the mechanical execution, which in this edition is purely American, is eminently good. The American publishers assure us that the current volumes will be but slightly modified—we are not clear, indeed, whether any revision is intended—from the English edition, all material alterations and additions being reserved for a supplemental American volume.

The Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine, Volumes I. to L.: June, 1850, to May, 1875 (Harper and Brothers), renders that work an illustrated encyclopedia. The bound volumes of *Harper's Magazine* have long held the front rank in our public libraries, being taken out more frequently and read more constantly than any other volumes. This simple fact takes the work out of the category of ephemeral literature. No other publication in the world of an equal size presents so much and so large a variety of reading, grave and gay, instructive and recreative, substantial and imaginative. Without an index, however, this store-house was practically useful only for reading; the student who wished to avail himself of its information, often more thorough and generally later than he could find in the encyclopedias, was without the means of doing so. There are, for example, over 900 separate biographies in these volumes. They include the names which have been most prominent before the public during the past half century. Not a few of them could be found nowhere else, while nearly all of them contain information, generally of a personal character and derived from personal acquaintance, that would not be found in the abbreviated biographical notices of any encyclopedia. So, again, of countries, the explorations of the latest travelers, the last expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, the last explorations of Dr. Livingstone; so of inventions and mechanical operations, the American telegraph and the American railroad—information concerning these and many kindred topics may be found in the fifty volumes of *Harper's Magazine* which either could be found nowhere else, or only by long and tedious researches. In very many instances it could not be found at all, since the authors of these articles have gone not to books and libraries, but to life itself for their information. In other words, the encyclopedia is largely a compilation; *Harper's Magazine* affords new, fresh, and otherwise inaccessible information, taken directly from nature or from life. The encyclopedia, being a compilation, necessarily deals with the past, and new editions are constantly needed to keep pace with the progress of the times; *Harper's Magazine* deals with the present, each new development of importance finding its interpreter in a fresh contribution; hence he who turns to its pages may find there the latest knowledge on any subject upon which its varied corps of writers treat. The *Index* opens this information to the possessor of the bound volumes. It is printed on every other page, so that the student may easily make his *Index* keep pace with future volumes, and may thus, at the expense of very little labor, keep on his shelves an encyclopedia which can never grow old, and will therefore never need renewing. We have only to add that the *Index* is admirably prepared: we see no suggestion of possible improvement.

The novel of the period deals so habitually with disagreeable characters, the imagination so revels in an ogre's feast, that such a novel as *Jean* (Harper and Brothers) is peculiarly refreshing and enjoyable. We have read greater works of fiction, but rarely one from which we have derived a purer or more unalloyed pleasure. Jean herself is a remarkable character; and though she carries her spirit of self-sacrifice beyond what is reasonable, and even beyond what is right, she is none the less attractive to the reader on that account. The heart of the story, that which furnishes, so to speak, its life-blood and nourishes it in all its parts, and imparts to it its peculiar zest of health and strength, is indicated in a single sentence in the closing chapter respecting Jean and her lover: "As in reality each will be striving less to seem than to be right, their atmosphere will always be clear and healthy." That is exactly what may be said of the atmosphere of this story: it is notably "clear and healthy." Some incidents in the closing chapters, especially the insertion by chance of the two advertisements in the London *Times*, are so inherently improbable as to have no proper place in a story which, but for a little touch of the melodrama at the close, is essentially natural and simple in structure and spirit.

The Abbé Tigrane, from the French of Ferdinand Fabre (J. B. Ford and Co.), is an anti-Catholic novel. Mr. L. W. Bacon, the translator, has done his double work well. He has selected an interesting story; he has translated it into good English. Anti-Catholic novel it is of a most vigorous description, but of quite a different school from that for which Eugène Sue furnished the model in the *Wandering Jew*. There is plotting in abundance, and some little counter-plotting by way of necessary self-defense, but it is all of an ecclesiastical description. The Abbé Tigrane eventually blooms into a sort of candidate for the papal chair, but the greater part of the story is occupied with telling how he plotted and labored and toiled to obtain his first promotion, to the bishopric. The result emphasizes the conclusion that in the Papal Church the cream does not rise to the top, for the good but unworldly bishop is defeated in all his pious purposes, and the violent, ambitious intriguer succeeds. There is sufficiently rapid movement in the story to keep the interest alive throughout without even the smallest by-play of love. We do not, indeed, recall that a solitary woman appears upon the stage. A novel without a woman, without love—it was an audacious undertaking. The characters are drawn with a vigorous hand, and they exhibit themselves by their deeds, not by what the novelist says about them. In this sense *Abbé Tigrane* is essentially a dramatic novel. The contrast between Monseigneurs Roquebrun and Rufinus Capdepoul is finely conceived and carried out, and to all readers in the Church the story will be vastly more effective because the excellence of the one bishop is set over against the selfishness and passion of the other. The scenes in the story, from the charmingly quiet picture of Cormières in the opening chapter to the horrible contest concerning the body of the poor dead bishop in the midst of the tempest, are very effectively pictured.

The Calderwood Secret (Harper and Brothers), by Virginia W. Johnson, is a decided advance upon the previous novels by the same author. There is no less wealth of incident;

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there is scarcely less rapidity of movement; there is certainly no heaviness, no inertness. But it is less hurried; the author is in less evident and even anxious haste to get on; the interest is not "breathless;" and though it is a very common encomium to pronounce upon a novel that the critic has read it with "breathless interest," a higher art secures the attention without perturbing the mind of the reader, and gives him both that enjoyment which comes from rapid motion and that which proceeds from a measurably calm and quiet observation. The characters in *The Calderwood Secret* are drawn with no inconsiderable power, and though there is neither hero, heroine, nor villain in the story, though the mixture of good and evil makes all of kin to earth, though, partly for this reason, there is no one character that stands out in bold relief against all the rest, as, for illustration, does Rufinus Capdepoul in *The Abbé Tigrane*, yet every character, even those of minor importance, like Caleb, Miss Plummer, and the Rev. Mr. Whitty, possesses a marked individuality; they are not puppets in a theatrical show. Action alone does not make a drama; there is action, plenty of it, in *Punch and Judy*. *Character* is essential to the true drama, and Miss Johnson has developed her characters vigorously and well. The self-restraint wisely imposed upon her too wild fancy has also enabled her to get, better than in any previous story, the full benefit of the incidents which her imagination has conjured up, and which either increased experience or increased assiduity has enabled her to paint. Her lines and colors are, indeed, few, but they are very suggestive to the imagination. These descriptions, at least in several instances, indicate a sympathetic faculty, a power of really appreciating and portraying not merely the outward incident, but also the inward passion, which belongs of necessity to the highest artists, and for which the author's previous works had not prepared us. We instance especially the scene between Buckley Calderwood and Andrew Keith in the mill, where the poverty-stricken aristocrat is detected in an attempted robbery of the despised but wealthy mechanic, and the equally effective and more difficult portraiture of Anstice's experience in the hour of her mother's funeral. More artistic, *The Calderwood Secret* is certainly not less interesting, than any of Miss Virginia W. Johnson's previous romances.

Mr. E. C. Gardner is doing a really good work by his endeavors to teach Americans how to have tasteful and pleasant homes at reasonable prices. His *Illustrated Homes* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) describes thirteen houses, which the title-page asserts are real homes of real people. But then title-pages do not always tell the truth. Whether this one does or not we do not know. The plans are well worth study by any one who means to build, and the book is written in so entertaining a style that it is attractive reading for that large class who like to imagine themselves builders.—The purely scientific question as to the length of time during which the human race has dwelt on the earth will not be settled by writers who approach the question determined to find in nature a confirmation of their previous decision. Evidence first, verdict afterward, is the rule of all research. For this reason Mr. James C. Southall's *Recent Origin of Man* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) will have small influence in affecting the decision of science upon this curious and interesting problem. It possesses a great amount of interesting information; but the author's aim is unmistakably indicated by his title, namely, not to ascertain the age, but to demonstrate the comparative youth of the human race. This aim impairs the value of his work even as a thesaurus of curious information, since it destroys the reader's confidence in him as an impartial investigator and reporter of nature.—To the general reader the introductory chapter will be the most interesting in Professor Blasius's *Storms: their Nature, Classification, and Laws* (Porter and Coates). In that chapter he describes a tornado which he witnessed, and the effects of which he examined, in August, 1851, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The result of that examination was to convince him that neither Redfield's nor Espy's theory sufficed to account for all the phenomena. These are clearly and even graphically described, and by aid of a map the unscientific reader may easily comprehend the nature of this particular storm, and partially the conclusions respecting the laws of storms to which these phenomena point. The rest of the volume, though lucid in style and illustrated by diagrams and pictures, assumes some knowledge by the reader of previous works, and requires for its full comprehension some knowledge of the subject other than that derivable from its pages. The author claims to make his readers weather prophets by interpreting to them the significance of the clouds, which he regards as better indicators than the barometer. His "weather prognostics" are certainly simple and plain; whether they will make all readers "weather prophets" we are unable to say.—*Views and Interviews on Journalism* (F. B. Patterson) is a curious but not uninteresting nor unprofitable *mélange*. It embodies more or less fully and accurately the views of some twenty-five leading journalists on the subject of their profession. Some of these views are contained in conversations; others in extracts from their writings; few, if any, have been prepared especially for this volume. The absence of any thing from any of the leading religious editors is noticeable, for Mr. Tilton is not a religious editor, and Mr. Beecher is not, in truth, an editor at all.—Such a book as the *Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner* (Henry Holt and Co.), by Edward L. Burlingame, must not be judged from the point of view of one familiar with this great art critic and reformer, for it is not intended for such. It is intended for those who only know in a vague way that he is the representative, if not, indeed, the creator, of the "music of the future," and desire to know something more of him. They will certainly get a very good glimpse of the man, both as a musician and an author, from this volume of selections from his writings. They will also be surprised, perhaps, to learn that Germany, which we are accustomed to regard as the mother of music, has suffered from invasions, while only a vigorous defense has prevented them from capturing her musical institutions bodily.—Holden's *Book on Birds* is a little volume of 122 pages, giving detailed accounts about how to take care of domestic birds, from the canary to the sparrow. The directions are simple, plain, and

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practical. For bird-keepers it will be a useful little manual.—*The Birds and Seasons of New England* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is a companion volume of the *Woods and By-Ways of New England*, by the same author. We know not that we can give it higher praise than to say that it is a worthy companion. But the book is one hardly amenable to the laws of criticism. There is no standard by which to judge it except the standard of an individual taste. If, knowing but little of birds, you yet love them and wish to know more; if, having but a chance acquaintance with Nature in her various phases, you would like an interpreter to explain to you her somewhat mystical language; if you enjoy not merely the study of nature and of birds, but talks with them and talks about them from one who has studied them sympathetically rather than scientifically—then you will like Mr. WILSON FLAGG for an interpreter, and his two volumes as companions and friends. —*The Speeches of Pope Pius IX.* (Harper and Brothers), republished from the *Quarterly Review*, is, of course, interesting reading, as is every thing which comes from Mr. GLADSTONE'S always graceful and lately trenchant pen, and is important as one of the campaign documents in the battle which he is so vigorously waging against the papacy. It is a pamphlet of forty-four pages.—E. P. Dutton and Co. publish a very tasteful edition of *Faber's Hymns*, with a few vignette illustrations, and a biographical sketch of the author which might profitably have been fuller. The hymns themselves are not only full of spiritual life—the present half century has produced no richer devotional Christian poet—but they are also a psychological study, since, in fact, the hymns of simplest and serenest faith in Christ of any English poet are the production of one who left the Protestant Church to become a Roman Catholic priest. The present edition contains all of Faber's hymns except those which are of strictly ecclesiastical character, such as those for the festivals of the Virgin Mary and of the various saints. The size of the volume makes it convenient for the hand and pocket, and adapts it to one of the uses the author had in mind in the original collection, namely, in "ministering to those with whom, from their being in sickness or in sorrow, the effort of following a connected prose book is hardly to be expected."

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—We have to note the discovery of the 147th asteroid, by M. Prosper Henry, at Paris, on August 7. This small planet is of the eleventh magnitude.

Among the most important astronomical publications of the present year may be counted the extended series of astronomical engravings from the observatory of Harvard College. This series, we understand, is not ready for final publication, as the text, which was to have been furnished by Professor Winlock, the lamented director of the observatory, is not yet prepared. The drawings, which were made in crayon by Mr. L. Trouvelot, under the direction of Professor Winlock, are intelligible without this text, and are of great fidelity and artistic beauty.

The Melbourne reflecting telescope (four feet aperture) has recently been employed in the photographing of the moon, and the photographs which have reached this country seem to be fully equal to the best of the kind, that is, to the works of Rutherfurd and of Henry Draper, of New York. They are about six inches in diameter, but are very full of detail and quite sharp, so that they would bear magnifying to the size of the other pictures just referred to.

From another observatory of the southern hemisphere we have the record of valuable observations. The report of the National Observatory of the Argentine Confederation (Dr. B. A. Gould, director) has just reached America, and it shows that work of the highest scientific importance has been done in the midst of that community, and that this has been prosecuted with a rare and almost unique zeal. Dr. Gould has had during 1874 four assistants, and during a large part of that time he was himself absent from South America, yet the report shows that during 1874 12,400 observations were made upon 3600 stars for the catalogue of southern stars, besides 12,537 zone observations made by the director himself before April 14. Reliable observations of Coggia's comet were secured from July 29 to October 18, and the data of the uranometry have received a third revision. It is to be expected that the thirteen charts of the uranometry, which will give all stars visible to the naked eye from the south pole to ten degrees of north declination (8500 in number), will be completed in the course of 1875. One hundred and four thousand stars have been observed in the southern zones, and six-sevenths of the results are already transcribed on sheets ready for the computer. While the Argentine observatory is so fully occupied with scientific work, it does not neglect its practical duties. Telegraphic time signals are sent to the railroads of the country, and also to the port of Buenos Ayres. When shall we see time balls dropped in the harbors of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, and at important harbors of refuge, like Hampton Roads? This seems to be a duty which Congress might reasonably impose on our own Naval Observatory.

The tables of the movements of Saturn on which Leverrier has been engaged for a long time have now been completed. They are understood to be of very considerable extent. They are based upon the observations of Greenwich and Paris, and the exhaustive theoretical investigations of the author.

Wolf, who has for some years made the study of sun spots a matter of attention, states that, according to the observations last received by him, we are now approaching a period of minimum with somewhat unusual rapidity.

As the result of his general spectroscopic review of the stars in the northern hemisphere, D'Arrest states that whereas as yet the occurrence of strongly marked absorption spectra has been supposed to be confined to the red stars, it

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on the other hand must now be considered as established that this is not essentially true, and that the occurrence of this form of spectra is not peculiarly characteristic of the colored stars.

The meteors ordinarily seen in August were successfully observed in France during that month. A very extensive and systematic plan of observation at the principal meteor epochs has been for some time past organized by the Scientific Association of France at the instance of Leverrier, and is worthy of being followed in this country. About forty stations keep watch on the nights of important meteoric showers.

It is proposed by Leverrier to furnish standard observatory time by telegraphic communication to all the public clocks of Paris.

In *Meteorology*, we note that during the month of August there have been distributed to those cooperating with the Army Signal-office throughout the world the first copies of the Bulletin of International Simultaneous Meteorological Observations. By this publication General Myer hopes, it is said, to initiate the comprehensive study of the movements of the atmosphere throughout the globe, being persuaded, in common with most students of meteorology, that a single continent is too small an area to enable one to study to advantage the great storms that travel over the earth. The Bulletin of the Signal-office embraces reports from some five hundred stations, representing nearly every civilized nation of the world, and is welcomed as the most important step that has been taken of late years in the study of meteorology.

From Dr. B. A. Gould, of Cordova, South America, we receive a report of the operations of the Meteorological Office of that province during the year 1874. The instruments employed by his observers (of whom he has seventeen) are all graduated in accordance with the metric system. The general rule kept in view in his work has been, he states, excellence in a few researches rather than a wider range of inquiry with a probable sacrifice of accuracy. All the observations taken during the year 1874 have been properly reduced, and the means taken by decades of days, as well as by months, seasons, and years. Several valuable series, extending over a number of years, have been secured by him, and subjected to a detailed study. Among the curious facts spoken of by him is the singular contrast between the climates of Cordova and Buenos Ayres in respect to the moisture of the air. The average relative humidity at Cordova is a maximum in February (their midsummer), and is a minimum in September, the range being from eighty to fifty-six per cent. In Buenos Ayres the maximum humidity is in June, and the minimum in December.

Hoffman states that in continuing his researches on the quantity of heat necessary to vegetation he has by a series of observations on a number of plants in 1875 been able to show that almost exactly the same quantities of heat are required for the blossoming of plants at Giessen and at Frankfort, and that the quantities for this year do not differ materially from those required for the same plants at the same places in 1866, 1867, 1868, and 1869, notwithstanding the uncommonly cold winter and spring of the past season.

Data relating to the meteorology of India have been collected in an important memoir by Blanford, entitled, "The Winds of Northern India," which, however, contains much more than the title would seem to indicate, being, in fact, the complete meteorology of Northern India, based upon the latest and most reliable results of observations. India being shut in on the north by the gigantic wall of the Himalayas is quite independent in its meteorological relations of the other portions of Asia, and its climate may even be said to be developed in a manner peculiar to itself under the influence of the periodical changes of solar heat. Blanford has pursued especially the investigation of general problems of physical meteorology, including in his studies one on the formation of cyclones in the Bay of Bengal.

A return has been presented to Parliament showing the percentage of verifications of the storm warnings made by the British Meteorological Office, from which it appears that seventy-eight per cent. were justified by gales or strong winds—a result perhaps as good as may be reasonably expected until the system be further extended and developed.

Professor Piazzi Smyth and P. G. Tait, of Edinburgh, seem apparently to have been at work upon the same problem that has been so carefully studied by Desains, viz., the application of the spectroscope to the determination of the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere. They agree that certain fine telluric lines in the solar spectrum, as described by Angström, become dark smoky bands when the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere is abnormally great.

The progress in *Physics* has been considerable. Töpler has given an extended illustrated description of the admirable new physical laboratory which has just been erected by the Austrian government at the University of Grätz.

G. von Liebig has contrived an exceedingly useful modification of Frankland's apparatus for gas analysis, in which the measurements are made, not by measuring the volume under equal pressures, as is common, but by measuring the pressures, the volumes being made equal. It is simple in construction, satisfactory in operation, and accurate in its results.

Lippmann has published *in extenso* his important memoir on the relations between electric and capillary phenomena. In it he establishes the following important laws: 1st, the capillary constant at the surface of separation of mercury and dilute sulphuric acid is a function of the electric difference which exists at this surface; and 2d, when by mechanical means a liquid surface is made to change its form, the electric difference of this surface varies in such a way that the superficial tension developed in virtue of the first law opposes the continuance of the movement. These laws he has ingeniously applied, 1st, to the accurate measurement of capillary constants, hitherto so uncertain; and 2d, to the measurement of electro-motive force by means of his capillary electrometer. His ingenious electro-capillary motor, which shows the direct conversion of electrical into mechanical energy by means of capillarity, is also fully described.

Chaumont has experimentally investigated the question of ventilation, so far, at least, as the amount of air necessary for health is concerned. His determinations were made on the air of barracks, of prisons, and of hospitals; and he con-

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cludes from them that 85 cubic meters (3000 cubic feet) of air per head per hour are necessary in health, in ordinary diseases one third more than this, and in serious diseases and epidemics even more still.

Kundt and Warburg have obtained an interesting result in investigating the specific heat of mercury vapor. On the kinetic molecular theory of Clausius, the quotient of the specific heat of a gas at constant pressure, divided by the specific heat of the same gas at constant volume, should be 1.67, while, in fact, for most gases this quotient is only 1.405. Clausius explains this by the fact that molecules are not material points, but are composed of atoms; and only in a monatomic gas would there be a correspondence with theory. The molecule of mercury is shown by its vapor density to be monatomic; and it is now found by experiment that in the case of this vapor the above quotient is actually 1.67. Hence a molecule of mercury, so far as its theoretical and mechanical properties are concerned, acts like a material point.

Merz has described a new telescope which he has just completed for the observatory at Quito. It has a clear aperture of 9 Paris inches, and a focal distance of 116.75 inches. The position circle is divided directly to five minutes, and reads with a vernier to one minute. A double-ring micrometer and a filar micrometer are attached, the latter having eight eye-pieces, magnifying respectively 105, 160, 245, 350, 455, 585, 780, and 910 diameters. The hour circle is 18 inches, the declination circle 20 inches, in diameter; the former is divided to one minute, and reads to two seconds of time, the latter is divided to five minutes, and reads to four seconds. A number of improvements in the mounting are noticed.

Champion, Pellet, and Grenier have published a memoir upon the applications of electricity to the firing of blasts, of torpedoes, and to mining purposes generally, in which are considered the recent improvements in electromotors, in primers, and in fuses, with the various methods of using them to the best effect.

Wilson has communicated a paper to the London Physical Society on a method of measuring electrical resistance in liquids, in which polarization of the electrodes is entirely avoided. A long narrow trough is filled with the liquid to be measured, and a porous cell filled with sulphate of zinc solution is placed at one end, and a similar one containing copper sulphate at the other. In the first of these cells a plate of zinc is placed, and in the second, one of copper. The external circuit is completed through a resistance coil and galvanometer. A suitable deflection is obtained at the start, and then one of the porous cells is moved toward the other. The deflection is of course increased, and resistance is introduced to bring it back to that originally obtained. This introduced resistance is evidently equal to that of the column of liquid taken out of the circuit.

Becquerel has studied the action of magnetism on the induction spark, and shows that the loud sound which is produced when the current which flows around a powerful electro-magnet is suddenly broken between the poles is due solely to the mechanical action of the magnet, the same effect being produced by a strong blast of air directed on the spark at the instant of breaking circuit.

Schrötter has proved that when the spark passes through a Geissler tube containing phosphorus vapor, the walls of the tube are covered with a thin layer of amorphous phosphorus. Moreover, if the vapor is contained between two sealed tubes, and the spark passes through the interior one, the same effect results, showing that it is due to induction.

Rowland has described a simple method of determining the distribution of magnetism on iron and steel bars by means of a small coil of wire one-quarter to one-half an inch in diameter, containing from ten to fifty turns, which he calls a magnetic proof plane. The coil being attached to a galvanometer, it is to be placed on the required spot, and when the needle is at rest it is to be suddenly removed to a distance; the momentary deflection of the galvanometer needle will be proportional to that component of the lines of force at that point which is perpendicular to the plane of the coil.

In *General Chemistry*, a noteworthy occurrence is the communication to the Chemical Society of Berlin of some interesting reminiscences by Professor Wöhler of his early life spent in Stockholm as a pupil of Berzelius, where he met the noted men of that and other countries.

Meyer and Lecco have proved that in the higher substituted ammonias no exchange of radicals takes place within the molecule; thus answering Lossen's objection to the results he had previously obtained, which proved that ammonium chloride and its substitution derivatives were atomic and not molecular compounds, and that hence the nitrogen in them was quinquivalent.

Delachanel and Mermet have proposed a method for determining the amount of carbon disulphide contained in the alkali sulphocarbonates of commerce which are now coming into quite general use for the destruction of the phylloxera. The solution is precipitated with acetate of lead, the lead sulphocarbonate decomposed into lead sulphide and carbon disulphide by heat, the latter being carried over into sulphuric acid to retain the accompanying vapor of water, and then into a tared portion of olive-oil, where it is retained.

Heumann, in a paper on the theory of flame, asserts, contrary to the view expressed by Blochmann, that it is to the cooling of the gas by the burner itself, or by some object introduced into it, that the space between the flame and the burner or the object is due.

Kaemmerer has succeeded in obtaining well-defined crystals of cadmium by distilling the metal in a current of hydrogen. The crystals are isometric, being octohedrons, dodecahedrons, and their derivatives.

In *Organic Chemistry* the progress is to a very large extent purely of theoretic interest. Barbier has investigated the hydrocarbon discovered by Berthelot, and called fluorene. By oxidation it yields diphenylene-carbonyl, and this acted on by sodium amalgam produces fluorene alcohol in hard white hexagonal plates. This substance is interesting as being the first alcohol which by heat alone loses water and forms an ether.

Ekstrand has prepared the hydrocarbon retene from the heavy oils obtained in the distillation of wood, and has studied its properties. It forms sulpho-conjugated acids, and by oxidation

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affords dioxyretistene and two other bodies, both monobasic acids.

Berthelot has contrived an interesting lecture experiment for showing the direct union of the olefines with the hydracids. Two flasks of about three hundred cubic centimeters capacity are previously filled, the one with propylene gas, the other with hydrogen iodide gas. In the lecture these flasks are opened and placed mouth to mouth, the joint between them being made tight by a band of rubber. Drops of isopropyl iodide soon appear, and the combination is complete in half an hour.

Pinner has described a new hydrocarbon, C_3H_2, which he has produced by the action of sodium upon allylene dichloride, and which he calls propargylene.

Bouchardat has succeeded in condensing isoprene by heating it to 290° in a sealed tube, and in obtaining from it the polymer terpilene, a well-known member of the turpentine series.

Gutzeit has succeeded in isolating from the fruits of several plants sufficient ethyl alcohol to prove that this substance, hitherto supposed to be solely a result of fermentation, is a normal constituent of the unfermented juices of plants.

Lorin has described a method of preparing concentrated formic acid, which consists in adding to concentrated glycerin, contained in a tubulated retort, and heated to 87°, dehydrated oxalic acid in powder, repeating the process whenever the evolution of gas ceases. The formic acid which distills over is rectified, and then contains ninety-four per cent. of real acid.

Bremer, by the action of phosphorus and iodine upon ordinary tartaric acid (dextrorotatory) in presence of water in a sealed tube, has succeeded in obtaining from it a new malic acid, which also rotates to the right. He is now experimenting upon lævorotatory tartaric acid, in the hope of producing a left-handed malic acid, and by the union of the two an inactive acid.

Weiske proposes the use of salicylic acid in titrition, especially in acidimetry. A convenient quantity of it is dissolved in distilled water, and a few drops of ferric chloride solution is added. To the intensely colored solution soda solution is added to exact neutralization, the color changing to yellowish-red. If a few cubic centimeters of this liquid be added to the acid to be titered, the color becomes of a deeper violet as the soda solution is added, reaching its highest intensity just before neutralization, and becoming colorless on the slightest excess of alkali.

Kolbe has thoroughly reinvestigated the properties of his "salylic acid" obtained by reducing chlorsalylic acid with sodium amalgam, and has come to the conclusion that it is nothing but benzoic acid to which some foreign fatty substance, formed at the same time, obstinately adheres. When oxidized by potassium permanganate, pure benzoic acid crystallizes from the solution.

Zöller and Grete have made a series of experiments in the Royal Agricultural School at Vienna upon Dumas's remedy for the phylloxera, that pest of the grape culture. They find that while his potassium sulphocarbonate will do the work, yet that the ethylsulphocarbonate will do it better, since, while it also evolves the effective carbon disulphide, it does not evolve the deleterious hydrogen sulphide. Moreover, it is more readily made, and is cheaper. They recommend more especially, however, the amylsulphocarbonate of potassium as being cheaper, costing only about fifteen cents per pound.

In *Physiological Chemistry*, Pierce has studied the physiological action of cotarnine as contrasted with that of hydrocotarnine. While half a gram of the former could be subcutaneously injected into rabbits and kittens without effect, a similar dose of the latter produced rapid and well-marked tremors, passing into severe epileptiform convulsions, sometimes proving fatal.

Schutzenberger has continued his researches upon albumin, and gives now the general conclusion that albumin and its congeners are combinations of urea or of oxamide with either saturated or non-saturated amic acids belonging to well-known series.

Scolosuroff has determined that the principal localization of arsenic in animals poisoned with this substance is in the nerve tissue. Hence, in all cases of acute poisoning, the brain should especially be examined, since, when the case is a very rapid one, even the liver may not contain a detectable amount of this poison.

In *Agricultural Science*, we have to report some experiments by Eichhorn on the absorptive power of soils. It is well known that soils possess in varying degrees the faculty of retaining the valuable fertilizing substances, phosphoric acid, potash, and ammonia, which would otherwise be carried off by drainage waters and lost to vegetation. Of late the view has been widely accepted that the absorption of potash and ammonia is due to zeolitic minerals in the soil—hydrated silicates of alumina with lime and soda. Eichhorn has experimented on the absorption of ammonia by a number of these minerals, as chabazite, stilbite, together with feldspar, kaolin, etc., finely pulverized, and in some cases ignited or treated with hydrate of lime. The results confirm the above view. In a number of cases the absorption of ammonia was found to be almost exactly proportional to the amount of water in the hydrated silicates. The effect of hydrate of lime in increasing the absorptive power of feldspathic rocks (by inducing the formation of hydrated double silicates) was very noticeable in Eichhorn's experiments. The efficiency of lime as a fertilizer thus seems to be due not only to its correcting acidity, favoring nitrification, and setting free other elements in the soil, but also to its increasing this most important faculty of the soil to absorb potash and ammonia.

Dr. Wagner, of the experiment station at Darmstadt, has been experimenting with the Leopoldshall kainit, which is used in considerable quantities as a fertilizer in Europe, and is being imported to the United States. As is well known, this is one of the lower grade of German potash salts, containing generally about twenty-three per cent. of sulphate of potash and considerable quantities of chloride of sodium and chloride of magnesium, which latter is injurious to vegetation. Wagner's investigations indicate that the potash of these salts is quite completely absorbed by the soil, but is more deeply diffused than is the case with the concentrated potash compounds, while the chlorine may after a time be carried off by drainage waters. He considers not only the chloride of magnesium but also the chloride of sodium objectionable, since the chlorine of the latter may combine with the magne-

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sium present in the soil. His investigations confirm the common opinion that kainit, if used at all, should be applied as long as possible before the crops are sown. It is quite certain that the higher grades of German potash salts are more profitable for American farmers than the kainit.

The physical properties of milk have been made the subject of study by Fleischmann. The specific heat of milk, as shown by the average of several determinations, was 0.847, that of cream 0.78. The point of maximum density of milk was found to be not over 1° C. (1⅘° F. above the freezing-point of water). It thus appears that milk continues to grow denser as it is cooled, until the temperature reaches 1° above freezing or lower, while water, as is well known, is densest at 4° C. above freezing, and expands in cooling below this. The upward and downward currents formed in a mass of water thus cooled to the freezing-point would accordingly, as Fleischmann infers, not occur in milk. Hence the cooling of milk to the freezing-point would help rather than hinder the rising of the cream.

Horsby proposes a very simple method for detecting adulterations in butter. A lump is dissolved in the smallest possible quantity of methylic ether; methylic alcohol is then added, when the fat of pork, beef, or mutton, if present, will be precipitated, while if only butter be present the solution will remain clear.

Microscopy.—In the August number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* is a paper by Dr. George D. Beatty, of Baltimore, reprinted from the Cincinnati *Medical News*, on "Double Staining of Wood and other Vegetable Substances." The author states that benzole fixes the anilines when used in staining tissues, and also renders them transparent. The double staining the spiral vessels, *e. g.*, of leaves red and the other parts purple or blue, is obtained by immersing the section for five or ten minutes in an alcoholic solution of roseine (Magenta), and afterward in Nicholson's soluble pure blue for thirty or ninety seconds, rarely longer, with examination during this time to decide upon the proper instant for fixation by immersing in the benzole. We commend the article to those interested in this subject.

In the same journal Dr. Bastian's address, delivered before the Pathological Society of London, opening a debate on "The Microscopic Germ Theory of Disease," is partially given. The conclusion that Dr. Bastian has arrived at, so far as presented in this paper, is opposed to the two forms of the "germ theory" of Dr. Sanderson and Dr. Beale, and, indeed, adverse to the holding of any germ theory in the only form in which it may be at all tenable. No doubt a lively discussion will be elicited, but we much doubt whether any conclusion acceptable to all will be arrived at.

Herr J. D. Möller has issued a circular in which he proposes to publish a work "On the Preparation of the Diatomaceæ," giving the results of his own great experience. The preparations of Herr Möller are unrivaled, and if his proposed book will enable others to approximate to them, it will be exceedingly acceptable, and supply a want largely felt. Messrs. J. W. Queen and Co., of Philadelphia, are the agents in this country, and orders should be sent at once. The book was only to be issued in case a sufficient number of subscriptions were received before October, 1875.

In the proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy, April, 1875, we find a paper by Dr. Leidy upon a curious rhizopod, which he terms *Biomyxa vagans*. He compares it to the reticular pseudopods of a gromia separated from the body. The creature moved actively and assumed the most varied forms. We have long ago made observations on this curious rhizopod, and especially in connection with the diatomaceæ. When, in moving along the stems of conferva, it encounters a group of diatoms—synedra, *e. g.*—instantly the whole mass spreads out and envelops them, and for hours remains motionless, except the movement of the internal granules. A partial solution of the silica is effected in the process of digestion; for after some hours an enveloping case, partially siliceous, and which has formed during the interval, inclosing both rhizopod and diatoms, is ruptured, and in one or more streams the branching mass escapes, leaving the siliceous case quite perceptible, and the diatoms so firmly fused together that severe treatment with acids will not separate them. Professor Leidy considers it sufficiently distinct to represent a genus, and it is certainly a remarkable object. It was, no doubt, a case of encysting of this kind upon which Dr. Bastian, in his *Beginnings of Life*, founds his assertion of the resolution of *Englena* into diatoms.

Our recent *Zoological* literature does not offer any novelties of striking interest, but the work of discovery by no means comes to a stand-still. Professor Huxley sends to *Nature*, of August 19, extracts from a letter dated Jeddo, June 9, 1875, by Professor Wyville Thomson, regarding the soundings of the *Challenger* expedition, and especially the discovery of the animal of the foraminiferous shell called *Globigerina*. This is the animal whose shell enters largely into the formation of green sand, both that now being formed at the depths of the ocean and that of the green sand of the chalk period. Professor Thomson states that "when the living globigerina is examined under very favorable circumstances—that is to say, when it can at once be transferred from the tow-net and placed under a tolerably high power in fresh, still sea-water—the sarcodic contents of the chambers may be seen to exude gradually through the pores of the shell, and spread out until they form a gelatinous fringe or border round the shell, filling up the spaces among the roots of the spines, and rising up a little way along their length. This external coating of sarcode is rendered very visible by the oil globules, which are oval and of considerable size, and filled with intensely colored secondary globules; they are drawn along by the sarcode, and may be observed, with a little care, following its spreading or contracting movements. At the same time an infinitely delicate sheath of sarcode containing minute transparent granules, but no oil globules, rises on each of the spines to its extremity, and may be seen creeping up on one side and down the other of the spine with the peculiar flowing movement with which we are so familiar in the pseudopodia of *Gromia* and of the radiolarians.

As regards the vexed question as to whether bathybius is a living organism or not, the evi-

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dence afforded by the *Challenger* expedition is negative. Professor Wyville Thomson writes that the best efforts of the *Challenger* staff have failed to discover bathybius in a fresh state, while Professor Huxley adds that "it is seriously suspected that the thing to which I gave that name is little more than sulphate of lime, precipitated in a flocculent state from the sea-water by the strong alcohol in which the specimens of the deep-sea soundings which I examined were preserved." This is a frank admission, since Huxley is mainly responsible, as he adds, "for the mistake, if it be one, of introducing this singular substance into the list of living things." So long, however, as we have before remarked in this magazine, as Dr. Bessels's *Protobathybius* is recognized as an animal, and it should be remembered that he observed it in a living state in the arctic seas, it is possible that bathybius may be a living organism.

In the *American Naturalist* for August Dr. Packard gives a summary of the facts now known regarding the life-histories of the *Polyzoa* and *Brachiopoda*. He suggests that there are in these two groups no true molluscan characters, nothing homologous with the foot, the shell gland, or lingual ribbon of the mollusks.

Some interesting facts regarding the distribution of insects in this country are brought forward by Dr. Leconte in his address as president of the Detroit meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Along the whole of the Atlantic and the greater part of the Pacific coast of the United States is found in great abundance, on sand beeches, a species of tiger beetle (*Cicindela hirticollis*), which also occurs on the great lakes, as well as the elevated plains west of the Mississippi River. "Now," he adds, "this is the part of the continent which, after the division of the great intercontinental gulf in cretaceous times, finally emerged from the bed of the sea, and was in the early and middle tertiary converted into a series of immense fresh-water lakes. As this insect does not occur in the territory extending from the Atlantic to beyond the western boundary of Missouri, nor in the interior of Oregon and California, I think that we should infer that it is an unchanged survivor of the species which lived on the shores of the cretaceous ocean when the intercontinental gulf was still open, and a passage existed, moreover, toward the southwest, which connected with the Pacific." He also points out the fact that several genera of American weevils and other low beetles are represented very closely by Australian genera.

Dr. A. Weismann, of Switzerland, has lately published a memoir on seasonal dimorphism in the butterflies, with results of much interest in their bearing on the theory of descent.

A most elaborate memoir on fossil butterflies has been published by Mr. S. H. Scudder. It forms a quarto pamphlet, with several exquisite plates, printed by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, from funds given by Mrs. Thompson, of New York.

The eggs of the gavial, of the river Ganges, are laid to the number of forty, in two tiers, with a stratum of sand about one foot deep between the two layers. "Apparently," says Mr. A. Anderson, who publishes a note in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, "the first batch had been laid and covered over with sand a day or two before the second installment." He says that when the young break through the eggs they run about with amazing rapidity the moment they are hatched. "Some of them actually bit my fingers before I had time to remove the shell from their bodies."

A new wren, called the Florida wren by Mr. Ridgway, is described in the *American Naturalist*. It was shot on the Miami River by Mr. C. J. Maynard.

In the same journal Professor Snow publishes the names of birds new to the State of Kansas.

The mammals of our country are undergoing revision at the hands of Messrs. Coues, Allen, and Gill. The last paper is "A Study of the Genera *Geomys* and *Thomomys*," by Dr. Coues, separately reprinted from Powell's report on explorations of the Colorado River.

It seems that the upper lip of the manatee has a peculiar prehensile power by which it seizes its food between the two lateral bristle-covered pads with which that organ is provided, and which it can move laterally. The observations were made on the individual living in the London Zoological Gardens.

Dr. Dohrn has just published a work on the origin of the vertebrate animals, which will undoubtedly afford food for discussion.

In our monthly summary of *Engineering* news the steady advance of work upon the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi is worthy of being recorded. The work was begun by Captain Eads on the 14th of last June, and report says its progress has been so satisfactory that he affirms his belief that the largest ships will be able to enter the river by the South Pass at any tide, and proceed without delay to New Orleans, before the end of the present year. Late advices report that of the preliminary line of piles 9860 feet have already been driven on the east jetty, and 1950 feet on the west jetty, while 4800 feet of the mattress foundation have been securely laid. Letters from the scene of operations report likewise that the channel continues to cut out rapidly, and that its depth is continually increasing, having already gained seven feet at the head of the works. At the time of this writing a board of eminent engineers invited by Captain Eads, with the approval of the President, to examine his plans, and to consult on the location of jetties and the methods of their construction, is in session in New York.

In accordance with the provisions of an ordinance of the councils of the city of Philadelphia, a commission of engineers nominated by the Franklin Institute has been intrusted with the task of examining the question of the present and future water supply of that city and of reporting its views to the councils. The gentlemen appointed have lately entered upon their work, and apparently in the most thorough manner. They have made actual measurements of the pumping capacity of the several existing works, and surveys of several proposed conduit lines. The subject of the pollution of rivers by sewage, etc., especially in its bearings upon the water supply from the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers, is likewise receiving their special attention. The result of their deliberations has not yet transpired.

The new iron bridge across the Missouri River

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at Atchison, Kansas, was completed on the 4th of August, and was fully tested on the 11th.

On August 5 another iron steam-ship, the *City of Sydney*, was successfully launched from the yard of the Delaware River Iron Ship Building and Engine Works, at Chester. The new steamer, which was built for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is of 3500 tons burden, and a sister ship to the lately launched *City of New York*.

Abroad, the Channel tunnel project is still receiving attention in official quarters. In the French National Assembly a bill relative to the submarine tunnel was lately declared urgent. In England an act empowering the Channel Tunnel Company to acquire certain lands in the county of Kent, and for other purposes in connection with the undertaking, received favorable action at the hands of a committee of the Parliament; and lastly, at a recent meeting of the Southeastern Railway Company a resolution was adopted authorizing the directors to contribute a sum not exceeding £25,000 for the making of a shaft and other preliminary expenses in reference to the proposed undertaking.

From the novelty of the proposition, it is of interest to notice that an influential meeting, presided over by the Lord Mayor, was lately held in London, the purpose of which was to discuss the subject of the opening up of the interior of Africa to commerce. The feature of the meeting was the reading of a paper on this subject by Mr. Donald Mackenzie. The plan proposed by this gentleman is to open a direct commercial highway from a point opposite the Canary Islands to the northern bend of the Niger at Timbuctoo, a distance of 800 miles, by removing a belt of sand and admitting the waters of the Atlantic to a vast depression in the Great Desert having an area of 126,000 square miles. Timbuctoo would thus become a sea-port about 2000 miles from England, and North Central Africa would be brought within available range of European harbors.—A large and influential meeting is likewise reported to have been held lately in Liverpool for the inspection of plans of a new scheme for crossing the Mersey by means of an iron tunnel to be sunk at the bottom of the river in a line between Liverpool and Seacombe. The scheme embraces the excavation of a trench in the bed of the river to contain the iron tube, which will lie at a depth of about two feet below the bed. The tunnel will be connected with the lines of railway on both sides, and its cost, exclusive of station buildings, is estimated at £500,000. —At a sitting of the French Academy, held on the 2d of August, M. De Lesseps reported that the Viceroy of Egypt had recently introduced the metrical system.—A grand circular railway around Paris, to connect the outer fortifications and to facilitate heavy transit, is now in course of construction.

The buildings for the International Exhibition at Philadelphia are advancing rapidly toward completion. At the time of writing, the eastern half of the main Exhibition Building is under roof, and a large portion of the flooring laid. The western half of the frame is up, and the sheathing on the roof; the frame of the transept is yet to be erected. Of Machinery Hall, that portion east of the transept, including the tower, is finished, save a portion of the floor, and is painted and glazed. The portion west of the transept is erected, and most of the roof on, and the frame of the annex is up. On the Art Building all the masonry is finished, except a part of the two arcades; the roof is on, and the figure on the dome is in place. The iron-work and masonry of Horticultural Hall are finished, and the roof partly on. The foundations of the Government Exhibition Building are laid, and the work thereon is progressing. By those who should be best informed the belief is expressed that all the buildings will be completed within the times specified in the several contracts.

In matters *Technical*, it is worthy of notice that the use of natural gas for industrial purposes is just now receiving a decided impulse. The results attained by the use of this natural fuel in puddling and heating furnaces at Erie, Leechburg, and elsewhere in Pennsylvania have been so satisfactory that the effort is now being made to bring the gas from the great gas well in Butler County, Pennsylvania, to certain iron-works in Pittsburg. For this purpose it is proposed to employ a pipe six inches in diameter and seventeen miles long, which will be carried in a trench three feet deep. The work is affirmed to be under contract, to be finished within a month. At Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, the gas from a 1100-feet well has lately been successfully introduced into a file-works at that place. In this connection we will likewise record the rumor that a movement is on foot in Pittsburg to purchase all the gas wells in Butler County, and bring their product through a twelve-inch pipe to the manufactories.

It is now affirmed that the much-talked-of tempered glass of M. De la Bastie loses its tenacity when subjected to a succession of shocks or blows, and then fractures like an ordinary glass.

A new pigment possessing a beautiful shade of green is offered as a substitute for the highly poisonous Paris green. The new color, which is much less poisonous than the other, is called Guignet's green, and is said to be a hydrated oxide of chromium prepared in a peculiar manner.

The solubility of salicylic acid, the new antiseptic, is said to be enormously increased by the addition of borax to the water. We owe this observation to Dr. H. Bose, who, in an interesting paper on the subject in the *Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift*, highly recommends the borosalicylic dressing for treatment of wounds, etc.

An instrument called the phonometer has been devised by Captain R. E. Harris, the object of which is to obviate one of the greatest dangers of the navigator, namely, the danger of collision in foggy weather. By this device the navigator is enabled by audible means not only to communicate to a neighboring vessel the fact of the presence of his own, but also to make known her course, thus reducing the risk of accidents to a minimum.

Poor's Manual of Railroads, lately issued, gives the total mileage in operation in the United States at the close of 1874 to be 72,623 miles, which figures are indorsed by the *Railroad Gazette* as "very nearly correct." The figures lately given in these columns, and which were gathered before the publication of the *Manual*, will therefore require to be modified so as to conform to those above given.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of September.—The Mississippi Republican State Convention, at Jackson, August 25, nominated George M. Buchanan for State Treasurer.

The New York State Republican Convention, at Saratoga, September 8, adopted a platform of resolutions in favor of administrative reform, a speedy return to specie payments, and opposing sectarian appropriations and the third term. Frederick W. Seward was nominated for Secretary of State.—The New York Democratic State Convention, at Syracuse, September 16, re-adopted the hard-money plank of the Baltimore platform of 1872 and the entire State platform of 1874, and nominated John Bigelow for Secretary of State.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention, September 9, adopted a platform similar to that adopted by the Ohio Democrats, and nominated Cyrus L. Pershing for Governor.

The Nebraska Democratic State Convention, at Omaha, September 17, adopted a hard-money platform.

The California State election, September 2, resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket. The Republicans elected one out of the four Congressmen.

The election in New Jersey, September 8, resulted in the ratification of the constitutional amendments submitted by the Constitutional Commission. Among the amendments are provisions against sectarian appropriations; for "the maintenance and support of a thorough and efficient system of free public schools for the instruction of all the children in this State between the ages of five and eighteen years;" and against donations or loans by counties, towns, or villages to any individual, association, or corporation.

The State election in Maine, September 13, resulted in a majority for the Republican ticket of between 4000 and 5000.

Governor Ames, of Mississippi, September 7, telegraphed to President Grant declaring that in that State domestic violence existed in its most aggravated form, and that he was compelled to appeal to the general government for assistance. He inquired if the President's proclamation of last December was still in force, saying that, if it was not, he would at once make a formal application for aid. The matter was referred to Attorney-General Pierrepont, who decided that the December proclamation does not remain in force, and a dispatch to that effect was sent to Governor Ames. On the 9th the chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee telegraphed to the Attorney-General that there were no disturbances in the State, and no obstructions to the execution of the laws, though there had been an unexpected conflict at a political meeting (referring to the riot at Clinton). On the 14th the Attorney-General wrote to Governor Ames reminding him of the necessity of bringing himself strictly within the Constitution and the laws, but promising that, if there was such resistance to the State authorities as could not be otherwise suppressed, the President would swiftly aid him.

The Spanish cabinet has again been changed. A majority of the cabinet having decided that elections for the Cortes should be held by universal suffrage, the other members became dissatisfied, and the entire body resigned. A new cabinet was then formed, as follows: General Jovellar, President of the Council and Minister of War; Alcala Galiano, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Calderon Collantes, Minister of Justice; Durau y Lira, Minister of Marine; Salaverria, Minister of Finance; Romero Robledo, Minister of the Interior; Martin Herrera, Minister of Public Works; Ayala, Minister of Colonies.

The Carlists surrendered the citadel of Seo de Urgel August 29. Soon afterward the Carlist General Dorregaray was defeated while attempting to force a passage into Aragon.

The Turkish forces are pressing an active campaign in Herzegovina, and the insurrection is considered suppressed in Bosnia and Servia.

President M'Mahon has dismissed Admiral De la Roncière le Noury from the command of the French Mediterranean squadron on account of his pronounced Bonapartist tendencies, he having written a letter which was read at a Bonapartist banquet at Evreux.

The Russian forces under General Kauffman defeated the Khokan rebels, numbering 30,000, September 4, and had completed the conquest of the country by the 16th.

DISASTERS.

September 9.—Loss of the propeller *Equinox*, near Point au Gable, Lake Michigan. Twenty-six persons drowned.

September 10.—Loss of the steam-barge *Mendota* on Lake Michigan. Eight persons drowned.

September 16–19.—Violent cyclone on the Gulf of Mexico. In Galveston (over which the storm was central at mid-day on the 16th) the water was driven over the island alternately from gulf and bay. Houses were removed, the railroad damaged, and numerous vessels driven ashore. In Indianola, on Matagorda Bay, over one hundred lives were lost. The place was flooded eight feet deep, and houses, stores, wharves, and the light-house were swept away. Nine-tenths of the houses in town were destroyed.

August 29.—Collision on the Midland Railroad, in England. Five persons killed and forty injured.

September 2.—A railway train broke through a rotten bridge near Goshen, *en route* for Kingston, Canada. Twenty-five persons injured.

September 11.—Loss of eleven lives from poisonous gas in the Donnington Wood Colliery, Shropshire, England.

OBITUARY.

September 1.—In Harlem, New York, the Rev. E. H. Gillett, D.D., author of the *Life of John Huss*, *God in Human Thought*, etc., in his fifty-second year.

September 10.—In Litchfield, Connecticut, Lewis B. Woodruff, United States Circuit Judge for the Southern District of New York, in his sixty-sixth year.

September 11.—In Saratoga, New York, the Hon. Henry T. Blow, ex-Congressman, aged fifty-eight years.

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Editor's Drawer.

FOR the two following little anecdotes the Drawer is indebted to ex-Governor Hoffman:

During one of the sessions of the Legislature when he was Governor a bill was passed regulating the size of apple barrels. It was of so trivial a character that he vetoed it. In the following summer a good old farmer from the Mohawk Valley came into the Executive Chamber, and handing him a letter of introduction, said:

"Governor, I've come to ask you to pardon my son out of State-prison; he's been there goin' on two year, and his time 'll be up in about two months. Harvest is comin' on in two or three weeks, Governor, and I kind o' thought I should like to have him up to the farm; he'd be quite handy. Don't you think you could do it?"

"There was something about him," said the Governor, "that impressed me he was a good old fellow, and I told him that I would pardon his boy."

On rising to depart, he said, "I thank you, Governor, for pardonin' him now, *because hands are scarce;* and on behalf of my neighbors I thank you for vetoin' the apple-barrel bill."

At another time, in July, a rather well-dressed young man came into the Executive Chamber, and said, "Governor, you probably don't remember me, though I know you very well. I live in the Sixth Ward in New York, and always went for you."

"Well," said the Governor, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, Governor, I want to go to Saratoga, and I'm short five dollars. I wish you'd lend it to me. I'll send it back as soon as I get there."

"Can't do it," replied his Excellency. "I remember your coming to me just two years ago and getting five dollars for the same purpose."

"Well, Governor," said the "beat," as he was about to leave, "I used to tell the fellows in New York, when you was Recorder, that you had the *best memory for faces* of any man I ever saw."

When the Governor was Recorder he had once sent this very fellow "up" for a couple of years.

A CORRESPONDENT at Logansport, Indiana, sends the two following jokes, which for ghastliness he thinks are hard to beat:

On the morning of the first day's battle of Stone River, when the right wing, under General A. M'D. M'Cook, was being driven back, and the centre, under General T. L. Crittenden, was preparing to withstand the shock which all felt must surely come, with the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry filling the air, General J. T. Wood, riding away from General Crittenden, with whom he had held a hasty conference, said, "Well, as the 'coons said when the dogs were after them, 'Good-by; we will all meet at the hatter's.'"

A FEW days before the battle of Chickamauga, when General Crittenden's corps was lying at Gordon's Mills, waiting for General Rosecrans to come up, with the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, a fight occurred on the picket line, in which Captain Drury, of the First Wisconsin Battery (and allow me to say right here that a braver man or more genial comrade never pulled a lanyard), was wounded, as we all thought mortally, a minie-ball crushing through his right lung. Borne to the rear, he was laid on a cot in a house near the mill, and a surgeon summoned. Pending his arrival, the writer sought to impart such consolation as the case seemed to require, and told him, among other things, to keep up his spirits; that a man with his continuous *flow of spirits* and good health might fight off death by force of will. "Ah, colonel," said he (and as he spoke the red blood welled up from the wound with every breath), "I believe—I would—rather—have that—experiment tried—on one of my wife's relations."

NOTHING like time and travel as assuagers. A city friend having business not long since that called him to San Francisco, mentioned his intended departure to a brother broker, who said,

"When do you start?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

"Well, I wish you would just stop at the St. Nicholas and let me introduce you to a pretty little California widow, who arrived yesterday on the steamer from Havre with the body of her husband, who died a couple of weeks ago in Paris."

"Guess not," replied our friend. "Don't think a fresh widow with husband's body in baggage car would be very pleasant company. She must be very sad."

"Oh, not a bit of it, my dear fellow; *she's one of the liveliest little things you ever saw!*"

He was introduced. He said it was a pleasant trip.

CONSIDERING that the following comes from a British source, it is not very bad. It is going the round of the English railway smoking carriages. For, be it known, in these carriages, so much envied by the ladies, social harmony animates the travelers, and they talk just as if they were not reserved first-class Britons.

"This is not a smoking compartment, Sir," said an indignant lady, pausing on the step, and glaring at the smoker.

"Very likely," said the smoker.

"You have no right to smoke here, Sir; and if you don't desist, I must call the guard," said the lady.

"Very likely," was the reply.

"I shall be choked."

"Very likely."

"Why do you smoke, Sir, when I object?"

"Why, madam, tobacco is a capital disinfectant, and as I am professionally engaged at Stockwell Small-pox Hospital, I—"

The lady got out. "I feel as if I should faint."

"Very likely," was the last response, as the traveler pulled up both windows to enjoy all his smoke.

PERSEVERANCE is the thing, after all, and in a woman it is a great and noble thing. At the same time it is a pleasure. And this in illustration:

Twenty years ago a Liverpool steam-packet company wanted to extend its premises, and re-

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solved to buy a piece of land belonging to a maiden lady of "an uncertain age." The spinster sold her land at a very low price, and as a set-off requested that a clause should be put in the agreement to the effect that during her whole life she and a companion should at any time travel free in the company's vessels. The day after the agreement was signed she sold her furniture, let her house, and went on board the first outward-bound vessel belonging to the company, without troubling herself about the destination. Since then the lady has always lived on one ship or other, accompanied by some lady traveler, for whom she advertises, and whose passage-money she pockets. She is reckoned to have made over £2000 by the transaction, and the company have offered her upward of this sum for her privilege, but can not get quit of her at any price.

A WITTY friend, of the good old Knickerbocker stock, to whom New Yorkers are indebted for the resuscitation and preservation of many curious facts and legends connected with the early history of New Amsterdam, relates to the Drawer the following:

Invited not long ago to accompany a friend to an entertainment at the house of a gentleman whom I did not happen personally to know, and being, at the proper time, in the supper-room, where a luxurious table was spread, I said to a bald-headed, aristocratic-looking gentleman at my side, "Which is the Amphitryon here?"

"Sir?" replied he of the shiny head.

"Which is the Amphitryon?"

"Well, I'm not exactly sure," was the reply, "but I *think* it is in that decanter on the other side of the table."

How awkward not to know one's host!

SAY not that all the aldermanic wisdom is confined to that sort of legislator in Gotham. London hath him. At a recent municipal feast given at the Mansion-House, a well-known member of the aldermanic body was asked by a lady the meaning of the initials S.P.Q.R. on the standards borne by the soldiers in one of the pictures on the wall. He answered, "I believe they stand for Small Profits and Quick Returns." What would the "Senatus Populusque Romani" have thought of that good alderman?

THIS from St. Thomas, Ontario: A party of ladies and gentlemen at dinner were discussing Scotch manners and customs, when one remarked that a bright lady present was an enthusiastic admirer of every thing Scotch, having lately secured, among other curiosities, a hinge from the barn door and a piece of wood from the door of the house where Burns was born. General C—— thereupon remarked, with a wink to his next neighbor, that "his wife had a shingle from the barn where he learned to play poker." The lady of the relics quickly responded, "Your mother ought to have had it."

JUDGE E. R. HOAR, of Massachusetts, is a wag as well as a scholar. During an address recently delivered to the Essex Institute, of Salem, he related the following as the only lesson he ever received in natural history:

While traveling in England he happened to be in a carriage with a lady who carried a pet rabbit, which the guard declared could not be allowed in a passenger carriage. Thereupon a gentleman present drew a turtle from his pocket, saying that he (guard) would not think of ejecting that, and that the rabbit had as much right to its place as the turtle. The guard went to head-quarters to have the question settled, and, returning, said, "Cats is dogs, rabbits is dogs, but turtles is insects, and they go free; but rabbits must pay."

IF there is any strong point upon which the youthful American prides himself, it is patriotism. We have a story illustrative of this of Colonel C——, a noted man in Ohio, whose weak point was inability to see a joke. During the rebellion there came to Columbus for immediate service a company consisting of eighty young men recruited for cavalry. They were remarkable fellows on horseback; could do any thing with a horse except take care of him, and were keen for the service. Colonel C—— accepted, and notified Secretary Cameron of the fact. The Secretary, under advice of General Scott, declined the proffer. This vexed the boys, who revolted, and said to the colonel, "Telegraph old Cameron that we wish to withdraw the company tendered to the government, as *we intend turning it into a circus company.*" The colonel did it as gravely as an owl, and the reasonable request of the young men now constitutes a part of the public records in Washington. "Hoop-la!"

As a hint to those having real estate in the country to dispose of in these hard times, we are favored with the following extract from a "party" living in one of the most attractive villages on Long Island: "If you wish to escape sickness *and peace of mind*, come here to the country. My place is a beautiful country-seat, and one of the healthiest places in the United States. Come and judge for yourself. Here is pure spring and well waters, the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well." By all means let us escape to where there are three varieties of bucket, but neither sickness nor peace of mind.

THIS little "wheeze" comes from one of the clubs: A gentleman was saying that a certain individual, who was remarkable alike for his good nature and his love of stimulants, was "full of the milk of human kindness." "Yes," said his interlocutor, "the rum-and-milk of human kindness."

THE precise manner in which an American "child of freedom, whose home is with the setting sun," failed to induce our diplomatic representative at the court of St. James to give him such a note of introduction to the Prince of Wales as would insure a chat with that personage is thus humorously told by Colonel Donn Piatt:

"Not long since a rough specimen of humanity, who appeared as if he had knocked down and robbed two peddlers, one of ready-made wearing apparel and the other of stunning jewelry, marched into the office of the legation, and dropping a carpet-bag that came down with a

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thud that sounded as if it contained not only the cast-off garment worn by him before the murder and robbery, but had in it all that remained of the jeweler's pack, exclaimed,

"'Where's Bob Schenck?'

"'General Schenck,' responded Colonel Chesebrough, 'is not in. He seldom gets here before noon.'

"'And when does he leave?'

"'Unless detained by his mail or some important business, he returns to his house about two P.M.'

"'Eighteen thousand dollars a year for two hours' work each day. Young man, do you know what that is an hour?'

"'I never regarded it in that light before,' remarked the colonel, considerably amused.

"'Well, cipher it out, and you'll find that it beats the Big Bonanza. But I've got nothing to do with that. If Bob is as good at draw-poker as he used to be when I knew him, he must be flush; and I haven't got any thing to do with that either. What I want is about this, on a slate. I'm Ben Jones, from the Pacific slope. I've made my pile, and am now enlarging my intellect by taking a run through Europe. I'm goin' to study their "institootions." I want to get a naked-eye view of the crown-heads, to compare them with the lunk-heads at home. I heard at our tavern, the Red Lion, that the Prince of "Whales" has a reception to-day. I want to go in just to pump-handle his off-paw and look the future sovereign right in the eye. That's it on a slate.'

"'These receptions,' said Chesebrough, 'are devoted exclusively to the immediate friends of the family, and as you do not come under that head, I very much fear you would be excluded.'

"'I was; I tried it on,' continued the curious inquirer. 'Found out where his palatial residence was, and the hour the thing was to come off, and I made bold to march in.'

"'And you were not permitted?'

"'I put it on a slate and say I was not. First a policeman intervened. I know a policeman when I see him, and I know the nature of him; so I slipped a half crown in his hand, and he introduced me to a sort of brigadier-general on horseback. We did not have a plentiful diet of brigadiers for ten years without learning all about them, you wager. So, while the policeman was a-talking to military glory on one side, I was slipping a half sovereign in his paw on the other; whereupon he beckoned to a major-general on foot, and said, "'Ere is a very nice gent what wants to see 'is 'Ighness the Prince." At this I slipped a sov. in the paw of the major-general, and he kindly took me by the arm and led me in through a court, then into the grounds, then up some narrow stairs into a room with a little window, and he told me to look out there, and after a while 'is 'Ighness would come out with the swells, and I could get a look at him. That's it on a slate. I told him that he did not appreciate the situation; that I wanted to shake hands with 'is 'Ighness; whereupon he said I was a beak. I said "Not much;" but if he'd show me out I'd go to the American minister and get a letter of introduction. That's it on a slate. Now where'll I find Bob?—or maybe you'll do as well?'

"Chesebrough declined the letter of introduction, and doubted whether General Schenck would feel authorized to give one, as it was a reception of personal friends.

"'Well,' said the Pacific sloper, 'ef it's a private funeral, what the devil do they call it a reception for?'

"He gathered up his worldly wealth condensed in a carpet-bag, and moved toward the door. There he paused, and speaking as if in soliloquy, remarked, 'And I've got to leave the major-general under the delusion that I'm a beak. That's it on a slate.' And so he departed to continue his study of the 'institootions.'"

We suppose the fact will be conceded that the best husbands in the United States are raised in Connecticut. As an illustration we have the following story of a Norwich man who recently lost his better half. Being of a thrifty turn, he was somewhat exercised by the expenses incidental to his wife's illness. A few days before her death he went to his drugger with an empty four-ounce bottle to have it refilled with a solution of hydrate-chloral, of which she had required a considerable quantity. With some hesitation he handed it to the druggist, saying, "Is that chloral as expensive as ever?"

"The price is the same, Sir."

"Let me see: it costs sixty-five cents to fill the bottle, I believe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, then, I guess you need not but half fill it this time. The doctor says she can't last but a day or two longer, anyhow."

Apropos of sermonizers who run their heads high up in the "teenthlies," we have the following:

In the cross-examination of a witness in the clerical libel case tried recently in Dublin, the question was asked, "You complained of the long sermons?"

"Yes, and so would you, I think." (Laughter.)

"Just state what occurred."

"I said, 'Be good enough not to preach at such length, as your sermon last Sunday lasted over forty minutes.'"

"Did you always count the time?"

"Yes." (A laugh.)

"And longed for the end?"

"Yes." (Laughter.)

"Have you ever been north of the Tweed?"

"Yes."

"And did you hear the preachers there divide their sermons into seventeen heads?"

"Well, I did not understand one-half I heard in the north of Scotland."

Years ago a famous character kept the old tavern at Flemington, New Jersey. His name was Price, and it may be doubted whether any man ever lived who surpassed him in boasting. No matter in what difficulty he was caught, nor how small the end of the horn was through which he crept, he was always ready to convince any one that he had displayed the most masterly strategy, daring, and acuteness.

One afternoon and evening a traveling circus showed in Flemington, and after the performance the principal actor came into Price's tavern and took enough of the ardent to make him hilarious. Finally, one of the townsmen told the

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landlord that he ought not to permit such disorderly behavior.

"Of course not, of course not," was the prompt reply. "I'll soon settle his hash."

Striding up to the tipsy performer, he caught him by the collar in the most business-like fashion, saying, "Young man, I don't allow such nonsense as this. I shall put you out neck and heels—"

At that instant Price's boots were seen hammering the ceiling, and the athlete, by a trick well known to wrestlers, flung the landlord completely over his head, landing him flat upon his back in the middle of the floor.

Price leaped up, and swaggered back among the spectators, his countenance beaming with triumph, as he said, exultingly, "That's the way I always fetch 'em—*just throw myself flat on my back, and they're gone!*"

The tipsy gymnast, however, was not gone, until he had elected to go of his own good-will and pleasure.

Could any thing be neater than this, just from London, and not yet printed in any of our Federal papers: Two Frenchmen recently hired a trap for Brighton. The proprietor of the establishment said, "Brighton! Why, it's fifty miles; you can't do it."

"Vy not?" said one of them: "ve've both got vips."

The following contribution is from Los Angeles:

I suppose you have heard that there are "Ingins" in California. Of course you have. Well, a San Francisco lady of wealth, culture, and refinement saw fit to adopt a young Ingin of the female persuasion, and try to bring her up as a Christian. By way of inciting others to emulate her example, she wrote a very neat poem on the subject, which she had printed in very elegant style for private distribution. Now mark the force of example. A gentleman residing near this city once had a mother-in-law. He too took a young Ingin to raise; but he was a bad young Ingin. The gentleman referred to read the lady's poem, also referred to, and also wrote a poem, the bearing of which, in the language of Captain Cuttle, lies in the application thereof. Here it is:

I too had a savage—Charles King was his name—
A sweet little demon as ever there came
From Pluto's dark regions, far, far down below,
Where there's plenty of heat, but no ice or snow.
He had been in my household but scarcely a day
When surely there was old Satan to pay.
He took a small axe, the first weapon he saw,
And straightway he went for my mother-in-law;
And probably thought, "You ought to be dead,
But since you are not, I'll now put a head
On your vile wrinkled body, you ugly old cat,
For I like you no more than I do a wild rat."
Rough was the fight, but I'm sorry to say
The mother-in-law lives to this very day.
I pounded him hard, but I'm bound to confess
It was not for his crime, but his lack of success.

This neat bit of Scotch self-complacency is from *Last Leaves from the Journal of Julian Charles Young:*

Sat for a considerable time with Dean Ramsay, who was in high force, and told me more anecdotes than I can recall. One, however, I remember very well. He had been talking of the nationality of his countrymen, and I had been justifying it, when he said: "An Englishman was speaking on the same theme one day to a Scotchman. The Scotchman said, 'It is not mere national pride if I say, *what is a matter of fact*, viz., that my country is the finest in the world!'

"'Well,' said John Bull, 'if it is the finest, it is not the biggest! I suppose you will allow that England is bigger than Scotland?'

"'Deed, Sir,' answered Sandy, 'I'll allow nae sic a thing; for if oor grand hills were rolled out as flat as England is, Scotland wad be the bigger o' the twa!'

"'Well,' retorted John Bull, 'you'll acknowledge that Shakspeare was not a Scotchman?'

"Discomfited at this home thrust, but not disheartened, he once more replied, 'I'll acknowledge that Shakspeare had pairts [parts] that would justify the inference that he *was* a Scotchman.'"

Of epitaphiana we have two fresh specimens, the first copied by a correspondent in one of the flourishing towns of Vermont:

In sacred memory of the death of Mrs. L—— P—— wife of A—— P—— who died of the Dropsey on the Morning of 12 June 1814 Aged 30 after the painfull operation of twenty two insition's; the water measured 41 gallons & 3 qts, half of a pint and weighed 353 lb 12 oz.

Once twenty and two,
The lance did pierce the side.
Of her who bade adieu,
And with composure died;

The second is from a head-stone in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania:

The memory of Samuel Wilson Smith, who departed this life Nov. 14, 1801.

This lovely Boy near 8 years old,
Lies Buried with his Brother.
His Sister lies on the one side
And his Nephew on the other.

The following incident occurred in a New England city not more than thirty miles from Boston, as the crow flies:

Elder G——, who has been Mayor of the city in which he resides, is a sledge-hammer preacher of the Free-will Baptist persuasion, highly esteemed, standing some six feet two in the community, and, moreover, is noted as a revivalist of the John Knox pattern, giving frequent emphasis to his exhortations by sturdy blows upon the pulpit. As a result of his earnest preaching, he has semi-occasionally a large number to baptize in the river which pleasantly meanders along the southern limits of the city. In a recent batch he immersed was a colored woman weighing in the vicinity of two hundred pounds. She was the last one to "lose her guilty stains," and as a verse had been sung at the assembled church choir at the baptism of the other candidates for church preferment, the choir started up with, ere the elder had fairly concluded the sentence commencing, "I baptize thee,"

"The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears."

What made the matter more ludicrous, just as the choir uttered "The darkness disappears," the head of the colored woman went under the water with a tremendous souse. The spectators were convulsed with laughter; to suppress it was impossible. It was the belief of some present,

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who knew the wit and eccentricities of the elder, that he had selected the verse sung when the sable convert was baptized; but as to the truth of this, "deponent saith not."

A CLERGYMAN recently called to a new parish in Massachusetts was walking in the village cemetery one day, when he saw one of his parishioners standing by the family lot.

"Are these the graves of your children?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man. "Here is Tom, there is Bill, this is Mary, that's the baby;" and then, pointing contentedly to a corner gay with flowers, "There lays the old woman, all blowed out."

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago, the Rev. F. A. Ross, an eminent Presbyterian minister, then residing in upper East Tennessee, preached a sermon in Knoxville, and at one point dwelt at some length upon the manner in which newspapers were conducted, and the influence they exerted. He illustrated his position by saying that if the body of a man who had been drowned were found, and after careful search nothing should be discovered about his person to identify him, if a Presbyterian newspaper and the *National Intelligencer* were found in his pockets, it would be entirely safe to assume that he was a gentleman.

FROM Scottsburg, Oregon, comes the following: The saw-mills in Oregon do a great part of their business in checks, paying their men by checks drawn on San Francisco to order. Of course when the men wish to sell them, their indorsement must be given. A gruff, seven-foot Missourian entered a store to sell his check; the gentlemanly merchant asked him to write his indorsement. The man, looking at him with utter astonishment, exclaimed, "Didn't you *know* I was a Missourian? *I can't write!*" But he made his little × and took the grand cash.

AN anecdote is told of a gentleman who filled the office of District Attorney in one of the western judicial circuits of North Carolina many years ago, which is worth preserving. A "professional gentleman" established a faro bank in one of the towns of his district during the sitting of the Superior Court. This fact coming to the knowledge of a law-abiding citizen, who was shocked at the flagrant and scandalous disregard of the laws of the good old State by this adventurer, he informed the Attorney-General of the presence of the wicked man of the "chips." The Attorney-General was engaged in the courthouse at the time in the discharge of official duties, and when he got through and retired to his room in the hotel, he could not recollect the crime of which the new-comer had been guilty, but remembered that it sounded very much like the name of a king of Egypt, of whom he had read in his boyhood days; but here again his memory was at fault, for he could not call to mind the name of that king. So, going to the minister of the town, he stated to him that he had that morning been reading about a very wicked king of Egypt, but had forgotten the place in the Bible where it was to be found, and, wishing to refer to it immediately, had come to him for the information he desired. The minister referred him to the book and chapter, and he retraced his steps with a satisfied air; but his memory proved treacherous again, for when he reached his room he could not recall any thing the minister told him. Determined, however, to vindicate the majesty of the law, our attorney drew an indictment in the usual form, and sent it to the Grand Jury, charging the contumacious individual with having violated the laws of North Carolina "in manner and form following, to wit: Having taken the name of the King of Egypt (name not recollected) in vain."

THIS great fact may probably be taken for granted: Every person of mature years who speaks good English, and is at all familiar with the legendary poetry of the time, has read the affecting verses that recite the trials of "Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey." The disbelief in the death of that lady seems to be almost universal. But recent literary research by English scholars has developed the fact that other verses in reference to her have been discovered that impute fresh interest to her domestic history. Thus:

ADDITIONAL VERSE.

Next morn his man rapp'd at his door:
"Oh, John," says he, "come dress me;
Miss Bailey's got my one-pound note."
Cried John, "Good Heaven bless me!
I shouldn't care if she had ta'en
No more than all your riches;
But with your one-pound note, i' faith,
She's ta'en your leather breeches!"
Oh, Miss Bailey!
The wicked ghost, Miss Bailey!

SEQUEL TO MISS BAILEY.

A lady fair, in deep despair,
Who pleased the beaus in singing,
From off the tester of her bed
One morning she was swinging.
Her father's trusty servant-man—
They call'd him Darby Daly—
He seized her by the slender waist,
And cried, "Is this Miss Bailey?"
Oh, Miss Bailey!
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

The poor maid in convulsions lay;
All thought she had departed;
When Darby with the bellows blew
Her windpipe till she started.
She sigh'd, and call'd for Captain Smith:
The creature look'd quite palely;
While Darby roar'd, "The wicked thief,
He murder'd poor Miss Bailey!"
Oh, Miss Bailey! etc.

Then, with a cudgel in his fist,
Ran to the captain's chamber;
Who thought it was another ghost,
Or some unwelcome stranger.
When Darby made him humble, so
He flourished his shillalah,
And by the neck he lugg'd him off
To visit poor Miss Bailey.
Poor Miss Bailey! etc.

The captain bold had now arrived:
Says Darby, "Here I charge ye,
Make up affairs without delay;
I'm going for the clargy."
He then lock'd up bold Captain Smith,
Who own'd he'd acted frailly;
And with a kiss to reconcile
He greeted poor Miss Bailey.
Poor Miss Bailey! etc.

Next Darby came with Parson Briggs,
And begg'd the knot he'd tie, Sir,
Saying, "If you don't, upon my soul,
The creature she will die, Sir."
The captain took her by the hand;
No couple looked more gayly;
While Darby roared aloud, "Amen!"
And married was Miss Bailey.
Oh, Miss Bailey! etc.

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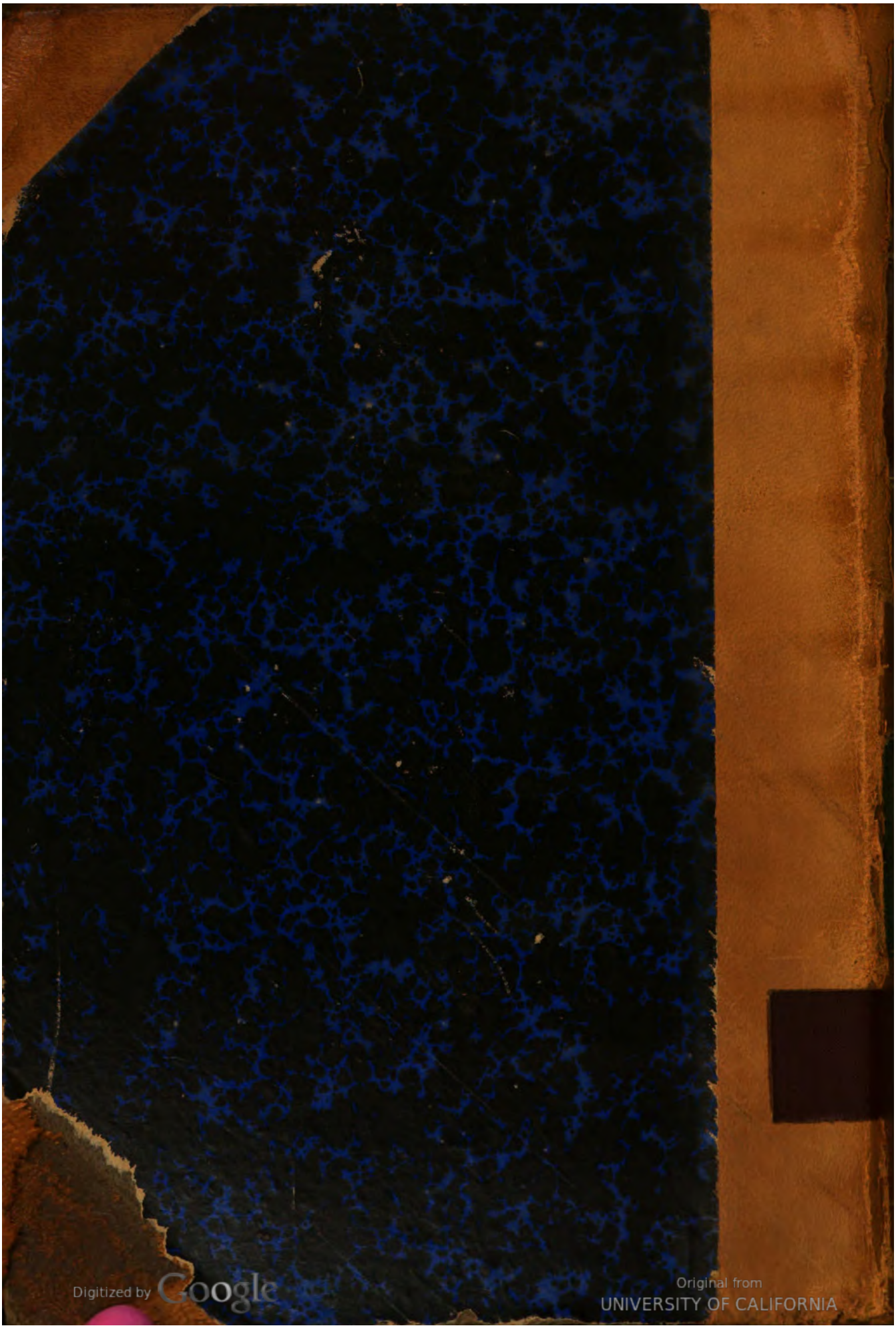
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